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Vol. XLIII

Number 1

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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October, 1923

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	Page
North Carolina Coast (verse)-----	<i>Tom Sawyer</i> 1
Freshmen and College Activities (essay)-----	<i>M. G. Stamey</i> 3
The Last Judgment (story)-----	<i>J. W. Beach</i> 6
The Opportunity (story)-----	<i>A.W.P.</i> 11
Babies and Politics (story)-----	<i>Jerry Sawyer</i> 18
The American Contribution to World Peace (oration)-----	<i>S. N. Lamb</i> 27
<b>ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS:</b>	
The Battle of Kings Mountain (verse)-----	<i>John Jordan Douglass</i> 33
Jerusalem (essay)-----	<i>Clyde S. Sawyer</i> 36
Ethics of Smoking (essay)-----	<i>E. E. Wilson</i> 45
<b>DEPARTMENTS:</b>	
Editor's Portfolio-----	<i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i>
Welcome -----	50
Rejuvenation -----	51
Student Government -----	52
In and About College-----	<i>S. N. Lamb, Editor</i> 53
Exchange Department-----	<i>J. W. Beach, Editor</i> 57
Alumni Notes-----	<i>D. D. Lewis, Editor</i> 59
Notes and Clippings-----	<i>F. L. Paschal, Editor</i> 60

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XLIII

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 1

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## NORTH CAROLINA COAST

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TOM SAWYER

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Think of the shores of the Old North State  
Where restless waves now roll, now 'bate;  
Where men find rest in peaceful balm  
Of golden sunsets' blessed calm.

Where murm'ring ripples swish the sand;  
And whisper greeting ; on the strand,  
Their lives are spent in merry glee,  
And shattered, turn back o'er the sea.

From out blue sky mirror'd watery bed  
The smiling sun, with eye of red,  
Comes up to pilot on the day  
And drive the fears of night away.

Fishermen toil in the angry brine  
To set their nets, make fast the line—  
With joyful song and happy mood;  
And from the deep take home their food.



Churned by the storms the seas jump high,  
And push their crests against the sky;  
Then passes storm, cloud, wind, and rain,  
And noonday's sun comes out again.

Then twilight comes, the day grows old;  
The sun a massive orb, first gold,  
Then turning red, forsakes the deep,  
Draws in its fiery trail to sleep.

## FRESHMEN AND COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

---

M. G. STAMEY

---

You have now passed from the period of "youthful dreams and poetic fancies." You have plunged into the midst of a real conflict. You are no longer youthful boys "dreaming of gorgeous splendors in the long still hours of the summer twilight." Your being here is proof that you were cast in a heroic mould, so "let the Past instruct you and the Future invite you." And now do not let your enthusiasm flag, or flushed with previous success forget that almost before the salty tears had dried on the last page of your high school book you started a new volume. And when its last page is reached may you realize that you have filled a world's need and that you have realized your highest aspirations such that the splendor of your brilliant achievements will reflect back with an afterglow and crown you with a radiant wreath of honor.

You need no assurance that you are breathing a new atmosphere and that you made a broad stride toward the goal of your ambition or cherished dream when you entered Wake Forest. Now do not think that just being here will drench you with a majestic mass of splendor. We must breed our own handsome crop of reputation through the spurring of our own superabundant vitality. And there can be no success when the controlling purpose of this vitality is at variance with duty. Your soul must be anchored in positive, unswerving loyalty to duty.

You owe manifold duties. You owe a duty to your home, to the world, to yourself, and your college expects action of you. Duties lie all about you in circles. Swoop down into these

---

An address to young men beginning college life, delivered at the formal opening of college.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT

J. W. BEACH

The room was small, inconceivably small, and barren. The dim shadow-like light that filtered through the little slit of a window revealed none of the comforts of life and very few of its barest necessities. A narrow little cot stood in one corner of the room, covered only by a ragged old quilt; in another corner a box nailed to the old board wall, revealed in the uncertain light only a scrap of a loaf and an empty glass. In a chair near the window sat a man, working feverishly at the canvas on the easel before him. This was all that could be seen in the poverty-stricken cage by the dim light that played about in shadows on the walls and floor.

Slowly, as if reluctant to pull his eyes from the canvas, the man turned toward the window, looked longingly out as if pleading for just a little more light, just enough to allow him to work for a few seconds more. But no, twilight was swiftly fading into night, and the sun, that great disk-like author of light, had left no sign of its midday splendor, save a pale red blur, visible in the distant western horizon, the aftermath of past brilliancy. The day's work was done. With a deep sigh the man laid aside his brush and sat down for a time with his eyes fastened lovingly, tenderly on the work before him. Then, shakily, unsteadily, aiding himself with his hands on the chair, he arose and walked falteringly to the window where now only the feeblest gray light came through its small dirty panes.

And now we catch a glimpse of the man. He is tall, but his shoulders are drooped so that he is not above the average height. A long black coat—threadbare and ragged—covers his narrow shoulders and hangs almost to the rough, uneven floor at his feet. His face is thin and bony, almost to the

point of emaciation, and deep furrows line his forehead, breaking the sallow smoothness of his cheeks. His eyes, set back in deep cavities in his head, burn with an intense brilliancy, seeming to light up the semi-darkness of the room. The long, dull colorless hair that hangs down over the worn collar of the coat and over the side of his face, is dishevelled and gives him the appearance of a wild man, a maniac. But look at the hands that play nervously on the window-pane. Are these the hands of a common mad man? They are white and slender, the fingers are long, tapering, and white as pure marble, except for a small blotch of paint here and there.

Clumsily, as if his long limbs, cramped by constant sitting before the easel, had almost grown to the floor, he turned and went slowly to the box in the corner of the room, took the dry bread from the shelf and breaking off little crumbs from its edges, munched at them until he had divided the loaf into about half. Then replacing the meager remainder carefully on the shelf he turned to the canvas, carefully drew the cover over it, took a key from the pocket of the old coat, and turned the creaking lock of the door. After carefully locking it behind him, he stumbled down the narrow winding steps to the dark, murky street below.

There was a heavy mist falling. The cold drops collected on the clothes and long hair of this strange bareheaded figure. The long, buttonless black coat was blown back behind him and flapped about in the wind; but still the man went on, following the narrow winding streets with resolution and certainty that betrayed the fact that he was treading a well known path. Soon he came into the wider, more brilliantly lighted streets—and still he went on until he came to magnificent stone building with massive marble columns—the great art gallery. Before this he stopped and then walking slowly up the great stone steps, stood looking longingly toward the inside where he knew the great paintings of the masters hung. Here he remained, motion-

less, his piercing eyes fixed on the door, seeming in the intensity of their gaze to almost burn through the great entrance into which he could not pass—until some stern-faced policeman noticed him and ordered him to "move on." Then with lagging steps he retraced that winding path, up the high creaking stairs to his dark little den and threw himself heavily on the cot in the corner.

For many days this same routine went on in the little attic room except that now the light that seeped through the little window no longer shone on the small loaf in the box in the corner, and the steps of the old man lagged more and more as he took his nocturnal pilgrimage to the distant art gallery.

But one evening his routine was slightly broken. As he laid aside his brush and leaned back to take a last look at his work before the light had faded, no sigh of regret now welled up from his soul, but something entirely new parted the thin white lips; an articulation of joy—of deep content. Rising from his chair with feverish haste, he took the canvass carefully from the easel, held it up before the window and gazed at it long and intently. Then seemingly satisfied, he laid it gently on the couch, wrapped it carefully in the ragged quilt, tucked it under the old black coat and lunged down the stairs, forgetting in his mad haste to lock the little door that flung wide open behind him. When he reached the street he plunged madly over the route that was now so familiar to him. His legs, now grown so weak, sometimes almost failed him and he stumbled, sank to the street below, but was soon up again driving madly on. Just as he reached the great stone building to which he had come so often, his failing strength left him and he fell heavily on the cold stone steps. Here he lay for a moment, his deep-set eyes closed and all life seemingly gone from his body; but no! it was only dormant, for soon he awaked. Scrambling on, drawing himself feverishly from step to step he finally reached the top and dragging himself a few feet toward the entrance

again became motionless, his long gaunt body, slightly drawn, covered by the long ragged black coat, the canvas wrapped in the old quilt tightly clasped under his arms.

Late in the night the foremost of those coming out of the gallery stumbled over a stiff inert body lying near the entrance; he drew back, with an exclamation of surprise seeing the form of a man lying face downward on the cold marble, his body covered by a long black coat and his long hair half concealing his features. Calling a companion to his aid they hastily took the inert form into the great marble hall with its walls covered with beautiful pictures, the place where in life he had so often longed to be. Placing him gently on a couch they unbuttoned the coat, and as they drew it back the canvas fell to the floor. Leaving the cold, dead form of the man they slowly unwrapped the canvas-covered frame. At the sight of the picture they drew back in wonder! Never before had they seen such a wonderful painting! The whole universe had just been engulfed in a chaos of clouds and fire but now the clouds had parted leaving the impression of the calm serenity that follows the storm, and in the parting of the clouds, on His great white throne, sits God, the Ruler of the Universe, with that mingled expression of divine justice and mercy on His countenance. In His right hand is the scepter and before Him in great procession pass that great mass of humanity. As they pass the throne, some, their faces shining with unbelievable brilliancy, take the path to the right and upward to the heavenly home; others with heads bent in shame pass along the left and downward to a home of eternal punishment.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the great cemetery of the city of London towering over all other monuments, is one bearing this simple inscription—

TO AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

In that wonderful art gallery, placed in a prominent position so that all passing through its halls may behold its wonder, is an immortal painting with these simple words beneath it:

“THE LAST JUDGMENT”

A Masterpiece

Painted by an Unknown Artist

## THE OPPORTUNITY

A. W. P.

Otis Hutch was a small cotton farmer, whose boast was that he was a good husband and father, a respectable church member, and a thrifty worker. One other thing he boasted of—his ancestors were of sturdy Covenanter stock. Not that Otis was anything of a braggart. His sixty years or more of experience had taken away all that might be in him of that propensity. But having done nothing but farm all his life, he needed, at times, to just lean back and think of such things as would make him feel as if he were of some importance.

As a matter of fact, he was well respected by the members of the church at Pine Siding. He was an elder of the church, and his children had grown up, and had been quite a credit to him. More than that, he had been able to save up the sum of two thousand dollars; and altogether he felt very comfortable in his advancing years.

One Saturday morning he hitched up his horse, and after saying goodbye to his wife, drove off to the city as usual. Under the seat, he had a neatly packed lunch; and in his pocket was a list of purchases his wife wanted him to make.

The city was about ten miles away, and when he got there he was somewhat chilly, for it was late in the autumn. But the jostling crowds and excitement that are always present in a small city on Saturday soon made him forget that, and he went about making his purchases. He seldom stood around talking as most of the farmers did, partly because that seemed to him a waste of time, and also because although he was respected, he did not have such a great reputation for cordiality.

But on this particular Saturday his attention was attracted to a small crowd standing around a store window, looking



at some gaudy signs. When he went closer he found that they were advertising a way of getting rich very quickly and easily. A great silver mining corporation was giving the citizens this opportunity of buying stock at a very low price. This stock would immediately increase in value and pay very large interest. Otis Hutch had always been on the lookout for a chance to make money, and this proposition seemed interesting. So he stepped into the store, where a tall thin man with thin lips and pearl-white teeth was speaking to a group. "My friends," the man said in a friendly, almost paternal tone, "here is the chance of your life. Opportunity knocks at the door but once, and woe unto the man who does not heed when it comes." Then he went on in the most glowing way to tell all about this wonderful new proposal, quoting from scripture, from great statesmen, and from the lives of poor men who had taken the opportunity when it had arrived, and had become millionaires.

Otis listened very earnestly to this silver tongued orator, and already he could see his two thousand dollars growing to a fortune. With a pencil on the back of a scrap of paper he figured according to the statistics the man had given. "Ten cents a share—that would be twenty thousand shares—at par that would be two million dollars. Gee whillikers!" After a long consultation with one of the speaker's assistants in which he was further assured of the advisability of the investment, he wrote out a check for two thousand dollars, and nervously received his glittering green-and-gold printed shares.

Otis was naturally somewhat nervous about how Miranda would take the news. But he broached the subject very carefully and she was soon lulled away in the thought of future splendor.

"We'll have a new house an' barn, horses an' cattle of the best stock, an' a hired man to do the work." So he went on

with tales of ever increasing greatness till at last Miranda's eyes fairly bulged.

"Yes," she said, "it seems as if at last we're to be rewarded for all our labor. But Otis, do you think we ought to keep all this to ourselves? There's them people up at the Pine Siding Church as ought to learn about it too." Miranda said this not without some thought, for she had visualized herself in her soon-to-arrive gorgeousness parading before the envious eyes of her social circle, and it was not without considerable struggle against selfishness that she thought of including them.

"Yes, that's so," agreed Otis. "I think I'll drive around and see Skinner and Burgess tonight. Yes, that's what I'll do."

After supper he drove around to see Burgess, several miles back into the country, and after explaining all about the proposal, got Burgess to take several hundred dollars worth of shares. Encouraged by this, he saw a chance to shine as a benefactor of his brethren and he made haste to make the rounds of some dozen and a half houses. The people had a great deal of faith in Otis Hutch. Was he not a successful farmer in his small way? And an elder in the church besides? About a dozen of them entrusted him with varying amounts, for him to go to town and secure shares in their names, as they were too busy to go themselves.

Early on Monday morning, Otis drove into town. He had in all about three thousand dollars entrusted to him by the members of the congregation. When he got to town he was overjoyed to find that the price of the shares had already increased to twenty cents. "Gosh, just doubled already," he exclaimed to the sleek individual who had sold him the shares before. That person replied Platonically, "Do ye marvel at these things, my friend? Yea, verily thou shalt see greater things than these."

Mystified and awestricken, Otis paid over the money his friends were expecting to get rich on, and hurried home to his daily work, happy and expectant.

As the days rolled on, he was encouraged from time to time by hearing news from the corporation that the work had already started, and was in a fair way to be making large profits pretty soon. The price of shares had increased to twenty-five, then to thirty-five cents.

Then, for a long time there was silence. The members of the congregation questioned him, but he knew no more than they. Some of them began to give him some dark looks, and he himself was becoming somewhat worried. At last he wrote to the corporation, asking for information. But the months passed and he got no news.

By this time, the congregation was treating him pretty harshly. The minister, who had sunk more money into it than most of them, wrote to the Government, and received the reply that the whole project had been a fake, and that the men who had promoted it were nothing more than swindlers.

When this news came to Pine Siding, it was natural, as it is always natural when anything goes wrong, to fix the blame. And in this case, the blame fell most naturally upon Otis Hutch. Of course, his motives had been perfectly unselfish, but now he seemed to them to be a criminal to the very heart. The minister denounced him from the pulpit as a wolf in sheep's clothing, he was expelled from the church and shunned by the village folk. The children who had once been in his Sunday school class were allowed by their parents to make faces at him and say "You old scoundrel" without being reprimanded.

Poor Otis was thus cut off from his friends, and his social position was reduced to something very small. He willingly took all the blame and patiently bore all the tongue-lashing, the worst of which was from Miranda. This loquacious dame waxed mightier and mightier as time went on in her oratorical

outbursts about his foolhardiness. But having a very strict conscience, Otis was determined that his brethren should not lose through any fault of his. So he decided that no matter how long it took, he would buy up their worthless shares to the very last dollar. And from that time on he was up every morning earlier than usual, and worked harder than ever before to get a good return from his crops. He thought of nothing else. At the end of the next year, he was able to pay back to the local pastor all that he had lost, and that prophet of God thrust out his hand eagerly to receive what was coming to him without a word of thanks.

So time went on. The years that followed were lonely ones for Otis. Bit by bit, through dint of hard labor and by depriving himself of even necessities, he kept paying back his self-assumed debt.

If he so much as took a day off for much needed diversion, or bought some necessary fixture for the house, the neighbors were sure to say, "There he is, the scamp, taking holidays and always fixing up his house, when he owes everyone so much money. A lot it seems to bother him."

But in a few years it became apparent that Otis was failing rapidly in health. Miranda had died, and the mental strain along with the over-work was telling on him. He knew it, too, and his only hope was that he might live until the last man was paid; and then, he thought, after he was dead they all might forgive him.

When he was in his seventy-fifth year, he thought that if the season was a good one, he might be able to buy up the last of the stocks, and so he worked as hard as his strength would allow him. And he was able along in the autumn to drive around to Burgess' house and exchange three hundred dollars for the last of the stocks.

When this was done, he went back to his house and sat still for a long while. Then he wrote a letter to the minister,

asking if he could be received back into church fellowship. But the letter was never answered.

From this time on, he was never able to do very much work, and he therefore had to live still more meagerly. In a tin box lay five thousand dollars worth of green and gold printed stocks. He never looked at them, but tried to forget all about the last ten years of his life, and to become as he had always been. But whenever he tried to do any kindness to any of his neighbors, they shrunk away from him in cold suspicion.

And then came the climax to the whole affair. A year after he had paid off the last of the debt, he got a letter from away out in Colorado. It seemed that there had actually been some land involved in the contract, but it had seemed so absolutely worthless that nothing had been said about it. Now a pottery company had located close to the site and wanted to use the soil, as it was a very valuable clay. Of course, they could offer no fortune for it, but the share that would come to Otis Hutch would be about twenty thousand dollars in cash if he wished to sell.

At first Otis hardly knew what to think. Then he decided that now was a chance to show the townsfolk that he was honest. He would sell back to them their shares, and they would all receive more than they had expected.

Everyone wondered why he was at church the next Sunday morning. When they heard the reason they laughed right in his face. "The sly old boy can't work, and he needs some ready cash," some one remarked. Then when Otis tried to give back to each one his share, some one said, "His conscience must be bothering him. He wants to get rid of his sinful possessions."

So it was hopeless. Otis walked slowly home. He had had to sell his horse several months before. The next day he got up early as usual and went to work. It was a habit, and he would not have known how to do otherwise. But the people saw him at work every day, and said to themselves, "There he is

working, just the same as ever. And he tried to make us think that he was going to get all his money back. But he can't fool us a second time."

Two weeks later, when Otis returned from the field he was more tired than ever before. It seemed more than ever that there was no reason to live any longer. Yes, he decided, he was ready to go. After all, it seemed as if only God could understand the truth about him. When he got to the front gate, there was a letter in the box. He took it out, and sitting down on the porch, began to open it as if not the least bit interested. He felt so tired.

The next morning the neighbors found him like that— propped up in a sitting position against the doorpost. His face was white as ash, and his body was stiff and cold. He was drenched with dew from head to foot. And on his lap was an envelope bearing a Colorado postmark, torn open, containing a check for twenty thousand dollars.

## BABIES AND POLITICS

---

JERRY SAWYER

---

In Pikesville, where men and women have equal political consideration, there was being held a political rally. The question why this particular meeting was being held is answered by two circumstances: First, the political parties of the State were about equally divided: Second, the time for election was at hand and he who could furnish the most sound logic and the most appealing oratory would be sure to carry the election, since the women, as a whole, of this particular community were more progressive than those of most small towns. And they seemed to be taking advantage of their new freedom with much enthusiasm.

Realizing the above situation, the Honorable Andrew Carson, candidate for Congress, motored to the small town of political Amazons to deliver an address for the special benefit of women, and others who might be interested. Being a young and handsome lawyer, despite the hard work he had done in forging his way to independence and political success, he took his wife and child along to allay all fears that voters might have had of his not being a settled, conservative candidate.

After being introduced, Andrew Carson delivered one of the most sensational speeches ever delivered to the voters of Pikesville. The auditorium, a very large one for the size of the town, was packed to the doors, and the speaker seemed to have the attention of every listener fixed on him. He spoke for an hour and a half on the new social position of women and held his audience spell bound, save for one moment near the end of the speech when a baby cried, and its mother and father retired with it from the building.

Just as the mother took the child in her arms and started with it in the wake of her husband up the aisle the speaker proclaimed in his most appealing tone:

"May the Holy Father, if He has any favors to bestow, bless the overworked mothers of this country who raise their children themselves for the glory of God and the uplifting of the world's citizenship."

Whether or not the sight of the mother and child caused the speaker to fit this statement so nicely into his speech we cannot say. But the thing we want to know is why a normal child should awake "with a loud cry" as it were and demand pacification after having slept for an hour and a half without a whimper? Almost any baby that cries to be carried out of a crowded building does so within a few minutes after the speaker begins; this you have probably noticed if you have ever been to one of those good old country revival meetings where the preacher seems to wax eloquently as the hours drag by. Besides, this was John Williams' baby, and John and Mrs. Williams had an enviable reputation for raising children that kept quiet in church. The good behavior of their children was the talk of the town and surrounding community. When *their* children cried there was always a cause, and just as everyone else, *we* want to find that cause.

\* \* \* \* \*

To find that cause let us come back to Andrew Carson, the speaker. We are interested in him because the ladies of Pikesville wanted to know all about him before risking their support to him as their representative. Truly he was elected, and his strongest support came from the female voters. Of all modern politicians he was one of the few who could make a successful appeal to the newly franchised voters and retain their support undivided in campaigns and elections.

We may think it strange that a Congressman should ever think about his childhood; the happy days at school, the times when he stole kisses from little girls while going from school and parties with them, when he was as real and human as other



little boys. But Andrew Carson was not yet a Congressman and could yet think and be real.

As the powerful car roared along the highway toward Pikesville, Carson let his mind wander from the heated campaign and the address that he was to deliver at Pikesville, and lived over the exciting days of his boyhood, and in particular the love affair he had had with Mary Seymour.

Mary and he were both reared in the country on neighboring farms. They had gone to school in the little one-room building in the grove about a mile from their homes, and little Andrew had early learned to carry her books and to pick violets for her from the most treacherous ditch banks. In the vacation months they had played together about the two plantations. The highest apple tree in the Carson orchard bore the reddest and most delicious apples, and these had to be enticed from their lofty perches by the hand of the adventurous Andrew.

When they went to high school in the nearby village they sat together and read from the same plays of Shakespeare. On these occasions the thrilling love thought of each of them found expression in selected quotations from that old master of romance scenes.

Andrew was then unable to express his feelings in his own words but as Mary followed his nervous fingers along the lines she could not help but notice the throbbing of his heart. In fact she would sit so close to him at these times that she could *feel* the increased rapidity. And if their eyes chanced to meet for an instant the crimson would rise to their cheeks. Andrew thought at these times that Mary was the most lovely of all creatures. And during their last year in high school he had told her so.

It was then that the love of early youth found expression. O the joys, bashful moments, and anxieties of the youthful lover! During the summer Mary and he were to enter college Andrew had lived an age in romantic experiences. He had

called twice each week at the Seymour home and had been warmly received. The parents of Mary seemed pleased by his attentions toward Mary and gladdened when he came for Sunday dinners and informal evening parties.

Unconsciously Andrew sighed as he thought about the time he had made his last call before they had gone to college. He had driven his fast trotting horse, "Toggs," to his new buggy and had taken her to church. Of course he had never seen a car nor a flivver, and in those days any girl would have felt honored to drive behind Toggs, but that night Mary and Andrew seemed to forget Toggs, and Toggs appeared to have understood, for he slowed down into a slow trot as soon as Andrew had loosed the reins about half way from church to Mary's home. Andrew had been determined that evening to tell Mary how burdened his heart was, and upon Toggs' furnishing the opportunity, he had turned half-way in his seat and had poured out his heart to her with a thick tongue and a dry throat. If he remembered correctly he had gone about it in this manner:

"Mary, do you remember when I used to carry your books to school for you?"

and she had replied,

"Yes, and you used to fight those other boys when they teased you about it and put tadpoles down my back. Yes, you were more knightly in those days than you are now Andy."

"Now let's don't start any 'Maggy and Jiggs' Mary, for we are going to be miles from each other."

"No, Andy, you won't be there to help me learn my lessons, and I shall have to do them myself."

"Mary," after a painful pause, "do you know that—that all the time I was LOVING you?"

"N-n-no—yes."

"You did?—Get up Toggs, what d'you want to stop to walk all night for?—That's all right, walk all night if you want to."

Then for the first time since they had been in high school

Mary had slipped up close to him so that he had been able to feel some confidence in letting his arm fall on the back of the seat behind her, and for several moments they had gone along in silence, Toggs taking his own good time about getting home. Then Andrew, after several spells of coughing and of clearing his throat, had asked in his most ardent and desperate tone—

“Mary, do you love me *now*?”

In the silent moonlight Andrew had seen that look which he would never forget, that of a silent response to the stammering appeal of a bashful youth to his maid. It seemed that he had forgotten all about the affairs of this world and that only love and the eternal presence of Mary would be anything like life to him. How his arm raised about the shoulder of Mary and encircled her in a throbbing embrace he did not know, but he did remember that she had looked up at him with the tears in her eyes, for he had seen them, and just as her eyes had closed he had bent down over her and their lips had met. How long they had remained in this enraptured embrace he did not remember, but when he had finally realized that he was still of this earth Toggs had stopped and was nibbling grass on the edge of the road.

Mary had gone to the Normal College and he had gone to the University, and many were the messages of love that had passed between them during the first half. But at Christmas she had talked much about other boys whom she had met and this had “gotten onto Andrew’s nerve,” but he had said nothing. Some time during the spring term they had not written each other as much, and when the summer came they seemed to have drifted apart. And this matter, Andrew reflected had to be gone through with (painful as it had seemed), before they were again in good spirits.

Just when they had been on good terms again a few weeks, and were again enjoying the blessings of early love, there had

come the death of Andrew's father, and he had been compelled to stay at home two years. Mary had gone on and was hoping to graduate when the long-looked-for day should arrive. At Christmas following the death of his father Andrew had been the first to call on Mary and had enjoyed her conversation, save for the tales she had told him of other young men whom she had met and whom she seemed to be proud to tell him about. Maybe he did not understand just what she might have meant when she was telling him these things, and that she had not meant to injure his feeling of adoration for her, but it was now too late. He only remembered that on the occasion that she had told him of the many deeds of greatness and ambitions of other young men whom she knew, and of their attentions toward her in the way of gifts and candy and fruits, that she had caused his wrath to increase until he had been almost at the point of bidding her goodnight, when she had turned to him after a brief pause, and had asked:

"And what are you going to do for life's work?"

and he, in a careless, jesting manner that looked desperately serious, had answered:

"Farm, I suppose, I'm making good at it here for mother."

Before he had realized what he had said Andrew had seen the effect that his statement had had on Mary. Her face had turned a deep pink, and her lips had curled up into a scornful attitude, as she said in a heat of anger:

"And *that's* your highest ambition. Well, I am indeed surprised. No, I'm not either, for I've been thinking that of you a long time."

"Well, wouldn't you be a farmer's wife, if you loved him?"

"Pshaw! No! I wouldn't be a farmer's wife and feed pigs and scrub floors and raise chickens and babies for anything in the world."

"It's an honorable profession. You don't mean that you despise your father because he is raising the bread that feeds you, do you?"

"No, it's all right for old timey folks who don't know any better. But I'm going to live in the city where I can be somebody and have good comforts and things to wear, and have a husband who has a fortune and a profession."

"Mary, do you mean to say that you can't care for me while I am taking care of my mother and doing all I can for your and her future happiness?"

"Take it any way you want to, but I don't have any sympathy for any one who will live on a farm when they can only move to the city and become rich in a short time and have some ease and comfort."

"Can't you take back a part of what you have said and be reasonable for just one moment, and let me explain?"

"Yes, that's it. Always try to explain something that don't need any explanation. You have said all I want to hear so don't bother yourself."

With a gesture of weariness she had arisen and was showing him to the door when he stopped for just a second.

"Is this final, Mary? Can't you take back and reason?"

"It's final."

"Well, when you can take back part of what you have said no matter where you may be, just let me know it, and 'till then GOOD-NIGHT."

With a heavy heart he had gone home and had told his mother. She had told him to cease worrying, that Mary would soon see better, and that probably some time he would be in a better position.

Her prophecy had come true. His mother had soon become financially able to send him back to college so that he had only lost two years, during which time he had really learned the meaning of self-dependence. After graduation he had become a lawyer and had worked like a Trojan all the time to make his way in the world. Mary had taught school when he had last heard of her, but it was his last year in college and now

after fifteen years he did not know what had become of her. Meantime he had heard that she was to be married to one of her teacher mates, but he did not know how true it was. And it really did not matter to him for he had "Dot" and little "Dotty," and they were the best pals in the world to him. He had not dreamed that after being so heartbroken about Mary that he could ever find such a loving and kind wife as "Dot," and he knew that the women at Pikesville, and all the other places where he should speak, would like her, and that she would be a wonderful companion to him when they had moved to Washington, and were enjoying a summer cottage at the beach.

With a sigh he leaned over and drew his wife to him and held her in his embrace for several minutes. He well understood the look in her eyes to mean love and devotion to him.

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When John Williams and his wife had made their way out of the crowded auditorium and had reached their car Williams turned to his wife and asked:

"Why couldn't you have made the baby keep quiet until he was through? Carson said he wanted to shake hands with every person in the building at the door when he closed his speech."

"Here, take this squalling offspring of yours until I can get into this flivver. Don't you realize that I have got to feed the chickens, fix supper, and give those other two kids their baths before I get a speck of rest before going to bed?"

"Well, I'll hold him for you to go speak to Mr. Carson, for they are through now. There he is at the door."

"Do you think that Mary Seymour Williams wants to find herself tagging after a politician to shake his paw? Crank up and let's get away from here."

With a sputter and a roar the little car bounced out into the street. But only the baby heard Mary whisper into its ear:

"Who wants to shake his hand? Honey, you'll have to forgive me this time for sticking a pin in you—I had to."

## THE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTION TO WORLD PEACE

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(Oration winning first prize in State Peace Oratorical Contest.)

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S. N. LAMB '24, PHI. SOCIETY

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Today the world is praying as it has always prayed for the blessing of peace. From the earliest times the vast bulk of society has prayed for peace, but went forth to war. As civilization advances there is an ever-increasing number of people who think they see the approach of a lasting peace, but it vanishes like a mist before a summer's morn. All through the ages great treaties and alliances have been made by all nations in an effort to forestall war but they have been as yet ineffective. And so, in a special sense, because of the manifold complexity of our national and international life, one may say that the universal demand for peace at present surpasses the demand of any age that has gone before. The robber conquerors of the past from fiery sepulchers demand it; the precious blood of myriads shed on European battlefields demands it; the voices of a multitude of good men everywhere demand it; and the very attitude of our heroic soldiers calls for peace.

We are now facing the most gigantic proposition that the world has ever confronted. Problems of reconstruction and reconciliation have ever been commensurate with the destruction wrought in war. This is certainly true of the late World War. And yet though the task be so great, still to the optimist a hopeful sign is seen in the fact that all nations with a cordiality and unity of purpose never before dreamed of are meeting and adequately disposing of problems hitherto regarded as hopeless. There are no longer any somnolent nations. Nowhere is there a people content with oppression and sub-



ordination. Fires of national ambition are lighting up the universe. Education is making a universal appeal. Women are being freed from immemorial seclusion and limitations. Altruism and science walk hand in hand. World solidarity is now an accepted fact. Human rights and equality are mighty realities as never before. Thus the absolute necessity for a fresh spirit of international brotherhood and good will is apparent even to the materialist.

In these times of political corruption and financial graft, we should keep a firm grip on the divine one. We have just come out of a mercilessly cruel war resulting directly or indirectly in the death of thirty million persons, the destruction of three hundred billion dollars worth of property, and the multiplication of the world's debts more than six fold, and just think of it, nearly every nation represented was a so-called Christian nation. Why must we have war when we all want peace? one asks. Well, because man's intellect as yet has not conquered his nature. And the sooner we prepare to control that inborn tendency to fight and to weed out all sheer selfishness, the sooner we shall find the way to peace. For the only solution of the peace problem lies in the prevention of the causes precipitating war. Our task, therefore, is to clear away the debris, locate and identify the disturbing elements, and so thoroughly dispose of them that a similar evil may never befall us again; for, of the many unnecessary evils obsessing the world, war is the most inexcusable; and in view of its terrible consequences, the most criminal. Our immediate and elemental problem then is to make the world a safe place for man, and this cannot be done so long as war exists.

It is said that in every great crisis in the world's history one person has come forth able to cope with the situation. In the greatest calamity that ever befell mankind—the World War—it was certainly true; one man towered above all others and brought order out of a stricken and confused world. That

person was Woodrow Wilson. He is, without a doubt, the best educated man that ever graced the President's chair. Unselfish as he was, he used this great store of knowledge in the service of his fellowmen, and today his influence is felt in every part of the land. Multitudes believe that his call to the head of our great Republic for such an hour was as divine as the call of Moses.

When Germany suddenly launched a savage war upon an unsuspecting world, our country held its proper place as a neutral for a time, for we believed that the war could be confined to the Eastern Hemisphere. But when Imperial Germany notified us that we could send but one ship a week to England, then neutrality ceased to be a virtue and we entered the conflict. Then came the proud boast of the Huns that though we might send money and supplies to the allies, we could never send an army across 4,000 miles of submarine-infested seas. But, impossible as it appeared to be, these men were sent across at the rate of 300,000 a month without a single loss in transit. Four million loyal sons answered the call of their country, equipped themselves in schedule time, and two million were safely transported to Europe before our enemy realized what was done.

Just four months after our boys had struck their first blow, the great German Army was smashed in its concrete trenches and sent retreating along a four hundred mile march; the Daredevil Kaiser was an exile; and the German people were on bended knees begging for peace. For that result the world thanks Woodrow Wilson.

When America entered the struggle he said that when the war should close we must have a league of nations to make war in the future difficult, if not impossible. No element of personal glorification entered his mind, and while the leaders of other nations expressed a willingness to prevent war, they were far more concerned about securing the spoils of victory.

France wanted all of Germany west of the Rhine, and so far has not relinquished that desire; Great Britain wanted all of Germany's colonies; Italy wanted all the land around the Adriatic Sea; and Japan wanted the Shantung peninsula in China. America asked for nothing but a just peace to wipe out further excuses for future conflicts.

Mr. Wilson realized the magnitude of the task before the world, in making peace permanent, and so he met the challenge foursquare, broke all American precedents, went personally to the Peace Conference in Paris. The work of this conference resulted in a complete recasting of the whole map of Europe. But most important of all was the framing of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

In spite of bitter jealousies on the part of politicians at home, and the severe opposition by greedy nations around the peace table, Mr. Wilson never relaxed his grip. And after six months of nerve-racking labor, he himself, largely, produced the greatest and most just treaty of all history. It was 70,000 words long, and contained the covenant of the League of Nations—the most wonderful document ever framed by the mind of man. It renders war well-nigh impossible. But alas, in the land that gave it birth, to the utter astonishment of the civilized world, and to our everlasting shame, it was rejected by a group of politicians in our Senate. But my friends, take courage, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." I do not appeal to the passions and jealousies of today for such a decision, but to the unbiased verdict of history, and am confident that her decision will be an overwhelming vindication of the author of humanity's bill of rights. And whenever that code has been universally adopted and applied, as it surely will be, it will prove the greatest blessing to civilization since the founding of our Christian Religion by Jesus himself.

As the youths of tomorrow read of the rapid succession of wars, with their attendant evils of disease, starvation, destruc-

tion, graveyards, and cripples, all because there was no World Court from whose hands justice might be meted out, with bowed heads and bated breath will they reverence the author of the League of Nations as the greatest benefactor of mankind. Yes, and when the historian has penned his last footnote of today's events, and Time has rendered his important decision, one name will shine in golden splendor on the page that is blackened with the tale of the Great War, one name will represent the triumph of Christian principles over the hosts of darkness and death. It will be the name of the scholar who held his country true to her faith in a time that tried men's souls; the name of the statesman who championed the cause of freedom wherever he found it oppressed; the name of the patriot who planted his country's flag on the highest peak to which humanity has yet climbed—it will be the name of Woodrow Wilson.

The world is now convinced that the product of his hand is destined to drive war from the earth. Even America pursues no longer the once advocated policy of splendid isolation, for it came to be repugnant to our ears. Republican and Democratic leaders throughout our land are planting themselves on the side of this international tribunal. We are coming to realize as never before that we are our brother's keeper. A more useful cry never rose from earth to heaven than the cry "Let Europe stew in her own destructive sorrows." "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more," is a spirit of selfishness begotten of the devil himself. Only one alternative for world peace faces us, it is the League of Nations. We shall enter it. *We must enter it.* Popular judgment at one time was confounded by the sophistry of a selfish statesmanship, but the cause is born again and increasing in influence.

Universal peace is not an iridescent impossible dream, but a possible practical thing, and the most desirable thing for

the world today. Truly it is a part of the benignant purpose of God as heralded by the angels on Bethlehem's plain. And now, my dear friends, by rallying public opinion behind this program for world peace, I believe we may, in our day and generation, see the abolition of that unreasonable, unthinkable, damnable, hellish thing called war, and the establishment of God's purpose on earth, of "Peace on earth good will among men."

# THE BATTLE OF KINGS MOUNTAIN

JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS

## I

A watcher of the west, you stand,  
Grim heights, historic through the years,  
Where once a Patriot's sturdy band  
Thrilled waiting hemispheres.

Bold Patriots climbed your rugged heights  
To let the starry flag float free,  
Beneath the stars, bright beacon lights—  
Emblems of Liberty!

## II

Strong as the granite of your crest,  
The souls of patriot-sons;  
They storm the heights; they stand the test:  
The thunderous hell of guns!

Up, up from fissured ledge to crag  
Red with its scarlet sash;  
With deathless courage climbs the flag,  
Beneath the musket's crash.

There on the crest fights Ferguson  
Amid a ring of fire;  
Quick, at his bidding, every gun;  
And Death and Hell conspire.

I see the scarlet of the king  
Upon the thunderous height;  
The Patriots charge; I see them cling,  
Amid a blaze of light.

Then up and up, 'mid shrieking shells,  
And splintered oak and pine;  
They take the crest; I hear the yells;  
They break the scarlet line!

Dead in his line, the leader lies,  
Brave Briton worthy of our steel;  
He sleeps beneath soft southern skies,  
Within our commonweal.

We lift our chivalrous heart to him  
Who bravely fought and fell;  
His scarlet coat has ne'er grown dim;  
He needs no passing bell.

### III

Carved high upon the crags for aye,  
With more than sculptor's art,  
The names of patriots shine to-day;  
Nor shall their fame depart.

Well did they turn the tide of fate  
That mocked our Freedom land;  
They oped for us life's shining gate  
With Faith's unfaltering hand.

They sought no favor of earth's kings;  
Born to be strong and free;  
Nursed neath the eagle's conquering wings  
On heights of Liberty.

Aye, let them live in memoried lore  
There on our civic line;  
Backwoodsmen, but their courage bore  
More fruit than Brandywine!

And let these names resplendent dwell  
Within the halls of Fame we rear;  
Campbell, Cleveland, McDowell,  
Shelby and Sevier!



## JERUSALEM

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CLYDE S. SAWYER '15; *Pastor*,  
S. NORFOLK, VA.

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After spending a day along the way from Nazareth by way of Shechem to Jerusalem, we got our first glimpse of the Holy City from Beraï, the place where it is said Jesus' parents missed him after a day's journey.

For thirty-eight centuries Jerusalem has been famous in history. What the traveler expects to see has probably been best described as the New Jerusalem in the picturesque language of the Apocalypse. Certainly there was a feeling of eager expectancy evident in our party as we approached the brow of the hill. What we saw is the dirty representative of the succession of cities that have been built on this spot. These cities have been known by at least five different names. Until conquered by David the city was a Jebusite stronghold called Jebus. Tradition makes it also the site of Salem, the city of Melchizedek. The Roman Emperor Hadrian, after he restored the city in 135 A.D., renamed it Aelia Capitolina, which name survived till the tenth century. The Turks renamed it el-Kuds "the Holy." But Jerusalem, the name given it by David the first conqueror of whom we have a record, is the name by which it has become dear to the hearts of the devotees of three religions. We have no worthy conjectures as to the age of this city. The El-Amarna tablets discovered in Egypt, contain letters from the King of Jerusalem about 1375 B.C. The city was besieged at that time, but we do not know whether it was captured or not. The conquest of David about the year 1000 B.C., is the first record that we have of the conquest of this city. From the days of Solomon to the Babylonian captivity, B.C. 588, the city was besieged at least

five times, viz.: by Shiskah, King of Egypt, in the reign of Rehoboam; by the Philistines and Arabs, in the reign of Jehoram; by Jehoash, King of Egypt, in the reign of Amaziah; by Rezin, King of Syria, in the reign of Ahaz; and by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in the reign of Hezekiah.

Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C., and lay in ruins for seventy years. It was rebuilt by Zerubbabel about 516 B.C., and for more than a hundred years pursued the even tenor of its way, till in the year 332 B.C., it surrendered to Alexander the Great. The next conquest of the city was by Antiochus Epiphanes, B.C. 170, and again in 168. But Judas Maccabæus conquered the city in 164 B. C. The next conqueror was Pompey, who reduced Jerusalem after a terrible siege and the slaughter of 12,000 Jews in the year 64 B.C. After about twenty-five years the Parthians conquered the city to hold it only about three years before it was recaptured by the Romans. The most complete destruction was by Titus in the year 70 A.D. After sixty years, 130 A.D., Hadrian expelled all the remaining Jews and Christians and rebuilt the place as a Roman city and changed the name to Aelia Capitolina. From that time the history of Jerusalem sinks into obscurity for many generations, and the history of the city becomes virtually independent of the Jews.

In A.D. 451, Jerusalem was proclaimed the seat of a Patriarchate and pilgrimages commenced to the shrine of the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In A.D. 614, Jerusalem was again exposed to the siege of Khosroes II, the Persian conqueror who virtually destroyed the city including the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Romans again conquered the city in the reign of Heraclius and held it until its capture by the Muhammadan Khalif Omar 637 A.D. The Crusaders captured the city in the twelfth century but the Turks soon regained it and while it changed hands among rival parties, A.D. 969, 1244 and 1517, it re-

mained in Turkish hands till captured by the English under Allenby, December 11, 1917.

These are a few of the conquerors of this ancient city which history records. There are probably many others. The Arabs say that it has been destroyed forty times. Knowing the history of its many conquests we do not expect to find much of historic value in the present city. The landscape is the same, but the city of David and Jesus lies buried under forty feet of rubbish. There is nothing there today that should call forth any special indignation at its destruction. "Holy City"—there is no such thing, only God is holy. "Sacred City"—there are no such places, only life, person, and memories are sacred. But this city is the center of the sacred memories which gather around the founders of three religions. Mount Moriah was a place of worship long before Abraham went to its summit to sacrifice his son, and will continue to be such a place till the letter dies and the Spirit makes alive.

The walls which surround the modern city, giving it a Mediæval appearance, were built by Suleiman the magnificent about 1550 A.D. Most of the modern buildings are outside of the walls.

As one approaches the city the two buildings which stand out, are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar. The present church is the modern representative of the church erected by Constantine 326-335 A.D., in honor of the places which were believed to have been the scenes of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus. The church has been destroyed and rebuilt many times since the days of Constantine. Constantine's church was burned by the Persians 614 A.D. Other fires in the reconstructed building are recorded in 936, 969 and 1808. The present building was constructed by a Greck architect in 1810.

With this background I leave you to your own opinion about the things which are shown on the inside. The

Catholic Church and its rivals in the East have always considered it a part of their sacred duty to furnish plenty of relics and sacred places in order that the pilgrims who come thousands of miles to see these places may not only get their money's worth, but may also find opportunity to leave something behind.

On entering the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the first object before which one sees the pilgrims fall on their knees, is the stone of unction. The stone was procured and placed in position in 1810, but it is supposed to be the stone upon which Jesus' body was prepared for burial. All good Catholics of both churches kiss the stone and measure it in order that they may have their winding sheets made the exact size of the stone. The next place is where the women stood when Jesus was laid in the tomb. Then is shown the column to which Jesus was bound and scourged. This column has been encased in a wall, but there is a much used stick at hand, in order that the pious may touch the column with the stick and then kiss the stick. Other things of interest are the footprints of Christ and the stocks in which his feet were placed. In the chapel of the parting of raiment is the only altar that I ever saw dedicated to a crap game. The chapel of Adam is located on the site from which God took the dirt to make Adam; the altar of Adam, on the site from which Adam arose when the blood of Christ ran down and fell on his skull and raised him to life. There are forty-two of these sacred places around this building, of which I will mention only one more, the Holy Sepulchre. This is the most revered of all. The marble slab which is said to cover the place where Jesus was buried is in a small marble-lined compartment about seven feet long and six feet wide. The air was heavy and foul, laden with carbon dioxide. Hanging from the ceiling were forty-three golden lamps, kept constantly burning. There was a hush about the place, and one felt a sense of its awful significance for the millions of

pilgrims who have worn this slab smooth by their kisses, and bathed it in their tears.

Coming out I inspected the hole through which the Holy Fire comes out on Good Friday. The Roman Catholic and Armenian churches have denounced this function as a gross imposture for over three hundred years, but the Greek Church still keeps it up.

During the entire day and night before Easter ten thousand people pack the church. Once in the jam there is no getting in or out. Some walk over the heads of the crowds to the front and the most violent riots ensue. About two o'clock in the afternoon the Greek Patriarch enters the Sepulchre. There is a period of breathless silence; then it is rumored that the Holy Ghost has descended to the Sepulchre in a tongue of flame. Four or five lighted torches are thrust through the hole and pandemonium breaks loose. Ten thousand people contend like maniacs to get their tapers lighted. Many are trampled and some even crushed to death. Such is the hollowness and superstition of the so-called Christianity of the East. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is an absolute imposition upon the credulity of the simple minded. Four religious groups have each their part in this church, Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Armenians and Copts. They each hate one another with a perfect hatred. The Government regulates the time of worship, assigning to each group an hour when they will not meet their rivals.

The tourist in Jerusalem is shown two places in which Jesus was buried. The Protestants show a place outside the wall known as Gordon's Calvary. Here General Gordon discovered, about forty years ago, a garden and a tomb near a hill which he thinks resembles a skull. As this tomb fulfilled the Scriptural requirements, and as no other tomb has been discovered in the vicinity, it is shown as the Sepulchre. The tomb is dug out of the side of the hill and has space for three people.

There is a hole through the wall through which one can look into the tomb from the garden. There is no proof of the authenticity of this tomb, but it at least gives an idea of what an ancient Jewish tomb was like. What is the difference if we do not ever know the place? The life of the Christ is the important thing. And He places obedience above all superstitious erudility.

Not far from Gordon's Calvary are the so-called Quarries of Solomon. So called because it is supposed that the stones used for the building of Solomon's Temple were hewn in these underground caverns. Certain it is they are enormous and have furnished much stone for building purposes. Tradition says that in these caverns the ancient order of Free Masons was organized by King Solomon and Hiram King of Tyre and one other who is known only to Masons.

#### THE TEMPLE AREA

The four temples of the Jews have all disappeared and the Temple site is occupied today by the Mosque of Omar. This building which is really not a Mosque, because it has no minaret, is built over the dome of the rock on Mt. Moriah. The Mosque has eight sides, each 22 yards long, with a dome 90 feet in height. The building is of varicolored marble, decorated with handsome mosaics and exquisite Persian tiles. The finest Persian rugs cover the floor. It is a very beautiful place, and next to Mecca is the most sacred place in the Muhamedan world. At the center of this magnificent shrine is just a bare rough stone 56 by 40 feet. This is the ancient Jewish altar of sacrifice. Through the center is a hole, through which the blood of the victims ran down to the brook Kidron. This rock is sacred to the Mahummedans, because they say Muhammed ascended to heaven from this spot. The rock started with him but the angel Gabriel reached out his hand and broke it loose from his feet. The finger prints of the angel are still exhibited in the stone. Going down in the cavern

under this stone and looking up one sees a deep indentation in the stone where Muhammed bumped his head.

Near this rock is a case in which are three strands of the Prophet's beard. On the day of judgment these are to be stretched from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion and the Faithful will walk safely across, all others will fall into the abyss.

Jerusalem is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. One sees representatives of every nation upon earth in this little city of about 70,000 inhabitants. Any kind of dress or undress is fashionable in this city. A B. V. D. parade in Jerusalem would be complacently accepted as the garb of some religious sect. Jerusalem is a city of religious hatred, sabbaths and bells. The Moslems keep Friday, the Jews Saturday and the Christians Sunday. There are two kinds of time among the people, standard time and Muhammedan time. Bells calling some religious sect to prayer toll every hour of the day and night.

The streets are narrow, crooked and dirty. In many places the houses are built entirely over the streets. A heavily loaded camel entirely fills some of the more narrow streets. The person who becomes too much absorbed in the arguments of the shop keepers and customers is liable to find himself rubbing noses with a camel. The streets up hill and down are a succession of steps and, of course, vehicles cannot be used for transport through these. The donkey, the camel, and the porter are the means of transportation. The Jerusalem porters are powerful men, trained from youth upward to carry burdens. Some are said to be able to carry nine hundred pounds. I saw one porter carrying on his back a full grown piano. Now you don't have to believe that. You will have to go and see it. I didn't believe it when I saw the statement made by Archie Bell, in "The Spell of the Holy Land." But I have to believe my own eyes as they are the most reliable informants I have.

There are two interesting columns in the Mosque El-Aksa. This building was originally a Christian basilica dedicated to the Virgin Mary by Justinian, in the middle of the sixth century, A.D. This building is 280 feet long by 240 feet wide, and is said to be on the site where Jesus stood and taught the people. I observed two much worn columns surrounded by an iron railing. The dragoman informed me that there was a tradition among the Moslems that every believer who came to the Holy City must pass between these columns before he could get into heaven. The ardour of the friends of corpulent people in putting them through frequently caused their death. The government now prohibits the practice.

#### THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE

The fanaticism of the ancient Jews is surpassed only by that of the Moslems. The Jews who in their day of power so rigorously excluded all Gentiles from the Temple Area are now by the irony of fate prohibited from entering the sacred enclosure. While Christians by wearing a covering over their shoes are allowed to enter any day except during festivals. The utmost that the Jews are allowed to do now is to pray at the outer walls. There are a few large stones in the wall which the Jews believe to have been originally in the Temple of Solomon. About these stones they gather, any day, but especially about six o'clock on Friday to lament the destruction of the Temple and pray for the return of Israel. The Lamentations of Jeremiah, the 79th and 102d Psalms are read and chanted by them as they weep and kiss and fondle the stones. Of course the place is commercialized and beggars line the approach, the Rabbis distribute bread to the needy Jews. Some of the wailers are professionals and engaged by wealthy Jews to do their wailing for them. But the sad part was the genuine sincerity evident in the face and demeanor of many of these simple people. This practice has been current for many years. But just now the pious Jews are weeping with more fervor



because they are expecting the coming of Messiah and the restoration of Israel. The Jewish Messianic expectations were the only Messianic expectations which I found prevailing in Jerusalem. Only another segment of the accretion of illusions which men have about this ancient city.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city over which the prophets wept, and Western Europe went on seven Crusades. The city over which more blood and sentiment has been spilled than has been given for righteousness' sake. And after all, not very different from the other cities of the East.

## ETHICS OF SMOKING

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E. E. WILSON, '23

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Ethics in smoking finds itself classified under the head of Temperance. Hence it could be said that ethical smoking is a virtue. To the average mind of today, to smoke is to use tobacco, so we will confine this discourse to that "Heaven Born Weed."

Man is a social animal and the earliest record of Man's society shows Adam and Abraham, inviting the stranger to dine with them, not to fill the stomach of all, but for the pleasure of each other's company. The dining was later replaced by friends gathering around the wine gourd, after the discovery of fruit juices. The American Indian, who introduced the art of smoking into civilized society, having never learned the powers of wine juice, used the pipe as a social medium for gathering friends together into an assembly of comradeship. To smoke together, was held to be a sacred performance, for it was always used as a pledge of friendship. An Indian seldom smoked except in a company of friends, all smoking for the sake of a Red Man's "Auld Lang Syne."

Smoking was introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, and onto the Continent by Jean Nicot. The depressing effect was seen immediately in England by those who appropriated smoke to purposes of intemperance, and the moral uplifters and professional reformers were soon on the war path to crush Nicot's weed, a movement that has never yet ceased. Even King James himself, who was always writing discourses, treatises, and other unreadable literature, wrote a whole book on the evil of smoking. James might have been successful in stamping out the use of tobacco in his realms had he not already brought down the disgust of his people on himself as

being one of the most notorious drunks in all England, so that when James spoke of evil the nation laughed.

The trials of smoke were not so hard on the Continent where the people used smoke as they had long ago learned to use strong wines and whiskeys as a means toward the success of a wholesome intercourse at which time liquor was sipped, not gulped. And when they learned what amount of smoke could be used and still be in the bounds of temperance, tobacco was placed upon the plane of honor.

Smoking in its present state divides itself into three methods namely, cigarette smoking, pipe smoking, and cigar smoking.

Cigarette, the most profane of the three, has been found possible to be used to the greatest amount of intemperance, and hence to have produced the greatest amount of harm, of the three. For that reason, it has been the subject of legislative debates in many of the States of the Union, and in some of the Western States it should perhaps be prohibited altogether, for the American boys of the uncultured classes who go to the dining table three times a day to stuff their stomachs instead of eating their food, who drink when they do drink, with all the violence of a fire engine when a skyscraper is ablaze in a town, being accustomed always to intemperance, calling it Americanism, causing the consumers to try to swallow and digest every mouthful of smoke they draw—those young scapegoats could not be expected to use tobacco with more temperance than they practice these other customs, and cigarettes are the only morsels of tobacco that can be used in this manner within impunity.

Pipe smoking, considered the filthiest of the three methods, is used with the most temperance, is used by the upper strata and hence, produces the least amount of harm. Pipe smoking, being practised by English Lords and American university students has come to be considered emblematic of culture. The pipe smoker is considered a favorite among even the ladies.

A few years ago a questionnaire was sent to a number of representative ladies of America, questions being, (1) What type of smoker do you prefer, (2) Why? To the first question, the ladies were almost unanimous in preferring the pipe smoker, in fact, preferring him to the nonsmoker. The reasons were, however, more varied but were all to the effect that the pipe smoker was sober, patient, home-loving and good natured; a thing that cannot be said for the average minister, deacon or teacher. Pipe smoking is oftener done when pals get together and are deliberating over the questions of lighter vein known to each; and when used in that way, smoke, and even drink, could be classified among the virtues.

Cigar smoking is almost as evil a habit as the intemperate use of cigarettes or drink, for in addition to making the user of an irritable temper, it is considered by the vulgar a sign of prosperity, and hence it is a very extravagant practice. Even cigars in their first use were smoked to as good effect as the pipe is smoked today. "Cigar" is a Spanish word meaning "Grasshopper." Tobacco, when brought to Spain, was first grown in the gardens, or as the Spaniards called it, the grasshopper lots. When the Spanish host, after having rolled tobacco leaves into cylinders for smoking purposes, he having never heard a name for it, called it the product of his grasshopper lot, or "Cigarrol." When the host wished to see his guest joined together in the comradeship of the aroma, he would ask if the guest would have of his grasshopper lot, and the guest would laughingly say "Grasshopper" or "Cigar." Since the cigar caused this consumer to think that he was showing of prosperity he assumes a growling disposition like that of an average landlord or commercial bully, which in turn breeds discord in the group. It makes him self-centered.

Smoking in the presence of friends without their smoking is likened unto eating in their presence without offering them of the food and for a young man to smoke in the presence of

ladies, is as gross as taking one of them to a soda fountain and buying one's self an ice cream without buying her one. It is not enough to excuse one's self for having to take a smoke, for the craving never becomes so intense as to make a smoke a necessity. If the consumer happens to have only one cigarette or cigar and is in company, he had best leave it in his pocket. It is equally as gross to be with a lady and ask her if she objects to the smoke; for a lady that a sane man would be seen associating with, would always answer that she did not object. Only under one condition should a young man mention the subject, and that would be where the lady is also known to smoke. A lady who does not mind one's smoking in her presence, will invariably have the presence of mind to mention the subject, even offering to find a match. Let it not be thought that it is any more disgraceful for a lady to smoke than for a man to smoke. The habit of the lady should be governed however, by the custom of the community. Mr. Bernard Shaw has written some stinging letters on the unethical conduct of smokers of his acquaintance, but Mr. Shaw had reference to the smoking in the stuffy little compartments of the English railway trains. The fabric of Mr. Shaw's clothes is also of such weave that it absorbs the scent of the smoke and stays with him for an hour after he leaves the car. Mr. Shaw, for that reason, is a nonsmoker.

Man never acquires an appetite for smoke. He merely acquires a habit, a social habit—and therefore it cannot be said to give any joy to the smoker except when his mind is at rest. It is disgusting to see a college student when beginning on an examination, to begin by lighting a cigarette. It is as disgusting as it is to see him trying to smoke and buck a line in a football game at the same time. These two simply do not go together, for in so doing the smoker in addition to smoking while he is unconscious of his action is not putting his best on his work. Such smoking is harmful again for the

fact that when the smoker sees that his cigarette is burned to the end, he remembers that he has not gotten the use of it, and lights the second. This together with the fact that a cigarette smoker, true to his ravenous habits, tries to swallow every atom of the smoke, that none be wasted, brings the habit to the point of gross intemperance.

Since the joy of smoking is most felt while the smoker is in the midst of smoking friends, the question might be asked if one can enjoy smoking when alone. He can if his mind is at rest or if he is allowing it to wander in a meditative mood, for through this medium, a great part of the love-making of today is done. There is really a comradeship between a man and his pipe, if he has a good one; and with her his most royal air castles are usually built, and his strongest love sentiments revealed to him. Pipe smoking is best for that purpose. No wonder the pipe smoker can so heartily say, "I believe in tobacco, that 'Heaven Born Weed,' producer of all good comradeship and love."—Amen.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

*Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association*

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FOUNDED 1882

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A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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Vol. XLII

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 1

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❧	<b>EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO</b> JERRY SAWYER, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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**Welcome.** To the readers and friends of the STUDENT we bid a warm welcome. That old feeling, that comes up when everything is going just right with us and we are conscious that we are among our nearest friends, has gripped us in a hearty embrace, and the Editors want *you* to join them in their happiness. No matter what class you may be in, whether you are undergraduate or alumnus, whether you have talent, experience, or lack of both, we have a berth awaiting you on the team of our contributors. A thousand spectators throughout the State and in other states are watching intently for you to make an effort, get on the team, "show your stuff," and be in the winning play. You cannot count yourself well rounded until you have gained some

sort of recognition in the literary field. The STUDENT is grateful for every effort you make to write for it. If you find difficulties the Editors will help you gladly, and when they fail to have confidence in their own judgments the whole Faculty is at their disposal. You may feel sure that when your contribution is published that it is better than those that are not published. We don't want a half dozen monthly contributors; if it be possible we want six hundred student minds making their best efforts to produce ideas which will interest and benefit others. Your ideas are no better than another's until you have brought them to *life* and proved their merits. So compose your philosophy; take a long gaze at the moon; think of the best girl in the world, and the others that sooner or later turned you down; then respond to the entrancing poetic touch, or tell your tale, or the other person's as it seems to you.

Our watch word is *rejuvenate*, renew, revise, uplift, or anything that expresses the fact that Wake Forest is virtually arising from a state of dormancy, and is again walking in the "newness of life." Toward that end the Trustees have made extensive plans. Among other plans is that of doubling the circulation of the STUDENT. To effect this plan they have shown their interest and coöperation by subscribing to five hundred copies, which will go to the members of the Board of Trustees and to standard high schools throughout the State.

We know of no better way to express our thanks and appreciation to the Board of Trustees than by exerting our very best efforts to *rejuvenate* our Magazine; to make it command greater interest among students, among Alumni, and among the friends of the College. Let us bring back the good old days of '82 and '83, when Dr. Thomas Dixon and President William Louis Poteat edited the first issues of the STUDENT, when students vied with each other in literary productions, when we had the reputation of publishing the *best* literary magazine in the Southern Colleges.



**Student Government.** When the new Student Government was inaugurated at Wake Forest College in the spring of 1921 student Democracy with all its privileges and obligations became a reality. Thru the smoke and din of a veritable battle of opposition it glided on its course toward the goal that had been set by its founders. Pessimism, denouncement by leaders of our Denomination, and charges that we had rebelled from the traditions of the Fathers; these were the forces that hurled their frenzied attacks from all sides. But Democracy lives! Even in its year of infancy the highest ambitions of its founders were achieved. Hazing became virtually a memory of a past age when men bore stronger traits of their savage ancestors. Doubtless we shall recite these incidents to our grandchildren in the same light that our grandparents tell tales of the old English Universities, when students were not amenable to the Law. Outlaws of our new Government and violators of the Law last year were quickly apprehended and dealt summary punishment, to the effect that lawlessness went on a sharp decrease.

And while the maternal milk is still sweet on the lips of Student Government the first few days of this year has vindicated its adoption. The ridiculous "Freshman Parade" thru the town, the unmerciful application of paddles and cudgels to delinquents and other attendant brutalities and indignities, are well on the road to disappearance. Boisterousness in the dormitories, on the campus and in the town, has been confined to the few, who are fast learning the disapproval of their fellows. The Blind Tiger has been forced into the dark where his partner the Gambler is afraid to stir.

Are we satisfied? No! Not when the last traces of these fleeing evils are vanquished and we enjoy the most wholesome college life in this great country will we be satisfied. Then we'll look for richer fields and more pleasant atmospheres.

❧	<b>IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE</b> S. N. LAMB, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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**Sports.** Football is *the* word at present around Wake Forest. Of course, the other games will come in later for their share of the comment; but just for the immediate present no one cares a "flip" about anything except F-O-O-T-B-A-L-L. A wonderful transformation in the minds of students and the people in general has been wrought since the last season in football. Along with the arrival of head coach Garrity, has also swept in a mighty tide of enthusiasm and optimism which has been intensified since the new season opened up so propitiously. The whole atmosphere is charged and surcharged with a new spirit, which is most gratifying to all. The genesis of this, no doubt, can be traced directly back to the organization last fall of the "W" association—the purpose of which was to boost athletics. Mr. Raleigh Daniels, who on his own initiative, out of pure loyalty to his college, has the honor in a large measure of launching this movement and he deserves the praise and commendation in a great way both of the students and also the alumni of this institution. The feeling now runs high around Wake Forest that the future holds better things for the old College. With the superb coaching of Garrity and Utley combined, the sturdy support of the alumni, and the new spirit that prevails in the heart of every boy on the campus, all pulling together in the same direction, we face the future hopeful and expectant, assured that a new day is dawning.

**Renaissance.** Smiles, grins, bright eyes, cheerful faces, beautiful words of commendation—all these now manifest themselves in Wake Forest. The old "dog is dead" and buried, let's hope, never to be resurrected, "Dead as Hector," in other words. Frowns, long faces, drooped

lips, greenish eyes, queer looks, grouches, snappy retorts, and general expressions of mental anguish, are extinct over here today. "Them days is gone forever."

It is now a pleasure to talk with a fellow on the campus about internal affairs at College; one takes more pride even in conversing with an old alumnus as the swift train speeds along on the road; and, there is genuine joy to be experienced in speaking to an audience about the situation as a whole at Wake Forest now. Things are really different. We rejoice, one and all at this rebirth of that which has never been dead; but just merely beclouded, bedarkened and benumbed by some who were over-anxious in their insatiate thirst to learn the real truth about matters; and this, led them to lay aside unconsciously perhaps (at any rate we hope so) that fine Christian grace of toleration. So let us thank God for all that has occurred and take courage, for it is ever true—that behind the darkest and blackest clouds the sun is always shining. Wake Forest is still at her big job, let all the State keep silent.

**Growth and Changes.**

The election of new men to a faculty often signifies more than simply the filling of vacancies; it is very frequently indicative of the growth and progress of an institution. This is surely true at Wake Forest. The students welcome with all heartiness the new faculty additions; and at the same time extend their good wishes to those who have gone from us to fill other important positions in our own State and other States.

Dr. J. W. Lynch, former pastor of the Wake Forest Church, and prominent preacher throughout the State and South, has taken his place in the Bible department. This addition to this department which has been headed by the beloved Dr. Cullom makes it considerably stronger.

To the social science department, comes Prof. Cheney, who will concern himself and his men chiefly with the field of commerce.

At the head of the College publicity department has been placed Prof. Henry Belk—a man whose ability and fitness for this position have already been amply demonstrated by his work with newspapers in the State. Mr. Belk will also act as instructor of English and have charge of the school of Journalism.

In the selection of Dr. D. B. Bryan as dean of the College, the students feel that the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees made a most sagacious choice. His election has met with unanimous approval by all concerned. Dr. Bryan has already ingratiated himself into the favor of his pupils by his pleasantness and manner of instruction. His winning disposition, coupled with his excellent knowledge of the laws that control student needs and tendencies, peculiarly fits him for the place. Wake Forest may well be proud of Dean Bryan, and we think the College exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of one so competent for this position.

**Students' Publications.** Year after year as time rolls on, attention has been focused on the slide bearing the College publications, and no doubt just as soon as the new managing staffs have entered upon their new duties, so soon have they begun to promise improvements and better magazines. And this has been the actual result in many instances, and it can be true each year when the Students of the College support these organs as they should. Whether these high aims have been attained in years ago or not, it should certainly be the ambition and purpose of every man among us this year to make these magazines worthy of the stamp that adorns their covers. Can it be done? Most assuredly it can. Not if the students leave it all to those who have charge

in a specific way. But if the fellows will realize fully that these College publications are theirs—belong to them and not to the staff only—and will then act in the light of this knowledge, this year will witness a great “come back” in a literary way in the matter of the periodicals. Treat them as your own then! Boost them! Support them, subscribe to them, write for them and then you will enjoy reading them.

**Meeting the  
Needs.**

In view of the fact that more men have already registered thus far than have ever been enrolled in College at a given time before (634) the news of building plans sounds like music to our ears. The proposal by Richmond County Alumni sets a precedent for other counties to follow. This is a new idea, but it is a very bright one. Their plan is to erect a Cottage on the Campus to help in the education of worthy young men of ambitions from Richmond County. Not only would the erection of this Cottage be a direct influence for good in the sense that it would help a number of boys from that specific county get an education, but it would be a means of tying the alumni up with their Alma Mater in a closer way; and, further, its indirect influence would be great. Soon other counties would take similar steps, one by one, like the States entering the Union; so that in a short time scores of young men of vision and latent ability would be allowed the privilege of a college education who now are either denied it or severely handicapped in getting it. Our hats off to those loyal, thoughtful sons of Richmond County!

❏	<b>EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT</b> J. W. BEACH, <i>Editor</i>	❏
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In this, the first issue of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, we send you greeting, Editors of the various college magazines. Since we wish to coöperate with you to make this the biggest and brightest year in the history of our publications, it is best that we become true friends, now as we begin our work. So, collectively and individually, we ask you to work with us that we may make the Exchange Department one of the greatest assets to our magazines.

It is our aim to make this department serve a double purpose this year; we hope thru the medium of your magazine to learn something of your college, its spirit, and various activities; and in return we trust that as you turn the pages of our magazine you will catch a glimpse of our college, will feel a thrill of the enthusiasm we feel as we enter upon our scholastic work for the year, and will give us your sympathetic support as we strive to fashion our air castles into reality. If we can succeed in bringing our several colleges into this kind of relationship we cannot count the year's work unsuccessful.

We realize that none of us are able to read our own magazine with the same critical eye of our outside readers, and therefore we are glad to know what they really think of our publication. We welcome any friendly criticism of the quality and general makeup of our magazine. At the same time we shall feel free to offer any criticism of the exchanges that come to our desk and will rest confident that all will be taken in the same spirit of friendliness with which we greet you.

THE STUDENT invites the colleges of the country to exchange with us this year and coöperate with us in making college publications fill their rightful place in college activities.

We acknowledge receipt of the following publications during the last session, and hope to have the pleasure of reading them

again this year: *The Trinity Archive*, *The Clemson Chronicle*, *The Acorn*, *The Messenger*, *The Corradi*, *The Pine Branch*, *The Furman Echo*, *Louisburg Collegian*, *The Concept*, *Woffard College Journal*, *The Lake Forest Stentor*, *The Chronicle*, *The Erskinian*, *The Voices of Peace*, *The Philomathean*, *The Winthrop Journal*, *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Lenoirian*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *The Nautilus*, *The Papyrus*, and *The Laurel*.

❧	<b>ALUMNI NOTES</b> D. D. LEWIS, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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Mr. J. A. McMillan, our Alumni Secretary, has been doing some very extensive work among the Alumni, and for that reason has not been on the campus long enough to help us prepare our notes for this department, and beginning next month we intend to make special efforts "to get a line on" many of the Alumni and to insert items of interest about them in this department of the **STUDENT**.

We would be glad to get letters from Alumni telling about each other and what they are doing.



❧	<b>NOTES AND CLIPPINGS</b> <i>F. L. PASCHAL, Editor</i>	❧
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### HARD TO UNDERSTAND

Dr. Cullom (on Bible 1): "I understand it was not the apple that caused the great disturbance in the Garden of Eden."

Richardson (quickly replying): "Well what was it then, doctor?"

Doctor Cullom: "Why, it was nothing but a green pair."

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'Tis better to whistle than whine,  
 And better to laugh than to cry.—Selected.

### LITERARY QUOTATIONS

A thing of beauty is a joy forever—Keats.

Blessed is the man, who having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact—George Eliot.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;

Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring—Pope.

Honesty is the best policy—Thomas Jefferson.

### HEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Freshman Moore: "Who is the gentleman going toward the Aluminum Laboratory?"

Freshman Abernathy: "Oh, that's Mr. Prof. Doctor Rouse!"

Visitor (inquisitively): "Are there many Frats at Wake Forest now?"

Freshman: "Yes I think so. I saw something with a long tail running through my bed-room last night."

Prof. Wilson (on Biology 1): "Mr. Griffin, where is the biceps femoris?"

Griffin (reluctantly): "I'm not sure, but I think that it's somewhere in Egypt or Africa."

Higher than fear and stronger than fate  
Are love and faith that patiently await—Selected.

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#### LEST WE FORGET

That Stamey has a portable vocabulary.

That Newish Riley is a freshman.

That Soph. Fanning combed his hair on the third of October,  
1923.

That Ed Moore is Cheer Leader.

That the "Hurricane" has not disappeared.

That every student should subscribe to his college publi-  
cations.

That Meredith is a popular Saturday Evening Resort.

That Freshman Moore tried to purchase bath tickets at the  
gymnasium.

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#### TRUE ENOUGH

"Newish," said Small to Freshman Parker, "you told me  
yesterday that you had a date with your dentist."

Parker: "Well I did."

"Well I saw you at the Carolina game."

Parker: "Yes, the gentleman sitting beside me was my  
dentist."

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Son: "Paw, what is a K. K. K.?"

Father: "A threshing machine, my son."

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#### A REAL TRUTH

Ther's nothing like determination,

Ther's nothing like a man,

Who fights for education

With all the strength he can.—Selected.

---

#### HEARD AT THE STATION

Joe Beach (when No. 12 was pulling in on schedule time):  
"Here she comes boys."

Sam Jones: "Don't say she, young man. It's a mail train."

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
The Ethics of the Negro Problem (essay)-----	F. L. Paschal 63
"A Dream" (a play, with comedy, romance, tragedy and a lie) -----	W. J. Matthews 68
Shakespeare, The Man (essay)-----	J. C. Crumpler 73
The Personality of Burns as Revealed in His Poetry (essay)-----	D. D. Lewis 83
The Victim of a Viper that Came from a Vine (anecdote)-----	S. N. Lamb 92
Adam Smith's Gal (story)-----	Jerry Sawyer 96
"The Wake" (verse)-----	C. L. Gillespie 103
Nag's Head (verse) -----	"Runt Matthews" 128
<b>ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS:</b>	
The Successful Fisherman (anecdote)---	G. A. Briggs 105
Ye Rocks and Crags (poem)-----	J. O. Alderman 106
Carey J. Hunter (eulogy)-----	J. W. Bailey 108
<b>DEPARTMENTS:</b>	
Editor's Portfolio-----	S. N. Lamb, Editor 111
Historical Data -----	111
Supremacy in Football—Denominationally-----	112
Thanksgiving Season -----	113
Armistice Day -----	114
In and About College-----	Jerry Sawyer, Editor 115
Buildings -----	115
Garrity -----	115
Society Day -----	116
Exchange-----	J. W. Beach, Editor 119
Alumni Notes-----	D. D. Lewis, Editor 121
Notes and Clippings-----	F. L. Paschal, Editor 124

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XLIII

NOVEMBER, 1923

No. 2

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## THE ETHICS OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM

F. L. PASCHAL, '25

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Among the many outstanding social and economic problems which face the Southern States and even our entire nation is the race problem. Down through the cycles of the ages we may find different races living together, only with one being dominant over the other. In the days of the ancient Egyptian civilization two tribes lived together only with the one being the slave for the other. The same conditions held true in ancient Gaul. We found one class which held all others at its bidding. Hence we may expect where there are not merely tribal differences, but well defined differences in color as between the negro and white man, a much more conspicuous kind of mastery by the fittest race.

Formerly the negro problem in the United States was sectional and confined strictly to the Southern States, but now the problem is rapidly becoming one of national importance. The negro is no longer confined in his place of abode to the territory south of the Mason and Dixon line, but he is rapidly and emotionally going to the industrial centers of the North where he may find employment better fitted to his tastes. There he is no longer confronted with the problem of the boll-weevil which requires scientific farming of which he is incapable. There he is also free from the pernicious tenant system of the South where he formerly made a bare living. In practically every newspaper that we have read for the past nine months we have seen the account of the negro exodus

and its reaction upon our country. We have seen one of the most tremendous migrations in American history. What does all this mean? In our opinion, it means two things. First, it means with the more equal distribution and diffusion of the negro race, the problem will become universal and a more easy one with which to deal. Second, it means that the South will have released many false abuses for which she is not entirely responsible, and will experience the application of scientific farming to her extensive and fertile agricultural lands.

There are three methods which are offered to eradicate the present racial ills of our nation. The first is the oppression and exploitation of the weaker race. The second method offers a process of blending the races into one, in order that the negro and the white may be brought to the same social plane. The third and last, but not the least way of settling the problem, plans, through friendship and coöperation, followed by geographical distribution, and a course of educational and religious training, to bring the negro to recognize his place in our economic, civic, and moral life.

It is evident that the first two of these cures are preposterous so far as resulting in a permanent solution is concerned; but the last is of far more practical value when applied to the existing conditions.

Let us take into consideration the idea that the negro is a part of our social order merely to be exploited and oppressed by the industrial magnate or farmer. This plan we have seen in practice in the South for the past half century and we can't keep from shuddering at the wretched conditions caused by its practice. The working of this has impoverished and ruined tremendous areas of fertile cotton lands, never to be permanently recovered again. It has caused vice, crime, hunger, and a low standard of living among the negroes themselves. The plan is as damnable as satan himself, for under its working

the South has not only been impoverished in its natural resources, but its name has been discredited and trampled upon because of the heartless exploitation and oppression of negro labor by their landlords. This system cannot continue without further loss and discredit.

The method of assimilation by the blending of the races will have to be examined very carefully, in order to see the futility of its practice in the solution of the race problem. It is thought that through intermarrying and intermingling, together with the climatic effects, the negro will gradually be absorbed by the white race, so that the two races will become one. This, however, largely concerns the study of Eugenics, and through this study we see that there would arise a new race of people who would also have new morals. Eugenics bears out the statement that the morals, intelligence, and physique of a race arising from an amalgamation of a white race with the negro race would be more degenerate than those of either existing race today. The facts of science bear out the statement that any mixture of the Caucasian with any colored race will produce a race not only defective in morals, but also in physique and in intelligence. As a flagrant proof we may observe some obvious cases: the Mexicans, the brown races, the mulattoes. They are not the strong and sturdy peoples, but are the mongrels of the world. Then we claim that it would be fatal and disastrous for the present American people to discard the legacy which is ours and thus allow posterity to be found wanting. Mexico with her mixed breeds and vices is a typical example of what we might expect our own civilization would be in the future.

The plan which is the most sensible in meeting the race problem, is that of coöperation coupled with religious and educational training. Why do we say this? To begin with, the best brains of the country recognize this as the only panacea for the present day racial ills. They see the futility of all other



plans and take it because of its practicability in every one of its avowed purposes in bringing about a better racial understanding making for peace, progress and agreement. Those who oppose this plan for business or personal reasons fail to realize its tremendous success wherever it has been established. On the other hand they fail to realize or to examine the wretched social and economic upheavals where the negro is still uneducated.

Let us get a real vision of the good effects of the educational development of the negro. We candidly ask, is the education of the negro producing good results morally and economically to the group as a whole? If it is, it is ethically sound, and if not, it is ethically unsound. It is universally true, however, that education reduces crime and increases productivity of labor and capital. Then is not the most urgent need today, education of the negro? We emphatically say that it is, and some States like North Carolina are adopting a constructive policy along this line since the memorable Exodus to the North began nearly a year ago. As a result crimes have been reduced, and lynchings lessened to a great degree. Because of her policy North Carolina stands head and shoulders above her Southern neighbors, Georgia and South Carolina, that are still largely laboring under the difficulty of ignorance and wretched exploitation of ignorant negro labor, whose productivity is very low.

We are not advocating racial equality or even the vote for the negro in states of a large percentage like South Carolina; for we recognize that in such states the negro would outnumber and outweigh the whites in control of the government. This would be disastrous to the negroes themselves. Furthermore, this fact alone explains the necessity for the present migration. In the words of W. J. Bryan we believe: "The day will speedily come; provided we continue our present system of coöperation and education of the negro, when race prejudice

will be obliterated and with the races more widely distributed and diffused, the negro will be granted suffrage upon a practical basis in the South." This, however, can only be with the negro as secondary to the whites. Is this not justifiable to the whites, the negroes, society as a whole? That which advances the component parts of a group advances the group itself.

There are those who would disagree with our plan, because it fails to recognize that "all men are created equal." Men are not created equal, but with different capacities as taught by modern science. This we recognize and base our idea of superiority of the white race upon it. The negro is naturally our inferior and therefore should not have a position of public trust when his superior can perform the function better. With a further development of his training and less merciless exploitation, however, the negro will fit into our economic, moral, and civic life and instead of being a liability as at present, and in the past, he will be a dynamic force in our modern science and religion.

## "A DREAM"

W. J. MATTHEWS, '25

*Comedy—Romance—Tragedy and a Lie*

### SCENE I

*Place:* Room just off the campus.

*Time:* Eleven o'clock.

*Occasion:* Quartette bridge part.

JOKES

(Curtain)

### SCENE II

*Place:* Country Club.

*Time:* Midnight.

*Occasion:* Dance.

(Five Wake Forest boys having clumsily dismounted the Ford roadster, from various positions, join the other guests in the reception hall.)

P: Do you think that I had better turn the water out of my radiator?

J: No. I want to use the car during intermission.

S: Wonder who's here tonight?

E: Don't know. Hope Helen is. She's quite the "stuff."

(Music)

(Going forward and slightly to the right the quintette halted abruptly.)

S: God knows, "this" is no place for that girl!

P: Just look at those big brown eyes and that beautiful nut-brown hair!

M: The stateliness and physique!

(Standing to the left and seemingly in a daze stood S, held snug in her embrasure. She was warm. She was stylish and fair and beautiful to look upon. And everybody wears "*Gaber-dines*" now.)

S: Where am I gonna get a dime to check this overcoat with?

J: I reckon I've got one but we'll have to do without "weiners" after the dance.

E: I swear to you that she is fair though.

P: I think that little brown eyes will satisfy our desires.

M: Say, is this the place that we check our wraps?

Check-room maid: Yes sir. Ten cents, please.

E: Good night. Look here, number thirteen.

J: There's Jane.

(Exeunt)

(They secure new introductions and renew old acquaintances.)

(Music)

P: Have you met that little "flapper" from Penn.?

M: Naw. Don't like her looks.

Voice: Stand back and give the dancers room.

E: Huh, ain't that a ugly OLE man?

P: Ole John certainly is giving that piano a "fit" tonight, ain't he?

S: Want to meet the red evening dress?

M: I don't care.

P: Look at that "cake-eater" pulling that "curb-stone" stuff.

E: Where's he from, State College?

T. O'Kelly: Been as' t' 'nounce this 's intermission.

(Curtain)

## SCENE III

*Place:* Weiner joint.

*Time:* "Three o'clock in the morning."

S: Hello, Harry, how about a couple of weiners?

Harry: Unbutton the coat and let me see the dress suit.

M: Aw, whaddaya think I want onions for?

(Enter officer of the law)

Cop: Can't park your car in the middle of the street, and don't disturb the peace any more or I'll have to jug ye.

S: Won't you have a weenie?

Cop: Naw, and don't get fresh either.

(Exeunt)

(Curtain)

## SCENE IV

*Place:* Yarborough Hotel lobby.

*Time:* 3:30 a.m.

(Enter M, S and E, from different directions and under different circumstances.)

M: What's the matter, S?

S, gazing into open fireplace: I wish that someone would knock me in the head with a pole and leave me in a ditch, somewhere.

M: Why?

S: I've gotta math class in five hours and I've gotta get eight hours sleep between now and then, and besides 'Fesser Carroll don't think that I know too much about the subject.

(Enter J abruptly)

J: Did you know Bill was in jail?

E: WHAT? I didn't think he had a drink.

(Exeunt)

(Curtain)

## SCENE V

*Place:* Jail, before his honor, the night defective.

*Time:* Four a.m.

M: 'Scuse me for laughing but you look so funny in there.

P: Huh. There's a rat in here as big as a mule.

J: Well, where you going to bunk, tonight?

P: WAKE FOREST. Get me out of here.

Defective: He ran over a man and he's in a dyin' condition in the hospital.

S: Oh, he's a good fellow from Wake Forest, chief, and he'll do what's right about it, and besides you know my ole man don't you?

Defective: Well, I'll fix the bond at twenty-five bucks for your appearance at nine o'clock this a.m.

S: Will you take my check on the old man?

Defective: Well, taint customary.

(Exeunt)

(Curtain)

## SCENE VI

*Place:* Wake Forest road.

*Time:* Four thirty a.m.

P: How do you think I can drive with five in here?

S: Better be glad that you can drive at all.

P: Well I didn't see the man.

J: Well, I reckon you'll see the bill for a coffin and a charge of manslaughter.

(J was the first to respond)

Feminine voice: Can you give me some help?

HER eyes sparkled.

It was cold.

Her nose shined.

He looked under her hood and with a match discovered that it really was the same Lizzie Ford that his father had sold years ago.

J: Must be in the carburetor lady. That's where I always found the trouble.

Masculine voice: Thanks very much.

M: Whatta you driving so fast for?

P: Look and see if the train's coming.

J, E, S, M: YES! FOOL, STOP! CUT OUT, RUN into a tree.

(The car and bodies were mangled beyond recognition.)

(Curtain)

SCENE VII

*Place:* Wake Forest.

*Time:* Eight a.m.

S: Wake up lads. Haven't you gotta 8:10?

(MORAL—CUT OUT DANCING.)

## SHAKESPEARE, THE MAN

J. P. CRUMPLER, '25

Before taking up topics concerning William Shakespeare's life, it is expedient that space be given to record a few statements concerning the lives that his parents lived before him. Surely Shakespeare owes untold wealth to his parents who directed his early life in such a way that the world looks upon him as among the greatest poets and dramatists throughout the age of English literature.

William's father was the son of a moderate farmer of Snidderfield, England. We know little or nothing of the boy John Shakespeare until he left his home early in 1551 to seek a career in the neighboring village of Stratford-on-Avon. A few months after reaching the little village, he set up a shop which was supplied with the farm products of his country home. It was with Stratford-on-Avon that his life was mainly identified. He is first mentioned in the village records in April, 1552, as paying a fine for having a dirt heap in front of his house. In early life he made two freehold tenements, one of these being on Henley Street adjoining the birthplace of our great poet and dramatist. It is recorded that he was a keen business man, taking advantage of every opportunity for the betterment of the hamlet, as well as his own personal welfare. He was very highly respected in Stratford, holding honorable and responsible municipal offices. He also took great pride and interest in the arranging of social functions of the town. It is thought that he was one of the most influential citizens in securing actors to give plays in Stratford. It is assumed that William was first impressed with plays when his father would carry him to see these performances. Again was he thought of as shrewd and choice in choosing a wife of high social standing and assured fortune.



Mary was the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, a prominent business man of Warwickshire. This family is said to have ranked with the most influential of the country. At his death, Robert Arden left, in 1556, a farm of about sixty acres in Cantlow, known as "asbies," to the credit of Mary. She was also the heir of a snug little sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence.

By the sacred vows that were spoken at Wilmoclate Church in the autumn of 1557 were united two lovers that the world respects as being the parents of our great writer. This marriage united a man of rare business intellect and forethought, and a woman of strong personality and wealth, and closely interwove two lives which were lived as one. For many years the happy pair prospered and increased their talents ten fold, only to have their wealth taken from them in their latter years. In 1601, John Shakespeare answered the call of his Maker, leaving his saintly wife to follow a few years later. The greatest representative he could leave to go forth in the world was his son William, of whom, the world is, and has been, ready to search for all that is available.

William Shakespeare, who was the first son and the third child of John and Mary Shakespeare, was born on April 22 or 23, 1564, and was baptized on April 26. "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married and the father of children there, went to London, where he commenced as an actor, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." Even though nothing more is specifically known about this great man, the writers, Raleigh, Lee, Carson, and numerous others, have made such extensive and critical studies and researches that the public is justified in accepting at least a part of what they hold as true about him.

Through strenuous research on the part of the writer it is found that when William was a mere lad his father's fortune began to decline, while the family increased. "When his (John's) son was four years old his father attained the summit of his municipal ambition and appears as Justice of the Peace and High Bailiff of the town. Then his affairs decline—he mortgages his wife's estate, absents himself from the meetings of the Town Council, is deprived of his alderman's gown, ceases to attend church, and is presented as a recusant; but continues as he began, incurably litigious. We hear no more of financial difficulties during his later years, and it has been reasonably assumed that the success of his son restored the family fortunes." One can imagine the youth at this age playing up and down the sides of the River Avon, and in the widely known forest of Arden. From his vivid descriptions of the Avon, and Forest of Arden, it is evident that he had the intellect to see more in nature than the ordinary child. Still, humanity marvels at some of these vivid descriptions, yet the writer possessed the ability to write them when the world knew least about him.

It is recorded that there were many grammar schools in Stratford to which John Shakespeare's children were admitted free of tuition. But it cannot be asserted that William ever attended any school. However, he is thought to have attended one, taking Latin as his major study along with minors; such as French, Italian, etc. Mr. Buston, as an authority, states that Shakespeare "understood Latin pretty well." And it is thought that he became advanced in latin as far as Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, and the Ecolynes of Mantuanes. In his works, he openly acknowledged his acquaintance with these various languages. It is strongly believed that William was in school when Queen Elizabeth went through Warwickshire to pay her admirer, the Earl of Leicester, a visit at Kenilworth Castle. Although Shakespeare's opportunities for recreation during his school

days were limited, it is alleged that he received knowledge of all that took place during the Queen's stay at Kenilworth through two full descriptions that were published in pamphlet form.

At what age Shakespeare was withdrawn from school is not known. But it is known that at the age of thirteen his father was no longer the prosperous trader but had been for quite a while on the decline. In fact, his property was covered with mortgages. William was enlisted by his father in an effort to restore his decaying fortune. "I have been told heretofore" wrote Aubry, 'by some of the neighbors that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade.'

At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years older than himself. It is thought that the wedding was preceded by precontact, which, according to custom was not considered out of the ordinary. It is evident that the pair didn't live as happily together as the couple previously described. This evidence stands out when it is considered how much of their married life was spent separate. He expressed his sentiments of his marriage in his play: *The Tempest* (Act IV, Scene I):

"If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
 To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathy  
 That you shall hate it both."

Turning now to Shakespeare's family relations it is interesting to consider how devoted to them he was. Within six months after the ceremony a daughter was born to the poet. Within the following two years he was greeted with twins. So in the beginning it can be seen that he was blessed with that which

nature provides for after-marriage happiness—children. There are records in the parish church at Stratford stating that he was a reverent and devoted father. One instance of fatherly love was shown in his deep grief for his son who died at the age of eleven.

A few months after the birth of Shakespeare's twins, he set out for London. The assumption that he got in trouble with Sir Thomas Lucy cannot be taken as true, yet the public has a right to form its opinion as to the weight it has upon his leaving Stratford. It is thought by research writers that he became restless in the simple, quiet life he was living in the village; and he, like all great men, wanted to, and did venture out upon the plane of the world to answer nature's call of duty. Others hold that he went to London with the design of taking to the stage. It might be remembered that the desire to be an actor is thought to have been instilled in him when he was a mere lad, looking on with his father while the players were presenting "The Cradle of Security" and other plays in the guildhall, Stratford. Be it as it was, the writer distinguished himself from the common class of writers while in London.

During the years 1584 to 1592 there is no clue as to what Shakespeare did. Conjecture has not been idle but has surmised that in this eight years interval he was a scrivener, apothecary, a soldier; and Audrey heard that "he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." Still this cannot be relied upon as being true.

It is strongly believed that he entered London on foot early in 1586. Upon his arrival he came in touch with one Richard Field, a native of Stratford. Field at this time was serving an apprenticeship with Thomas Vantrollier, the London printer of that time. The statement that Field secured work for Shakespeare in Vantrollier's printing office is fanciful. Tradition asserts that almost immediately after his arrival in Lon-

don he procured a position of holding horses at one of the two theatres—Theatre or the Curtain—for the out-of-town spectators. After retaining this humble position for a time he was admitted into a company as an actor, and so found his true vocation as a writer of plays. It is thought that he played the part of Ghost in Hamlet. After being admitted to the stage there is every indication that he was quickly offered employment.

Upon Shakespeare's beginning to write, he reproduced plays as a trade. In about all of his plays he borrowed plots, transforming them from mere fragments of plots to well developed plays. The company for which he wrote furnished him with these old plots. It was not unusual for the manager to encourage extensive revision of a play at the hands of others than its author before it was produced on the stage. In this Shakespeare gained his early experience by revising or rewriting behind the scenes plays that had become the property of his manager. For this work he was moderately paid.

At this time Southampton gave him 1,000 pounds to enable him to make a purchase which he heard William was trying to make. It might be stated here that he was in a state of great financial depression as he was trying to redeem his father's homestead on Henley Street, Stratford, and make a purchase of the Globe Theatre.

Shakespeare's comedy, "Love's Labors Lost," is judged to be among the first of his dramatic productions. Its form has been preserved until the present. This is good evidence that Shakespeare, like all great writers, passed through the stage of difficulty, and through vain efforts, he, at last, reached the goal of fame and world-wide reputation. Surely this comedy referred to is critical from every literary point of view. As the world looks upon this mere conglomeration of phrases and clauses, it could not treat him with justice without considering, on the other hand, a fair specimen of some of his

great works. In the tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, he proved himself a master of dramatic art and poetic skilfulness.

The date of Shakespeare's withdrawal from London to Stratford is doubtful. It is certain that his latter years were spent at his old home with his family. Neither did he confine himself to the old home very closely, but up until 1614 he made frequent visits to London, where friends in sympathy with his works were alone to be found.

At this time he took active part in the business activities of Stratford. He stood Chief God-father to William Walker, the son of a Mercer and Alderman. It is said that he stood for every honest principle that pointed toward the upbuilding of Stratford. In the meantime his domestic affairs received much of his time and attention. Of his two daughters, the older one, Susanah, married a rising physician of Puritanic favors. In the following spring was born his only grand-daughter. Nine years later his younger daughter married, hastily and informally, Thomas Quiney.

In such a way was the latter part of his life spent. No doubt, this was the happiest part of his life. As the shades of life's evening were coming upon him, he was busily engaged in making his will to his friends and loved ones, for that which he had earned honestly by the sweat of his brow. He died April 23, 1616, and was buried in Stratford Church.

"Good friends, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Turning now to Shakespeare's inner life, Jonson relates more facts in Dowden's Introduction than are obtainable almost anywhere else: "We assuredly make acquaintance with the man in the best possible way; we are constantly in contact with his mind; he neighbours us on every side, rouses our intellect, moves our passions, confirms our will, moulds our

character, touches our spirit to finer issues, envelopes us with the atmosphere of his wisdom, courage, mirth, benignity. We breathe his influence, and yet so effectually does he hide himself behind his creation, that even while we live and move in his power and presence, it seems as if we knew him not and could never know him aright. Let us take heart; he who knows the offspring of Shakespeare's genius knows the man, and indeed is far more intimate with Shakespeare's mind than if he were to meet the great poet now and again in the tiring room of the Globe, or the inner chamber of the Mermaid Tavern, or even in the quietude of his Stratford fields and lanes." It is true Shakespeare came into the world at the opportune time for the exercise of dramatic genius, and surely it was the age of all ages for him to cast his mighty literary works upon so hungry a civilization. "But these favoring circumstances did not make the *genius* of Shakespeare; that was something entirely independent of them. They only stimulated it into activity, and determined the mode of its manifestation. The physiology, so to speak, of great works of genius, can be explained, to some extent, by the circumstances of time and place—but not their essential life. That must come from the personality of the author; and that personality is a mystery which philosophy cannot teach."

"Favored as Shakespeare was by the circumstances of his time, he, in spite of mere scholarship and learning, was the best educated man that ever lived; and by 'best educated,' should be understood that his faculties, intellectual and spiritual, especially the latter, and all that enter into a personality had the fullest, and freest, and most harmonious play. Of no man in the history of the race can it be said that he attained to a completer command of his faculties than did Shakespeare."

"He of a temper was so absolute,  
As that it seemed, when nature him began,  
She meant to show, all that might be in man."

Many others have tried to treat the only scraps of records of Shakespeare's character in the most vivid and humanistic manner. Yet so little is really known about him it is difficult for them to treat it with much satisfaction. Neilson quotes from Rowe: "Besides the advantages of his wit he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners and a most agreeable companion." Chamber's Encyclopedia of English Literature states: "It is universally allowed that in knowledge of human character, in wealth of humor, in depth of passion, in fertility of fancy, in command of all the force and felicity of language and in soundness of judgment, he has no rival in the literature of any nation or epoch." Nelson's Encyclopedia (vol. xi) states: "It is character and the development of character that interests him, and it is by his prolific creation, not of stage copies but of men and women that he has established his position as the supreme poet and interpreter of human life."

These statements are very illuminating to all seekers of knowledge concerning his character. But they are mere statements as compared to the light which is reflected through his works. In all of these works are revealed traits of a kind and loving disposition, and nonegotistical views. Considering the comedy, the Merchant of Venice, in the trial of Shylock and Antony, it is clearly shown that he used almost superhuman moral forethought in its development. Again in his treatment of the moral situation as portrayed in the tragedy, Romeo and Juliet, he shows unusual skilfulness in its structure. Like these, all of his works are drawn out in a moral way.

This great man has been praised by all distinguished writers since his day. Ben Jonson uses words of warm and generous affection: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side of idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions." Again in the verses



"To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare," he uses terms of equal tenderness: "My gentle Shakespeare, sweet swan of Avon, thou Star of Poets." Dryden wrote: "Shakespeare was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul." He also calls him "the divine Shakespeare." Pope recognized him as a literary genius. So did all great writers since Shakespeare's day.

Not only do the great writers hold him as among the leaders of literature but the world at large looks upon his noble works with reverence and satisfaction. In France, Voltaire called attention to the genius of Shakespeare, and great interest has been manifested in the English writer by the French in their translating his principal works into the native language. The Irish have also shown similar interest in the great writer. Not only have these two nations recognized this man's literary gift but the world today looks back upon his works as being the handiwork of one inspired to take up this work not primarily for the age in which he lived but for the upbuilding of Humanity.

"So mighty a faculty sets at naught the common limitations of nationality, and in every quarter of the globe to which civilized life has penetrated, Shakespeare's power is recognized. All the world over, language is applied to his creations that ordinarily applies to beings of flesh and blood. Hamlet and Othello, Lear and Macbeth—etc., are studied in almost every civilized tongue as if they were historic personalities, and the chief of the impressive phrases that fall from their lips are deeply rooted in the speech of civilized humanity. To Shakespeare, the intellect of the world, speaking in diverse accents, apply with one accord his own words: 'How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a god.'"

## THE PERSONALITY OF BURNS AS REVEALED IN HIS POETRY

---

D. D. LEWIS, '25

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Throughout the eventful life of Robert Burns he was confronted with certain obstacles which prevented him from proving his true worth. His father was an humble Scotch peasant who earned his living "in the sweat of his brow." Poverty stared the family in the face continuously, and in his very youth Burns found out what it was to do without the luxuries of life.

A few days after his birth the wind blew down the gable of his father's rented cottage, and the poet and his mother were carried in the dark morning to the shelter of a neighbor's roof, under which they remained till their own home was repaired.

Burns did not have the resources of a college-trained man; he was simply "a poet of nature's own making." His educational advantages were very limited, but he made the best use of what he had. He went to school at Alloway Mill when he was five years old; later he studied under the direction of a neighborhood schoolmaster; and, finally, he continued his study at night after work hours with his father as instructor. With this limited education Burns was able to write poetry that has made his name immortal; but, no doubt, with better training he would have won even greater fame.

Poverty and lack of educational advantages are insignificant obstacles in comparison with the battle that he experienced in his own soul. There was ever a bitter moral contest raging in his life, and the forces of good never won a decisive victory.

Owing to the fact that Burns spent much of his time dealing with other matters we realize that his personality may not be completely revealed in his poetry. Carlyle has said: "These

poems are but like little rhymed fragments scattered here and there in the grand unrhymed romance of his earthly existence; and it is only when intercalated in this at their proper places that they attain their full measure of significance." Again he says: "His poems are with scarcely any exception, mere, occasional effusions poured forth with little premeditation; expressing by such means as offered, the passion, opinion, or humor of the hour." We believe, however, that we can learn certain things from the writings of a man that a biography does not reveal, for in his own compositions we can comprehend the very emotions and passions that dominate his life.

Realizing these facts, let us study the writings of this popular poet in an effort to learn more about his personality. We shall doubtless find many things in his life that are unworthy of praise; but let us not forget that he was a human being who was assailed by the same temptations and passions that attack the sons of men today. Principal Shairp says: "Perhaps it may be the very fact that in him so much failure and shipwreck were combined with such splendid gifts, that has attracted to him so deep and compassionate interest."

The poems of Burns clearly reveal the fact that he lacked stability of purpose and integrity. Indeed all of his biographers agree that his physical condition and his environment usually determined his attitude toward life. This characteristic is shown in the variety of his subjects. In the chronological edition of his works it is painful to read on one page the pathetic words which he engraved on his father's headstone, and a few pages on, written almost at the same time, the *Epistle to John Rankin*, and other poems in the same strain, in which the defiant poet glories in his shame. It is strange that the same mind almost at the same moment should have conceived two poems so different in spirit as *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and *The Holy Fair*. *A Peck o' Maut* and *The Whistle* were followed by his immortal *To Mary in Heaven*. The fact that he wrote poems almost at the same time expressing such vastly

different sentiments shows that he did not have a centralized purpose.

The unsettled affections of Burns are most clearly demonstrated in his poems to women. A large part of his writings is addressed to different women, most of whom he professed to love inexpressibly. Burns himself writes:

“There’s ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,  
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me.”

His very first song is to Nell with whom he fell in love when he was only fifteen years of age. This stanza gives us some idea of its contents:

“She dresses aye sae clean and neat,  
Baith decent and genteel,  
And then there’s something in her gait  
Gars ony dress look weel.”

One has only to read the poems written by Burns to see what a promiscuous lover he was. We soon find out that many women claimed his attention, and that he did not love any of them in the truest sense of the word. He also brings out the fact in his writings that he had some painful and disappointing experiences. This is especially true when Mary Morrison refuses to marry him, and also when Jean Armour forsakes him.

Some of the best poetry that Burns wrote is addressed to Jean Armour and to Mary Campbell, and we must know something of his relationship with these women in order to fully appreciate these poems. The courtship of Burns and Jean took place in 1785, but early in 1786 a secret and irregular marriage had to be effected. Then followed the father’s indignation that his daughter should be married to so wild and worthless a man as Burns; compulsion of his daughter to give up Burns, and to destroy the document which vouched their marriage; Burns’ despair driving him to the verge of insanity;

the letting loose by the Armours of the terrors of the law against him; his skulking for a time in concealment; his resolve to emigrate to the West Indies, and become a slave-driver. In September of the same year Jean Armour became the mother of twin children. It was at this time that Burns wrote *The Lament*, in which we find the following pathetic words:

“Encircled in her clasping arms,  
 How have the raptur'd moments flown!  
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,  
 For her dear sake, and hers alone!  
 And must I think it! is she gone,  
 My secret heart's exulting boast?  
 And does she heedless hear my groan?  
 And is she ever, ever lost?”

“Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!  
 Scenes never, never to return!  
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,  
 Again I feel, again I burn;  
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,  
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';  
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn  
 A faithless woman's broken vow.”

But if we are to judge from appearances, Burns was not so greatly distressed as this poem would lead us to think. It was about this time that he engaged himself to Mary Campbell. Lockhart gives at length the oft-told tale how, on the second Sunday of May, 1786, they met in a sequestered spot by the banks of the River Ayr, to spend one day of parting love; how they stood, one on either side of a small brook, laved their hands in the stream, and, holding a Bible between them, vowed eternal fidelity to each other. They then parted, never to meet again. Mary came as far as Greenock in an effort to meet Burns, but she was there seized with a malignant fever which

laid her in an early grave. In the whirl of excitement which soon followed that day of parting love, Burns forgot his vow to poor Mary, and he confessed to one of his friends that he still loved Jean Armour. Burns wrote several poems to Highland Mary, however, and a sense of remorse forms the burden of the lyric to Mary in Heaven, written three years after.

“My Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Scest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?”

Burns had several other love affairs even after his public marriage to Jean Armour, but these incidents are sufficient to prove that he was a man of unsettled affections. Let it be said to his everlasting honor, however, that he lived with Jean throughout the remainder of his life.

One cannot read the poems of Burns without realizing that he lacked deep religious convictions. His father was a Christian, and he gave his sons good advice. But Robert was easily influenced. While away from home in an evil environment he received impressions that affected his whole after life. How mysterious to reflect that the same qualities on their emotional side made him the great songster of the world, and on their practical side drove him to ruin!

Burns became very antagonistic toward the church when the parish minister required him to undergo public penance for his immoral conduct. He became vitally interested in the religious controversy that was raging in Scotland, and he allied himself with the New Light Party. Burns poured forth his feelings in ribald verses, and bitterly satirized the leaders of the church. The mother and brothers of Burns remonstrated against the writing of these satires; but he turned a deaf ear to it and listened to other advisers. *The Twa Herds, or the Holy Tulzie, Holy Willie's Prayer, The Ordination* and *The Holy Fair* are examples of these works.

He characterizes two of the leading churchmen in the following manner:

“Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there’s a tod in the fauld,  
 A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;  
 Tho’ ye can do little skaith, ye’ll be in at death,  
 An’ if ye canna bite, ye may bark.

“Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,  
 The corps is no nice of recruits;  
 Yet to worth let’s be just, royal blood ye might boast,  
 If the ass was the king of the brutes.”

It may be that Burns was lashed by his conscience for his conduct, and he must have been visited with other and more penitential feelings than those unseemly verses express. But, as Lockhart has well observed, “his false pride recoiled from letting his jovial associates know how little he was able to drown the whispers of the still small voice; and the fermenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within himself escaped—as may be often traced in the history of satirists—in angry sarcasms against those who, whatever their private errors might be, had at least done him no wrong.” Mr. Carlyle comments on this crisis of his life in this manner: “With principles assailed by evil example from without, by ‘passions raging like demons’ from within, he had little need of sceptical misgivings to whisper treason in the heat of the battle, or to cut off his retreat if he were already defeated. He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild desires and wild repentance alternately oppress him. Ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scottish peasant as few corrupted worldings can even conceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men; and his only refuge consists in trying to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but a refuge of lies. The blackest desperation gathers over him, broken only by the red lightnings of remorse.”

But if the poems of Burns only proved to us that he was a man of many moods, and that he did not possess a truly religious nature, they would have been forgotten in the dismal past. His works are still read and enjoyed because of the noble sentiments that he expressed, and because of his love for living creatures everywhere. We are ready to exclaim with Shairp: "That poetry, though a fragmentary, is still a faithful transcript of what was the best in the man; and though his stream of song contains some sediment we could wish away, yet as a whole, how vividly, clearly, sunnily, it flows! how far the good preponderates over the evil!"

Burns wrote several prayers and in these we are brought face to face with the fact that he believed in the grace and goodness of God, and that he looked to Him for help. He also rewrote some of the Psalms which shows his admiration of the Bible. In *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, he pictures for us a noble family who are Christians of the highest type. The training of the children is represented in the following lines:

"Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
The yunkers a' are warned to obey;  
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,  
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;  
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,  
'An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

Thus we see that Burns was not entirely devoid of religious sentiments. His good characteristics in the presence of his evil tendencies stand out like beautiful lilies in a marsh of mud and filth.

Burns lives on in the hearts of men and is loved by peoples in every land largely on account of his universal sympathies. He is not only interested in men, but his sympathies extend



even to the lower animals and insects. So even if Burns did do many things that are unworthy of praise, we should love him for his belief in kindness and generosity.

This spirit of universal sympathy is clearly illustrated by several of his poems. When he turned up a mouse in her nest with the plough, his heart went out to her in compassion; so he wrote *To A Mouse*. One day a beautiful daisy was torn up by his plough; so he makes this incident immortal by writing *To A Mountain Daisy*. In his famous poem *The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation To His Auld Mare, Maggie*, he shows what he believes should be the attitude of man toward the domestic animals. Perhaps we can understand the attitude of Burns better by relating an incident which occurred while he was living at Ellisland. He describes it in these words: "One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass-seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came hirpling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhumane fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed, there is something in the business of destroying, for our sport, individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue." Burns cursed him, and threatened to throw him into the river. He found, however, a more innocent vent for his feelings in a fine poem, two stanzas of which I quote here:

"Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,  
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;  
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,  
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

"Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,  
The bitter little that of life remains;  
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains  
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield."

Burns not only advocated a more sympathetic attitude toward the lower animals; but he championed the idea of the brotherhood and equality of man. He was always a staunch friend of the common class of people, and he shows his respect for them in the following lines from *The Cotter's Saturday Night*:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
    'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'  
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;  
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!"

Burns looked out into the future and saw that the time would come when all men would be brothers. He expresses this hope and confidence in these words:

"Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that;  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, an' a' that,  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

On the 21st of July, 1796, Burns died. Interest in his works has grown; and he is more widely known and read now than ever before. Men are beginning to realize that Burns was right when he said that all men should be brothers, and the adoption of the proposed League of Nations will be a great step in that direction.

## THE VICTIM OF A VIPER THAT CAME FROM A VINE

S. N. LAMB, '24

Eastern North Carolina, with its numerous meadows, vast plains, and large areas of open land that is second to none in the State in the production of certain crops, is often spoken of as "God's Country." This epithet, no doubt, is true of each section of the country in the opinion of those who happen to live there.

Several years ago, there lived, in this section of the State; namely, Edgecombe County, a bachelor farmer of middle age. He was a "renter" according to the farmer's classification, and did the greater part of the work necessary to produce a crop himself, occasionally receiving aid from his near neighbors at their leisure hours.

During the second year of bachelor-farmer life this gentleman succeeded in getting his mother's permission to take his kid brother away from the old home to stay with him, to serve in a double capacity—that of companion and also as colaborer. Of course, adventurous-like, the young lad was well pleased to go, for as he imagined, he would for once in his life be free. The words of "Big Brother" were, to him, unquestionable and his deeds above reproach. Thus, like a bird released from his cage, he sprightly departed from the old abiding place, kissed his dear mother good-by and started for "Do as you please land."

The scenes of the old plantation situated about five miles from Tarboro, the county seat, are very vivid to me. The land had been brought under cultivation during the period of slavery, and was for generations tilled by the old slaves themselves.

Conveniently located, about a hundred yards from the main road, stood the antique dwelling house, true to the model most commonly used by early settlers, with high pitched gable and broad tall chimneys at each end; it rested on huge pillars much higher than a boy of twelve; and it towered up amidst a knot of giant oaks and hickories, two stories high.

Only the first floor of this spacious building, consisting of two capacious and two small rooms, was occupied. The second story had long been discarded though by no means uninhabited; for, in the late hours of the night, curious noises and indescribable sounds—that cause the hair to stand on end—could be heard overhead, the nearest parallel of which would be the sound produced by a modern basketball squad on a newly waxed floor. In such an environment, this lad of eleven lived for four long years with his eldest brother.

Despite the fact that a close and deep attachment between the two brothers was formed, yet urgent business occasionally called the senior away, and in such instances the care and business of the place fell upon the boy. Sometimes the lad would be left alone for half a day and half a night, and it is with an experience that came at just such a time as that that this story is chiefly concerned.

Early in the afternoon of one of those fiercely oppressive August days, Wilson, the older, took his departure for the city to transact business. There seemed to be no sort of protection from the almost parching rays of sunlight that broiled down incessantly upon man and beast alike.

Sam, the "brave boy" as the people were accustomed to call him, was not at all disturbed until late in the afternoon as twilight began to approach—the time when meadow larks soar through the air pouring forth plaintive notes as they seek cover in the broom-straw fields to conceal them from every eye; the time when the shrill notes of whippoorwills steal in upon the ear rising from nearby thickets just over the hills.

There were no audible sounds of abruptness, no rustling of leaves in the boughs of the trees, no crowing of the cock as at the break of day and even the neighing of horses and gruntings of the pigs had been quieted by the delectable suppers provided by their youthful master.

On returning from the barnyard to the big house, quietly and intently musing on his plans for the evening, in the absence of his "Big Brother," Sam's eyes suddenly fell on the grim outlines of a tall dark figure approaching the house from the lane leading out of the big road. At first a spell of joy flashed over him in the prospect of having a friend to share with him the lonely hours of the night. But such high hopes were soon drowned in a fit of fear that seized his limbs as he drew nearer this strange looking comer. A few halting steps brought the two directly in front of the main door only a few feet apart.

"H-o-w-d-y," said Sam, as he looked up into the flashing, glaring eyes like those of a fiery steed, deeply set and large, of this ghastly creature. His broad face was thickly covered with stubby grey beard, and far back on his head sat a smutty black hat concealing short knotty hair. From his wide shoulders hung a long coat and his dingy hands protruded far out of its ragged sleeves. As yet no response had come from the frightful character.

Quickly and firmly the rough sinewy hand of the man clinched the boy's left arm as he abruptly snarled, "Follow me!" With nimble step the dumfounded lad obeyed and went in silence along by the side of the captor. Down the avenue they went toward the main road.

Great confusion was added to the frenzied breast of the boy as he was led into the dreaded foot-path that terminated at a gigantic cave—a sort of subterranean passage winding far back under the rugged knoll. But the strange man did not check his pace at all as he neared this haunted cavern.

Darkness was fast settling down upon the woods as if to shield the person who seemed bent on destruction. At such a time the mind is wont to dwell on all the ghostly stories that it had ever known. And surely the stories of tragic scenes that had taken place around this mysterious den warded off whatever other consoling thoughts and solace-giving imaginations that might have otherwise been indulged in by one so bound.

Finally, about ten feet from the mouth of the cavity, the "black skin" placed the boy, at the same time drawing out a long keen dagger. Then railing out in gruff tones as he swerved to the right slightly where were piled many brush, he exclaimed, "Don't move a single foot."

"Heavens!" cried the boy, "what are you about to do?" But no answer to that came.

Then bending down over the low bushes and thick shrubbery, the man laid violent hands on his helpless victim, placing it on the dark earth, again broke the silence as with swift jerk he drew aloof the glittering knife, muttering, "I'll get enough once more in my life!"

"Mercy! mercy! Please make haste," shrieked Sam, too impatient to contain himself.

With point downward, and hand erect, "Uncle George" thrust the sharp blade of the great jackknife into the very side of his prey, gashing to the center; and cutting out the blood red heart he handed it over to the amused captive with this injunction, "Come, let's silebrate." And there together, Sam and his old friend "Uncle George" gulped down the juicy meat of a large Georgia Rattlesnake Watermelon.

## ADAM SMITH'S GAL

JERRY SAWYER, '23

"The ultimate goal of every girl's ambition is matrimony," said one Wade Loveless, to a group of men gathered on Nelson's corner in a one-horse town of good old Carolina.

"Better watch how you talk around your future dad-in-law, or you'll lose a big case right here," replied the official spokesman of town gatherings.

"Well if you press me too close I may have to pretend that I don't give a hang"—rejoined the subject of the banter, and the man who had spoken the philosophical verity.

This man, Wade Loveless, was the new addition to the lawyer profession of the town, and as yet had not been overburdened with legal duties. He was one of those country raised lads who could not accustom himself to the life of the typical "down home" burg without a great deal of difficulty. So far he had become acquainted with practically all the citizens and had, through his ability as coach of the local baseball team and his opinions on subjects of interest to community politicians, won the esteem and respect of the upper strata of the town's social circle.

But this affair with Carolyn Smith was getting serious with a good portion of townspeople, and he had to do something very soon or he would find himself in a position from which he could not very well retreat without some far fetched explanations. First, all the female leaders of town life had started something about his going to see Miss Smith, and, true to expectations, it had become a subject of rumor and gossip wherever the social ladies happened to gather for bridge parties and teas. He knew that women naturally had to find something to talk about, but why talk about him? He couldn't

help having a longing for companionship, and Carolyn was *lively*. She never had failed to give him a good time. And my, what blissful evenings he had spent with her! She was a modern girl, a "flapper," and she didn't fail to flap.

But here Loveless had another thought thrust upon him. Josh Turner, the coming young business man of the town, had been going to see Carolyn as often as he had and Josh Turner was one of those men who always brought home the bacon when he went after it. He was the recognized "Shiek" of the community, and how proudly did ambitious mothers mention his name with that of their daughters! Then why didn't these men say the same thing about Josh Turner? Little did he dream that at that same time a similar group of men had Josh cornered in his dry goods store subjecting him to the same ordeal.

With the situation as it stands the story narrows itself down to the question, who is going to win the fair damsel? So, after listening to a few new jokes related by trained members of the group we will hand the pup to the father of the young lady in question and retire to the home of the fair lady.

At the home of Miss Smith we find that the one in whom the legal title of the place is vested is none other than the one who won the honor of telling the biggest impossibility at the street corner gathering, Adam Smith. We find him alone, quietly eating his evening meal, while the real ruler of the household is in the room of her daughter helping her prepare to be taken by Josh Turner to a dance in the neighboring town. "Now to make a good impression on Joshua tonight, Carolyn, you want to wear this black dress."

"No, Ma, you don't know what you are talking about. Josh will like the taffeta because it shows up my shoulders and neck better. You don't know men, Ma. This dress is the cat's nip."

So it was decided that Carolyn should wear the taffeta. On such occasions as these Mrs. Smith had the tact to leave the



choosing of her garments to her daughter. But her ambition lay in the purpose for which the gown was to be chosen. She realized that during *her* youth circumstances had been adverse to her and her failure to achieve her social ambition she felt should be counter-acted by the attainment of it through her daughter. And to look upon the daughter would convince any one that she was as fit a subject of popularity and admiration as any one could desire.

When the task of fastening parts of dress, fluffing hair, applying powder, perfume, and lip-stick had been completed the elder lady seated herself in a chair to cast a critical eye over the daughter. Carolyn waltzed about the room, listened at the window, and posed before her mirror, impatient, and anxious to hear the purring of a powerful sport model automobile. Suddenly she became serious. Skipping up to her mother she put her arms around her neck and whispered:

"Ma, I think Josh is going to ask a big question tonight."

"Well darling, don't be alarmed. You are getting old enough to know what you are doing, and Josh is the best choice you could make. It will mean a lot to us, and I hope he does."

"Yes, but Ma you know how Dad feels about that lawyer and how he is set against Josh. He says Josh is living off his parents' reputations and that in ten years Wade will be worth something."

"A very amusing guess, and what does your father know about it? He thinks that just because Wade Loveless hasn't anything now but a good nature and a knack for tying people up on the witness stand and make them tell lies that he will prove different from Adam Smith and others and make a fortune some time in the dark future."

"That's just it, Ma. Pa talks about other people doing great things when he has never done anything himself. But you know there are other people who think I ought to marry Wade because he is so promising, or something or other."

"Well, if you really love Wade and think you can stand it maybe you had better think about it."

"Some seem to think I had, but Ma I can't say that I do love him—he's too dead. I want life while I can enjoy it, not when I'm old and wrinkly."

The roar of a car caused the conversation to cease. Carolyn met Turner at the front door, and her mother went into the sitting room to put her husband to rights for his discrepancies during the day.

The dance was a success, a very lively success, from Carolyn's point of view. But when Josh Turner escorted her to his car late at night for the return trip Carolyn's mind had completely forgotten the dance with all its thrills and joys, and had become intently fixed on the seriousness of what she believed to be impending. She remembered that her life had been a succession of events that tended to lead up to just such an event that she now expected. She realized that her father had gone beyond his means for her benefit so that she might gain the prize that had been pointed out to her. In other words she had been flying higher than her wings—her father's income—could support her for long. Soon her plane must be dropped to a lower altitude unless—well unless somebody proposed to her who would be able to maintain her in her exalted position.

Since seriously thinking about it she saw that she really did care a great deal for Josh Turner. Why not? He it was who could give her everything that her life in this world demanded. Social position, luxury, and a continuous good time were his most cherished ideals of life, and these he had inherited from his late father, as well as the neat little fortune and dry goods business. Tonight as she thought of these things she looked upon the future moments as a pleasant dream about to begin.

What an ideal night was this for just such an event as Carolyn felt was imminent! A cool Friday evening in September, not too warm and not too cool, but just cool enough for

one to need a wrap when driving, but warm enough to do without it if necessary, isn't that the ideal kind of weather? The moon just coming up over the horizon, large, round, and of a bright orange color, could be seen straight ahead by both of them. The huge car dashed forward over the road, throbbing, it seemed, with energy, and a desire to get away from the scene of the dance. Straight for the welcome smile of the broad faced moon it glided, and when it came to the place where the road turned toward the homes of the two it did not turn with the road, but kept straight on, urged by the driver, Turner.

"I'm going to drive right into that moon," said Josh when he noted the effect his failure to take the road home had on Carolyn.

"Better not go too far," said Carolyn, "or the gas may give out."

Very soon the car began to slow down, and as Josh applied the brakes for it to come to a halt Carolyn became thrilled and excited as she divined the purpose of the stop. Can we imagine her joy, the exuberance of her happiness? For this was the night of nights, the moment of moments. She saw in the pale light of the moon the seriousness in the face of Josh, the longing in his eyes, and she knew that very soon these would burst forth in speech.

Are we inquisitive about the thoughts that were rushing through the mind of Josh? Can we plunge beneath the surface of his expression and the soft glow of his eyes and fathom his mental processes? Dare we?

"What a beautiful night! See that moon? How it beckons for us to leave all these cruel people who always want to talk about us and spread our wings and fly to it." How sweet these words, uttered by Turner, sounded to the ears of Carolyn!

"O, wouldn't that be life though?" said she.

"Carolyn, if I could tell you all that is on my mind tonight I would tell you about the sweetest girl in all the world who

can only guess how much I care for her. But I have told you this before. Do you believe it any stronger now?"

How entrancing, how alluring, did she seem to him now as she sat there so close to him that he could feel the heaving of her body as she breathed. He did not wait for her answer. . . . Soon he felt the flush that was coming over her warm cheeks. As had happened before, they lingered long in the embrace with their lips together. But this time there was something about it that seemed different to Josh from what he had noticed before. She drew her face away from his and said calmly:

"We ought not to be doing this—unless it means something to us. It is not right."

"Aren't we having the best there is in life? What more do you want?"

"But it is not right—only if we were to be married soon, then it might be all right."

"Don't be so silly. Young people can't be happy married. We're not going to be married. This is the day of free love."

"Josh, I thought you loved me."

"Well, don't I?"

"And you want to keep on this way and not think about what it means?"

"What of it? We haven't done any harm."

"Josh, you don't really care for me what you ought to or you would have some consideration for *me*."

"Do you think I could love you enough to marry you when you allow Loveless the same privileges you allow me?"

Like a flash the realization of his meaning came to her. Why hadn't she been able to see this before? How indignant she felt by his mention of Wade's name! How she hated this man who was now insulting her! And how suddenly she wanted Wade! Was it too late? It must *not* be too late.

She drew herself up stiff, pulling her fur neck piece tight around her throat, and with a scornful tone of command said:

"Is that what you take me to be? Take me home right now."  
 "For the last time," amended Josh Turner.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning Mrs. Adam Smith came hurrying into the room of her daughter before she arose, bringing the morning paper with her. She was excited, and a happy smile shone on her face.

"O Carolyn, I'm so happy this morning. You can marry Josh now—read this:"

Carolyn took the paper, and only by the greatest effort to restrain her anguish and by several attempts to wipe away the fast flowing tears with nervous fingers, was she able to read:

"The many friends of Mr. Wade Loveless will be delighted to learn of his engagement, announced by her parents, to the charming Miss Anabel Lee Goodwin. Miss Goodwin, who lives in Pittsburg, is a modest and retiring young lady of exceptional achievements. They became enamuated with each other while Mr. Loveless was practicing law in Pittsburg and the courtship was renewed recently while he was making frequent visits to that city in the interest of our town bond issue. . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

A little while before noon that day I found myself parked on the counter of a general grocery store refreshing myself with a bottled cold drink and a really good cigar. The owner and manager of the store, an unlettered, rough spoken, but stout hearted old gentleman, was discussing with his clerk the coming marriage of Wade Loveless and Miss Goodwin, and was also speculating on the probable surprise it would be to Miss Smith, because of the fact that his name had been associated with hers in town gossip.

"Jake, what do you think of Adam Smith's gal?" asked he of his sandy haired clerk.

"Best timer I ever saw."

## THE WAKE

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CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '26

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- "Lawd hab mercy! Sally,  
What on earth am wrong?  
De niggers keep a passin'  
In one-continious throng.
- "You don' s'pose de meetin's gwine on  
At Possum Hollar Spot?  
Sakes, no; 'cause it never starts  
'Til de nights git long and hot.
- "Gal, somebody's dead,  
An' Ise got to know 'bout it too,  
Fer dey can't have no funeral  
Worth nothin' 'n less I do.
- "Yeah, I'll tell you, Sally,  
O' brudder Jones am dead  
Wid one dem spells er rumetiz  
He had in de back ob his head.
- "Pick up dat dish-rag, gal,  
An' wash de chillen's faces.  
If we don't git dar purty soon,  
We gwine ter lose our places.
- "I do like to go to a wake  
An' hear dem niggers sing.  
I almost hear dat musick now.  
My! don't dey voices ring?

"Some folks say when a nigger die,  
You oughtn't to celebrate,  
But reason teaches dat am wrong,  
'Cause soon 't's gwine ter be too late.

"To drap yo head an' walk aroun'  
I think would be a sin.  
You ain't gwine to hab another chance  
Ter celebrate wid him.

"We better meet an' hab a tune,  
An' let our voices rise,  
Ter sing dat nigger off his bed,  
An' lan' him on de skies.

"When I gits through wid dis ol' world,  
An' lay my burdens down;  
I wants to know as I pass out  
Dat plenty o' music's 'round.

"So le's go sing an' pick an' play  
Like niggers always do,  
An' let him hab a happy time  
To git his 'tition through.

"But while we all feel jolly,  
An' glad we ain't been call,  
Le's 'member, in de poet's words,  
Dat 'One by one de roses fall.'

"But if we live like peaceful lambs  
An' don't fergit de sinner;  
De gate's gwine ter open one dese days  
An' we shall likewise enter."

## THE SUCCESSFUL FISHERMAN

GATHER A. BRIGGS, '23

"No, Sur," said Carter, the Georgia mountaineer, "you can't tell whut you're gwine ter run acrost up yander in them thar mountins. One day me an' annuder feller wuz fishin' up de lef prong uv de creek up yander whur ye sees dat dar big mountin; we wuz eber mo' a fishin' away; an' a ketchin' 'em too, b'lieve me, we sho wuz a ketchin' 'em! But we wuz all de time a lookin' out fer rattlers, 'cause dem mountins is full uv rattlers an' we knowed it. They ain't many times dat a feller goes up fur in dem mountins dat gits back 'thout gittin' mixed up in a nest er rattlers in a bresh pile 'long de path er 'long de creek bank one er t' other.

"Fin'ly, dat feller—de spo't frum Atlanter—he sot down in de middle uv a bunch uv dese hure branch weeds dat grows 'long branches an' creeks—you've seed 'em, I know yo' has—den he put his hook in a deep hole an' sot dar a'waitin' fer a bite. D'rectly he got one too, yesser, b'lieve me, he shorley did git one! He wus a fishin' wid one uv dese hure alder poles dat grows on creek banks; an' jest az he got dat bite, he gin dat pole a whoppin' snetch an' she slipped out uv his han' an' landed butt end slap dab in de middle uv a nest! But betch yer life 'twarnt no rattlers' nest; 'twus a nest uv yaller jackets—an' right b'hin him too, whut I'm a tellin' yo'. B'lieve me dat feller flung down dat alder pole an' dem fish whut we'd cotch right now, an' he lit out down de creek jes like a scart rabbit; he wus a goin', an' dem jackets wuz a swarmin' a'ter 'im like a cloud uv yaller smoke. I run a piece down de creek an' waited fer things to git settled an' quite. Den I eased back dar right cociously an' got dem fish whut he frowed down; 'cause I wuzn't a gwine ter lose six uv de purtiest speckled trout ever cotched in de lef prong jes on 'count uv dat nest uv yaller jackets."



## YE ROCKS AND CRAGS

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J. O. ALDERMAN, '82-'84

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Ye Rocks and Craggs, age-old, with wrinkled face,  
Know ye the secrets of the long-lost past?  
Upheaved ye stand, wealth-crammed, in Time's embrace;  
Know ye your wondrous birth? its how, its when?

"The when, O Man, not even we can tell;  
The how in our time-tortured bodies seek;  
Our broken ranks, our storm-torn cheeks note well;  
Our crumpled ribs, our scar-healed wounds shall speak."

What mighty force gave birth to you, O Craggs?  
What nursing giant crushed you in his hand?  
What mean these shells imbedded in your bones?  
What means this fossil life in shale and sand?

"O Man, our childhood had its fearful days;  
Through fire, through flood, and through upheavals great,  
Now forest-clad, now sea-engulfed, our way,  
Again upheaved, we reached our man's estate."

Ye Craggs, ye children of the mighty past,  
Ye creatures of the Great Creative Cause,  
Know ye He's walking here, The First, The Last,  
That here lie writ His stern creative laws?

"We are, O Man, but frame-work from His hand;  
You, in His image, rise above earth-grime;  
Earth-wealth, all His, we yield you on demand;  
'Tis you that stand His master-gift to time."

O Earth, thou home of man, immortal race,  
O Time, thou cradle of the new-born soul,  
Give me to see His wondrous unseen face,  
To grasp His hand, to reach His proffered goal!

Pocahontas, Va., Nov. 6, 1923.

## CAREY J. HUNTER: A STRIKING EXAMPLE

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Remarks of J. W. BAILEY to Wake County Alumni Association of Wake Forest College, at Wake Forest, October 12, 1923.

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I made the motion that this Association should at this time consider the life of Carey J. Hunter, because it seemed to me that in him we had a remarkable instance of Christian character. Doubtless in passing the motion the Association was impelled by the same consideration.

Mr. Hunter was a typical successful business man—energetic, resourceful, cunning; he understood material values; he was careful and exacting; he had the acquisitive instinct and faculty. His mind was intent upon his business. He accumulated a large store of worldly goods.

There is no distinction in these considerations. But Mr. Hunter was nevertheless distinguished, to a remarkable degree distinguished. His distinction lies in this: That for thirty years he attended to the business, the material and temporal concerns of our Baptist work (as we call it) with precisely the same energy, cunning, sense of values, interest and success with which he attended to his own affairs. I knew him throughout thirty years of service as a deacon, as a trustee of Wake Forest College, of Meredith, as member of the State Board of Missions (and of its Executive Committee), of the Sunday School Committee, and in other posts of service. I bear of him this witness: That he was always on his job. He was just as much in earnest, just as careful of expenditures, just as diligent to obtain value for effort or expenditure, as member of our State Board of Missions or Trustee of Wake Forest or Meredith, as he was in the management of his own business, as he was as director of the Commercial National Bank or of Caraleigh Mills or of the Parker-Hunter Realty Company.

He made no distinction here: It was his business; it was business; and it was attended to in a business way.

In the building of the structures of Meredith, for example, he examined the brick and the timber day by day. One would have thought it was his own house. When we came to select the heating system he set out to get the best for the money. He made a study of it. He did not sit in Board meetings and pass upon reports or hear arguments; he was on the scene attending to details.

All this was native to him; at least he seemed to me to come by it naturally.

In view of the facts I have recited, I wish to submit some brief remarks.

First, consider the value of Carey Hunter's services to the Baptist institutions. Not only that he was always saving money for us by seeing to it that it went as far as it should go, but also in that all that he had to do with these thirty years was well done; there were others, to be sure, but there were none that gave the time and intelligent attention to details that he gave. Such a man's services are not to be measured in money; and for this reason I shall not undertake to say what sum per year we could have afforded to pay him. His services were without price—they were indeed priceless.

Second, consider the fact that Mr. Hunter sought no honor or reward. He never thought of himself as President of the Convention, for example, I never knew him to suggest or in any way to give indication that he was entitled to any honor or position. I do not think the thought entered his mind. His devotion to his tasks as they came was natural. No amount of money or of honor would have increased his interest or activity. He was not seeking to advance himself, but the work. He was content to express himself.

Third, I come to make some remarks upon the significance of Mr. Hunter's life. Here was a Christian who engaged in

the worldly pursuit of wealth, and obtained it, and kept it. To be sure he was a contributor to all good causes; but he guarded his estate. I have often wondered how far a Christian may consistently go in the pursuit of wealth. Jesus seems to have abhorred it as utterly useless to the flesh and in the highest degree dangerous to the soul. In Paul's view the things of time were utterly to be rejected. Saint Bernard likewise. And in our own age John Woolman kept to the same view. But beneath the standard of the supreme saints we have a great rank and file of Christians who daily engage, and seem in truth bound by necessity to engage, in absorbing struggle with the temporal and material. Is there room in the Christian scheme of things for those who are so engaged—so bound? Is such engagement contemplated in Christianity?

If so, we have in Carey J. Hunter's life an excellent example. He combined business—what is it?—business—activity and earnestness in things—with Christian service. Gifted in business, endowed with an instinct for the temporal, he employed it in the interest of the eternal; and so he served the spiritual. May I not say he manifested the spiritual in a business way? It is a hard saying; it is a contradiction, a paradox; but is it not the fact? At any rate I bear of him this testimony—that in so far as a man devoted to temporal business may also serve the Christian cause, we have in Carey J. Hunter's life a unique instance. And in so far as temporal success may be reconciled with Christian ideals we have in him a striking example.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

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FOUNDED 1882

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A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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Vol. XLIII

NOVEMBER, 1923

No. 2

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❧	<b>EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO</b>	❧
	S. N. LAMB, <i>Editor</i>	

**Bits of  
History.**

It is earnestly hoped that the ideas promulgated in this article will meet with general satisfaction and gain the hearty coöperation of those whom they will specifically effect. In studying about a special issue of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT to come out later on in the year, the present staff feels that an issue, carrying a fairly brief, yet accurate account of the history of the various organizations connected with the college life in a direct way, would be of broad interest not only to the men now in college, but also to the alumni. Of course the history of all of the organizations could not be published, for this would

require too much space, but that of the most prominent ones would be, no doubt, interesting information to a great many of us. In this list would be included the fine record of the two societies, with their enviable histories; an article recounting the noble work of the Law Class—that is second to none in the State; our Ministerial Class would come in, advancing its claims in that field of service; then, there is the Medical Class, that has attracted considerable attention; and, in addition to these and others that may be represented, are the Fraternities—these should be glad to offer a word about their history if national in scope, and if not, then at least a declaration of their object in view and purposes. And, certainly these organizations would want to give a list of those affiliated with them at present, which could accompany each paper.

Any suggestions from any one looking toward the realization of this aim will be gratefully received. May we not do this?

**Supremacy in Football Denominationally.** The fact that Wake Forest has relegated the past record of football scores to the background and has come to take her rightful place as the champion of the State in denominational football, gives much pleasure to both students and alumni, and the Baptists of the Brotherhood. They rejoice to see their old college even up her record in this field of activity as well as in the literary.

This glowing achievement is all the more noteworthy in comparison with the record of last year, and even then the season was not a total failure. But last Saturday's victory over Trinity, our strongest and bitterest opponent, gave Wake Forest an indisputable title to supremacy in this field. The progress of the football team this fall is worthy of comment. In the absence of individual stars the whole team has worked together like a well-oiled machine, it has not relied on the work of any individual, but all together they have fought gloriously.

No doubt many things are responsible for the success that has attended our season. We shall venture to give a few of those that occur to us, even risking a possibility of being misunderstood. First, the work of the Alumni Association takes a leading part, starting on its direct war-path immediately after the glorious defeat by the University at Goldsboro, a year ago; second, the installation of a *real Coach*, a bare statement, it may be admitted, yet true; third, an optimistic student aggregation; fourth, the much needed change in athletic management; fifth, the team itself, free from brilliant stars, and in full realization of what is required of a team to win—consistent playing. These appear to us as the major considerations. Now let every man of us seek to carry these principles on to further completion.

Thanksgiving  
Season.

At this time of the year, when the golden leaves are falling fast, and the red breast robins start their fall migration, our minds almost invariably turn to the prospect of Thanksgiving Day. And though it affords much mental occupation, yet we rarely ever recall really the significance of the celebration—so eager are we to picture various sorts of pleasant entertainment and toothsome meals. Our minds begin at once to reflect on huge platters containing a big, fat, deliciously roasted turkey—O, boy! with fine cranberry sauce and juicy sweet potatoes spread around. Gee, our lips begin to quiver at the thought! Just here we are reminded of the old story told on our colored sister. It runs something like this:

Old Brudder Brown was preaching his famous sermon on Heaven. He had dwelt quite at length on its splendors and beauty, frankly stating what would be there without any misgivings; in order to make his description more vivid and forceful in his climatic way, he shouted out this oft-repeated illustration: "Yes, my dear Brethrens and Sisters, when we



git up dar, 'tain't gwine ter be no mo' old fat meat and cone braid, but it's gwine ter be good old smoke ham an' cabbages," whereupon, a good sister in the "amen" corner, too happy to contain herself after this picturesque description of the glory world, rose to her feet, exclaimed exultingly, "yes, Brudder, you sho said it, 'pears lack I ken smell 'em cookin' right now."

So we, too, feel that we can almost taste that nice dinner now. But Thanksgiving Day or season should have a loftier meaning for us than that. At this season, and especially this year, we have many causes to raise our hearts to the great Giver of every good and perfect gift in praise and grateful thankfulness for these benefits from His bountiful hand, even as did our Pilgrim Fathers who landed here in the long ago.

**Armistice  
Day.**

Just five years ago—on that memorable November 11, 1918, at eleven o'clock in the day, in the eleventh month of the year—there arose from the earth shouts of unspeakable joy and praise to the great God of Gods. With the signing of the Peace Treaty by Germany, there was sounded forth a jubilant note that resounded and reverberated around the whole world; it was a victorious cry, fuller and expressed in more tongues than any ever raised before, perhaps. What did it mean? The big meaning of it in short was this—that so long as sane and sensible nations remain on the earth, the rule of might must remain subordinate and subservient to the rule of right. This is the principle that animated the breast of our own ex-President Wilson. For this he expended untold energy of mind, body and spirit, only to be cast aside for a time by the sophistry of a selfish statesmanship. But it is most hopeful to see that he now openly and confidently declares again that the principles for which he fought, in, and after the war WILL NOT FAIL. Let us stand by those principles which are so much alike the ideals of the Christ.

With a contract calling for a new modern dormitory to be erected within two hundred days Wake Forest students are again looking forward to the day they may register for brand new living quarters. It has been almost ten years since students have had the opportunity to ask for new rooms. The building is soon to be under construction, for ground has been broken and excavations are being rapidly made for the laying of the foundation. But even that building will not be sufficient to meet all the needs, for more than enough men have registered this year above past attendance to fill the new building. The Richmond County Club is to have a cottage of its own, we are told, but then we need more buildings. And to meet these needs the Trustees have committed themselves to a lively program of buildings and improvements. The Law Department, from its record for the past 30 years, has prepared more men for the practice of law than any other institution in the State, but it has outgrown itself. Not only does it need more classroom space, but it needs a new library and a reading room, and a place to be used for court practice. Let us hope that the Trustees and the friends of the College may soon be able to meet this need of buildings.

When the Wake Forest machine got together after the Carolina game the football aspect in North Carolina took on a brighter hue from a Wake Forest standpoint. The Guilford and Lynchburg games indicated the fact that Wake could score almost any time it took a notion to do so. It looked like Wake Forest was again going to have a team equal to those of ancient glory.

And when we let Davidson off with the zero end of this year's game sports writers proclaimed us the probable occupants of second place in State standing. Not only that but rumors came afloat that a few other first class colleges were having a few minor complications with their coaches. Then came the game with Florida. Against the strongest team played by any North Carolina squad we made the best showing. A Freshman team left at home played a game the same day worthy of any ordinary college eleven, piling up 66 points. The question now comes up, what will we do with the other teams that we are to play this year to make the burden as light as possible for them? For all the foregoing we proudly *thank, praise, and honor* the man from Missouri, Coach Harry Garrity.

Monday, November 5th, was the annual Society Day. Society Day for the two Literary Societies. In keeping with the established custom Chief Marshals Berry of the Euzelian, and Herring, of the Philomathesian, made extensive preparations to have a large number of visitors on the Hill for the occasion. Freshmen were urged to have their sweeties here to promenade about the capus clinging to their arms, and upper classmen hoped to have a gala day of it. But due to the inclemency of the weather and the complicated red tape that has lately been added to the process of having female visitors at Wake Forest College, the fair sex was conspicuous for its lack of numbers. Possibly those who were fortunate (from their viewpoint) enough to come, returned with a renewed love for Wake Forest?

Notwithstanding the program was good. Sharply at two thirty the Hurrican Harmony Band, directed by J. E. Hilburn, swept the audience, gathered in Memorial Hall, off into romantic trances and visions of the wild wood, blossoming flowers, and tread of angelic feet. President Coy Muckle addressed the audience, relating the history of Society Day and then eulogized

those "sweet young things." With a broad healthy smile he closed his speech with a gallant cordial welcome to the visitors. Then Secretary L. H. Davis read the minutes of the last Society Day, announced the query, "Resolved; That the French were justified in entering the Ruhr," called the first speaker, and the fun began.

Mr. C. R. Holmes, Euzelian, from Pitt County, introduced the affirmative of the subject, and proposed the argument; (1) That France had a legal and just cause of action against Germany due to her default in meeting her obligations; (2) That France did not enter the Ruhr from a selfish or political motive. Mr. S. A. MacDuffie, Philomathesian, from Robeson County, negated the affirmative, and introduced as reasons; (1) Because of the disastrous effects the invasion has produced; (2) Comparative statistics of economic conditions in Germany and other countries makes it impossible for Germany to pay the debt. Mr. W. W. Morgan, Euzelian, from Buncombe County, and second speaker of the affirmative, gave instances of default by Germany in making good her promise and furthered the proof of the affirmative. Mr. A. B. Alderman, Philomathesian, from Duplin County, and last speaker of the negative, discussed the act of France from political standpoint. He contended that France is injuring herself by invoking the contempt of Germany and that she is injuring her prestige with other countries of the world, especially England, her natural ally. The judges' decision went to the negative, representing the Philomathesian Society.

When the clock began the hour of eight p.m. the throng reassembled in the historic old hall to hear the solutions to various national and international problems of the day, propounded by four budding orators from the two societies, as follows:

"The Administration of Justice."

Mr. B. T. Jones, Philomathesian, Onslow County.

"America—The World's Hope."

Mr. E. Z. Stines, Euzelian, Madison County.

"Future Demands of American Manhood."

Mr. S. N. Lamb, Philomathesian, Edgecombe County.

"Meeting the Need for Baptist Leadership."

Mr. W. C. Howard, Euzelian, Iredell County.

At ten p.m. the beautifully decorated gymnasium was visited, where laughter, music and refreshments, hand in hand (arm in arm) reigned supreme.

We find the Exchanges which we have received this month typical first issues of college magazines—all short of material and many sending out a call for more writing and new contributions. We consider this no disgrace but rather the most natural and sane plea that you could broadcast. If our magazines are to fill their sphere of usefulness in the colleges they cannot afford to confine their publication to a small, exclusive ring of contributors.

The *Meredith Acorn*, although rather brief this month, is one of the best balanced magazines we have received. Both the essays "Symbolism in the Purgatorio of the Divine Comedy" and "The Ideal Poetry of the Nineteenth Century Romantic Poets" are very good, the former probably being the better of the two. The short story "Wise Telemachus" is a charming little sketch, written in a style that is unusual and pleasing. The magazine as a whole is very good and we wish to congratulate both editors and contributors on compiling such a carefully constructed first issue.

The *Trinity Archive* is fortunate in having one shining light in its contributions this month. The story "The Gray Ghost" is particularly good. It is both carefully constructed and fascinating in plot, a combination that must make a good story. We enjoyed reading this contribution and hope to see other stories by the same author in later issues. The essay, "The Events in the History of the Lowries 1769-1832" is not only instructive but vitally interesting. The Editorials are also well written, but the magazine as a whole appears to have been rather carelessly thrown together with little thought of balance.

The *Wofford College Journal* seems to have been unfortunate in finding material this month, but this will probably apply

to none of their later issues. The essay, "The Historical and Strategical Importance of Constantinople" is well written and proves its author to be a diligent student and careful writer. We also notice that this magazine is trying to interest the South Carolina high school students in writing by opening to them a High School Contest. This should do a great deal of good and the prizes you offer are such that you may expect a goodly number of contributions.

We have also enjoyed reading the following publications and wish to thank their editors for exchanging with us: *The Furman Echo*, *The Laurel*, *The Hillbilly*, *The Pine Branch*, *Winthrop Journal*, *Bridgewater College Magazine*, *Acta Victoriana of the University of Toronto*, *Clemson College Magazine*.

❧	<b>ALUMNI NOTES</b> D. D. LEWIS, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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The Wake County Alumni Association of Wake Forest College held its annual banquet at the Wake Forest Hotel, October 12th. The following resolution was unanimously passed at this meeting: "Resolved, That the Wake County Alumni Association endorse the plans of the General Alumni Association to erect a library in memorial to Dr. Taylor, costing not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and to be erected immediately after the close of the Seventy-five Million Dollar Campaign."

The Alumni of Richmond County desire to express their loyalty to their Alma Mater by erecting a cottage so that Richmond County boys who attend the institution may occupy this cottage during their four years' course practically rent free. It is believed that this will be an incentive to the Alumni of other counties to express in a concrete way their loyalty to Wake Forest.

"They are doing things at Wake Forest. Let us get together and do something too," declared the Asheville Alumni in a meeting held in Asheville on the night of October 30th. Two dozen blankets have been received from them by the football team and \$750 subscribed for the "W" Club.

Perhaps no other man in the State has done more for the advancement of education than Mr. R. L. Moore, B.A., '92, who has been President of Mars Hill College for twenty-five years. Not only has he made a record for himself in the cause of education, but few surpass him in the amount of quality of service rendered to the cause of Christianity. He is honored by every student who goes out from that institution.

When the name of Dr. V. F. Couch, B.A., '08, is mentioned, many will recall the remarkable record he made in athletics



during his four years at Wake Forest. He was, perhaps, the best all-round athlete that the Alumni can claim. He was captain of both the baseball and basketball teams, made All State in basketball and baseball, and South Atlantic in basketball. Dr. Couch is still satisfied with nothing less than the best, and is the leading physician in Yadkin County. He is doing a useful and noble service for which he is highly praised by all the people in the western part of the State.

Professor Hiram T. Hunter, B.A., '12, has resigned his work here as Professor of Education to accept the presidency of Cullowhee Normal Institute.

Professor Albert C. Reid, B.A., '17, completed the work for his doctor's degree at Cornell University last year, and has resumed his work here as head of the department of Philosophy.

The citizens of Brunswick County are well pleased with the work of Superintendent of Schools, Rev. B. R. Page, B.A., '15. Mr. Page is an enthusiastic worker and is doing much for the advancement of education in that county.

Mr. Chas. H. Pinner, B.A., '22, Superintendent of Schools in Wake Forest, attended summer school at Columbia University.

Mr. E. G. Murray, B.A., '21, is the efficient manager of the Rose Hill Trading Company.

Through the efforts of Prof. W. W. Woodhouse, B.A., '99, for twenty-two years superintendent of the White Oak High Schools, a new high school building has been constructed at White Oak, N. C. Three districts have been combined, and twelve teachers are employed in the school.

#### ALUMNI CONTRIBUTING TO THE OCTOBER ISSUE

The most prominent of our Alumni contributors along poetic lines, John Jordan Douglass, stands out as being one of the best beloved pastors of the State. For several years he has

been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Wadesboro. His poem on "The Battle of Kings Mountain" came to us on the day of the celebration of that historic battle. During all these years as a busy shepherd in the field of the Lord Mr. Douglass has never lost sight of his Alma Mater, and we appreciate his interest and welcome his poems.

Mr. E. E. Wilson, LL.B., '19, A.B., '23, ranks as a Captain in Uncle Sam's army and is now a Scout executive in the State of Florida. Mr. Wilson was with us last year, coming back for his A.B. degree, and it was during last spring that he wrote the essay on "Ethics of Smoking." Mr. Wilson has an aptitude for philosophical subjects and his papers are very interesting. We hope to hear from Captain Wilson again during the year.

Clyde S. Sawyer, A.B., '15, received his Master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania and his B.D. from Crozier Seminary. Afterwards he studied a year at Columbia University, and during the summer and autumn of 1922 he traveled in the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. His articles on his travels are instructive and interesting, and we chose his article on "Jerusalem" because of its instructive value.

North Carolinians need no introduction to Mr. J. W. Bailey. Wake Forest is proud to claim him as one of her sons, and Mr. Bailey is devoted to Wake Forest in her expansion program. His remarks on Carey J. Hunter, our loving and kind friend who passed to his reward last year, we print in this issue for the benefit of those who did not have the opportunity to hear them delivered before the Wake County Alumni Association meeting in October. Mr. Bailey is one of the foremost leaders in State political circles today, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Hunter.

❧	<b>NOTES AND CLIPPINGS</b> F. L. PASCHAL, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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#### A GOOD MOVE

Now let's have a secret society pledging its members to mind their own business.—*Walla Walla (Wash.) Bulletin.*

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Generous Bootlegger: "Try a sample of this stuff before you buy it."

Customer: "But suppose it kills me."

Bootlegger: "Well, it's my loss then, ain't it?"

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#### AN IMPORTANT PART

Prof. Cheney: "What part did Abraham Lincoln play in the reconstruction of the railways in 1863?"

Murray Greason (at once): "Why, professor, he split the rails."

---

Newton: "My! there is a draft coming in here from somewhere."

Brandon: "Why, it's nothing but Creech sleeping with his mouth open."

---

It is said that the "Hurricane" has finally become as dry as the Sahara Desert, but judging by the indications there must be a frequent oasis where the weary one may drink.

---

#### HEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Love: "Going to the postoffice, Sam?"

Sam Jones: "You bet."

Love: "Well, get my mail, will you?"

Sam: "What do you think I am, a free delivery?"

Love: "No, just merely a mail boy."

## CHARACTERISTIC

The following is a sentence which we saw on the blackboard after class, and to our mind could contain more truth than poetry:

"A freshman put his cap on his head which was green."

---

Doc: "People are what they eat, say the modern scientists."

Stude: "Well, nuts must be eaten by multitudes then."

---

## SIGNIFICANT OMISSION

He tried to cross the railroad track  
 Before a rushing train;  
 They put the pieces in a sack,  
 But couldn't find the brain.—*Selected.*

---

Prof: "This is the third time you've looked on Jones' paper."

Stude: "Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly."

—*The Trinity Archive.*

---

First Freshman: "What was the Tower of Babel?"

Newish: "Why, that's the place where Solomon kept his five hundred wives."

---

Drug Storeus Boyus: "What would you say if I threw a kiss at you?"

Flapper: "I'd say that you are the laziest man in this 'Burgh' that I ever saw."

---

Senior Hilburn: "Whom do you think is the greatest man since the day of George Washington?"

Freshman Brown: "Why, I'd say, He's Jack Dempsey."

## PUT SALT ON THEIR TAILS

Coca: "Have you read 'To a Field Mouse'?"

Cola: "No, how do you get 'em to listen?"—*Purple Cow.*

## PAY AS YOU GO

Paul: "I'd do anything for you."

Pauline: "Let's start on your banking account."

—*Melbourne Punch.*

## ON PROMOTING THOUGHT

Student: "Is it not true that public speaking tends to develop one's thinking?"

Prof. Jones: "Yes, for this reason I recommend it to you."

## LIQUID ALL RIGHT

Banker Bobbit asked the customer who was trying to borrow some money: "How much have you in the way of liquid assets?"

To which the customer cautiously replied: "Oh, just about a case and a half."

"Aunty, why do you call your boy Fertilizer?"

"Why, it is dis way: His pa is named Ferdinand and I is named Eliza, so we named dis boy Fertilizer for both of us," replied the old colored woman.—*Life.*

McDowell: "I understand that New Jersey is in fact a dry State."

Pennington: "Yes, but there are still several extremely damp spots left yet."

A scientist predicts that within ten years time there will be no servant girls. He appears to be just ten years behind times.—*London Opinion.*

## HOW HE CAME IN

"I'm right proud of my son at college. He's one of the most popular young fellers thar," said Farmer Hicks, proudly.

"Yer don't say so!" exclaimed a neighbor.

"Yep; he recently gave a big dinner-dance in my honor at one of the most fashionable hotels."

"Wuz you thar?"

"No, I wuzn't."

"Wal, where do you come in?"

"I paid for it."—*Milwaukee Journal*.

---

Judging from the conduct of some elders, the age of discretion is childhood.—*Asheville Times*.

---

We note that many of the girls like to go to Church—especially for the "Hims."

## NAG'S HEAD

---

"RUNT MATHEWS"

---

"Barney Google," it is said,  
Hung a light on his "Nag's Head."  
To attract the passing tugs,  
"Barney" pastured "Sparky Plug."

Spark and Barney in embrace  
Both agreed to win a race,  
So in the ocean did they stand  
Fighting waves to promised land.

At last a ship hove up in sight,  
Cast its anchor for the night—  
Barney, mighty pirate he,  
Had fall'n asleep on Sparky's knee.

In a nightmare we are told,  
Barney found old Blue Beard's gold;  
For on the vessel they had seen  
Was found a prize—the living green.

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
<b>STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:</b>	
Christmas Eve When we Were Young (poem)-----	<i>Tom Sawyer</i> 129
Psychological Explanation of Habit Formation (essay)-----	<i>S. N. Lamb</i> 130
Roman Education (essay)-----	<i>H. L. Snuggs</i> 137
English Surnames (essay)-----	<i>W. L. McSwain</i> 143
Memories (poem)-----	<i>M. B. Holt</i> 150
Ambition (essay)-----	<i>Chas. B. Vause</i> 151
A Modern Lotus-Eater (story)-----	<i>Tom Sawyer</i> 155
The Jane (story)-----	<i>"Runt" Matthews</i> 162
The Greatest Scare I Ever Had (sketch)-----	<i>R. H. Harmon</i> 168
Splitting Knots (poem)-----	<i>S. N. Lamb</i> 171
Lawyers versus Liars (essay)-----	<i>S. S. Woodley</i> 172
 <b>ALUMNI CONTRIBUTION:</b>	
High School Legislation and Supervision (essay)-----	<i>C. H. Pinner</i> 174
 <b>DEPARTMENTS:</b>	
Editor's Portfolio-----	<i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i> 186
Christmas -----	186
Writers -----	187
New Writers-----	188
Organizations -----	189
In and About College-----	<i>S. N. Lamb, Editor</i> 190
Actions of Convention-----	190
Eminent Wake Forest Men-----	191
Fraternities -----	192
Alumni Notes-----	<i>D. D. Lewis, Editor</i> 195
Notes and Clippings-----	<i>F. L. Paschal, Editor</i> 198

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XLIII

DECEMBER-JANUARY, 1923-1924

Nos. 3, 4

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## CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

TOM SAWYER

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When we were young, before we learned  
That we are growing old,  
We used to sigh, and how we yearned;  
For Him of whom they told.

When we were young, before, I say,  
We learned to count the hours,  
There was a day, a wondrous day!  
That we just knew was ours.

When we were young, and looked ahead  
For that December day;  
When we got up or went to bed,  
We asked, "How far away?"

But when it came, we knew 't had come,  
And as we stood to watch  
We asked and begged, "Dad give me some,"  
When Daddy mixed his "Scotch."

We knew 'twas here, how we "Tore loose!"  
To have our own free way,  
For Dad was going to kill the goose,  
Tomorrow's Christmas Day!

## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPLANATION OF HABIT FORMATION

S. N. LAMB, '24

The term, "Habit Formation," has come to be a very frequent subject for discussion in these days, when the new sciences are largely replacing the old, and the popular mind is concerning itself a great deal with the various fields of Psychology. It is a subject that readily engages the mind of prominent business men, educators, scientists, statesmen and many others. It is common to the tiller of the soil today. And every boy that leaves home now-a-days for the first time in life to enter college or some other field of activity, is duly reminded by his parents to "be careful" and not to take up any more habits. What misleading advice! Suffice it to say, that of all the boys who fall into deplorable situations, the one that observes literally such admonition is the most to be pitied. For if one should cling to the old habits, and resent the matter of forming new ones, regardless of their worth, why that person would close the door to growth and progress in his own face. Certainly, then, this matter of habit formation has a pertinent bearing on the success with which one meets in life and the degree of success may be determined in a great way by the amount of consideration given to the formation of proper habits.

Now, in order to get the full meaning and significance of this brief treatise on such an important topic, a slight knowledge, at least, of the mechanism of our nervous system is necessary. Surely we all are quite conscious of the fact that the whole mass of nature round about us, especially the organic matter, is made up of minute cells. Each individual just a compound of multifarious cells. And, although these

many cells resemble each other in some features and are very similar in their parts and properties, yet they have different functions to carry out within the human body. We have then, in every living thing, that is to say, animate beings, excluding or rather not referring to microscopical creatures: bone cells, flesh cells, blood cells, muscle cells, tissue cells, nerve cells, and so on almost indefinitely. These cells carry out, in a very true sense, in the human body, both as individual cells and as groups, differentiation and division of labor and specialization of duties, just as perfectly and harmoniously as ever a great factory exhibited it.

The nerve cell or neuron is the special cell that we are concerned with here. It is connected with, for it makes up, largely, the nervous system, the brain and spinal column. Roughly speaking, the nervous system consists of the brain, spinal cord, and literally millions of little nerve fibers throughout the body. The brain, spinal cord, fibers—these are composed of nerve cells, whose duty is intelligence. There are many parts to every cell, but three will be sufficient to mention here. First, the *receiving brush*, point at which the impulse is received by the individual cell. (Now it must be remembered that these cells are so small that it requires a strong microscope to see them, and so these parts are not as clearly and easily located as big black buttons on a white coat, but they have been located just the same.) Second, the *dendrite*, sprangled branch-like processes from which the impulse leaves the individual cell. Third, the *synapse*, the area of connection between the brush of one cell and the dendrite of another, and belonging to each cell. Of course the cell does have cell-wall, protoplasm, etc., but this is not essential here.

With the above parts of the cell, namely; receiving brush, dendrite and synapse, all working in unison, a perfect circuit is made for the transmission of impulses to the brain. To show more fully the working of this system it may be very appro-

propriately compared with a modern telephone system in a town. A similar relation exists between the main central office, with the various connections and associations, of a telephone system and the brain, with its neuron system, of an organism.

This neuron system, as was said, is a system of intelligence. Now then, our habits are governed by our neural system, and so, must be related to it. Each of us, in the matter of reaction and response to situations in general, is merely a bundle of habits. What destructive bundles many of us! How valuable others!

It is believed by psychologists that perhaps more than 90 per cent of our activities conform to certain acquired and derived or developed laws. That is to say, the way we act and react under ordinary conditions to natural stimuli, is determined by habits. Think of it! A habit is sometimes very closely akin to instinct and reflex action. The former is an innate tendency to act in a certain way to a stimulus without knowing why or the end of thus acting; while the latter is purely mechanical often without even consciousness on the part of the actor. Instincts are hereditary, but habits are derived.

Let us go now into a closer study of the thing called habit. What is a habit? The word comes from the Latin word *habeo*, to hold, and whatever else it may be, it certainly is a process of holding. It was stated before that habits comprise about nine-tenths of our responses, whether physical, mental, or spiritual. Here is an individual who goes through life repeating daily the same acts in almost the same way, repeats the same reactions more than 18,000 times in the three-score and ten years allotted to one. These figures are quite liberal at that. And while it is true that we are constantly varying some of our habits according to modified conditions in our various stations in life, yet at the same time adhering to certain habits that are unchangeable even by time. The manner in

which we respond to a stimulus partly depends on the strength of the stimulant, our desire or dislike for it, etc., but the most determining factor is the way we have acted before under similar circumstances. This very thing will almost invariably be responsible for our decision. For example, a person who has always practiced temperance in the matter of drink, would not take a drink under any circumstances, most probably; for, regardless of the pleasantness of the liquor, its color, taste and even the attractiveness of the one offering it, he would easily resist by virtue of the fact that he had been an abstainer not only in purpose, it may have been, but also in habit. But on the other hand, one who has indulged freely, would under almost every circumstance partake again when offered. And the outside pressure would matter very little if it were not out of the ordinary.

This is the psychological basis for that. The neurons, of the first man, have always responded negatively to the drink stimulus, while those of the other reacted positively. Somewhere back in the experience of the drinking person the stimulus was presented, the individual tasted perhaps, thereby allowing a connection to be made at the synapse, thus registering the impulse in the brain. Later, another such stimulus was presented, and the individual may have been inclined to refuse to drink, but did not do so, and so the same connection was made, the same impulse registered a second time, and on and on for an indefinite number of times thereafter. What is the result? Well, there has been set up somewhere around the synapse a tendency which is so strong that the individual can hardly fail to react in the same way to every successive like-stimulus. This is an unfortunate habit.

But habits have a useful sphere. They have as their chief purpose, the conservation of consciousness. This is done in a myriad of instances. Suppose, for instance, one could not act and react without the mind being conscious of what was going

on, that is, free from consciousness. How much could one accomplish in a day? Just visualize a student beginning a day's work and deliberating on every single act constituting the day's toil; such as, deciding just when to get up; choosing a special method by which he shall dress, lacing his shoes, putting on collar and tie, combing his hair; meditating on the best way to make his toilet, whether plunging his hands in ice-cold water or wait for some to heat on the radiator; questioning within himself whether he should go to breakfast or not, and then after reaching the mess hall, sitting and pondering on what he shall eat. Such a fellow would have a hard time completing a full day. We would call this sort of a person foolish to the Nth degree. Here we see the value of fixed habits which an individual could observe just as well without being conscious of details while his mind might be working over some other matter of thousand-fold more importance; this suggests also the place of a plan for one's life. It is very evident that the individual who works without some definite end in view and a guiding principle to achieve it will be ever dilly-dallying at his task and accomplishing very little.

Then, if our habits are to be worth the most to us, we should keep before our eyes the plan for our lives and follow the habits that would best lead us to the realization of that plan. We should make our habits conform to our needs. One of the most valuable features in college life is the formation of habits. For regardless of the quality of the habits we form in college, it is ever true, that those habits we will follow through life. How necessary it is to make our habits our friends so that all our lives we may depend on them. If one follows a schedule in his college work with habits well coördinated with the daily requirements, the work will be easier and can be done more quickly. This common illustration will explain, in part at least, the way of a habit. One takes a set-screw and places it

in the proper hole, thereby fitting the threads perfectly in the corresponding grooves to the full limit. It matters little, figuratively speaking, how many times thereafter you may repeat the process accurately. The screw will hold fast and strong. But if just once it is turned in the socket cross-wise the threads it will tend to go that way again. And further repetition of the act renders the screw absolutely worthless. It has been used in the wrong manner.

Apply this to human life. A young man comes to Wake Forest College for the first time from a home of refinement, we will say. His parents have been keenly interested in his early training. They are particularly anxious for him to do well. They have helped and encouraged him to form habits of a high type; have taught him to study systematically; do his work thoroughly; practice promptness and punctuality in every obligation. What is the natural sequence? This young man will almost invariably succeed. Then it is hereditary, isn't it? No, this fellow's habits were such that he was just about compelled to succeed. But how different will be the result of the boy who is the very antithesis of the one just cited. His parents are perhaps careless and unconcerned about the proper instruction of their son. They themselves do not have much education and do not concern themselves much about how this son will get along with his education. They have allowed him to do as he pleased about going to school; paid little attention to his preparation for each lesson; gave him free reins to form whatever habits that best suited him—in short have done but little in helping him to exercise self-control and practice even the most simple rules of orderly manners, conduct and general deportment. The result. It is not an absolute destined decree that such a boy will fail and make a miserable mess of college life, but the odds are against him—mighty powerful odds. For such a boy to make good



would be exceptional. Do not forget that work itself always plays a leading part in success, but habit-control comes in for a big part as well.

Herein lies the significance of this whole discussion, if I could but make it clear. No matter how superb has been our training, or how poor, *it is possible* to make our nervous systems our allies instead of our most bitter enemies. Fortunate are we if we have come from well trained homes. Even then we may be helped the more by adhering to the law of habit. If our training has come in a haphazard manner, we should feel more keenly the need of quickly overcoming this handicap, and should set to work at once to counteract this fault by forming new and helpful habits.

As a method, purely psychological yet dependable, of reformation, I submit four suggestions. First, make up your mind thoroughly as to the proper new course to be pursued, not in a half-hearted way, but determined to carry it out. Second, never allow an exception to the newly formed rule. Third, act readily and frequently to put into effect this new resolve, using every opportunity to carry out this course. Fourth, *reassert* and reinforce your real man-power by pitting every bit of your moral courage behind this noble purpose, and you can break the most binding habit.

He who has tried to break a habit that has been well-formed and practiced for years recognizes the almost absolute truth of the old adage: "Habit is a cable, we weave a thread of it every day, until finally it becomes so strong that we cannot break it." And outside of the work of grace that is wrought in the heart of him who has Christ as his helper, the only way to disprove this strong proverb, is found in the above quadruple remedy.

## ROMAN EDUCATION

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H. L. SNUGGS, '26

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The education of the Romans is interesting principally as the link of connection between the civilization of Ancient Greece and that of the modern world. Although the education of the Romans was at bottom Grecian, it was deeply affected by the virtues and capacities of the Roman nation. Moreover the old city-state of Rome had an education entirely different from Rome, the proud conqueror of the world. The former was native, simple, traditional, moral; the latter literary and philosophical.

Roman education may be divided roughly into two broad periods: the early Roman education and the later, or Graeco-Roman education. Let us consider first the earlier period. The principal duty of the small city-state that was surrounded by powerful and hostile enemies was its own preservation. Accordingly, the aim of the early Rome was to train her sons in military and industrial efficiency above everything else. This training of the children was conducted by the father and mother in person. More stress was laid upon the moral rather than upon the intellectual development. In the sturdy, half-military atmosphere of the old Roman family the boy was trained in reverence for the gods, respect for the law, instant obedience to authority, seriousness, truthfulness, and military courage. Just such training as this tended to develop the sturdy race of conquerors, and Horace must have had some such meaning in mind, when he wrote in Book 3, Ode 6: "The manly offspring of rustic soldiers, taught to upturn the soil with Sabine spades, and to cut and carry home the firewood at the command of their stern mother." Father and mother both were hard and severe. They taught their children the rites

and ceremonies of religious occasions, but they did not show the Greek idea of the beautiful and imaginative side of life. Each Roman youth was, of course, thoroughly trained in arms, but strength and skill and usefulness as a warrior were held up before him as an end rather than the grace and symmetrical development of the Greeks.

Girls were taught with the same idea in view—utility. They learned to sew, to spin, to weave, and to manage a household economically—little else, because a Roman girl became a wife so young that there was no time for other things.

There is some evidence that there were schools near the Forum early in the history of the Republic, in which reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught. It would also seem that some slight cultural and literary knowledge was given, since they were required to learn by heart the Laws of the Twelve Tables, which were adopted about 500 B.C. Even after the language of the Tables had become obsolete, school boys still learned and recited them. Cicero learned them in his boyhood, but it was during his lifetime that they were finally dropped from the schools.

Graeco-Roman education is the name that might well be applied to the system of instruction that one finds in Rome in the later days of the Republic and under the Empire. Even by the third century B.C., diplomats could speak Greek, and books written in Greek could be read in Rome. In 146 B.C., Greece became a Roman province, and this date marks the conclusive triumph of Greek culture over the old Roman militarism. Greek plays became intelligible to a Roman audience, and Greek slaves were already being employed as "litteratores," or teachers of reading and writing.

Roman schools, both under the Republic and under the Empire, were private. There was at no time a system of schools supported by the state. It is interesting to note how these private schools developed. Before schools were so num-

erous, children of the richer class received their instruction at home under a tutor. A father who happened to have a competent slave turned over to him the teaching of the children. Slaves taken from Greece were in a great many cases far more educated than their masters. Of course, not every home was fortunate enough to have such a slave, and, consequently, the children of neighbors and friends were taught with the children of the slave-owner. A small fee was charged, which he either kept for his own benefit or turned over to the slave. Then probably a more suitable place than the private home would be chosen for the daily meetings. Possibly in time a freedman would take charge as teacher. One can readily see how a private school developed.

The system of schools which developed under the later days of the Republic may be classified as follows: Elementary Schools, Grammar Schools, and Rhetorical or Philosophical Schools.

The Elementary Schools were conducted by masters known as "litteratores." Reading, writing and arithmetic were the usual subjects taught. Great stress was laid upon the pronunciation. The teacher pronounced each word, syllable by syllable, then the whole word, and finally the sentence. His pupils followed him, pronouncing at the top of their voices. Wax tablets were used for writing lessons. The teacher first traced the letters with the "stilus" or pen. The pupil attempted to copy them, the teacher guiding his hand until he could form the letters independently. After the pupil had acquired some skill in this, he began to use the reed pen with ink upon papyrus. The sheets of papyrus were not as plentiful as our paper today, so for practice they wrote upon the backs of sheets already used for more important things.

Arithmetic appears to have been emphasized more than in Greece, especially mental calculation. The abacus and a system of counting on the fingers were used also.

The memory work consisted of the Twelve Tables of the Law (referred to above) which the pupil learned and recited.

Education of a secondary character was given in the Grammar School, so called because the teacher was a "grammaticus." Pupils here were those who had already mastered the elements under the "litterator" in the Elementary School. The work in the Grammar School was chiefly of a literary nature. Greek was often taught before Latin, and the principal textbooks were the works of Greek poets, particularly Homer. In connection with the Greek language, students were taught the mythology, history, and ethics suggested by the text.

Of course Latin grammar was studied also, and the great masterpieces of Latin literature were read and studied, particularly the works of Cicero. There was not as yet much Latin poetry to work on, and this lack led a freed Greek slave, Livius Andronicus, about 250 B.C., to translate the Odyssey into Latin verse. The fragments left of this show that it was very crude, but it was the beginning of Latin poetry. This was used as a text in the schools until poets like Vergil and Horace supplied their immortal masterpieces.

Considering the attention given to oratory at this period, it is not strange that the elements of elocution and rhetoric were taught even in the Grammar Schools. Geometry and music were also courses of study. These subjects comprised in the main the ordinary education of the Roman boy.

If we wish to get any idea of the school life of the Roman boy, we must go to these Elementary and Grammar schools. They were merely private affairs, unsupported by the state, yet the Roman people had a larger per cent of their population educated than any other nation of the ancient world.

The school building was a sort of porch with a roof, but no sides, although curtains appear to have been used to a certain extent. But for the most part the pupils were exposed to the distractions of the busy city life, and people living near were

often annoyed by the loud recitation of the pupils. The room was rudely furnished with wooden benches without backs for the pupils, and a sort of raised chair called "cathedra" for the teacher.

The teacher of the elementary school was socially despised, because of the fact that so many slaves were employed. The pupils feared their teacher, but they had no respect for him. The fee the "litterator" received amounted to about three dollars per annum; the "grammaticus" received about twenty dollars. Pupils often brought small presents to their teacher, the custom probably coming from the time when the teacher's fee was made up entirely of these.

The school days were long, beginning before sunrise. The pupils brought candles to give light until the sun rose, and the walls of the schoolroom became black with the smoke from them.

There was no definite school term. It usually began about March 24th, and there was a vacation during the extreme heat of the summer. Holidays were numerous, the principal ones being the Saturnalia in December and the Quinquatria from the 19th to the 23d of March.

Discipline was severe. Punishment was administered with the ferule and sometimes with the "flagellium" or whip. In an old picture of a Roman school, two pupils hold their companion in a convenient position, while the teacher applies the lash to his bare back.

The boy from a family of comparative wealth was accompanied to school by a slave called "paedagogus," who remained with him during the school hours and saw him safely home afterwards. The "paedagogus" was selected because of his good character and was a sort of guardian.

The third class was made up of the Rhetorical or Philosophical schools. They corresponded more nearly to our modern colleges, and were usually attended only by young men who had passed the age of boyhood and who were of the higher

class in society. Often these schools were connected in a sort of university, as those at Rome and Bordeaux. The teachers were usually Greeks.

The students of rhetoric practiced narration, then criticism, and finally the construction and delivery of orations. Topics for argumentation were discussed, and legal questions debated. The writing of speeches to be put into the mouths of men famous in history was another favorite exercise. Two good examples of these are found in Livy in the speeches of Scipio and Hannibal to their armies.

The more ambitious Roman young man who wished to continue his studies beyond the School of Rhetoric went abroad to study at Greek universities, particularly those at Athens and Alexandria. Young Cicero studied at Athens and we have several of his letters written to his father from Athens. The young Roman who went to Athens to study was almost as familiar with Greek as with Latin, and he could really profit by the lectures of the great Grecian teachers and philosophers.

Thus we see that Roman education was fundamentally Grecian, and that the old, militaristic, moral training native to the Romans during the earlier period of the city-state and the Republic developed, with the introduction of Hellenic culture, into one of the best systems of education the world has ever seen.

## ENGLISH SURNAMES

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Philologically speaking, surnames and Christian names do not differ appreciably from other words. They are the result of a series of growths and modifications just as other words, every syllable of which conveys, or once conveyed, a very distinct meaning. They are spelled with the letters of the same alphabet, influenced by no rules for spelling, and pronounced just as the user sees fit. Strictly speaking, however, a proper name has no meaning as does water, and air, and other concrete things. Its meaning is arbitrary. A name is a symbol, or word, that we apply to an individual, without which it would mean nothing, and would stand for nothing. We call a man John but the word carries very little meaning that would inform a stranger about him, yet it means to those that know him a distinct individual. Names also may be applied so that they will suggest many traits, and characteristics of the individual. Consequently, because of the cosmopolitan age in which we live, when men migrate like birds to and fro over the world which figuratively speaking has become one big metropolis, surnames are indispensable to a refulgent future.

That the twentieth century is one in which human intelligence is spending most of its energy in scientific research is unquestionable. Every day some new science is expounded, or some phenomenal invention is reported in the headlines of our newspapers. But along with this inquiry, and perhaps springing out of it, is this research in the field of etymology, with which this paper shall be chiefly concerned. And its paramount object is to show what surnames reveal in history, in religion, and to show the popular influence they have on social life. They are the sinews that clothe and give reality to the skeleton of history, for, without them, it would be a meaningless mass of facts with its purpose of revealing the past absolutely



annihilated. With them, it is possible to look into the hearts of the people of the past, to know what they looked like, to think as they thought, and to know what they did. We can tell what form of religion dominated their lives, for religion, to a great degree, was revealed in names.

It has already been intimated that the practicability of their institution has increased with the expansion of civilization until it has become necessary to our modern practice of living. Everybody must have some sort of name. Imagine, if possible, the world with its heterogeneous civilization devoid of surnames. The ancients believed that names were veritably a part of the person, and that he was incomplete without them. Hence such an institution played no small part in their existence.

Now, since everybody must bear such an appellation whether he wishes it or not; since ethical practice forces us to individualize ourselves so that we can be discriminated from other people; since our names reveal so much of our lives, both religiously, and historically, every one should have family pride enough to be interested in knowing how his name originated. Besides it must be a great comfort for one named "Codlin," or "Snooks" to learn that his ancestral appellation was really "Cour de lion," or "seven oaks"; and the pleasant rather plebeian sounding name that he bears being a perversion of a loftier title.

Stuart<sup>1</sup> says that when the world was much younger than it is now, two names were not needed because there were not many people. They lived far apart in different clans, and did not get mistaken one for the other; consequently one name was sufficient. The first names were descriptive of man such as: "one eye," "crooked leg," or "strong arm." But of course

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1. Judson Stuart writing in Henry Ford's new paper, the *Dearborn Independent*.

when such men died, their names were not passed on to their sons, for they would be misnomers. However, as the population increased, and many in the same clan began to bear the same name, the necessity for surnames prevailed for there were too many Johns, or Harolds. Of course, single names have been used longer than surnames. In the archives of the human race we find that they are of extreme antiquity. Archeologists show that they even antedate history itself. The historical books of the Old Testament are infallible proof that names of this nature followed in close succession the creation of man; for was not the first man named Adam? The Jews had single names, and these were especially significant as pledges of divine guidance, and divine revelation of the bearer to God.<sup>2</sup> The personality of the Jews was also expressed throughout this medium.<sup>3</sup> In Mark we find that when Jesus was choosing His disciples He gave them names significant of their character. To James and John He gave Boanerges which means sons of thunder. Systems similar to this continued until the tenth century, before which we have no record of surnames. Consequently they are comparatively modern when we realize that the genus of human species has existed perhaps millions of years.<sup>4</sup>

The Normans first introduced surnames into France, and from there they went into England with the hordes of William the Conqueror, when the unassuming English were defeated at the Battle of Hastings. The great conqueror, in distributing the land among the lords and nobles who helped in the conquest of England, had to have some way of discriminating among them in order to keep down disputes. So a book of

2. Noah, Gen. 5:29; Ishmael, Gen. 16:11; Jesus, Math. 1:21.

3. Ruth 1:20-21; Gen. 41:45; 2 Kings 23:34; Math. 3:17.

4. Russell, in 1921, by radioactivity, estimated the world to be between 100,000,000 and 800,000,000 years old.

records was made, called the "Doomesday Book,"<sup>1</sup> which contained a description and evaluation of all the land, and also an enumeration of all the cattle and sheep. Every man had to be enrolled differently with his single name and a "supra nomen." And so such names as "Johannes over the Water," or "Johannes O' the Shephouse" were either chosen by the individual, or given by the compilers of the book. Very naturally then, when once started, names would multiply on account of constant additions made with each generation, and various modifications.

In the origin of names the first principal division will include all patronymics. The word son was joined to the name of the parent and we have such names as Fitzgerald; Fitz being a form for filis; p or b in Welsh names equals ap which means son; the Irish prefix O has a similar use and s was a contrasted form for the same thing; Mack or Mac, was also a word for son. Consequently we have such names as McGregon, McSwain, O'Flaherty, Williams and Johnson. Surnames were also formed on names like Bob or Hob. Hence we have Robertson and Hobkins. Because of the inevitable habit for shortening names, these can be modified to a surprising degree. From Bartholemew we get: Bates, Brattle, Babcock; such suffixes as cock, got, lot, and kin being diminutives of good fellowship, and endearment. Wilkins, Wilcox and Mullikin are some of the results. Thus it is that nearly every name furnishes a number of forms; a good example being Williams, which adopts itself to at least twenty forms.

Fifty years ago, the negroes of the South had no real names, but after the Civil War they took usually the name of their former master. However in many cases they were greatly modified, and even today they change with a great deal of

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1. Myers Short History of Modern and Medieval Times. There were two large volumes of the survey, one being a folio of seven hundred and sixty pages, the other an octavo of nine hundred pages. Both of them were kept in a large box.

readiness. Immigrants also adopt new names in many instances, or alter their name to make it sound as much American as possible.

Another source just as important is that of location, and characteristics of location. Names are more numerous from this source than from the first, and seem to have been adopted by the individual after they had been given by his associates. As late as the fourteenth century there were such names as "Ange the Priest's Sister," or "William at Bishope Gate," which shows that surnames were not so well established at that date. As has been stated, the English take great delight in shortening names; so instead of using whole phrases they shortened them by using such prefixes as *de*, *at*, or *a*, and gave us Atwood, Atwell, Richard de Benefacta, and others. But this class has been modified until we have Wood, Well, and the like.

It has been a characteristic of the human race to adapt itself to the peculiar circumstances of need; consequently, in addition to the two classes just mentioned, there is a third class which may be termed as occupative names. These—as the name suggests—come from offices, trades, and business abilities, and we have such appellations as: Taylor, Smyth, Archer, Carpenter, Cook, Fowler, Porter, Shepherd, Farmer, Fisher, Miller, Wright. These names are of great abundance, and we find many forgotten trades in them. For instance, Walker was a man who inspected the king's forests, and guarded the game against poachers; and a Palmer was one who had gone to Palestine on a crusade.

Just as school boys seldom fail to very aptly dub each of their mates according to some peculiar characteristics, so did their fathers and mothers of long ago. Accordingly we have a fourth class of names which is perhaps the most interesting of all, for they became permanent. By taking a large number of names from the London Directory it was computed that about

twenty-five per cent of our surnames came from nicknames. Unlike the simple Gurth, Cedric, or Alfred in England, as pictured in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, descriptive names like Edward Ironsides, Edward the Confessor, Edith Swanneck, and Bede distinguish as Hewald Black and Hewald White because of their differently colored hair," came into use.

Because of similar characteristics between birds, beasts, and men, we have Lamb, Swan and Fox. Some names of this nature, however, came from business signs which were displayed on a shingle over the door.

After the beginning of the sixteenth century there were many names taken from characters in the Bible, but these very naturally fall in the last division. When Martin Luther let down the gaps, so to speak, with his powerful ninety-five theses, and the protestants who had been long penned up by the Catholic Church began to scatter and to establish their own religion of Lutheranism, Calvinism, Zwinglinism, Puritanism, and Anglicanism, we find them going back to the Bible for names. Among the Puritans we have such as "Praise God," and "Live Well," with many of the single names like Isaac, Daniel, and Solomon.

From the points of the compass we have such as North, Norris; South, Southley; East, Easterly; and West, Westly. We have such as L'Estrange, meaning foreign. But strictly speaking, these are not of local origin. Also from the names of countries we get such names as Irish, English, Scott, Britt, Britton, Burgoyne, Norman, Saxon, and others from smaller divisions; but these are not local in the sense that they sprang out of local and rural conditions of life.

From the foregoing discussion then, it must seem quite evident that a complex civilization, with its intricate systems of communications as we have today, could not progress without such a system of names. A letter addressed to an individual

within a few miles would scarcely reach its destination, but with the system we have it would find its destination in any part of the world within a few days at least.

Many of our present names are relics of the past when feudalism and class distinction reigned. Consequently we have a great many misnomers. We see Mr. Walker in a carriage, or automobile; we see Mr. Farmer in the Senate, and Mr. Wood in the city, but names must come from somewhere. If new ones were adopted they would soon be misnomers because of the constant evolution of man and his habits. These examples, however, will satisfy the reader that there is indeed a great deal of history revealed in names. They suggest that some of our now influential leaders were once feudal slaves; they suggest our ancestry to us and tell us that the same blood flows through our veins that flowed through the veins of the invincible hordes of William the Conqueror; they tell us of the evolution of our race from the nomadic savages of the medieval past to our present accomplishments in civilization; they tell us of the religious controversies and reformations of the days gone by.

Naming is an art because it is keeping alive one of our most valuable institutions. There is a constant changing through the generations in given, or personal names, and even surnames are instable. This condition makes them more valuable in literature, religion, and history. This paper is too brief for an elaboration on the subject, but it will perhaps stimulate a desire for further research on the same line, for was it not in the age when people believed that names were a part of the individual, that Socrates, the great philosopher, said: "Know thyself"? Therefore he would say that we cannot know ourselves until we know our names.

## MEMORIES

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M. B. Holt, '27

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Sunset on the water,  
Waves ripple by;  
Mountains in the distance;  
Clouds in the sky.

Twilight on the hills,  
Birds sink to rest;  
Darkness in the valleys;  
Halos paint the west.

Moonbeams on the river;  
Mist in the air.  
Starlight in your eyes;  
Gold in your hair.

## AMBITION

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CHAS. B. VAUSE, '27

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If it were not for ambition in the cycle of life, each generation would follow the preceding one in an eternal circle. There would be no improvement in the human race.

John Webster says of ambition, that "It is a great man's madness that is not kept in chains and close pent rooms, but in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt with the wild noise of visitants, which makes it lunatic beyond all cure."

Shakespeare says, "I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow."

Ambition, according to Francis Bacon, is that sense of nature that inspires a man to make himself known or become advanced in life.

Now, in consideration of Bacon's conception of ambition let us consider some plan by which we may accomplish the aim set forth in his idea. In observing the means used to accomplish this aim—that of becoming advanced in life—we find two plans commonly used. The first of these is the plan of "selfishness," which is used mostly by trusts, combines and large business enterprises which have much power concentrated into their hands: the plan of advancing one's self by lowering the other fellow, and, sad to say, some individuals use this plan. Then, in the second place, we find the plan of "service"—the plan of advancing one's self and aiding the other fellow at the same time.

In view of these two plans and this conception of ambition, let us decide what "advancement in life" means. At the present time it means becoming conspicuous. It is not merely the making of money, but being known to have made it; not the



accomplishment of a great aim, but being known to have accomplished it. In a word, "advancement in life" means the gratifying of one's thirst for applause.

Let us take a glance at the "selfish" plan of advancement in life. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain because he knows that he can manage the ship better than any one else on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be called captain. Neither does a prince usually desire to enlarge his kingdom; nor does a subject wish to gain a kingdom, simply because he believes that no one else can serve as well the state upon its throne, but because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

We have had a late example of what this use of ambition will do for one. William Hohenzollern is now dethroned. He was not even allowed to reside in his own country after the World War. He was scorned and scoffed at by the passers-by in the country of Holland. This was the result of his using this "selfish" plan with his ambition.

The same thing that happened to William Hohenzollern happened to Frederick the Great, and to Napoleon Bonaparte. All three of these men lost their kingdoms by self-made war, and were exiled.

Those who have read Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, know how Macbeth's ambition wrought his ruin because it was used in the wrong way—in pulling the other fellow down and getting him out of the way in any way possible. Macbeth murdered many that he might remain king, but while reigning he spent a wretched, miserable life, and he soon lost his kingdom by death in war.

Now, let us turn for a moment to our "service" plan—the plan of advancing one's self and aiding the other fellow at the same time. Perhaps this plan is not so widely known, but where we see it used we find fortune, happiness and peace abid-

ing. Woodrow Wilson is now residing in his own country, in the same city in which he lived while serving the nation for eight years as President. On Sunday, November the eleventh, more than five thousand people called at his home to show their appreciation of his work. We find his administration as President of the United States filled with this "service" plan. He gave all his power, all his physical strength, and almost his life for democracy; to serve better his people.

There! One has a contrast of these two plans, and the ends to which they will lead. Contrast Mr. Wilson with the late Emperor of Germany.

Mr. Roosevelt's years as President of the United States were filled with this "service" plan. Mr. Roosevelt advanced the other fellow, and he recognized his opponents. After his last administration, on an around-the-world trip he was recognized as no other man had been. He had all of the glory and all of the fame that man could desire. He was recognized as holding an exalted position and as filling it with justice until his death.

This same crown of glory awaits all who seek it in the right way. All cannot be presidents of the United States, but every man can advance in life and fill his position with honor.

Some men start out on their ambitious career with hope and courage, but when they meet with difficulties and reverses they give up in despair. They think that because they meet with difficulties it was not intended for them to succeed. They fail to apply themselves thoroughly, and they fail to remember that hard work will not hurt them—in fact will make a success of them. For every time they overcome an obstacle the effort incurred becomes a stepping stone to something higher and better. No one has anything but sympathy for the man who drowns. But the man who is thrown into the current of life, battles with the waves and one by one masters them in

spite of all the undercurrents and waves of reverses that beset him, and reaches the shore and comes out safe and sound; he is the man who is praised, and the man who deserves to be praised. If he had not fought and conquered all the odds that beset him he would have drowned, so to speak, and all that would have been heard of him would have been, "Poor Fellow."

Do not be the "Poor Fellow," be the man who reaches the shore and becomes a hero for having fought and won.

## A MODERN LOTUS-EATER

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BY TOM SAWYER

Compare with "The Lotophagus" in February, 1923 STUDENT

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You may think it strange that a New Yorker of the Twentieth Century should be afflicted with the same mental disease which Tennyson depicts in his *The Lotos-Eaters*, and we admit that it seems very odd at first sight. But strange things happen in these days, and 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 think that you are going to bid adieu to the turbulent fluid beneath, then suddenly it will drop into the trough with all the might of an 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. You will enter 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. In this vicinity grows the Lotus, and here we find the scene of our story.

At the mouth of this river Josiah Winston, a retired cotton broker, had lavishly spent his money in building a winter resort, where he could be in the peace and calm of God's wilderness with his intimate friends. Ducks and geese came there in great flocks and it was the delight of the old man to hunt them almost every day from December until March.

Of course this "pestering with the good Lord's creatures" by "them dern Yankees" was very displeasing to Abe Wilkins, a small farmer and woodsman who lived four miles farther up

the river on a "ridge." So it was with reluctance that he consented for Dan Williams to live at his house until the hunting season should open, when Mr. Winston and his party would come to Alligator River.

All that Abe knew about Williams was that he had come up the river in a "Splinter new" birch canoe loaded with baggage and had applied for living quarters, and that every day the young fellow would walk through the woods or paddle around the little bays and marshes in the river writing something in a little note book about things he found. He seemed to be very serious minded and modest, and sometimes Abe would allow his only child, Florence, to go with him and show him things that she thought would interest him.

Thus an intimacy grew up between them and became so intensified that Abe began to suspicion that something was growing serious in the friendship of the pair. Indeed she began to call him "Dan" and he had called her "Flo" almost from the first day.

But the path over which love must progress is rugged, hardships and struggles must be met. These two met it in the finding of a peculiar shaped plant that grows along the marshes of the river. As soon as he saw it Williams became deeply absorbed in studying it, and upon "Flo's" asking "Why are you so carried away with it?" he replied:

"This is what the scientists call a genus of fabaceous herbs or subshrubs. It has pinnate leaves, you see, and umbellate flowers. It is a Lotus. An umbel is a racemous inflorescence in which the axis is contracted so that the pedicels seem to spring from the same point, and form a flat or slightly rounded cluster. It is what the old writers claimed would make you forget all cares and feel dreamy. It grows along the Nile River in Africa."

"But why is it here?" inquired Florence.

"I don't know unless some of the slaves imported from

Africa years ago brought it with them. . . . Say, I'm going to investigate this thing further and see if it will live up to its reputation."

So it happened that when Winston and his party arrived at the Alligator they did not find Williams awaiting them, nor did they know his whereabouts. Winston and his daughter both knew that he had gone south and that he had probably gone to North Carolina. He had accepted their invitation to spend a few days with them, but they supposed that he had gone farther south. It was possible that he had gone in search of data concerning the Croatans.

At the farmhouse up the river things were not turning up just as Abe had thought they would at first. He thought that it was getting time for the "Yanks" to arrive, and that young Williams would soon be anxious to go down the river to join them. But Dan did not show any intention of changing his boarding place. Instead he paid for his room for another whole month in advance.

Gradually Dan abandoned his trips in the woods and along the river; and steadily lost interest in all his studies of plants. As December days began to grow shorter his zeal for outdoor study and recreation waned, and for hours he would sit by the fireside reading the notes he had made. He seemed to forget about the outside world and those with whom he lived. His countenance began to change. His face became haggard and his eyes lost their brightness as though the fires of youth and life had burned to smouldering embers. Abe said that it was work that brought about this change, that he was "figgering out one of them books that only the educated can read," and he based his contention on the pile of notes that Dan continually kept before him.

But Florence, even though she knew little about men, did not believe that Dan's mind was being overtaxed with scientific problems. She had attended the County Farm-Life School

where she had learned what it was to study, but never had she seen similar effects produced by hard brain work. From day to day she watched his eyes and cheeks as the color faded from them. The approach of winter seemed to drive all the glow and sparkle from him and he fell into a half-sleep or trance. When spoken to he would answer in only a thin, noncommittal voice, or with a lazy nod of the head. All this Florence noticed and became curious and suspicious.

Her suspicion became grounded one day just before Christmas. She was putting some new curtains in his room when by chance she happened to see into one of his leather bags. Naturally we admit that Florence was a descendant of Eve, and that she was tempted to make a thorough examination of the contents of the bag. She saw that the son of Adam had been tempted, and in nervous fear the daughter of Eve left the fatal fruit as she had found it and sank into a chair.

What was she to do? What *could* she do? Was she supposed to do *anything*? Why had this come to fade her most cherished dreams? In her girlish fancy she had dreamed of living with one who understood her and who loved to study nature as she did. She was in perplexity and only resolved to preserve, if possible, her dream, but *how* she did not know, for opportunity seemed to evade her.

What seemed to her to be an opportunity came Christmas Day. Abe had been called from his house by Mr. Winston and his daughter to carry his hounds with them for a fox chase. Dan had seen the merry old man through the window when he came to the gate and called. But his gaze had rested on him for only a second, for just a few feet from him he had seen some one on whom his gaze had been fixed as long as she was in sight. Then when Abe and the father and daughter had disappeared into the woods behind the running, barking hounds, Dan turned to Florence and asked:

"Do you suppose Adam was ever forgiven for eating the forbidden fruit?"

With an expression of bewilderment Florence asked in reply:

"Eve was tempted too, wasn't she?"

"Yes, but don't you think that if ever Adam overcame his sin that it was Eve who furnished him the hope and inspiration to lift himself up after he had been cast out of the Garden?"

"It might have been, but do you think that—that—I—"

"That *you!* What?"

"O, please forgive me, I shouldn't have said it. I shouldn't have been meddling."

"Then you know about me—the Lotus?"

Their eyes met for a long and painful moment; his, dull, languid, staring, as if looking up from some dark abyss; hers, soft, tender, yearning, the tears rising in them. At last the man spoke:

"You must help me, Flo, I need courage. Winston and she must never know. Do you think that your father will tell them that I am here?"

"I'm sure he won't. He said he didn't think that you wanted them to know."

"Then please empty that leather bag into the fire and bring me my pipe. I'm going to see if I can overcome one evil with another."

As the cold days of January and February hurried by Abe began to notice a change in both the physical and the mental condition of his boarder. Late in February when the blue birds had come and all nature seemed to be awakening Abe began to make mental record of the actions of Williams. At first he noticed that he only got out of doors far enough to sit by the south side of the house where he could be protected from the chilling winds and get the warm sunshine. One particular thing he noted was that Dan now smoked his pipe almost all the time. He had not seen him smoking it but once or twice



before Christmas, but now he had developed a habit of keeping it in his mouth incessantly.

Later he saw that Williams had again heard the call of the woods and that Florence had heard it also, for she accompanied him almost daily. Besides he saw that there had come a change in their relationship. By the look in their eyes, their knowing smiles, and their attentions toward each other Abe thought that something of a confidential nature had drawn them into a closer relation than friendship. He began to think about the future of his daughter, and to wonder.

But his wonder only grew into confusion when he began the preparation of his soil for the spring planting, for Dan arose early each morning and worked with him in the field. What could such a change mean? Could it mean that this "dern Yankee was fixing" to take his little girl away from him or did it mean that he was going to stay all the year? No, said Abe, half aloud, "Their lives are too far apart, they can't live together and understand one another. Water and oil won't mix. Anyway, he's changing."

Florence had seen a greater change. Since about the first of February she had seen the melancholy stupor gradually recede, into the dull, misty eyes there had grown a warm glow of determination. But in his eyes there had appeared something that neither time nor science could remove. It was a tint of tenderness that within itself had a peculiar charm for all that knew him. Especially did she recognize the change in his conversation. He began to talk about the things of his home life, and it seemed that his attention had been drawn suddenly to the Winstons. He talked about the club often, and every time Abe went down the river he was sure to ask him all about what he saw.

To Florence these changes had in them a strange meaning. He had made a remarkable fight, she thought, and had won.

And she knew that he had considered her his very best friend, and that he was very fond of her, for he had told her so. But could it mean anything to him? Did he love any one?

At last one night she asked herself the question point-blank, did he love *her*? She could not answer it herself, but her feminine intuition told her that an answer must come soon.

The next evening Abe went home late again. He had formed a habit lately of going down the river and staying until dark, and this evening he had stayed later than usual. He seemed to be in a hurry and overburdened with news. As soon as he could get into a chair he begun to unload his chest:

"Flo, we are going to begin moving tomorrow—"

"*Move?*"

"Yes. We're going to the resort to take charge of it. The Yankees leave tomorrow." Then with a twinkle, he turned to Dan:

"Some one's at the boathouse waiting for you to take her down the river. Come up with me. The old man says take good keer un her too."

It seemed to Abe that an hour passed before Dan came running up the lane from the river, tripped over one of the hounds, pulled his ear for apology, and ran into his room to begin packing his baggage.

In a few minutes the son of Adam and the daughter of Eve were paddling down the stream that runs through the middle of the Garden. Florence, walking up the lane with her arm around the waist of her father was happy, happy that she would soon be the mistress of a winter resort, and that she would have a splinter new birch canoe in which to drift along the river while reading a new book on the study of nature, and that this new book would be dedicated to her. And the full moon climbed to the tops of the trees to smile hearty assent.

## "THE JANE"

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BY "RUNT" MATTHEWS

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"Oh, Mr. Pete, please don't turn me out into the snow. I didn't mean to treat the kid like that."

She was young and beautiful. Her big brown eyes sparkled as alligator tears wound their way down her rosy cheeks. The wind and snow waved her coal black hair to the Greek weiner stand, as she departed.

"Vadt? You pudt onions on de veenies, ven der man godt a date? Und den short change 'im?"

We find ourselves in East Side, New York, in the slums where every nationality and his brother are represented. The dirty, dingy stores and streets, together with the poor, helpless creatures one beholds, are chained with poverty.

She strolled down to the water front, and gathering her wraps around her more closely, she seated herself on a bench which faced the water. She was an outcast.

The waters peeled forth in her melancholy mood, and the mother of pearl foam died away on the soft banks beyond. The fiery sun laughed—not at her, but with her, as if to say, "never you mind little one, it'll all come out in the wash."

A horn blew. On turning around she beheld a "Rolls-Royce" limousine approaching. It stopped. The footman jumped to the ground and courteously threw the rear door of the car ajar. A handsome young man, tall and stately and in evening dress stepped to the ground. His yacht awaited him in the harbor, and the launch which was to convey him to it, was at the end of the pier. The footman brought the luggage along in the rear as the esteemed one made his way toward the wharfinger.

She was almost petrified with the bitter coldness and was in a perpetual quiver.

Just before "he" got to the place where she was seated, he fell to the board walk. She pulled her shivering little limbs together and rushed to him. His nut-brown hair was combed with a part slightly one sided. His rosy cheeks grew pale. When he recovered, his head was in her embrace. She was stroking his forehead, and doing everything else that such an occasion would demand.

"Say, Buddy," said she to the the footman, "this guy must have been in a jug."

"No, mum, you see he is just a little overworked, and going down to Florida to winter."

Just then a crowd gathered and she was gradually pushed away, as the sailors carried him to the boat.

The crowd scattered. She again took the bench. It grew colder, and the launch disappeared in the snow and mist.

The time had come when she must do something. Should she die of cold and hunger, or drown her sorrows in the mystifying deep? She made her way to the end of the pier. Looking upward and with outstretched hands, she uttered, "God forgive Mr. Pete; he didn't know what he was doing."

The hungry waters below swallowed up her delicate little body, and the waves hitting each other, smacked their lips as though thoroughly satisfied.

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The time was past due for the yacht to pull up anchor and be on its way, but the supply boat had not arrived with the provisions, and these could not be left behind.

In the distance the captain of the yacht saw the provisions coming, and he ordered the steward to provide a place in the galley and storehouse for them.

The sailors were busy getting the ropes and sails in order

for the five-day trip. The boatswain was storming at the lads who failed to do their part of the work.

The first mate reported to the captain saying that the provisions were safely aboard, and the echo of the whistle sounded from the far distance.

"Doggone nigger, you didn't roll no 'leven."

"Who? Six and five ain't 'leven?"

"You birds get out of the way. We got a jane here dat's pretty well dranked up."

"Sidney!"

"What do you want, nigger?"

"Ah knowed I seed a ghost last nite."

"Where'd she come from, boss?" said Rastus.

"Oh, de supply man just brought on a extra item and I claims her for mine. Said he saw her jump off the pier at New York and he drug her in."

"Where am I?" said she.

"'Bout twenty miles out from the harbor, Miss."

"Dat is de beatenest nigger I ever seed, dems my dice."

She was down in the hole where the blacks and whites, and Chinamen as well bunk. The quarters were repulsive.

"She must report to the cap'n, Bill."

"I know it."

"Come on here, Jane," said an old sailor with tobacco juice dripping off the bottom of his chin.

"Sir, we have, Sir a Jane, that almost drowned, Sir."

"Show her to the stateroom and tell the mistress to provide her with clothing," said the Mate.

She locked the door behind her and sighed. On looking around the room, she found everything neatly arranged. The floor was covered with bear skin rugs, and the wardrobe was completely furnished with the latest word in wearing apparel. On the dresser there were perfumes, powders and photographs of the esteemed one's family. Her eye was attracted to the

picture of an elderly lady, who bore a striking resemblance to some one that she had known in the far past, but she could not connect the relationship.

The next morning the owner of the yacht was sitting out on deck in a Morris chair smoking his pipe, and looking into the far distance. The snow had ceased and the sunshine pierced the refreshing salty air, and visited his white flannel suit with intimacy.

The boat rocked. The wind blew. It was in the month of October, and they were approaching the warmer climate, and palms. The sea gulls squalled as they flew over and around the yacht.

The door to the stateroom was unbolted, and forthcoming was a queenly young lady. Her beautiful wavy hair was wound into plaits about her ears. In her cheeks seemed to flow the very blood of youth itself. She wore, under a big fur overcoat, a blue evening dress *et cetera*, with accessories to match. Blue ear bobs dangled in her fur collar. Tiny slippers adorned her feet.

Their eyes met. Dumfounded, his pipe fell to the deck. His eyes beamed. He was no longer sick, but in turn was quite to the contrary—well.

"Ah, how ripping. Won't you share this seat with me?" said he.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"How charming you are! I never will forget the service you rendered me, when I fell on the pier. I know that it was your kiss that caused me to recover."

"I couldn't help it. You seemed to be so close to me even before you fell, and I knew then that I loved you."

"But what would my wife say?" said he.

"Your wife?" she gasped.

Just then his mother, the elderly lady, was seen walking up the deck toward them.

"Good morning son, did you rest well last night?"

"Ah, Mother, this is Miss er-a-Miss Jane. Yes, Miss Jane."

"Miss Jane who?"

"Why Miss a-Miss Jane Smith, of course."

"Glad to meet you dear, but why didn't you tell me that you had invited guests aboard?"

Just then Jack Burke, the esteemed, made it convenient to have another of his spells, seeing the mess that he was in.

After having Jack carried to his room and attended, Jane and Mrs. Burke sat on deck and talked one with the other.

"Tell me of your past life Miss Smith. I used to have a little daughter named Jane," said Mrs. Burke.

"But first," said Jane, "tell me, is he married?"

"Yes my dear, we are now on our way to join Mrs. Jack Burke at Palm Beach, Florida," was the reply.

She shrank back into her seat. Sad was she. Tears again came forth for him.

"You are trembling my dear, aren't your wraps sufficient to keep the chilly air out?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Now I must tell you the whole story," said Jane. "I do not know my mother and father. I was lost and put into an orphan asylum. I ran away one day and found employment in a drygoods store. All the time I have led a pure and clean life, and have tried in every way possible to learn more of my infancy."

"Oh, could it possibly be my Jane?"

"What color dress did you wear when you were sent to the orphanage?" asked the startled Mrs. Burke.

"A red checked dress," said Jane calmly.

"And did you have dark curly hair and did you have black

shoes and stockings on your feet? And is there a red birth-mark on your back?"

"Yes, Ma'am," was the reply.

"Then you are my darling little Jane that was lost when you were only a baby."

"Mother!" she gasped, as she sprang to the chair of the elderly lady.

"My daughter!"

"The End."



## THE GREATEST SCARE I EVER HAD

R. H. HARMON, '27

Many years ago, when I was a small urchin, I accompanied my father to Dunn, a town fifteen miles from our home. The purpose of this trip was to market a part of our season's cotton, which, baled, was packed on five two-horse wagons. There was a single driver for each wagon; father and I, driving a pair of spirited horses, led the procession. Our party was well upon its way when the red sun peeped from the horizon of hazy-blue hills, and, with long, slanting, celestial rays, lighted the dim trail for us wayfarers, and warmed the frosty air of the crisp autumn morning.

As we proceeded along the well-beaten, but uneven road, the drivers were in the best of spirits. They would sing an old and familiar country song, and follow each song with many echoing whoops. Once a farmer, roused from sleep, came to the door of his cabin to investigate the commotion. When he saw us, he was heard to exclaim: "By heck, that's old man Harmon's turnout on its yearly marketin' trip!"

Our jubilation, however, gradually ceased as we drew nearer and nearer to the notorious Black River Swamp. This marsh is many miles long, and a half-mile wide where the road crosses it. Black River Swamp—so called because the muddy waters of Black River run through its whole length—is known far and near as a combination breeder of alligators, bullfrogs, bootleggers, and bandits. There are many blood-curdling tales told of merciless robberies, and cold-blooded murders done in this horrible place of malefactors' refuge. Since the revenue officers do not know the secret paths in this almost impenetrable mass of briars and low-hanging willow trees, the moonshiners are safe.

As our party entered this much dreaded place, many fugitive glances were cast from side to side of the narrow road. Vines and bushes grew so densely that, literally, the road was walled. If any one spoke during our ride through the swamp, it was in a muffled monotone. Contrary to all expectations, but much to our pleasure and safety, nothing happened during our passage. We were glad indeed when we had passed from the gloom of the damp-smelling swamp, and were welcomed by a warm mid-day sun. Our light-heartedness returned again as we neared the outskirts of our destination. And once on the streets, we forgot the unpleasant trip.

About six o'clock in the evening, we all gathered at the appointed place to begin our nocturnal trip home. Some time during the earlier part of the afternoon it had begun to rain, or rather, to drizzle. Due to the cloudy sky, it was dark when we began our homeward journey.

As we approached Black River Swamp, our imaginations asserted themselves more forceably than they did that morning. The damp night darkened as we entered the silent jungle. The silence was broken only by an occasional clicking of horses' hoofs, and the monotonous grind of many wagon wheels in the sandy road. Near the center of the swamp the road crosses Black River Bridge. It was there that trouble began.

The first sensation came just as the first wagon crossed the bridge. The horses—driven by father and me—suddenly lunged to the side of the road. The inky-darkness prevented us from seeing what had frightened the team. Again they sprang to the opposite side of the road. This time they stood still, and I rightly guessed that some one was holding the bridles. Instantly two men sprang from ambush, and stood one on each side of the wagon. They ordered father and me to descend. If the drivers in the rear were aware of our danger, they either thought it unnecessary or were too afraid to come to our assistance.

If there are fates that are sometimes cruel to us, there are also fates that sometimes protect us. Just as we began to climb hurriedly down from the wagon, an automobile suddenly rounded a sharp curve in the road before us. The headlights immediately illuminated the night around us. The bandits fled into the swamp, and we continued our journey in safety.

## SPLITTING KNOTS

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S. N. LAMB, '24

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In passing along the other day,  
I chanced to turn my head—  
'Twas just in time to hear one say—  
    "I'll do it or drop dead."  
He was hacking and whacking,  
He was whacking and hacking,  
    And whistling every time he hit;  
But he didn't stop hacking  
And he didn't stop whacking  
    Until the old knot he had split.

Another day that now has fled  
I watched a charming sight—  
A lad said, "Yes, 'fore I go to bed,  
    I'll do this job tonight."  
He was writing and fighting  
He was fighting and writing,  
    While his eyes in his head revolved;  
But he didn't stop writing  
And he didn't stop fighting  
    Before the math problem was solved.

The lesson in splitting of hard knots—  
It matters not the size—  
Don't spend your time in forming plots,  
    Jump in up to your eyes.  
Just hack and whack once more,  
And fight 'till fighting's o'er;  
    And ne'er forget this much, I ask,  
He who uses what he hath  
In splitting knots or learning math,  
    Can solve at length the knotty task.

## LAWYERS *versus* LIARS

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S. S. WOODLEY, '24

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A wave of laughter surged in chapel when Dr. Paschal, while speaking of the world's need for real men, said "North Carolina is asking for good honest lawyers." It was not that type of ringing laughter which tingles with notes of mirth and joy, but laughter seething with jeers and sarcasm. The ridicule, of course, was directed at the law profession of today.

Truly lamentable is the day when one of the noblest and most serviceable professions of the world is the object of ridicule and disrespect. It has been by the skill, leadership and untiring efforts of members of the law profession that most of the peoples of the world have been freed from the oppressive bondage of tyrannical rulers and governments. That able lawyer, Thomas Jefferson, drew *The Declaration of Independence* and established forever the principle, so cherished by us, that politically all men are created equal. The formation of our great democratic government was most largely the work of able lawyers. John Marshall, a great lawyer, in his decisions as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court established principles which have strengthened and protected our government and safeguarded our individual rights. Into every great political achievement of the world is interwoven the work and thought of lawyers.

Yet, we have come to believe so firmly today that all lawyers are liars and dishonest that the mere mention of a "good honest lawyer" is proper occasion for a sarcastic laugh. Racing clouds are good evidence of a strong wind, and the lawyer's universal reputation indicates that there are at least some dis-

honest lawyers among us. Most likely it is only a few indiscreet and dishonest lawyers who bring disrepute upon an otherwise honorable profession.

Let us remember, however, that with scarcely a few exceptions, all lawyers are public servants. The lawyer hires himself to the public and lives on the remuneration he receives for his services. He must be hired and paid, else he either starves to death or elects to pursue some other occupation. Conditions may be such that if he is a "good honest lawyer" and will do only what is honorable, the public is reluctant to hire him and unwilling to pay for his services. Thus, the torturing pangs of starvation drive him to one or the other of the two alternatives. He becomes dishonest and renders services for which the public is willing to pay, or he leaves the profession. If he is a liar and dishonest and learned in trickery and deceit, the public hires him and pays him well to promote the public's selfish interest. He best fits his surroundings and survives.

If there are no "good honest lawyers" among us today, the public is at fault. If there are any lawyers in North Carolina who are liars and dishonest, it is because we have a sufficient number of dishonest citizens to support them.

## HIGH SCHOOL LEGISLATION AND SUPERVISION

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C. H. PINNER, '22

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In a study of high school legislation and supervision (administration) in North Carolina, it is necessary to go back and get the origin of the high school, first, in the United States and second, in North Carolina. It is my purpose in this paper to give an historical background, tracing the rise of the high school; and then to give a brief comparison of the high schools in North Carolina with those of California and Minnesota. But let me say here that literature concerning the high school systems of the latter named states is rather limited. Therefore the main purpose of the paper is to discuss the North Carolina system and to suggest changes necessary to put this system on a firm, efficient footing to do what it really is supposed to do—educate the masses.

There are three stages in the development of the secondary school of America: The Latin Grammar school, the academy, and the high school. The first Latin Grammar school was established in Boston in 1825. The Massachusetts Bay Colony ordered that every town of one hundred families establish and support a grammar school. These schools were influenced by the English. Even though the colonists opposed the British institution because they had fled from the persecution, they had to imitate their mother country at least for a beginning. At that time the Latin Grammar school was the most popular because it represented classical thought and Christian culture grafted on to English character. This classical thought had been brought about by the Revival of Learning. So this idea of a school came to the colonists. The chief characteristics of these schools in America are as follows: First, they were es-

established by the town under colonial law; second, theoretically, they were free; third, they were dominated by the spirit of the English colleges rather than by the needs and desires of the people; fourth, the curriculum was Latin and Greek; fifth, the religious spirit was very strong; sixth, the aim was preparation for college only; and seventh, the small schools usually had only one teacher. This type of school dominated America from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century. Then came the academy which bridged the gap from the Latin Grammar school to the American high school. It served the need until a system of taxation was begun.

Some say that the academy is distinctly American, but it really started in England about 1665 for the education of the children of the nonconformists. Its curriculum went beyond that of the grammar school giving studies for the ministry and the development of the religious life in general. It taught ethics, logic, theology, rhetoric, and philosophy, later taking up the political and scientific theories of Locke and Newton.

Now the first academy in America was established in 1761, by Benjamin Franklin at Philadelphia (later grew into the University of Pennsylvania). It was a tuition school with a dual curricula—the preparation for college, and the mathematical, or course preparing for life. There are a few characteristics of the academies which sprang up following this first one. The academies represented a protest against the narrow classical training of the Latin Grammar schools. They sought to give substantial training regardless of college in the future. They were independent of the colleges, but later took up preparatory work. They were supported by private funds, and had trained elementary teachers. They influenced the college course; religious but nondenominational. Even though they were somewhat exclusive, they reached and appealed to the needs of the people to a much greater extent than the grammar school. Thus they bridged over the gap and supplied



the chief means of secondary education from 1761 until the beginning of the high school in 1821.

The first high school was established at Boston in 1821. Since then there has been a rapid growth in the number of schools until in 1915, there were 11,674 high schools in the United States. The reasons for this rapid growth are two: There was a demand for better schools; and the high school was more adaptable to needs of the people. The dominating influence was to give educational advantages that could not be obtained elsewhere, for the grammar school looked to the colleges, and the academy was too expensive. So to meet the growing spirit of American freedom and democracy an educational institution of a different type was needed—a free school. The high school is thus a product of many influences and has a twofold purpose: preparation for college, and preparation for a practical life.

Now without going into further detail concerning the laws passed in regard to the high school in general, I will go into the functions of the high school. Suffice it to say it has been recognized that the support and control of an efficient high school is a State function. The high school has vital relations to the elementary school, the higher institutions of learning, the pupil, the State and Society, for it is a part of the system of public education and therefore stands in organic relation to lower and higher education.

Does the high school have any relation to the elementary school? Yes, a vital one. The elementary school is supposed to teach all the children of the nation the elements of morality, good health and good citizenship, and to give them, to a certain degree, the mastery tools of intelligence and culture, knowledge of nature and mankind. The high school, if it does its duty, must continue this work, with only slight changes to meet the needs of the growing pupils. The elementary school teaches the three R's—the key to education. Then the high

school begins the mastery of knowledge itself. But there are, at present, some gaps between the elementary and the high school and great care must be taken to knock down these barriers. Those existing at present are: (1) Change from one building to another; (2) Change in type of studies; (3) Change in method of study; (4) Change in methods of recitation and discipline; (5) and finally the change in the pupils themselves, since they ordinarily enter the high school near the beginning of the adolescent period. So in view of these facts that foil the pupils going from elementary to high school, it is necessary that one take great care in choosing studies to fit the needs of the adolescent mind and the individual as nearly as possible. The change in the method of study from the personal direction of teacher to self-direction at home must be dealt with carefully. Perhaps conditions for study at home are not the most favorable. If this be true, then it must be looked after. Next the change to long recitations and larger classes of strangers with new teachers makes it embarrassing to pupils of the adolescent age. Also the change in discipline putting the pupils, to a certain extent, under self-control has a great deal to do with the pupils. Thus to sum it all up, the two schools must articulate as closely as possible in order to remove these gaps. It is a mutual obligation of both schools to give the pupil as good a start as possible.

Next, we take up the relation of the high school to the higher institutions. When the high schools were first established, there was no relation between the two. The function of high school was merely to prepare for life; even then the curriculum was narrow. But in 1798 Connecticut passed a law requiring the high school to prepare pupils for college also. This state was soon followed by Indiana, Tennessee and Michigan. Since then the preparation for college has almost entirely dominated the high school. But of recent years there has been a move toward a dual curricula providing for a

thorough training for life as well as providing for college entrance. In a recent report of an investigating committee in Tennessee, it stated (1) that the greatest duty of the high school is to prepare pupils for duties of citizenship, and (2) that college preparation is only minor since only 5 per cent enter college.

The colleges are becoming more liberal in their entrance requirements. Yet we hope to see the day when the colleges can accept a 16 unit certificate of more than one curriculum. There are different methods of entrance from high school to college. First, by examination; second, by grading the school instead of the individual; third, in the New England and Middle States, by examination boards composed of representatives from higher and secondary schools. The second system, which is the certificate plan, is the most popular. Thus there should be a close unity and articulation of the secondary and higher institutions.

The question may be asked: What is the relation of the high school to the pupil? I will give briefly what it ought to do for him. The high school is cultural in character. The pupil, first of all, should become a man; literature, art, science and history—all these help toward this end. The high school should impart useful information, teach physical welfare and self-control; it should teach inspiration and respect for labor; it should create habit of industry, that is self-direction and initiative; it should inspire moral and religious aspirations. In view of these facts we see that the high school has a vital relation to the pupil, yet it perhaps, is more vitally related to the state and society.

America has been reared in the idea of equality—each individual having an inherent right to rise as high in service of State as his powers will permit. The general aim of education is "the harmonious development of human powers for a life of service in the peculiar needs of the individual inclinations

as far as his own happiness and social efficiency is concerned." Since the high school is considered the university of the people, it should promote civic spirit (good citizenship), intelligence, respect for labor, and general social efficiency. It should stand true to the general aim of education, giving to the great masses of young people thinking ability, right conception of civic duty and a vocational start.

Thus far I have given a historical resumé of the development of the high school, its functions, aims and relations to other institutions, lower and higher. Next, I wish briefly to compare the North Carolina system of high school with the systems of California and Minnesota. Just when the high school started in these two states, I do not know. Yet I find that each has a very good system. In general the plan corresponds to ours, but there are other features which make them perhaps more efficient. In California the only additions to high school legislation are that in 1915 the Legislature passed a law that the state should furnish all textbooks and school supplies. The number of books authorized listed were reduced from 1196 to 416. This still gives a wide field of choice, as well as a reasonable degree of uniformity, and a sufficient variation to meet local conditions. Furthermore, owing to the system of competitive bidding and of selling in large quantities the state is able to save its citizens the sum of \$100,000 per year. The Board of Education has charge of this work, and they guarantee a uniform price.

In 1917 the Legislature passed a law legalizing the establishment of the junior high school. And it has been growing rapidly since then. Here is what the Board of Education says about it: "In our judgment the junior high school has justified its existence. It has provided a broader course of study for seventh and eighth years. It has enabled the school to adjust its course to individuals through a limited application of the principle of election of studies; it has bridged the gap

between the elementary and high school by early introduction of departmental training, and offering extra-curricula activities."

The next thing of importance in the California system is the law of 1917, providing for supervised physical training. The people are fast getting rid of the idea of physical education as a fixed type of drill gymnastics, etc., and are beginning to realize the value of directed play activities and their advantage.

In Minnesota they have a very efficient high school system. There are three types of schools, and they can be established only under certain conditions. First, there is the 4-year high school. To be a standard four-year school, there must be an assessed value of \$300,000 on the school property. It must be well equipped and have adequate laboratory space. There must also be an average attendance of forty pupils per day. Each teacher is not allowed to have over thirty pupils. All duties and qualifications of teachers, etc., are plainly stated. The special departments pertaining to vocational training may be added under certain conditions. Then they have the high schools based on the 6-3-3 system. This takes six years of elementary work, three years of junior high school work, and three years in the senior high school. The junior high school is established practically under the same conditions as the four-year high school. Also the senior high school is subject to these same conditions except for a \$400,000 assessment, and is limited to junior high school pupils. These also may have the special departments pertaining to vocational training, with credits given for work done in such departments.

The educational system of North Carolina is peculiarly built. We started at the top, making provision for the University in 1789. The next step was in 1839 when we provided for an elementary system of schools. Thus our schools labored with a top and bottom only. However, in 1907, we realized the

need of a public high school system and thus we stuck it right in the middle whether it fitted or not. During this period from 1839 to 1907 the academy supplied all secondary education. Our state did not pay a cent into secondary education until 1907. At this time there were about five hundred academies teaching the Bible as part of their curricula. But the state saw that it could reach nearly all the people only by establishing a free high school. Since then the high schools in North Carolina have been spreading. Yet we have a number of schools doing high school work that are very inefficient. During the last session of the Legislature it provided for the establishment of one standard high school in every county that does not have one. The inspector found 213 high schools, 132 in counties and 81 in cities, and in 1918 there were 209 in counties and 149 local and city schools. These had a combined enrollment of 23,461. 104 of these schools were giving a full four-year course. The standard in North Carolina now consists of three full time teachers teaching only high school subjects and library facilities. There must be 45 minute periods coming five times each week for 160 days.

Until recently the curriculum has been narrow, with only the idea of preparing for college. Now we want a dual curricula or a very liberal curriculum. Sixteen units are required for graduation. If the pupil is going to college, he perhaps does not need to take exactly the same work that the pupil does who is going out into life. It is evident that there are certain fundamentals in which both pupils need to be firmly grounded. We must not tie ourselves down to any one or two fixed curricula, for different schools demand a different type of curricula. So the chief aim in selecting the subjects is to make them suitable for the greatest educational value possible. There are certain definite educational values to be kept in view when one is selecting or outlining a curriculum for a school. First, it should contain practical information. Second,

it should afford formal or mental disciplining. The study of Latin and Greek are as good as any, but they should not be required. Some one has said that the mind consists not of one power, but of many powers to be trained only by exercises appropriate to each. Thus there are several studies that are mental trainers as well as useful. Third, one should keep in mind character and choose those studies which are conducive to worthy actions and high aspirations. Fourth, one should choose with regard to social values, those subjects which emphasize the ideals of citizenship and the fact that "man liveth not unto himself." Fifth, one should contemplate as far as possible the reaction of the student. The value depends not altogether on content, but on the reaction of the pupil toward the content. As we know every pupil does not have the same interest in the same subject. We ought to get away (and are) from the old conception that the trunk of the curriculum should consist of four years each of English, Latin, Mathematics, giving only four units of electives. Of course, in a widely selected curriculum it is possible for a pupil to complete the sixteen units required for graduation without having a good foundation. Should he be graduated or not? I leave the question open.

One solution has been offered by Professor Highsmith. He proposes that we give a two-year course of certain required subjects which will give the pupil comparatively a solid foundation; then branch off into a double curricula, the one preparing for college, the other for life, and making it easy to go over from either curricula, if the pupil happens to change his mind concerning his course. In my estimation this is not a bad plan. Or, we may have a dual curricula all the way through. But this is too much for the general system of North Carolina to attempt, for, in the first place, we have too many small schools. Teachers would cost too much. So this can be effectively carried out only in the very large, well equipped

school. So to meet the demands, we must make as wide a variation in our curriculum in order to make our high schools meet fully their twofold aim. Time and space do not permit the outline of a curriculum. Such a curriculum could only serve as a guide, for the principal and his teachers in conjunction with the county superintendent can much more effectively make out the curriculum to fit the needs of the school, keeping in mind, however, a certain degree of uniformity.

With a properly selected curriculum and the proper correlation of subjects much more effective results are possible. According to the principles of psychology, the repetition of the same or similar things tend to be more permanently impressed on the mind. Thus by correlation we get better results. For example, in the teaching of Ancient and Medieval History we can correlate Latin, Algebra and debating or speaking in a limited way because each had its origin back in the ancient days. In English we can correlate by having the Iliad, the Odyssey, Virgil, Old Testament, Plutarch's Lives, etc., read in connection with the Ancient History. Then for English History we can correlate third year English, by having the pupils read Tennyson, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Ruskin, and Scott. Then time can be saved by combining the senior and junior classes, and by taking English History and English Literature one year, and American History and literature the next. This combination and alteration works very effectively and saves time besides.

Another thing which we need to stress in the North Carolina system is departmental teaching. Ordinarily each teacher has her special, and she is likely to lay more emphasis on her special if she has a number of subjects to teach, and thus cause a one-sided development, and we readily see that if A has all of English and if A has specialized in English, there will be due emphasis laid on English. So it is with the other subjects,



and as a result we get a more harmonious educational development.

Just a few words in regard to physical education in the high school. Investigations throughout California showed that the need was almost appalling. No doubt the same is true in North Carolina. The work of children at home suffices very little for the proper physical development. We should therefore seek to educate the public mind to this great need, and establish physical education as a part of our system. By physical education I do not mean a set of rigid drills, gymnastics, etc., as people often consider it, but I mean play activities directed by experts or trained teachers who can call forth and develop, spontaneously, the best that is in each child.

Lastly I mention supervision. Proper supervision is necessary, and we are just awaking to this fact. The end sought in supervising is to help inexperienced teachers to become efficient; to secure unification and correlation of work. Then the question arises as to who shall supervise. In the small schools the county superintendent and principal, in the large school the superintendent and principal. The principal is the great factor in the high school. He should be a strong, steady, stern, sympathetic, watchful, wise, and efficient man. Proper supervision will discover the best teachers and weed out the bad ones, or improve them. It may cut down expenses too, by trying to give each teacher as near as possible a reasonable number of students—twenty to each teacher. Adequate supervision is absolutely necessary and can be secured without so much cost by securing efficient men for principals and superintendents.

In conclusion the chief function of the high school is preparation for life in the fullest extent possible. But moral education is a chief problem of the high school in the future. The fundamental element in morality (says Brown, "American High School"), is the personal or social recognition of a sense

of duty. The second great element is the recognition of the fact that the individual's conscious life is made up of impulses, some high and some low. He is a free agent to choose between them. The high school should thus teach discrimination. The third element is the consciousness that "no man liveth unto himself." He is a member of society. Mr. Dewey says that "education is not preparation for life, it is life." Now, since the high school is the school of the masses it ought to be a socializing medium.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

*Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association*

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FOUNDED 1882

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A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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Vol. XLIII

DECEMBER-JANUARY, 1923-1924

Nos. 3, 4

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❧	<b>EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO</b>	❧
	S. N. LAMB, <i>Editor</i>	

Whether you get it or not, we mean for this Christmas. to be our Christmas, Holiday and New Year issue. It is the time for all good students to throw down their old books, if they have ever taken them up, and go home, see all the folks (*her* too), show them how boys can eat when they get hungry, get plenty of rest and recreation by staying out every night, and then return, answer greetings with a broad grin and a "glad to be back," but with a heavy heart and a wish that they had never seen Christmas or that they had not come back.

Now, if Christmas means anything to you more than a time of license to do all the damage you can, the quicker holidays are shortened and the harder the work heaped upon you, the better. If this doesn't apply to you read on.

For two thousand years December 25 has been the greatest holiday of all the year. Deep down in our hearts there exists a love for the day. We remember that in our school days when the teacher announced the usual Friday afternoon program, after which we could all be excused until two weeks afterwards, there arose an exultation in our breasts that could only be expressed by getting out and turning sommersaults. And why not make it mean as much to you now as it did then, when you looked forward to the tree loaded with gifts, the new popgun, the little red wagon, and at last the bicycle. Do you have a word of cheer for every person you meet? Do you congratulate them upon their successes during the past year? Do you extend to them your very best wishes for the coming year and the hope that it will be the greatest of their lives? Did you let the folks at home know about Wake Forest, not what you have done here but what it has done for you? Did you show the spirit of Wake Forest at *home*? Did you respond to every request that was made to you? If you can answer these questions in the affirmative you are what a son of Wake Forest ought to be and you have no fears for the future. Your holidays were well spent and you have some reason to be proud that you enjoyed the vacation. The fires of ambition and the inspiration of life instilled in you by that dear and blessed mother are yet burning in you.

In making the rounds of the Professors in English, Philosophy, and Education, the editor invariably received this statement, "I don't know what has happened to our writers. Men seem to think that short, general statements are all that is necessary in their

papers." The editor was especially impressed with the lack of good papers in the advanced English courses. Some men have taken up the broad space of two or three lines to explain all the great points of theme in such poems as *In Memoriam*, *By the Fireside*, and even *Locksley Hall*. This is truly a deplorable situation. Just a few snatchy lines in appreciation of works that authors spent years to compose! Can't we do better? Who is to blame? Have we exhausted all the literature of the library and then can't write a reasonably respectable paper on a subject discussed by thousands of writers? If you don't get anything out of the courses why do you take them? Why don't you go back to the farm or back to the soda fountain? Fellows let's get down to business and *produce* something.

Santa Claus seems to be remembering every **New Writers.** body this year, for already he has visited the **STUDENT.** If you will notice the names of the contributors this month you will see the number "27" placed beside several of them. The editors are glad to see Freshmen taking interest in writing for the magazine, and if they show better work than Seniors, you may expect to see Freshman contributions displace those of their elders. So wake up Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, and try to hold your own.

Just a little hint to the wise right here would not be amiss. The **STUDENT** is now published by the student body, and not by the two Societies. It has become a magazine that should represent the whole College, and if it doesn't do so whose fault is it? But this editorial job is no "soft soap" position. If you don't believe it ask the editors of the other College publications. Here is the hint; politics *cannot* edit a magazine, so editors for next year must be men who have shown their ability this year. And you fellows who care for the position, the experience, the fun and the hard work, had better get busy and show your worth. *Men of ability* count.

Although there has been considerable noise **Organizations.** raised lately about fraternities at Wake Forest, we still hold to our policy of "Watchful waiting." We offer in the near future to give every organization here, fraternal or scholastic, the opportunity of publishing a short history of itself, a list of the names of the men composing it, and everything else that will give the casual reader a chance to know something about it. We feel that in this way we can give the Baptists of the State an inkling of what the real condition of things is here. So this is to notify those members of the various organizations of our offer and intention, so that they may begin preparation of their articles.

**Action of  
Convention.**

According to men who have been in regular attendance upon the Baptist State Convention for several years, the Convention this year far surpassed in numbers, spirit and accomplishments any of recent years. The Baptists of North Carolina not only undertake big things but they also do big things. This was characteristic of those who composed the Convention in Gastonia.

We rejoice that this great body of our Baptist Brotherhood—composed largely, we might incidentally remark, of Wake Forest men—saw fit to adopt the great resolutions made by friends of Meredith and Mars Hill Colleges. It rejoices our hearts to contemplate the happy prospect of a well-established, well-manned, and modernly equipped college—as good as the best and surpassing many others—for our sister students who desire to attend our Baptist Woman's College—the greater Meredith. And we are made glad that the Convention went on record as pledging to support the program that will produce a more adequate and better accommodated situation for our brother students who go to Mars Hill College. We give three cheers for these schools, and we give four for the Baptist State Convention.

But where does Wake Forest come in? Well, this year, Wake Forest (like several of our other fine secondary schools and colleges) did not receive much attention in a financial way. Yet the reorganization of the Education Board, vesting it with the power and authority to act, and stressing as one of its principal functions the investigation of our schools as regards their needs and the making of recommendations to the Conven-

tion, should be a decided step in the direction of definite policies of interest and help to these schools. Our people are coming to see the value of the denominational schools more and more.

The eye of the observant reader must have been struck of late by the frequent occurrences of beautiful lines of appraisal of an old Wake Forest man—Dr. Joseph Quincey Adams, of Cornell University. Dr. Adams was graduated from Wake Forest in 1900, and secured his Master's Degree in 1901. Later he studied at the University of Chicago, Cornell University, in London, and in Berlin. He was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Cornell in 1906 and the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature by Wake Forest in 1918. He is now Professor of English at Cornell University.

His new book, *The Life of Shakespeare*, has attracted widespread attention both from the leading journals in America and Europe. There seems to be an almost unanimity of opinion expressed by these writers with reference to the worth of this new work and its peculiar adaptation to the needs of the hour. (It is quite interesting to note that this noble and learned son of Wake Forest, to the honor of whom journalists of considerable reputation and accomplishments pay tribute, still manifests a deep interest in and concern for every advance for the betterment of his Alma Mater. That is a well nigh universal feeling among its sons.)

This leads us to say that while many of the Wake Forest Alumni are fortunate and deserving enough to get their names in the most popular magazines in the country, yet it is also true that there are many, many more who are shining examples of faithfulness and loyalty to their tasks and their college; these same men stand out like the Rock of Gibraltar, towering monuments to the credit of this noble institution, and to those who at present are connected with it. This thought should be a source



of great inspiration to us who are now enrolled in this college, urging and compelling us on to dare and do that we may ourselves in days before us be an honor both by reason of our fruitful lives and our Christ-like deeds to the men to whom we owe so much—our dear professors.

Regardless of the arguments that are advanced both in favor of and against fraternities in college life, and despite the fact that there were many who most vigorously condemned and denounced the action of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College in the spring of 1922 in legalizing fraternities, while many others were in hearty sympathy with the move, in spite of all this, so far the visible sign of snobbishness, excessive drunkenness, and repulsive forms of indecency, immorality, outlawry, and so on, that have been depicted by certain persons as sure to follow the result of legalizing these organizations, have been foreign to the Wake Forest campus. Do not understand the writer to say that none of these conditions have existed in any forms anywhere. Of this possibility he is aware, but if so, he has not seen any such. And he is not blind nor deaf in the real sense of the words.

Furthermore, let it be clearly understood that the writer is not a member of any fraternity, nor is he an instrument in the hands of any fraternity. More than that, he has been more or less an anti-fraternity man in feeling. So this article cannot rightly be interpreted either for or against fraternities, but is the attempt of the writer to render an unbiased and fair account of the facts.

We do not hesitate to say frankly that there are many imperfections to be found at Wake Forest, in many realms. It were best for all concerned to be thus, since it still remains on the earth and is earthly. But it is also true that there are many things at Wake Forest that are functioning in a fine way for

which we refuse to apologize. So far this year we have had an almost perfect semester in so far as defiance of law and order are concerned. For this favorable season we feel profoundly thankful to God. OUR student government has been functioning smoothly and adequately—not over-anxious to call in the fellows without just cause—but discharging in a manner fair to all its obligations when called upon to act. Students have been made to feel their responsibility for the individuals, for the whole body politic in the last analysis, is responsible for the individual man, and the influence of the individual on the whole group likewise has a place in determining what the conduct of the mass will be.

Hazing has well nigh faded into oblivion and we believe the day is not far distant when it shall have been wiped out of our school. Why not? If every man of our 631 now enrolled will resolve to make it such it will be thus. The sophomores are finding better amusements and are turning away from the practices of those who are still in a state of Barbarism, and they are acting as becometh civilized creatures. Freshman rules are welcomed and the examples of these freshmen, in submitting to and complying with regulations that seem to be for the good of all, are worthy of emulation by all new men who shall come hereafter. Who then would dare hurl a bomb into this peaceful situation! Who could be so cruel of heart and so dull in mentality as to advocate the release of a whole year's supply of fermenting and highly explosive gas into such an environment!

God be praised for the men who hold Wake Forest dear to their hearts. To such men she owes her very existence. And praise His name for those who have been unable to show their concern for the old college except in the form of radical indictments and oftentimes groundless criticisms. And may God deliver us from the day when we shall become so satisfied with the present status of things that there will no longer be causes

of anxiety on the part of our supporters. But we believe that the best results can be had only when there exists the most friendly and cordial relations between both the friends, alumni and students of the institution. Let us seek then to bring this about in the three realms suggested so that our college may go on conquering and to conquer in the name of our great Captain, even Jesus.

❧	<b>ALUMNI NOTES</b> D. D. LEWIS, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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Leading European and American critics have united in paying high tribute to Dr. Joseph Quincey Adams, M.A., '01, for his book, *The Life of Shakespeare*. Dr. Adams is recognized as one of the greatest Shakespearean authorities in the world. His new book is the result of years of work during which he has searched the greatest libraries of America and Europe for new and hitherto unrepresented material. He is professor of English at Cornell University.

Dr. Charles P. Weaver, M.A., '07, President of Chowan College, is doing much to increase the standard of that historic institution. In a letter to *THE STUDENT* he declares: "I wish to say that my ideal for Chowan College is to make it the greatest little woman's college in the world. I believe in this day of large institutions that the small institution has, perhaps, the greatest opportunity of achieving real greatness because of its opportunity to select its student body and to have the students receive indelible impressions of great personalities in the faculty."

*THE STUDENT* is grateful to Rev. W. R. Wallace, B.A., '23, for a list of the Wake Forest men attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. It is as follows: Tom Allen, V. L. Andrews, M. F. Booe, J. F. Colston, J. P. Crouch, V. E. Duncan, E. S. Elliott, A. L. Goodrich, N. E. Gresham, Paul Hartsell, J. M. Hayes, O. M. Herring, Ralph Herring, F. L. Higgs, Benjamine Ingram, D. H. Ives, A. D. Kinnett, W. C. Lynch, B. E. Morris, J. G. Murray, C. G. Myers, J. R. Nelson, E. H. Potts, J. L. Price, T. G. Proctor, W. C. Raines, E. P. Robertson, C. N. Royal, J. D. Simons, H. L. Smith, I. K.

Stafford, S. G. Swann, E. G. Trueblood, O. G. Tillman, W. R. Wallace, C. C. Warren, P. E. White, F. T. Woodward, A. B. Wood.

There will be a reunion of the classes of '99, '04, and '14 at Wake Forest during commencement of 1924. Alumni Secretary, J. A. McMillan, states that special rooms will be reserved for these honored guests in the Bostwick Dormitory, which is now being constructed.

A report prepared for the Southern Association of Colleges shows several papers have been published by Wake Forest College Alumni in various journals and organs over the country in the past year.

The report shows that Dr. Roger P. McCutcheon, B.A., '10, has published in *Modern Language Notes*, "Two Eighteenth Century Emendations in Chevy Chase"; in the publication of the Modern Language Association of America, "The Beginnings of Book Reviewing in English Periodicals"; in *Studies in Philology*, "Addison and the Muses Mercury"; and in *Modern Philology*, "John Houghton, Seventeenth Century Editor and Book Reviewer."

Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, M.A., '08, has published in *Studies in Philology*, "Life of Juvenal."

As a contribution to biology, Dr. W. L. Poteat, M.A., '89, published in the *Baptist Education Bulletin*, "The Social Significance of Heredity."

Dr. A. C. Reid, M.A., '18, has published in the *American Journal of Psychology*, "The Effect of Varied Instruction on Perception of Lifted Weights."

Walter F. Taylor, M.A., '17, in collaboration with H. M. Gould, has produced "Formation of Rat Spermatozoa Agglutinins in the Rabbit," and in collaboration with Dr. Charles Phillips, he has published in the *Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Society*, "Some Investigations into the Bacteriology of Common Colds."

E. B. Earnshaw, M.A., '08, Bursar of Wake Forest College, was named as a member of the executive committee and as a committee on resolutions at a meeting of the Association of University and College Business Officers of the Eastern States held in New York City, December 7 and 8. While in New York, the delegates were the guests of Columbia University, where the sessions of the conference were held.

❧	NOTES AND CLIPPINGS	❧
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F. L. PASCHAL, *Editor*

THE REASON WHY

"Sparkplug" Willis: "Why does Creech wear those loud socks?"

Sherlock Holmes: "So that his feet won't go to sleep."

---

Soph: "There's a town in Massachusetts named for you."

Proud Freshman: "Yes, what is its name?"

Soph: "Marblehead."

---

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

A little moonshine now and then

Marries off the best of men.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

---

OVERHEARD IN THE DINING ROOM

First Cup: "What's the matter with little Miss Pitcher?"

Second Cup: "Why, her mother dropped her while she was young and she's been sortie cracked ever since."

---

Prof.: "How can the women be made to dress more sensibly?"

Student: "Kill off all the men."

---

INCIDENTALLY

"Ancestors" Hayes wanted know if The Baltimore Bargain House was in Richmond.

Freshman Pearce wants his fellow class mates to refrain from all manners of "freshness and greenness."

Prospective purchasers of "bull frogs" should see the following gentlemen from Pasquotank County: Morse, Ward, Ross, Love and Modlin.

## I WOULDN'T DOUBT IT

CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '26

---

Paul Gold went out one frosty morn'  
His monthly bath to take.  
The water chilled his body so,  
That he began to shake.

He cursed and swore, at least an hour,  
About pneumonia takin'  
But all his hot air didn't keep  
His chilly frame from shakin'.

He shook from head to tip of toes,  
How he did shake and fret,  
Until the friction of his limbs  
Began to start a sweat.

"Ah, now," he said, "I'll just rub down,  
And let that do this morn';  
I'll take my bath another day  
When e'er the water's warm."

He's been back many times since then,  
Some months he goes there twice,  
But every time he seeks a bath  
The water's cold as ice.



BELLS  
(The kind Edgar Allen Poe never heard)  
A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

---

Hear the bells,  
Alarm-clock bells,  
What a lot of yawns and groans their melody foretells!  
As they rattle, rattle, rattle,  
    In the chilly hours of morn,  
With their cold metallic prattle,  
    Making hope of rest forlorn.  
    Cursed Bells!

Hear the bells,  
Dinner bells,  
What a mess of bull and soup their melody foretells,  
As they dingle, dingle, dingle  
    From the café or the club,  
And the coffee vapors mingle  
    With the other kinds of grub.  
    Blessed Bells!

Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.  
Sad bells,  
Glad bells,  
Doleful bells,  
Soulful bells,  
Bells that make you run to class,  
Bells that set you free again.  
Bells of chapel herd the mass.  
Wedding bells, their victims claim.  
Loud bells,  
Proud bells,  
Some bells are dumb-bells.  
Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Hear the bells!

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
Peace (poem)-----	W. G. Westall 201
Notes on Philosophy (essay)-----	J. N. Roberson 203
The Call for a Stronger Internationalism (essay)-----	F. L. Paschal 214
Apology (poem)-----	A. W. Pennington 219
After the Concert—The Makeup (story)-----	S. N. Lamb 220
The Social Mind (essay)-----	W. L. McSwain 223
The Religious Impulse (essay)-----	Tom Sawyer 230
<b>ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS:</b>	
The Charles E. Taylor Memorial Library <i>Gilbert T. Stephenson</i>	234
A Tale From Childhood-----	<i>J. O. Alderman</i> 237
<b>DEPARTMENTS:</b>	
Editor's Portfolio-----	<i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i> 243
New Semester System-----	243
McNeil's Work-----	244
Centennial -----	245
Issue Smaller-----	245
In and About College-----	<i>S. N. Lamb, Editor</i> 246
Student Conference at Raleigh-----	246
Intercollegiate Debates-----	247
Death of Mr. Holding-----	248
Glee Club-----	248
Declamation Contest by High Schools-----	249
Exchange Department-----	<i>J. W. Beach, Editor</i> 250
Alumni Notes-----	<i>D. D. Lewis, Editor</i> 252
Notes and Clippings-----	<i>F. L. Paschal, Editor</i> 255

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XLIII

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 5

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## PEACE

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W. G. WESTALL, '27

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The peace of the night is the peace of God,  
So sweet, so calm and so true;  
For there's beauty and strength in the dullest clod  
When the earth is wet with the dew—  
When the moonlight drives the darkness away,  
And still the twilight is there,  
Like the heart that's relieved of the sins of the day  
When the lips are moved in prayer;  
When the darkness of worldly sin is allayed  
By the calm, sweet peace within,  
And man has to God his just dues paid  
And the heart is free from sin.

Oh, the world is God's when the day is done  
And the curtain of night is drawn,  
O'er a world so plain in the dazzling sun,  
But what beauty the moon shines on!  
'Tis the softness that's wrought by the love of God  
On a heart that was ugly in sin,  
And the soul of man soars away from the sod  
By the stir of the spirit within.

The Son of God was born in the night,  
The night so holy and still;  
The wise men watched and followed the light  
Over the beautiful hill—  
The shining hills of Bethlehem  
Where the angels came to sing  
The tidings glad of the blessed babe,  
The birth of the Heavenly King.

## NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY

### Number 1

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J. N. ROBERSON, '24

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NOTE:—The first of a series of five papers on philosophy, covering five distinct periods, which will appear in the *STUDENT* this spring.—*Editor.*

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A remarkable thing about the early Greek philosophers is the nature of their discourse. 2,500 years ago, Greek scholars brought up such philosophical questions as, "What is the Universe?" "What is matter?" "What is truth?" "What is mind?" questions that puzzle the greatest philosophers of the twentieth century. An effort to answer these questions by means of natural science marks the beginning of philosophy. This necessity appeared independently in different places, when conditions preliminary to it were present.

Although the beginnings of philosophy are attributed to the early Greeks, men before this time had thought about the meaning of things. It was after centuries of reflection that philosophy was recognized as such. There are many and various natural advantages that caused Greece to be the center of culture. Greece was under the leadership of the Ionians, who had colonized the coasts of Asia Minor. The Ionians commanded the world's commerce, and extended trade over the entire coast of the Mediterranean. In their travels with the Orientals and the Egyptians, Greeks came in contact with the highest culture and learning of the day. Their minds were ever alert in their active and adventurous life, and the trade made Greece the wealthiest of all the colonies. The wealth offered leisure to the people and gave them opportunity for reflection. The Greeks, as no other race, had curiosity about the world of nature.

The political and religious situations also caused much independence among the Greeks. There was always internal warfare among the nobles and rich commercial class, as well as danger of external aggression from the empires growing up on each side. A wealthy class grew up, migration took place and tyrants arose. The tyrants made their courts centers of intellectual life.

Dissatisfied with the old polytheism, the Greeks interpreted their religion to meet their present need, for there was neither priest nor dogma to cramp their imagination. Thus, there developed from the ceremonies a new religion called Mysticism. Some of the special ceremonies of the institution were attended by over 30,000 people. They were composed of songs, dances, dramatic performances, and long processions.<sup>1</sup>

The early Greek philosophy, up to the time that it became organized in a systematic way, is called the pre-Socratic Period; this is separated into two broad divisions.

1. The Cosmological Period has its beginning among the colonies with the birth of the Greek philosophical reflections (625, B.C.), and has a nominal ending with the Persian Wars (480, B.C.). The Greeks, who set out to study the universe by the world of nature, tried to find out what is permanent amid the changes of the physical world, and what matter is.<sup>2</sup>

2. The Anthropological Period, on the other hand, began in the mother land before the Cosmological Period ended in the colonies. It started with the great social impulse just after the victories of the Persian Wars, and ended with the death of Socrates (399, B.C.). This philosophical period, which centered around Athens, includes the most productive intellectual epoch of Greece, but not the greatest philosophers. Thoughts turned from the physical universe to the study of man.<sup>3</sup>

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1. Cushman: *Hist. of Phil.*, Vol. 1, p. 16, f.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 13, ff.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 20.

The earliest Greek philosophers of the Cosmological Period emphasized the monist tendency. They tried to find some one kind of real existence out of which the diversity of the universe sprung. What is fundamental in the world always? The most outstanding leaders of the monist group were Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes. These men formed the earliest school of Greek philosophy. Since all three were from Miletus, the center of philosophical thought, it was called the Milesian school. The formation step is attributed to Thales (640-548, B.C.), who was a member of one of the leading rich commercial families of Miletus. He was a man well versed in the leading current at his time. He was placed at the head of the Seven Wise Men, had mathematical and astronomical knowledge, engaged in commerce, traveled in Egypt, and predicted the solar eclipse which occurred in 585, B.C.

Anaximander (611-547, B.C.), was an important and influential thinker and a fellow citizen of Thales. He was preëminent in his time for astronomical and geographical knowledge, was one of the oldest Greek prose writers and the first philosophical author. He made an astronomical globe, a sundial, and a geographical map.

Anaximenes (588-524, B.C.), was also a Milesian, and a disciple of Anaximander. Of his treatise on Ionic prose, only one sentence is preserved. Little is known about his life.

These Milesians lived on the coast of Miletus, the wealthiest and most prosperous of all Greek cities of the sixth century, B.C. Not only were they deeply impressed by the changes of the sea and air, but they had an intellectual curiosity to find the cosmic matter which remained identical with itself and at the same time move. Thales said that water was the most movable; Anaximander, Apeiro, or the Unlimited; and Anaximenes, air. Their respective choice was determined by what seemed to possess the most mobility and the greatest inner



vitality. Thales thought water possessed this quality because it is always moving. It is easily changed to steam, solidifies to ice, and is also essential to growth and generation everywhere. Water is matter from which all things arose and of which all things consist, and the earth floats upon the water.<sup>4</sup>

Anaximander felt that no object in our perceptual experience would fully explain the ceaseless mobility of nature, and called it the unlimited. He thought that it is a mixture in which all qualities are lost. There is an endless change in nature, therefore, the single cosmic substance from which these changes come must also be endless, for from whatsoever source things come, in that they must have their end. If the primitive substance was not unlimited, it would be exhausted in the creation of things. As primitive matter, the unlimited is underived and imperishable. Since its motion is eternal, this primitive matter is separated into particular kinds of matter. It first broke up into warm and cold. From both of these damp arose. Damp in turn separated into the earth, the air, and the sphere of fire. This sphere of fire, which surrounds the earth as a spherical crust, burst into wheel-shaped husks that are filled with fire and have apertures. Currents of air cause these husks to revolve around the earth. As the earth is in the shape of a cylinder, it causes them to move in a horizontal direction. During their revolutions, fire streams from the apertures of the wheel-shaped rings, and gives the appearance of stars moving through space. This was the first attempt to explain the regular movements of the heavenly bodies, and the creation of the earth in a mechanical way. The earth was in a fluid state at first, and from its gradual drying up, living creatures were produced. The first of these were men who were first in the form of fishes in the water. It was only after they were able to develop themselves on land that they left the water.

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4. Zeller: Greek Phil., p. 37, f.

He thought that because there is a periodical alternation of renewal and destruction of the world, that there is a series of successive worlds without beginning or end.<sup>5</sup>

Anaximenes chose for his first principal a substance to which the essential quality is unlimited and has unceasing motion. Air is the most changeable thing known and has no limit. Not only does it spread itself boundlessly in space, but it also has perpetual motion and change. It is the ground of all life and all motion in living things. Air is without beginning or end, and through its motion changes in two ways. It loosens and becomes fire, and contracts and becomes wind, then cloud, water, earth, stones. The earth was flat, like a plate, when it was created, and therefore borne upon the air. Vapors that ascend from the earth are condensed into fire. The air presses portions of this fire together that form stars, which are in the same shape as the earth. These stars revolve around the earth laterally, floating upon the air. Anaximenes agrees with Anaximander in maintaining an alternate construction and destruction of the world.<sup>6</sup>

Individualism was developing very rapidly about this time, and these Milesians began to lose their grip on the schools. They emphasized the physical training more than they did intellectual training, and made much over beauty and art. We find drawing away from these Milesians a group that emphasized religion in place of Athleticism. Now, for the first time a positive conflict arose between religion and philosophy, through Xenophanes.

Xenophanes (572-480, B.C.) was a religious philosopher, and traveled as a poet and rhapsodist for sixty-seven years through the cities of Greece, declaiming in songs against the Anthropomorphism, and the general social practices of the Greeks. His

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5. *Ibid.*, p. 39, ff.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 41, ff.

native city, Calophon, situated near Miletus, was noted for its obscene and cruel religious practices. When this city surrendered to the Persians, Xenophanes charged its weakness to its immoral religion.

This is perhaps the cause of Xenophanes' conceptions of God, for his irony criticism stirred up contempt among the Greeks. He preached philosophical monism from East Greece to West Greece. Although he maintained that a single cosmic substance remains identical with itself in nature, he did not call this cosmic substance air, water, or Apeiro, but God. He thinks that the plurality of gods is inconceivable. The Best can only be One. No one of the gods can be governed by another. He cannot conceive of the gods having a beginning, or wandering about from place to place. God is a definite sphere that is unchangeable, and harmonious. God is one and all, yet, He is the greatest among gods and men with neither form nor thought like mortals. Thus, Xenophanes was the first to bring forward the doctrine that all things are One. When he became too old to travel, he settled at Elea in Southern Italy, and founded the Eleatic school. For this reason he was considered the connecting link between the Milesian and the Eleatic schools.<sup>7</sup> Other members of this Eleatic school were Heraclitus, Parmenides, and Zeno.

Heraclitus (535-470, B.C.) was an Ephesian of a noble and aristocratic family, and was a contemporary of Parmenides. He had an earnest and thoughtful turn of mind, was full of contempt for the doings and opinions of men, and was never satisfied even with the most honored sages of his time and nation. By going his own way in pursuing his inquiries, and by writing his treatise so no one could understand his writing, he was called the "Dark Philosopher." In spite of his shortcomings he was the profoundest thinker and theorist of ancient

7. Cushman: Hist. of Phil., Vol. 1, p. 37, ff.

times. Parmenides (520-?, B.C.) was also a great thinker, and was influenced by the Pythagoreans. He was a serious and influential man with high moral character. Zeno (490-430, B.C.) was born in Elea, and wrote a prose treatise in his earlier life defending the doctrines of Parmenides. This treatise written in form of questions and answers, was the beginning of dialogue literature. His arguments are directed against the theories of the pluralist and motion. In order to get around the difficulty of reconciling permanence with change, Heraclitus denies that any such thing as permanence exists at all. Everything is in the state of becoming, or passing away. "You cannot step twice into the same river, for fresh water is ever flowing upon you."<sup>8</sup> Everything is continually passing over into something else. Therefore there is one nature which assumes the most forms under the most various conditions. "All comes from One, and One from All." This one world for All was made neither by God nor man, but it ever was, and is, and shall be, an eternally living fire.

In proving that plural number of things and motion of things do not exist, Parmenides argues the existent in its opposites to the non-existent. "Only Being is, non-Being is not, and cannot be thought." Being cannot begin because it cannot come from non-Being. Neither can it cease to be for it cannot become non-Being. "Being never was, and never will be, but is undividedly present." One cannot think of what is not, and since thinking always has Being as its contents, there is no Being that is not thought. "Being-Thought." Parmenides put his argument in logical form as follows: "All thinking refers to something thought, and therefore has Being for its contents. Thinking that refers to nothing, and is therefore countless, cannot be. Therefore non-Being cannot be

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8. Rogers: Students' Hist. of Phil., p. 15, ff.

thought, much less can it be."<sup>9</sup> Being is not only thought but it is also matter. Therefore the equation may be amended to "Being-Thought-Matter." Since Being is what fills space, this is the only property that all Being has. Therefore all Being is exactly alike, and there is only one single Being which is empty space. Empty space has no existence. The existence of plural number of things depends on existence of empty space between them. Also the motion of things and the change of things depend on the existence of empty space in which they can move and change. Since empty space is not-Being and has no existence, the plurality and motion of things have also no existence. They are illusions.

Zeno was not a constructive philosopher, but was a master of logical argument, and tore to pieces the arguments of his opponents. He argued against magnitude, multiplicity and motion. There can be no magnitude, for a thing would then be both infinitely small and infinitely great. There can be no multiplicity of things since they would be both limited and unlimited in number. Motion cannot be because it is impossible to go through fixed space. It is impossible to go through that which has movable limits, and because of the relativity of motion. The dilemmas which he produced of Archilles and the tortoise, and the flying arrow at rest go to prove this theory. In order that an arrow flying through space should reach its destination, it must successively occupy a series of positions. But at any moment we may choose, it is in a particular place, and therefore is at rest. As no summing up of states of rest can result in motion, it can never move.<sup>10</sup>

The other argument involves the relation of two different motions. Archilles can never overtake the tortoise because

9. Zeller: Greek Phil., p. 60; Rogers: Students' Hist. of Phil., p. 27, f.

10. Zeller: Greek Phil., p. 63, ff.

the tortoise will have gained a certain amount of ground while he is reaching what at any moment is the starting point of the tortoise. As Achilles always must reach first the position previously occupied, the tortoise will forever keep just a little ahead.

In opposition to these monists there arose a group of pluralists, who made Being into a separate force that there might be movement in the universe. There can be no movement unless there be change. No change can come about unless there be permanency. There is but one way that there can be permanence, and that is by assuming that there are many original units that in themselves do not change. The mass of the world is always the same. Nothing is ever created. Therefore elements are unoriginated, imperishable, and unchangeable, for changeless elements cannot move. This group called the Reconcilers is composed of Anaxagoras, Empedocles, and Lucippus.

Anaxagoras (500-425, B.C.), a man of wealth and esteem, was born in Clazomenae in a circle rich in Ionian culture, but was isolated from practical life. He declared the heavens to be his fatherland, and the study of the heavenly bodies to be his life's task. He went to Athens, formed one of a circle of noble men of culture, and represents the first appearance of philosophy in this great center of learning.

Empedocles (490-425, B.C.), who was the first Dorian philosopher, was a partisan of the democracy, and belonged to a rich family of Agrigentum. He became a distinguished statesman, but later fell from popular favor, and dressed in the garb of a magician, travelled as a physician and priest through Magna Graecia.

Empedocles included all the elements of his predecessors' theory and conceived the number of elements to be fire, earth,

air, and water. He could account for the variety of the world by the transportation and new arrangements of these elements. The two causes that make these separations and mixtures are Love and Hate. Love is the cause of the union of things and Hate the cause of separation. The physical world is continually repeating itself through four cosmic stages, each centuries long."<sup>11</sup>

Anaxagoras went farther than Empedocles and said that this world of infinite variety could not be derived from four elements. There must be as many elements as there are qualities. Every perceived object has present in it all elements. For the efficient cause of the combining and separating of the elements, Anaxagoras selected one of the elements and called it mind. Mind differs from all the other elements in that it is the finest, most mobile, and has the power of self-motion. Matter is a compound, while mind is simple, and the cause of harmony and order of the cosmos.<sup>12</sup>

Before this period closes the Anthropological Period which begins with the Persian Wars arose. After the battle of Marathon there sprung up all over Greece a distinct impulse toward knowledge. A detailed investigation was begun in mathematics, astronomy, biology, medicine, and physics. Science, which had up to this time been unorganized and undifferentiated, now became sharply divided into the special sciences. But what makes the Persian Wars of particular importance is that they are the starting point in the motherland of the movement in the study of man and human relations. The center of growth of the Greek world was shifted from Miletus to Athens. A great national intellectual movement arose throughout Greece. Everybody wanted to know what the Cosmologists had had to say about science. The Greeks now had wealth and leisure. They had also come in contact with

11. *Ibid.*, p. 71, ff.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 83, ff.

the Oriental people, and had their curiosity excited. Learning, which had been confined in the Cosmological Period to a few scholars in the schools, now came forth into the market place. The traditional attitude gave way to the critical attitude of the Greek mind. Skepticism arose through individualism and criticism. Thoughts turned from a review of man's relations with his fellows to a criticism of his own constitution. "What is man?" "What are his faculties?" They were interested in the inner activities and ideations of man. Thus, sophists developed among the Greeks and the doctrines were carried to the mass of the people by public lectures, and private schools. This is the beginning of the systematic philosophy that was so well organized under Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato.<sup>13</sup>

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13. Cushman: *Hist. of Phil.*, p. 63, ff.



## THE CALL FOR A STRONGER INTERNATIONALISM

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F. L. PASCHAL, '25

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Since the fall of the last great empire during the past World War, we have seen the most gigantic organization ever born radiate its beams over the entire world for the purpose of establishing and maintaining peace among nations, as well as among men. This tremendous organization which is directly holding four-fifths of the people of the world under its influence, has largely succeeded in averting wars and in establishing peace. In several instances actual wars have been averted by gathering the nations in dispute around a common council table of mediation and conciliation. We have seen peaceably settled by this organization, the Albania—Jugo Slavia dispute, the Upper Silesian dispute, the controversy between Persia and Soviet Russia, the Greek-Italian dispute, and also the Falkland Islands dispute. It has other noble achievements which we cannot numerate.

In spite of the wonderful achievements of this organ of peace—the League of Nations—we find that there is a lack of universal membership and a lack of coöperation with its objectives. Why is this? We believe the explanation is simply Nationalism vs. Internationalism. It is true that every nation of importance in the world is a member of the League except the United States, Germany, Turkey and Mexico. It is easy to understand why the latter three countries have refused to join, for their governments are yet unstable, and their people fail to realize the futility of isolation, and still hold to their old jealousies and animosities. It is a puzzle to the world, however, to know why the United States, whose great statesman was the

father of the organization, has flatly refused to join it. The why, many statesmen of the world think, is because we have always been independent of other nations, which independence affords our country a source of distinct national pride, and therefore it has not the personality to coöperate with nations whom she fails to understand and trust. The present indications are that these misconceptions are rapidly being removed, and, as a result, we are today coöperating with the main objectives of the League, in the move for disarmament, regulation of opium traffic, and traffic of women and children; and we are also helping in the reparations affair through our economists.

According to the able current writers, the League has several impending handicaps, some of which are: (1) failure to enforce disarmament because of the French occupation of the Ruhr, together with Germany's failure to pay reparations; (2) too much political, and not enough of economic machinery; (3) lack of universal membership. It is possible that these difficulties will be eradicated through the growth and perfection of the organization itself, but of this no one is certain.

In the present Ruhr controversy, which is tied up with all economic matters of Europe, perhaps no one nation is entirely to blame. Perhaps France is justified in entering the Ruhr in order to secure herself in the matter of reparations and insure the future of her peoples from external aggression. Likewise, England is right in opposing the move of France in the Ruhr, because of its imperiling the economic order of Europe, and even of the world, by jeopardizing trade relations and the credit of Germany with other nations. Further, Germany may be partly right in her failure to pay, in toto, the reparations, because of her actual incapacity to pay. If she were to pay as demanded, it is conceded that her industries would be ruined, and workmen enslaved. Hence we see that

probably all three nations concerned in this controversy are each partly right, but possibly not one is entirely right. Then what is needed in such a delicate situation? Evidently the League needs more practical machinery to handle such an important problem, which is threatening the peace of Europe, and possibly of the world. Economic causes for war have always been potential; hence the League needs an Economic Conference where economic problems may be met, and dealt with mutually between nations.

Furthermore the deadlock in the reparations issue and the failure of the United States to enter the League are paralyzing any definite program for universal disarmament. Every man recognizes that the most practical way to make war impossible is for the nations of the world to completely disarm, but so long as the reparations affair is backed by the strong arm of militarism, such is preposterous. Moreover, so long as a strong nation like our own, with enormous supplies of convertible war materials, as well as money and men, still refuses to enter or actively cooperate with the League, disarmament is also impossible.

The world is today an economic unit, and, for this reason, there is a striking interdependence between all civilized nations. The failure to recognize this interdependence has resulted in wars, which have consumed blood, and have left nations bankrupt of both strong men and wealth.

Let us note the economic interdependence of nations and see how recklessly it is disregarded. One of the cardinal principles of economic theory is that goods should be produced where it is possible to produce them most effectively, and that those goods should be exchanged for goods produced more effectively in another country. Under our present world economic order this is not always possible, because of differences in price levels in different countries, unequal distribution of credits, protective tariffs, wars, and economic boycotts.

For example, a consumer in America today could purchase toys manufactured in Germany at a cheaper price than those made in America, or in any other country. However, because of the economic boycott and trade barriers, a consumer has to purchase toys produced ineffectively by the inefficient manufacturer in America. The same application holds true with American grown wool and wheat. Our government has a tariff on wool and wheat imported into America, which makes the price of imported wheat and wool the same price of that grown in America when it reaches the consumer. For this reason the American public will have to deny themselves of these products which could be purchased from foreign countries, in order to keep the American producer in his position of inefficiency, though he might easily shift to other occupations where he could be a potent factor in the production of goods in which he would be efficient. These goods could be exported on the basis of free trade for goods imported from foreign countries where they are more effectively produced. However, our government continues to shield the inefficiency of our inferior producers by maintaining legislation for "the special interests" and for the purpose of raising revenue. Perhaps another reason that we have artificial trade barriers, is the possibility for war, which might suddenly cut off supplies of goods from a belligerent nation. For example, we were almost totally dependent on Germany for our dyes before the World War, and for this reason, during the war, American industries suffered because of the dye shortage. With the decreasing possibilities for war through a New Internationalism, however, this argument becomes less potential, and there will be a strong tendency toward free trade, freer extension of credit, and greater specialization in industry, because of world wide competition in the production of commodities.

How can this tendency be furthered? We would say, through education, but this alone will not solve the problem. The League of Nations has a very fertile field along this line. Through a body of statesmen and economic experts from the different countries, it could investigate and adjust world wide economies in production, trade, consumption, and extension of credit.

The world, today is a unit, and is a mass of separate republics, as opposed to a mass of empires and kingdoms of a few centuries ago. The world has just completed a transition from the old order of autocracy to a new order of democracy. The question is whether the now existing republics will follow the same old role of aggrandizement of empires by dashing with an armed hand at the very throats of each other, or whether they will follow their present tendency. The answer is still unknown, but there has been a Great Awakening since the World War, a stronger realization of interdependence between nations, and a willingness to cooperate on the part of nations as expressed by their infant organization—the League of Nations. And let us all admit that it is slowly establishing the spirit of a Stronger Internationalism, which is gradually obliterating causes for wars, and developing a spirit of peace.

## APOLOGY

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A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

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"The laughing face of a fool," you say;  
And you turn your shoulder in disdain.  
"Only the shallow could be so gay."  
But oh, if you knew the inward pain.

You frown with the weight of your childish cares:  
You dull your mind with petty strife.  
Charmed by a queer Magician's wares,  
What can you know of the mock of Life?

I must cheat the hour of its freight of gall.  
I must laugh at the world that would make me weep.  
And what will it matter after all,  
When our laughs and cries are hushed in sleep?

## AFTER THE CONCERT—THE MAKEUP

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S. N. LAMB, '24

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"Well, forget all that has transpired tonight, and let's bury it all with this note, never to be resurrected again," pleaded Gerah, as she held Tom by the hand, refusing to let him go until it had all been settled. "I did not have the least suspicion that such a thing would happen as a result of my going on this way."

A long story is suggested in those plaintive words of the girl who now is attracting our attention. It was a story that covered several years. It may be interesting to relate the most salient points here.

Tom and Gerah were community friends, who lived in the rural districts of an eastern county of North Carolina several years ago. Their friendship had become closer and more meaningful as a natural process of time—almost by habit. Tom's people were natives of that section while the family, in which he was peculiarly interested, was of recent settlement there. And, just as is true in many cases, when a nice young girl comes into a new community she has a host of callers at first, finally concentrating on one or two at most, all the others have in one way and another been sifted out or relegated to the realm of inattention; and so they take the hint and stop calling like sensible men. But how different in the case of this young fellow Tom! Well, he was an exceptional suitor.

He had chanced to meet this fine young lady through one of his good friends. The two boys were devoted to each other and were constantly showing each other acts of kindness and thoughtfulness as tokens of their mutual fondness for each other. Now it happened that upon the very acquaintance of

Gerah that Tom took a fancy to her comeliness and beauty. He had heard a great deal about her through his good friend, John Benton; but the picture of her drawn by John in his alert imagination had failed to bring out the qualities and attractiveness that became realities to the beholder, and Tom duly took note of this. He knew that it would never do to try to dislodge all that his good friend had said to her during his several months of association with the maiden. He was far enough along in the field of courtship to know too a very true rule of psychology though he had never seen in such a book nor had he heard a lecture on the subject, and this was the rule—that in order to offset the influence of one person on another person, one should never speak discourteously of that one or in any way discounting that person's worth, etc. And so, whenever the name of his friend was brought up in any connection, Tom would always say a good word in his behalf, hoping thereby to also improve his own status in the estimation of the young lady. And the policy was a very successful one.

In the meantime, in order that he might continue to hold the esteem of his boy friend and yet not appear as if he were trying to win the affection of this girl, who was by this time beginning to show some little attention to Tom, her sister, Johnny, and Tom had come to be very good friends and were out together quite frequently, especially on Sunday afternoons when John Benton had a date with Gerah. And very often the boys and girls together would plan little community affairs of personal concern. But little did John Benton discover the strategy that his friend Tom Dunean was using all the while to win the affections of his girl. So blind was he to the drift of this undereurrent that the two boys very often would exchange their girls just for a few moments to have a bit of fun, and at one time during a circus at the nearest town,



John consented to go on the train and allow his girl and her sister to go with Tom.

In this state of affairs and with things headed in that direction, a notable change came about. It so happened that John Benton, the oldest of the four, had finished his school work in preparation for college, and was now ready to leave his old student friends who were still struggling on in the high school. This looked like a fine chance for Tom. He and the two girls were in the same grade in school and almost the same classes.

Plans were made for John to enter the University and at the opening he enrolled among its students. With the great change that comes over the Freshman who enters for the first time in his career, soon came also the change in his feeling for the old girl back at home. He now must turn his attention to ladies of college note and standing, one who is up on all the latest rules of entertainment.

And well it may have been for the case of Tom and Gerah by this time had become the topic of discussion in many circles. Johnny, the sister of Gerah, was now turning her attention to another lad which left the way entirely open for Tom and Gerah to pursue an uninterrupted path in their thirst for each other's love.

Once more, by the intervention of a train of circumstances over which neither of the parties was in control, the parents of the girls and also of Tom moved into the city, and that within only a few months of each other. And now, whether fortunately so or not, these girls were forced to get employment in the city to provide for the family's support in conjunction with the work of a brother and the mother, since father had been suddenly taken away from them. And likewise Tom was now turning to another occupation other than school work. But the path of courtship had not been broken into, it was still being trod. Those external circumstances had intensified

the affection of one for the other. It had been a period of most pleasant memories and never yet had there arisen any sort of a situation that was unpleasant, three years had passed by since the two had first met—how short the time! They had passed long hours at church, in Sunday school together, sometimes in the same class. So frequent did they go out together that they did not know what a date was except under very rare occasions.

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The great event has at last arrived, Thursday night is on, and the hour was close at hand. It was the coming of a famous musical club under the auspices of a New York Lyceum House. This date had been set four weeks ahead, the tickets had been purchased and everything was in readiness for an enjoyable evening. The concert was to start at 7:30, only a half hour after Tom stopped work. But it had already been agreed that he would leave a few moments before seven in order to have ample time to get ready.

Just as the clock struck seven, Tom landed on the doorsteps of his home. He hurried through with supper and his toilet and was in a short time headed for 709 Poplar Street, where abode, in his opinion, the "queen of the village." In order to save time, he did not go around the corner and turn up Howard Avenue as usual, but cut diagonally across a vacant plot. He soon stood at the front door waiting to see Gerah step out, all set for the event, but to his surprise the maid informed him that she had just left a minute before.

"Where was she going?" asked Tom, wondering what could have called her forth at that hour.

"Said she was goin' to dat concert down yander at de town hall," replied the maid.

"Did she leave a message for me, then?" returned Tom, a bit embarrassed.

"No, sah," the girl answered, "jes said she would see you purty soon."

Being a little puzzled, yet consoling himself with the thought that she had walked on toward his home expecting to meet him and save him a few steps, as she had done many times before when he had gone out with her, Tom darted off down the street at a half-pacing gait in the same direction Gerah had departed. But on reaching his home he learned that she had just passed in company with another girl and boy.

"Yes, that's why she did not wait for me. I will tell her a few things when I get up with them," mused Tom, as he hurried on toward the hall. He was just in time to see William, a fine, popular young fellow, whom he had a little suspected as trying to get his girl, politely and courteously take Gerah, his beautiful Gerah, by the arm and help her up the stairway. At this his breast became troubled.

For a while Tom did not go in, but waited for the crowd to come, hoping thereby to be separated the more from his girl, and thereby add to her uneasiness. This he judged would be a good lesson for her. But when he went in, he was taken to a seat just about three rows down in front of her. He could hardly keep from turning his head to look at her, as he took his seat. But he was more determined now to test her out. Soon there came a faint whisper, while the crowd packed in, still he did not turn.

"Are you deaf and blind?" lisped a voice to the rear. "Why don't you look around, Tom? I am here."

He knew well the voice that uttered those appealing words and the battle was hard for him, but he resolved to win.

"Please look this way, Tom," again whispered Gerah, you aren't mad, are you?"

Now the first number was beginning, but Tom had not even looked around nor made any reply. He rarely heard the sweet tones of soft music that poured forth from the lips of the famous soloist, so intent was he on what had taken place, trying to reason out the cause of the girl's action in leaving him in such a way. Perhaps it was just "a happen so" thought he in one breath, and then would come in this reflection that may be after all she had done it just to tease him, though she had never done so before.

And not alone he in this sort of reflection, for ever since the request of Gerah to look her way had been unheeded by Tom, she, too, had indulged in deep meditation, unmindful of the occasion or the place. "What on earth could have caused him to act thus" she thought. "Of course, I should have waited for him, but I only meant to save him that much time. And too, we have met at his home before when going down the street."

It was a long boresome program to those two. Despite the fact that the great throng would rise out of their seats and applaud with all their might at the splendid renditions both of vocal and instrumental music, Tom and Gerah would sit still in their seats, unconscious of what was going on, as it would appear.

Now the great crowd is breaking, the last encore has been given, and the people hasten to the aisles. Tom pulls his way out of the throng and stands to one side, partly concealing himself. Every now and then he glances his eyes toward the spot where Gerah had been sitting with the two friends. They are going down the stairs again now. But Tom lingers yet a while longer. Thinking that they had gotten far on the way, he walks out, still thinking on what has taken place.

Upon reaching Main Street near the corner at which he usually turned for his home, he discovered three persons walk-

ing slowly along and constantly casting a look backward, and one of the three appeared a little behind the other two. Soon he was near enough to see that his guess was true, for it was Gerah who was lagging along that he might overtake them.

At this juncture Tom comes up and the other two, William and his friend, turn off for their homes. For a while Tom and Gerah walk on in silence, with their eyes fastened on the ground just ahead. They are very close to the home of Tom now, and it appears as if he may turn in and leave Gerah to go home alone.

"You are almost decided to let me go by myself, aren't you, Tom?" The calling of his name in that connection and in her usual sweet way, evoked an answer from him who had been silent all the while.

"Almost," he said abruptly, "and if it were not in the night I would not go now. But I can't have the heart to treat you that way, regardless—"

"Regardless of what?" interrupted Gerah. "What were you about to say?" With this she took him by the arm drawing it very tightly to her side (for so far they had walked along keeping a little space between them). As she touched his arm he gently yielded to her, and then walked a few steps further without speaking.

"Why did you treat me as you have tonight, 'Ge,' knowing that I was coming by for you in just a moment?"

For a moment there was no answer, but the tighter grip on his arm was worth more than words. Then she said, "I did not mean to leave you. I thought we would just about meet in front of your home. We have met that way before. I knew that you would not have much time after stopping work to get ready by 7:15. You are not mad at me for wanting to save you some steps, are you?"

"No, I am not mad at that, but why did you wish to go on

with William more than to wait at home for me? And why did you not leave a message for me, at least if you meant to go on that way? I did not know what to think of it." Thus returned Tom, somewhat sharply.

"Please forgive me for it, Tom, I did not intend to treat you unkindly or coolly, but had a good purpose in mind all the time. I promise not to do that way any more."

This struck to the heart of Tom, the words were so earnest and the tone was almost made with a sob, and he drew her close to his side, as he whispered in her ears in modulated tones since they had reached her front porch, "I forgive you, my dear heart, and won't you in turn also forgive me for acting as I did tonight? for I could not understand your action."

Then they clasped hands and looking into each other's eyes, as the big full moon raised his blooming rays over the eastern horizon, Gerah again lisped softly these words, "Well, let's forget everything that has happened tonight, and let's bury it all with this note that you sent me when you asked me to go with you to this event, for I did not have the least suspicion that such a thing would happen as a result of my going this way." And having once more gripped hands, they burned the note and bade each other good-night.

## THE SOCIAL MIND

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W. L. McSWAIN, '24

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The inhabitants of the various continents of the world are affected, and react to stimuli, more or less in groups. Or, expressed in another way, each group of a common tie either of blood, or of ethical interests, has its social mind. However, this is only comparatively speaking, for the more homogeneous a population is the more likely it will be moved by common impulses, (or stimuli) and vice versa.

Stimuli created by external forces create types of emotion, and intellect. If the stimuli compel men to adapt themselves to their environment, or adapt their environment to themselves, then the stimuli are the predominant forces in creating their character. It follows then that intellect, disposition, emotion, and character, make up the various types of mind.

The types of intellect are: those in which judgment is determined subjectively by instinct, habit, and auto-suggestion; those in which it is objectively determined by external suggestion; those in which it is subjectively determined by emotion, mood and temperament; those in which it is objectively determined by evidence. Thus can be determined the types of intellect with their functioning power, but their origin is traced far back to heredity, environment, and training—the eternal triangle.

There are also four kinds of disposition, namely: the aggressive, the instigative, the domineering, and the creative. The aggressive is that type which is on the alert, and is not satisfied unless progressive; the instigative is almost the opposite of the type just mentioned, and instead of commanding, achieving, and inventing, tries to obtain its ends through other means—suggestion, persuasion, and temptation; the domineer-

ing exhibits a nature to express authority, and power—to lead and not be led; the creative feels a responsibility to create ideas into facts. This is not always in the limelight as the domineering, but is content to labor while others win the glory.

Character may also be divided into four types: the forceful, the convivial, the austere, and the rationally conscientious. The forceful type is created by the struggle for existence, which eliminates the weaklings; the convivial emerges when the struggle for existence is past; the austere is produced by reactions against the convivial; the last type is produced by reactions against the austere.

These various types of mind which individualize the component parts of a population are found in all the civilized countries of the world. They have been produced by varying degrees of responsiveness to numerous stimuli. They determine the degrees to which a whole population may be moved by a common impulse, for the more highly differentiated a population is in intellectual character the less effect will common stimuli produce on the population. Each type affords a basis for consciousness of a particular kind, especially if it is correlated with a tie of friendship, kinship, or ethical cause of color, or race; and in turn the factions named go to make up, indirectly, communities which make up districts which, in their turn, make up the nation; and thus the international mind, with its ethical laws is formed. Psychology and sociology though perhaps yet in their infancy, are becoming great avenues of power in dealing with the social mind, and in arriving at ethical laws in the world of action.



## THE RELIGIOUS IMPULSE

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TOM SAWYER

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The universal tendency of man to strive to reach something greater than what has been experienced is a phenomenon that is most vividly portrayed in religion. We have a clear realization that we are limited and dependent.

There are many theories as to the origin of the religious impulse. First, there is the Primitive Divine Revelation Theory, or the theory of outside communication, which has its objection. If God could once communicate the true faith to man by a primitive revelation, could He not as easily, or even more easily, have provided that this valuable acquirement of the youthful race should not be immediately lost? Would it have been worthy of His wisdom to leave the inexperienced pupil himself when he had just begun the instruction, only to bring him right again after a period of wandering from the path by a new revelation?

Secondly, there is the theory of natural revelation—that religion is given man as a part of his endowment. But the objection to this is that nothing that man's conscience contains as a definite, developed product is innate; least of all his highest spiritual ideas, which, on the contrary, are the most elaborately prepared products of the long process in which the growing spirit appropriates the objective world-reason, and thus forms itself to a subjective rationality; there is nothing inherent in human nature from the first but the capacity. How this natural power of revelation comes to be realized in the individual is far from being explained by merely referring to the innateness of the possibility of it.

In the third place there is the Development idea. This teaches that belief in the gods was first due to man's tendency to look for a cause for every phenomenon. This vague feeling of causality in men who were restricted to material things attached itself to the nearest object of observation that aroused his interest, or curiosity or hope. Thus he first made stones, mountains, streams, animals or men his object of reverence, or his "Fetiches." His gaze then rose to higher things, to the sun, the stars, moon, and at last the heavens. But his desire for causality was not satisfied with the visible. Meantime, his worship of spirits had made him acquainted with a supersensuous being, so above this highest visible object he placed a supreme God as ruler over all. The objection here is the confusion in reconciling spiritism, which was already acknowledged to have existed, to fetichism.

The distinction of his own soul from his own body, or the idea of spirits without bodies, led early man to distinguish the nonsensible divine being from the sensible nature-phenomenon, and this opened up the possibility of making the former independent, and then of making the nature deities human. This tendency was strengthened by the need of imparting to the objects of worship a more definite form, more visible, more real. Once detached from the sensible nature-phenomenon and made independent, the objects of worship became more nearly related to the social interests of human life, and thus received a new and a higher character in addition to, or instead of, their old nature-significance. Thus the developed polytheism of the mythological popular religion was the result of a process of consciousness, which, though a great advance on primitive religion, yet had its weakness. There was a progress; the old nature-deities had been ethicized, and had been elevated to ideals and guardian powers of moral civilization and the religious sentiment thus became a fruitful source of ideal im-

pulses and views. But the humanizing of the gods had also the result of dragging them down to human limitations and weakness. Epic mythology ascribes to the gods so many traits of human weaknesses—so many disgraceful acts—that no serious spirit can possibly have recognized in these gods of the popular faith the pure ideals of his own moral feeling.

Now let us examine the religious impulse from the idealistic viewpoint. All men have ideals, they have a desire to attain that which is just beyond their grasp. Human wants always outrun their supply. We think more than we act, and our desires follow our thoughts. How much gratification of the senses does it take to satisfy a man? One who is ever satisfied is diseased in body, mind or character. Buddhism teaches that one must be unconscious to be satisfied, but this is contradictory within itself. It is evident that the self-realization that men desire and seek is a progress to which no limit can be assigned. Then it is assumed that man's real self is an ideal self, his world an ideal world which presides over the real world, and that this ideal world is all-encompassing.

This ideal world and ideal self are spontaneously taken as the truly real self and the real world primarily because of the strength of our felt wants. Hope, expectation, reason, all aid the inner propulsion. We believe in God first because we need God. This does not mean that the ideals by which individuals and societies live are first abstractly conceived and later believed to be real—just the reverse—they are at first concrete beings whom early man believed that he actually beheld with his eyes. It has taken a long history and a considerable amount of abstract thought to separate between our ideals and our belief in their reality; so as to be able to ask whether the gods really exist. Even now, when this question has been definitely asked, the immediate demand for ideal good is more influential than all reasoning in forming our religious beliefs.

The specific qualities of this ideal being are derived from our human experiences. We could not understand any kind of superiority that is not at least an extension of something that has partially appeared within us. All gods are conceived as idealized men. The quality that may be idealized may be a special feature, such as war, or fatherliness, but it is always human. Christianity approves of this principle by declaring that in a complete human life we have not only the highest but also an adequate revelation of God.

Christ went back to the prophets and saw in the Father of Israel his Father and the Father of us all. In his feeling of the divine love he knew from experience that the kingdom of Heaven was near, and by the words of a Saviour which he spoke, the acts he did, and the suffering he underwent, he revealed and secured that kingdom to the world. Therefore, in the Christian belief of God, the two sides of the prophetic notion of God were united in a yet purer form and a more perfect conception; first, the supermundane holy *spirituality*, bound to nothing but itself and exalted above all the limits of sense; second, that *love* which manifests itself in a living way within the world, and enters into communion with the poorest of the children of men.

## THE CHARLES E. TAYLOR MEMORIAL LIBRARY

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Address of GILBERT T. STEPHENSON, B.A., '02, at the Wake Forest Alumni Banquet at Gastonia, North Carolina, December 12th, 1923.

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It would be pleasing to the friends and former students of Dr. Charles E. Taylor for me to speak of the services he rendered Wake Forest that make a library building a fitting memorial to him. But Dr. Taylor, himself, would prefer for one to speak of the service an adequate library building will be to the students at Wake Forest College.

Next to the personality of the teacher, the library is the most important element in the intellectual training of the student.

The only knowledge of lasting value is that which one acquires by his own efforts. This means that the teacher's contributions to the intellectual life of his students are, first, stimulating in them the desire for knowledge, second, furnishing them a key to the storehouse of knowledge, third, supplying the storehouse of knowledge, one compartment of which is the library. The law lecture that was of the most practical value to me during my law school days was not one on some principle of law but was one by Prof. Eugene Wambaugh on "How to Find the Law." This lecture was the key that opened up the stacks of the library.

Within the past twenty years there has been a notable change in the method of teaching. Lectures and quizzes on a single text book have been to a large degree discarded and students are now sent to the library under proper supervision to delve into many sources of information. This makes comprehensive library facilities indispensable.

But the library facilities at Wake Forest are woefully inadequate. If there were not a prospect of there being improve-

ment shortly I should hardly feel at liberty to tell how inadequate they are. The reading room is a converted class room. Its accommodation consists of forty seats to supply six hundred students. In the library proper there is not a work place or work table for a student or teacher. Books are stacked out of the reach of the tallest man. On top of the stacks are unbound newspapers—there because there is no place else to put them and no money to bind them. The library and reading room are heated by cast iron stoves, the flues of which are long pipes supported by wire. Already one conflagration has been averted only by four students carrying a blazing stove out of the building. Loss by fire could not be compensated for by insurance. The North Carolina and Baptist collections, particularly, could not be replaced. The Wake Forest library contains the most nearly complete set file of the Biblical Recorder in existence. Church records and other Baptist historical material would be assembled in large quantities and be of inestimable value to the students and to the denomination if the collections would be safe there or if there were room for them.

The library facilities themselves are inadequate because the support of the library has been inadequate. Wake Forest has one librarian and one helper as compared with one librarian and fifteen helpers at the University of North Carolina and one librarian and three helpers at Trinity. Last year Wake Forest added 1,423 volumes to its library as compared with 1,742 for the North Carolina College for Women at Greensboro, 2,047 for Trinity and 8,634 for the University. Wake Forest is appropriating less than \$5,000 per year for all expenses of its library, including salaries and the cost of new books and periodicals, as compared with \$25,000 at Trinity. Out of every \$100.00 that Wake Forest receives for running expenses, \$2.80 is spent on its library as compared with \$8.00 for Trinity. Save and except the one class room converted

into a reading room, the library facilities at Wake Forest today are identically the same as they were when I entered there as a student in 1899. In practically every other respect Wake Forest has made notable progress in its physical equipment. Since 1899 it has added its gymnasium, its infirmary, its magnificent church building, its new dormitory and has improved its old buildings. But its library has remained as it was.

The need of adequate library facilities and of adequate support of the library is so urgent that in my opinion the Alumni of Wake Forest should give the library right-of-way in their contributions as soon as the Baptist 75 Million Campaign is over. I asked Mrs. Ethel Taylor Crittendon, the librarian, what message she would like for me to take to the Alumni, and her reply was, "It is time for the Wake Forest College Library to take off its baby clothes." She spoke well. We have passed beyond the baby clothes stage in athletic facilities and athletic accomplishments, in dormitory facilities, in class room facilities, in laboratory facilities, and in church facilities. It is high time that we bring our library facilities up to these other facilities and have for the North Carolina Baptist boys a college well balanced and complete in its accommodations.

## A TALE FROM CHILDHOOD

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J. O. ALDERMAN, B.A., '84, Richmond College

Note:—He was at Wake Forest 1882-84.—*Editor.*

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Childhood is rich in its stores of delight,  
Rich in deep wells of wonder and fear;  
Mystery lurks in the whispering night;  
And the unknown grows creepy and near.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heap up the smouldering coals  
Of childhood's early years  
And blow them into flame.  
Now brew in memory's cup  
Youth's wondrous days afresh  
And be a child again.

There comes to me just now  
From out the glorious past  
A strange and thrilling night—  
A night that etched itself  
In deep-cut, living script  
Upon the living page  
Of childhood's record-book.

If now the smouldering coals are glowing,  
If now life's early twilight's clearing,  
If childhood's days now rise before you,  
If mind and heart are up and stirring,  
If now those buried years grow living,  
Then come with me; forget that you are old.



Ah, here we are in happy childhood!  
See, here's the house, the yard, the rose bush,  
The dear old maples and the grape vine,  
The running brook, the fields, the forest.  
'Tis here that mother lives and loves me;  
And here I love and tramp with father,  
All through the day and in the darkness.  
Oh, here is home and here is gladness!

See! there across the lane grows broom-sedge,  
With many an oak and gum and pine tree—  
"Old fields" that once grew corn and cotton,  
"Turned out" and going back to nature.  
Now through the broom and brush and bramble  
The yelping hounds pursue the rabbit,  
While men with gun and horn go whooping,  
And I crowd in to be a hunter.

This one-time home has been deserted;  
The barns and sheds, unused, are falling;  
The grove with briars and weeds runs riot;  
The graveyard's now a bushy tangle;  
Its unkept shrubbery's sick and ragged;  
The picket-fence is down and rotting;  
The unhinged gate's ajar and sagging;  
O'er head the moping owl is hooting;  
The cricket cries down in the bushes;  
Here thumps and hides the graveyard rabbit.

Full-often by the evening fire  
Men tell of ghostly things they've seen;  
Of carriages that move along  
With neither horse nor shafts attached;

Of groanings under sunken mounds,  
And wailing shrieks of rattling bones;  
Of human forms unhurt or harmed  
By thrust of knife or crash of axe;  
Of gliding spirits carrying lights,  
Which neither wind nor rain puts out;  
Of weird, stealthy music near,  
Which seems to issue from the ground.

With fear and awe I hear these tales  
And find it hard to go to bed.  
A trail leads by this haunted spot;  
And we must go this way to school.  
When night steals on me passing here,  
There comes a creepy feel of fear.

I'll give you now a truthful story;  
I saw and know the thing I'm telling;  
'Tis not unsponsored tale grown hoary;  
'Tis truth, and truth should be compelling.

As twilight deepens into darkness  
A moving light comes from the graveyard;  
It moves across the broom-sedge southward  
Until it strikes the open pathway.  
It travels down the pathway westward,  
And now it strikes our lane, the highway;  
It here turns south and travels from us,  
Along the road into the forest.  
"Is this indeed some wandering spirit,  
Whose light is some unearthly lantern?"

It's coming back, its course retracing,  
From out the forest it is coming,  
Along the "public road," right tow'rd us.  
Ah, now it turns its course to eastward  
Along the path it traveled earlier;  
It turns across the broom-sedge northward,  
Back to its home, the tangled graveyard.

From night to night we stand and watch it,  
The same repeated trip at nightfall.  
At first the thing was strangely curious,  
But now it stirs much deeper feelings.  
Our guests of gentler sex and breeding,  
Unused to things so strange and ghostly,  
Now shun the outside world at night-time.  
And as the strange light's hour approaches  
They note it well and cling to mother,  
And watch its strange, uncanny movements.

It deeply stirs us; lips speak wildly:  
"Some crazy man out on a caper";  
"Some spirit from the grave out walking";  
"Some soul escaped from hell, still burning";  
"Some demon prowling 'round to catch us";  
"Some lonely soul a loved one seeking";  
"Some ghost that's merely out to scare us."

Tonight our father's home and with us.  
The story of the ghost he laughed at.  
Now hurriedly my mother calls him:  
"You laughed and teased; you don't believe it;  
Now come and see; for it is coming."  
From out the graveyard comes the spectre,

Across the broom-sedge to the pathway,  
Along the pathway to the westward;  
It reaches now our lane on schedule;  
It here turns south into the forest.  
"It's just somebody with a 'hand-light',"  
Says father briefly, confidently.  
But mother, unconvinced, now asks him:  
"Then why the 'hand-light' from the graveyard?  
And why each night the thing repeated?"  
No time is given him to answer,  
For now the light is seen returning,  
And *it* at once holds our attention.  
Right on it comes; we're all ashiver.

We watch to see it turn back eastward,  
Then northward to its home, the graveyard.  
But see! it does not turn; it halts not;  
Right *up* the lane tow'rd *us* it's coming.  
A smothered groan escapes from some one.  
Right on, and on, our way it's coming.  
Now dazed and dumb we stand expectant.

My father speaks: "I'll go and see it;  
I'll find it out, if man or spirit."  
He grabs his hat; I grab his coat-tail:  
"If father goes, I'm going also."  
Still nearer comes the thing and nearer.

Now we go out into the darkness;  
A groan and scream I hear behind us;  
My father moves, goes on, nor stops he;  
Into the night we go unlighted,  
Into the night to meet a mystery,

To meet a light and learn its nature.  
It swerves t' our right as if to pass us,  
And swerving thus it heads in houseward,  
Directly tow'rd the frightened women.  
Again I hear a groan and screaming.  
My father swerves; he yields no passway.  
The light now rises slowly upward,  
And passes slowly on above us.  
A light indeed is there and moving,  
But no material form to bear it.  
We stand and watch this light elusive;  
It's going forward, upward, onward;  
Into the north and west it's going;  
And all the time it's climbing skyward;  
It's slowly going farther, higher,  
A speck above the far horizon.

Its graveyard home it now abandons;  
Its nightly journeys it has ended.  
The light is gone; this much I've told you;  
But what it was, I shall not tell you.  
I've told the tale, now you explain it.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

*Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association*

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FOUNDED 1882

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A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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Vol. XLIII

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 5

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

S. N. LAMB, *Editor*



**New Semester System.**

Although the tension of nerves and the clogged brains will have been relaxed by examinations, and registration for the second semester completed before this issue comes out, nevertheless, a few words on this matter may be appropriate. Of course this is entirely too early to make any accurate surmise of the effectiveness of the new system inaugurated at the beginning of the 1923-24 session. Experience of it in other places, both universities and colleges, has indicated that it is most satisfactory, and even this embryonic period of its life here bids fair to hopeful results. Two things may be suggested as a practical advantage.

First, students certainly go home at the holiday season free from worry over a hard test, and come back in an attitude more conducive to earnest effort. A second may be conjectured largely, because time is not fully ripe to say this authoritatively, and that is, the students are not so much inclined to cram, choke up, skim over and just muddle up their preparation for a final test as if in a big hurry to get away a day earlier as is the general rule at Christmas time where the fall and spring sessions hold sway. And if for no other reasons than these two, if they be true, they are sufficient amply to justify such a change any time.

The decision of Davidson County Alumni in McNeil's a recent meeting to possess themselves of a Works. complete set of the poetical works of one of Wake Forest's distinguished sons, deserves comment. The lack of real interest in things purely literary in North Carolina is lamented by many of the men in our colleges who try to cultivate in their students a love for the English and American poets. North Carolina has not kept pace with many of her sister states in the production of literature of a high grade. But there are reasons to believe that with the rapid development in her industrial and economic life as well as in the intellectual she will yet be heard from. Thus the desire of the lovers of the late John Charles McNeil to memorialize his fame as a writer by reviving a keen interest in his productions is a fine example for others to follow.

No doubt a multiplication of this movement throughout the State would do much toward inciting the intellects of those who have the ability and disposition to write, but are discouraged more or less by the fact that the writer is such a neglected unpopular creature. And it certainly is not inspiring to reflect that millions of great books that signify the expenditure of long tedious hours of thought and mental labor

of the deepest nature are simply placed on the bookshelf or in some dark corner and forgotten. It ought not so to be. We should be made of sterner stuff and more appreciative of the efforts of our great ones.

The program of enlargement for Wake Forest Centennial to be completed and offered as a birthday gift on its hundredth anniversary is most inspiring. Plans for this centennial celebration are now being mapped out. It is hoped that the college, though yet in its youth, so far as outlook is concerned, may be ushered into a state of full growth by the close of its first century's history. And resolutions to this effect have already been adopted. Though much of its past seems like ancient history, yet it is only reasonable to expect (looking at the future in the light of the past) that this noble institution will still be moulding character and shaping lives for places of responsibility and trust two hundred years hence. And looking at the matter in this light we must realize that we cannot build too well for the future. Baptists should be animated with the prospect of making their college one that will continue to rank well with her peers in the future as it has through the nine decades that are just past. With this movement, every man at Wake Forest is most heartily in sympathy, and certainly every former student should be glad to have a part in the work of building for time and eternity.

It may be noticed that this issue is not as full as the last two, and the editors apologize for this, but promise that the others may be sufficiently large and interesting to make up for any lack in the one at hand. There are only four full months left in the college year, and the editors hope to get out four other copies besides the present issue by commencement. And so this means that somebody must write more than heretofore. Let us have that article early, and well-done.



❖	<b>IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE</b>	❖
	<i>JERRY SAWYER, Editor</i>	

**Student Conference at Raleigh.**

Only the most pleasant of memories cluster about the Student Conference at Greensboro last spring for students in North Carolina and adjoining states. This year with the previous knowledge and experience of such a meeting, those who attend ought to be more fitted to add to the fine quality of the meeting in every way. Such conferences cannot be stressed too much and certainly there is yet room for enlarged sympathy for them. It should be a source of comfort and of hopefulness not only to the enrolled students in the colleges and their teachers, but also to the public in general to know that the men who are seeking to equip themselves for the best service to their fellow-man and to God are in earnest about the matter and so bend their energies in that direction. As a result, in one direction, various student conferences are held all over our land to discuss problems that are the concern of all these different groups, and solutions are advanced and suggested. It is a fine movement. Why should not college men be the most interested of all men in the betterment of society and the world? If they do not take the initiative in matters civil, political, social and religious, who then will?

Get ready, fellows, for this great convention of students from all our colleges in North Carolina, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and South Carolina, meeting February 29-March 2, 1924. Our slogan at Wake Forest is ONE HUNDRED MEN ATTENDING. The inducements outside of general social and friendly touch are the inspiration that will attend the sessions, entertainment (Harvard Plan), College

Stunt Night, and the splendid addresses on vital student problems, music and song, and a personal revitalization of one's spiritual self. Let's all go—**ONE HUNDRED STRONG AND SHOW FOLKS WHO WE ARE AND WHERE WE ARE FROM—WAKE FOREST!**

**Intercollegiate Debates.**

The glory of former years won in forensics by Wake Forest debating teams and representatives in oratorical contests has not all faded away yet, and even before the fresh memory has become dull at all another season of opportunities in the same line opens up to the men who turn their attention in this direction. Last year the debating teams were quite successful, winning decisions on three questions out of four debated. This year instead of using three teams for four debates, the college is going one better, with four teams for four debates. With four strong colleges of the South, from Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and Oklahoma, the prospect is that of a real scrap on the mat. Two teams stay home to meet their opponents from William and Mary of Virginia, the second oldest college in America, and from Oklahoma Baptist University. These debates afford the college and the people of the community an opportunity of witnessing the skill and oratory of their boys. Two other teams take on the College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C., and Mercer University of Macon, Georgia, debating before the Southern Baptist Convention at Atlanta, Ga. These are strong teams to be encountered, no doubt, and will give a hot fight for the representatives of Old Gold and Black, but we may all be sure that the teams chosen by the committee that selected from the speakers on the preliminary contests will go their full limit to bring the laurels in each contest back to the feet of their Alma Mater. The whole student body can be most helpful and instrumental in realizing victories through-

out the season by giving their word of cheer and encouragement.

The town and college were both shocked and  
**Death of** grievied by the sudden death January 21, of Mr.  
**Mr. Holding.** O. K. Holding, the father of our Assistant  
Librarian. The town and college life are so inextricably woven  
that whatever affects the one necessarily affects the other, and  
as sayeth the Scripture, "whether one member suffer, all the  
members suffer," and so it is now. The college is touched by  
this sadness and the editors feel that they can say, in full assur-  
ance that they represent the whole body of men in college, that  
the college deeply sorrows with the loved ones in this time of  
bereavement, and even in this way now would extend their  
heartfelt sympathies to the family and close friends of the  
deceased.

**Glee Club.** For two long years the Wake Forest Glee  
Club and Orchestra as such has not functioned  
solely on account of the inability of Director  
H. M. Poteat to carry it on with his other college work, as  
Professor of Latin, and also discharge his duties as Grand  
Master of the Masons of North Carolina. But to the general  
satisfaction of the college and friends all over the State who  
know Wake Forest more fully through the work of the Glee  
Club under his efficient and artistic leadership, Dr. Hubert  
Poteat has set himself to the task of reorganizing this worthy  
organization of advertisement for the college. And despite the  
fact that there are only a very few (about four) old Glee Club  
men in college, there is every reason to believe that Dr. Poteat  
can whip the material at hand into an organization the equal  
of any of recent years. His ability both in instrumental and  
vocal music is unchallenged in the State. And it is pleasant  
to think that once more the air around Wake Forest may be

filled with vibrant notes of sweet music and song stirring the deepest emotions within the human soul.

Professors J. G. Carroll and C. B. Cheny, Chairman and Secretary respectively of the Annual Inter-Scholastic Tournament Committee, are busy getting out statements and regulations regarding the Declamation Contest and Track Meet to be held at Wake Forest on April 4th and 5th. At this special time of the year Wake Forest will belong to the High School students who come for these events from all over the State.

Arrangements and plans are being made to make this the greatest occasion of its kind ever held at Wake Forest. All of the contestants will be given free entertainment, covering their meals and lodging, from the time they reach the "Hill" until they leave. In addition to their regular entertainment, the two societies will stage a swell reception following the declamation contest. Then on Gore Athletic Field, they will be admitted free to witness a baseball game on Saturday afternoon.

It is hoped that there may be a large delegation of men to take part in both the contest in declaiming and also in the track meet. Last year there were some fine fellows that came and took part in both, and it is reasonable that the expression teachers and athletic directors in the various schools will be drilling their prospective fellows in all the fine points of speaking and sports as well. The committee is very anxious to know as early as possible the number of entrants who will take part.

Listen, get ready for this event, and show your mettle! Wake Forest will assure you its best service and it will be the chief aim of every Wake Forest student to make you feel at home while here. Don't wait until the last of March to make your plans about coming, get ready NOW! Come and take away one of those cups and a MEDAL!

❖	<b>EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT</b> J. W. BEACH, <i>Editor</i>	❖
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Out of all the magazines that have stacked our exchange shelf this month there is probably none that we have enjoyed reading more than *The Messenger*, the literary magazine published by the students of the University of Richmond. The story "Daughters of Diana" is one of the most charming and at the same time best handled stories we have read in some time. The writer uses his imagination to good effect and creates a scene or two that are indeed novel in many ways. There is an undercurrent of wit, or is it satire that runs through the sketch causing us to wonder if there is not in the mere contrast a sly fling at our 1924 views on social conditions. The poems in this issue are good, especially one entitled "Poverty." We would suggest an essay once in a while to keep the proper balance in your magazine.

The *Furman Echo* for December is especially strong in one respect: it has a wonderful variety of material. The magazine is a well blended mixture of poetry, essays, stories and plays, with just enough of the editor himself revealed in the editorials to make us appreciate his publication more. The story "The Last Attempt" by Raymond Carr is an interesting story that deserves special attention. The plot is not a particularly original one but is well developed. The poem by R. C. Pettigrew entitled "Christmas Morn" tells in a few beautiful lines the Old Story, never old.

The Christmas number of *The Coraddi* contains a few excellent articles. The story "The Syrians" by Miss Jo Grimsley is fine. Very few college magazines can boast of such a well written narrative as the author gives us here. Her treatment of the problem of the uneducated, gold hunting foreigner sug-

gests something that is worthy of much thought. Miss Grimsley's poem "Prelude to the Song of Pan" is also well done. The poems "To Autumn" by Miss Naomi Alexander, and "A Desire to Live" by Miss Ellen Owen contain some beautiful thoughts and are admirably written. The main fuss that we make with *The Coraddi* is with the editors. Where are your editorials? We miss them.

Flora MacDonald College has a well balanced but rather scant issue this month. We consider the story "By the Sky Blue Waters" by Miss Mary Cooke the best article in the magazine. Although the plot in itself is rather juvenile, the development is above the average. The writer shows herself to be a close observer and her portrayal of the characters in the story is minute and clear. To those interested in the study of maniaes and their unusual conduct we especially recommend this story. We heartily welcome the *Pine and Thistle* to our exchange list.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines and regret that we are unable to give some of our space to them: *The Trinity Archive*, Trinity College; *The College Message*, Greensboro College; *Renocohi*, Reidsville High School; *The Davidson College Magazine*, Davidson College; *The Wofford College Journal*, Wofford College; *The Winthrop Journal*, Winthrop College; *The Georgetown Chronicle*, Georgetown College; *The Thilomathean*, Bridgewater College; *The Tattler*, Randolph-Macon College; *The College of Charleston Magazine*; *The Pine Branch*, Georgia State Woman's College; *The Acorn*, Meredith College; *The Laurel*, Mars Hill College; and *The Chronicle*, Clemson College.

❧	<b>ALUMNI NOTES</b> D. D. LEWIS, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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At the organization and banquet held in Lexington on December 28, 1923, the Davidson County Alumni set in motion a movement for the popularization and appreciation of the works of John Charles McNeil. In 1893 he entered Wake Forest College. He was tutor in the English Department during his first year, won the Dixon Medal, given to the best essayist of each year, and was editor-in-chief of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT*. He graduated as Valedictorian of his class in 1898. He died on October 17, 1907, but he lives on in his works.

Those who are interested in the growth of Wake Forest College will be interested in the speech of Gilbert T. Stephenson, B.A., '02, which we are publishing in this issue of *THE STUDENT*. Mr. Stephenson is a very successful man in business, being Vice President of The Wachovia Bank and Trust Company of Raleigh, N. C.

The high school of Coleraine, N. C., is progressing under the direction of D. M. Castello, B.A., '23.

The citizens of Kinston, N. C., are fortunate in being able to obtain legal advice from J. A. Jones, LL.B., '18, and P. D. Croom, B.A., '18. These are only two of the hundreds of attorneys throughout the United States who owe their professional success to the training received in the Wake Forest Law School.

Professor A. Lee Carlton, B.A., '16, is teaching Economics in the Junior College of El Paso, Texas. While at Wake Forest Mr. Carlton demonstrated his ability as a debater, winning the Sophomore Debater's Medal in the Phi Society.

Rev. R. H. Herring, B.A., '98, has resigned his pastorate at

Waynesville, N. C., and accepted that of Sanford, N. C.

Mr. Charles E. Taylor, B.A., '94, is President of the Wilmington Savings and Trust Company, Wilmington, N. C., which bank is one of the oldest and strongest in North Carolina.

Mr. George Blount, B.A., '23, and M. L. Robinson, B.A., '23, are now taking work in the Yale Divinity School.

Mr. J. A. McKaughan, '18, is a successful newspaper reporter in New York City.

Prof. H. T. Shanks, '18, is teaching History at the University of North Carolina.

During the Christmas holidays Mr. M. D. Phillips, B.A., '14, of Dalton, North Carolina, and Miss Mary B. Palmer of Raleigh, North Carolina, were happily married. We extend to them our hearty congratulations.

Mr. Guy B. Rhodes, B.A., '20, is teaching at Wingate Junior College.

Dr. John E. White, B.A., '90, will conduct a revival meeting at the Wake Forest Baptist Church, beginning the first Sunday in March.

Alumni Secretary, J. A. McMillan is now devoting his entire time in visiting the Alumni, giving them first hand information from the college, and making plans for the mammoth reunion at commencement. Mr. McMillan declares that never before have the Wake Forest Alumni demonstrated so much interest in the college. "They realize," declares the Secretary, "that in a large way the future of the college depends on them, and they are giving their best thought to the interests of their Alma Mater."

Alumni are especially enthusiastic about the erection of the new library. The committee who have charge of the collection of funds for this are: R. C. Lawrence, Lumberton, N. C., Gilbert T. Stephenson, Raleigh, N. C., John A. Oates, Fayetteville, N. C., and Dr. T. D. Kitchen, Wake Forest, N. C.



Mr. Lawrence, the chairman, has called a meeting of this committee at the Yarbrough Hotel, Raleigh, N. C., February 19th, at eleven o'clock.

There is no question but that there will be more Alumni present at Wake Forest June 5, 1924, than have ever been together at one place in the history of the College. Since there is no dining room in Wake Forest that will anything like take care of the crowd, a barbecue will be served on the campus.

## HE DID!

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what was it that Sir Walter Raleigh said when he placed his cloak over the muddy road for the beautiful queen to walk over?"

Willie, the ultra modern, gazed about the classroom in dismay and then, taking a long chance replied: "Step on it, kid!"—*Exchange.*

## THINGS HEARD HERE AND THERE

Cy Young to Dr. Kitchen: "My old lady has a bad habit of falling out of bed at night. What shall I do?"

Dr. Kitchen: "Put 'im to sleep on the floor."

Manicurist at Yarborough: "Boy, you look talented."

Freshman Fite: "That's why I am having my finger nails trimmed."

Booe: "I'm a self-made man!"

Small: "Praise the Lord! I thought somebody else was to blame."

Newish Stallings: "How high is the Wake Forest Curriculum?"

Freshman Ipock (pointing to the water tank): "I think it's about 150 feet."

Tom Carlton (to "Rats" Wilkerson, while in the lobby of the Yarborough): "Say, 'Rats,' I'll match you to see who pays the bell boy the elevator fare to the second floor."

The Girl: "Where are you from?"

"Country" Clark: "I'm from Siler City."

The Girl: "O! I thought that you were from GREEN LAND."

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Stude: "Hey, Doc Tom, how much are you getting for working here?"

"Doc Tom": "Ten dollars per."

Stude: "Ten dollars per day."

"Doc Tom": "No; perhaps."

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#### HE WENT WHERE THEY WENT

Sky Mosely (meeting a boy with a fishing pole one bright Sabbath day): "Do you know where little boys go who fish on Sunday?"

Little Boy: "Yes, sir! most of us fellows around here goes to Neuse Falls, just a little ways down from the bridge."

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Waiter: "Where's that paper plate I gave you with your pie?"

Freshman Sullivan: "Oh, I thought that was the lower crust."

---

Senior: "Are you taking good care of your cold?"

Frosh: "You bet I am. I've had it six weeks and it's as good as new."

---

Doctor Hubert (dictating): "Slave, where is thy horse?"

Freshman: "Under my coat, sir, but I'm not using him."

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Mike: "Hello, Pat, how's your dog today?"

Pat: "Why, very well, how's all your folks?"

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

### STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS :

PAGE

Death (verse)-----	<i>Tom Sawyer</i> 257
Asphyxiation (story)-----	<i>Victim</i> 258
"Opportunity" (essay)-----	<i>H. E. Copple, Jr.</i> 262
(Verses)-----	<i>A. W. Pennington</i> 269
The Relation of Students to the Present World	
Situation (essay)-----	<i>W. P. Richardson</i> 270
Science and Art (sonnet)-----	<i>A. W. Pennington</i> 273
Notes on Philosophy (essay)-----	<i>A. D. Hurst</i> 274

### ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS :

Gay G. Whitaker: An Example to Writers	
<i>Jerry Sawyer</i> -----	284
Woodrow Wilson-----	<i>John Jordan Douglass</i> 287

### DEPARTMENTS :

Editor's Portfolio-----	<i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i> 291
Wilson -----	291
Whitaker -----	292
Found -----	293
In and About College-----	<i>S. N. Lamb, Editor</i> 295
Alumni Notes-----	<i>D. D. Lewis, Editor</i> 297
Exchange Department-----	<i>J. W. Beach, Editor</i> 299
Notes and Clippings-----	<i>F. L. Paschal, Editor</i> 302

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XLIII

MARCH, 1924

No. 6

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## DEATH

TOM SAWYER

I had a friend, so great and wise;  
Yet gentle, firm, and true—  
He bade us peace, adieu;  
He gave his all in sacrifice.  
In death he lives anew.

Another one, as kind and sweet  
As love and purity—  
Now in eternity;  
Has gone to seek a calm retreat,  
To die, and yet to be.

These two were known, repute and fame  
Had they in earthly life:  
They mastered in the strife;  
And in his realm, each one his name  
Prevailing, shall be rife.

But yet a closer friend to me,  
A comrade dear,  
So real and near,  
Has passed. And for these three  
I'll pine and mourn fore'er.

## ASPHYXIATION

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### VICTIM

---

"I am very sorry," said the neat looking M.D., "but it won't be long. The pain will soon be over. I wish it were so that you would not have to go, but I have done all I can do. And you are so young! . . . That pain must be terrible."

For several hours the victim of an automobile accident had been suffering, and now at the hospital, after a consultation of surgeons, and after all efforts had failed to patch up the mangled form, he had resigned himself to the inevitable. Nurses and internes ran softly about the place looking for sponges, bandages, absorbent cotton, and every other article incident to rebuilding human frames. The victim, prone upon the operation table, knew that the hour was come and that the skilled surgeons had failed in their most desperate efforts. Drawing a long, painful breath, he took leave of his friends. He was glad that his pain and suffering would torment him no more.

"Well, his mind is leaving. It will only be a short time now, and it will be all over." With this comment the M.D. felt the pulse of the victim and knew that another conscience had begun its flight.

But although the souls of men take leave of this realm and return not, to tell of their experiences on their flights to the realm beyond would relieve many an anxious dweller of this spherical bit of terra firma. Grim death that stalks in the path ahead of all of us would no longer be dreaded if we could see the outcome of that long and uncertain journey. This victim, now departing, asserts that four times already has he faced death in the middle of the road, and that each time he has laughed in the face of the undertaker, and brushed aside

the monster, and passed on as animate and worldly as any of us. He further asserts that each time that he has grappled with death, the black beast has only been able to lengthen the contest another throw after trying all the holds that had been experienced before.

What is death anyway? Why should we shiver at the thought of it? Is it any more than a prolongation and intensification of sleep? We welcome sleep, for in that sleep we know that we shall be free from the horrors, the vicissitudes, and the struggles of the waking world. Why should we then have any misgivings about that sleep from which no man returneth when in that other sleep we have a confidence that we shall awake into a new day and a brighter world?

Our victim bade us farewell. With a sigh of contentment he wrapped the robe of sleep about himself and for the fifth time engaged the grim monster in a combat to the end.

He was going. He knew it! A deep choking breath, and the pain ceased. As his mind took wing into the ethereal regions it became fixed on this one thought—"I'm doomed to leave. You have conquered me; but wait—you can't keep me away, I'm coming back, and then—"

It was gone. It could not finish the thought. Flying swiftly in a great circle it passed many times over the table where lay the body of the victim. And then, after pausing a moment to hover over the heads of those from whom it had just left, it began a spiral passage upward.

To the very stars it ascended; then on into the twilight, where it left the brilliance of the day behind. Twilight passed, and the mind found itself groping in a vale of darkness, feeling its way along through passages and caves in which could be heard a myriad of shrieks and hair-raising noises. But none of them could be located nor explained. From here the mind was thrust into a black void, and it knew nothing, until it emerged into the cavern of mystery on the other side.



Here reigned confusion. A glimpse of one thing unseen before and another equally strange and inexplicable appeared to crowd the former into oblivion, which in turn was itself obliterated.

From the cavern of mystery the mind of the victim wandered into the long lane of twilight. The mind here realized that it was returning to tantalize those who had caused its flight. Creeping down this long lane it saw far ahead, an opening where a dim ray of light drifted in. As it softly made its way toward this opening it passed on each side the products of its labors while in the body. Here it viewed its childhood wonders; there its youthful imaginations and ambitions. Farther on it stopped to gaze on a pyramid of works that had been accomplished, and represented success. On the other side stood a black, rugged, massive pile of rocks that had caused the mind to stumble and to fall. This monument to failure was cold, hideous, and ugly. The spirit turned away only to confront at the next step a moss-covered mound of damp earth, where it had once before been buried after serving the body of another being. Many of these mounds were passed as the spirit moved along this passage way. It had occupied all of these mounds, but each time that it had been buried it had been called from the grave to guide the body of another being born into the world. As it passed the last one it remembered that four times before it had passed it and had paused, half determined to lie down beside it to have another mound heaped upon it where it could hide and rest from the cold, cruel world through which it had just completed a long, painful journey. Again it stopped to consider.

No, it could not rest. Life and duty called. In the life of one man it had failed; in another's it had led the way to success. What was the difference? The body of the one who had failed had been dumped down beside that of its successful ancestor, and they had both been mixed in the common clay. It mattered

not to the mind, or spirit. If it caused one to fall it must help another up. Just now it had left one helpless on an operating table. Should it return, or should it let the filthy mud be mixed with other dirt for flowers and weeds to grow into?

The mind turned toward the dim light in the opening. It had been forced to leave the body of the victim and had ascended to the twilight, even to the stars. Then the light had failed and it had been thrust into the void. There it had known nothing, until it had emerged into the farther twilight where it had passed success, failure, and the many resting places where it had spent a part of its time in ages past. It had seen Thor, the great god of Thunder, annihilate Ahriman, a foreign god claiming like powers, and send him hurtling down into the nether regions. It had descended from Uranus, the replenisher of the earth, who was dethroned by Cronos.

A descendant of so noble a sire could never be content until it had avenged its ancestor's injury, and so it determined to go on its journey seeking the enemy of its forefather. In the opening of the passage it espied Flagius, the descendant of Cronos. At once its rage boiled up, and it seized a great war club used by a Gothic War god, and attacked the intruder, slaying him and throwing him into Hades.

Then upon the walls that surround the outer universe it flung itself with a mighty attack. Only two powerful heaves of the War club were necessary to force an opening through the strong wall and the mind burst into the brilliance of light and life.

"Wake up, old boy. There! He's all right. I said it would only be a short while," said the M.D. "It took almost a quarter of a pound of ether to put him under."

## "OPPORTUNITY"

---

H. E. COPPLE, JR., '27

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A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio, which was almost full of gods. One was very curious, the face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings to each foot.

"What is his name?" asked the spectator.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why is his face hidden?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone and once gone, cannot be overtaken."

Let it never be forgotten that in reckoning on success one must take into account that all-important factor, opportunity; for it is an undeniable fact that this forms at least the two sides of the ladder on which men mount. With all his power and genius, a man must remain unknown unless opportunity shall open the way for the display of his gifts. No man possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an opportunity occur for their development.

Let a young man "lay the flattering unction to his soul" that because he has achieved a diploma, the greater part of the battle of his life has been fought, and henceforth he can take things easy, from that hour he is destined to make rapid strides on the road to failure. A graduate has but learned the use of weapons, if indeed this has been fully learned. The world's work lies all before him, and its demands will call for the strenuous use of all his powers. Nature creates merit, and fortune brings it into play. In what men regard as mere

chance work there is often order and design. What we call a turning point is simply an occasion which sums up and brings into a result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it. It is truly said that it is only as one fulfills the duties and bears successfully the tests of everyday life that he will be ready for the great requirements, the great opportunities, the supreme test-days that may come. When we least expect it, we come to a fork in the road; here lies the unfrequented way to the mountain peaks of distinction; there the dead level of obscurity and the morass of failure. Some men have a way of always taking the mountain path, while others turn to the wayside.

It is undeniably true that one may so prepare for a crisis that when it comes it shall be determined beforehand in the foreseen direction. As the lumberman who is about to hew a giant tree of the forest, though powerless to move it with unaided strength, may by his rope still guide and determine the direction of its fall and the position it shall occupy, so in a certain sense we may, so to speak, go into training for a crisis ere it comes. Now is the time to get ready. When the storm bursts, there will be no time to set the masts or hang the rudder. Opportunities are sure to come which we shall most earnestly wish to employ to the utmost. Our actual use of them, however, will depend not on what we wish, but on what we are. However useless it may appear to you at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach, for there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you can read in a newspaper or hear in conversation, that will not come into play some time or other, and occasion will arise when they involuntarily present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot

recall them more distinctly. How strange is that law of the mind by which an idea, long overlooked and trodden under foot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in a new light as a discovered diamond! Unless one is thus prompt to seize and fix the fact or incident which interests him as he comes upon it in his reading, or to look up, from time to time, points suggested, he will have occasion again and again to regret it. Seize the moment of excited curiosity on any subject to solve your doubts, for if you let it pass, the desire may never return and you may remain in ignorance.

Many do with opportunity as children do at the seashore; they fill their little hands with sand, then let the grains fall through one by one, till they are all gone. Four things come not back; the spoken word; the sped arrow; the past life; and the neglected opportunity. Opportunities are the offers of God. Heaven gives us enough when it gives us opportunity. Great opportunities are generally the improvement of small ones. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. One is responsible for talents, for time, and opportunities; improve them as one that must give an account. As a general rule, those who despise small opportunities never get large ones. What may be done at any time will be done at no time. There is sometimes wanting only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities which would have otherwise been eternally concealed.

Accident does very little toward the production of any great thing in life. Though sometimes what is called a "happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel. It is not accident that helps a man in the world, but purpose and persistent industry. These make a man sharp to discern opportunities, and turn them to account. If we are prompt to seize and improve even the shortest intervals of

possible action and effort, it is astonishing how much can be accomplished.

It may seem trivial, but it is a suggestion of no less a personage than the late Bishop of Oxford, that in the course of your writing a good thought or illustration comes into your mind which will come in well in some other part of your discourse. For instance, do not think you will certainly remember it; stop and write it down at once, and when you come to that part where you need it, work it in. Some years ago, if not now, the studio of Story at Rome presented the following appearance: around the walls were shelves filled with small clay models, single figures, and groups. The sculptor explained that often as he worked, some splendid subject would suggest itself. There was little or no use in trying to remember it; so he would at once turn aside from the work in hand, and put his idea into a model, small indeed and hastily shaped, but he had all that he then needed, namely, the conception. At any time he could work it up.

Many an immortal production, as every one knows, emanated from prison and the dungeon. Not to mention the famous *Allegory*, written in Bedford jail, we find that one of the best poems which British poetry can boast between the death of Chaucer and the accession of Henry VII, was penned by James I, while a captive in Windsor Castle. The same is true of some of the most pleasing of Lord Surrey's poems, and Sir Walter Raleigh's "*History of the World*," and the list might be greatly extended. Many, too, have been the works produced while their authors were in exile. That sleep should produce creative power is remarkable; and yet Burns tells us that he dreamed one of his poems, and that he wrote it down just as he dreamed it.

Hardly anything is more remarkable than those instances in which the soul, as if by instinct, seems to recognize its opportunity for relieving itself of a great burden, or of the anguish

which perchance has long been tugging at the heart. How little the public realizes at times, when thrilled by the sudden burst of eloquence or song, that some secret anguish is voicing itself, or that the burdened soul, after long neglect and seemingly hopeless struggle, has suddenly been lifted by the spell of a great inspiration, born of the memory of past defeat into such marvelous achievement as compels the long-delayed recognition, doubtless, and which has come thus on the wings of this cry of the soul. How many comprehend fully all that went to make up Rachel's "Helas"! In the "Marble Faun," Hawthorne makes Miriam, the broken-hearted singer in the midnight song that went up from the Roman Coliseum, put into the melody the pent-up shriek that her anguish had almost given vent to a moment before. "That volume of melodious voice was one of the tokens of a great trouble. The thunderous anthem gave her an opportunity to relieve her heart by a great cry."

It is also one of the characteristics of greatness to hide itself, and take refuge in common places until its opportunity which the soul sometimes finds for the utterance of its great secrets when surrounded by the multitude, gives occasion for revelations often very beautiful. The same is doubtless more or less true in literature. How unmistakably behind the thin veil of "Copperfield," for instance, one discerns the personality of Dickens as he by a thousand delicate touches reveals to us the story of his life! And can any one doubt that the gentle soul of Irving is embalmed within his serene and sunny pages? We recall Webster's defense of his Alma Mater when, after closing his masterly argument, he stood for some moments before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief Justice, after a brief reference to the far-reaching influence of an adverse decision as affecting every college in the land, he continued: "It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love

it. . . ." Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears; his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in tears.

When once the chase is "on" and the hounds are loosed; when once you realize that the great moment is full upon you, that one vital hour, the lord of time on which all other hours have waited, let nothing divert you from your aim until your point is gained. Carry it by storm, even if it task you sorely, and demand the acquired strength of years. If it takes all there is of you—carry it. There will be enough of the uneventful, enough of monotony and common-place things coming after, to afford ample leisure for rest and recuperation, when the crisis shall have been safely passed. Too great stress cannot possibly be laid upon the importance of being ready when once opportunity comes.

Above all things let there be preparation. Thus one waits calmly, as one refreshed with slumber and awaits the sure approach of day. No thought is so inspiring to a man as to feel that possibly just before him, in the dim and unforeseen tomorrow, lies his great opportunity awaiting him. Nothing could be more sublime. Did you ever note the coming of dawn? From the time when the casement grows a glimmering square to the full tide of the morning's glory, the gradual approach of light is wondrously beautiful. Up from the eastern horizon steals at first a faint glimmer; sudden breezes stir the air and rustling leaves; clouds go scudding like fugitives across the sky; the birds are astir; and ere you have noted the thousand undefinable influences which come to you, already broad streaks of light are growing large in the heavens; the gradual



growing east is seized with sudden tremulousness, and you feel instinctively that something is impending; the trees sway more perceptibly in the breeze; flashes of red pierce the sky; and now above the dark rim bounding the horizon, the grand old sun lifts himself, rears upward on his mighty shoulders the ponderous, dreary burden of the Dark, kisses the hills into sudden glory—and day is born! So if you are ready and waiting, out from the darkness of gloom and adverse circumstance shall come the dawn of opportunity, and the day's risen splendor of triumph and success.

The Golden Opportunity,

“Is never offered twice; seize, then, the hour  
When fortune smiles, and duty points the way;  
Nor shrink aside to 'scape the spectre fear  
Nor pause, though pleasure beckon from her bower,  
But bravely bear thee onward to the goal.”

## IMMUNIZATION

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A. W. PENNINGTON

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Today, on the wings of the wind  
There shrilled a woman's laughter;  
And the chill air froze my soul  
In the hush that followed after.

Today, on the wings of the wind  
There throbbed a woman's sigh;  
But my soul was chill as death,  
And the wind passed, throbbing, by.

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## REALITY

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I dream, and the world goes by  
With its frenzy and its rush.  
I look with half-closed eye,  
Hear music in the sky,  
And feel a hush.

Nearer, my visions seem,  
Than the world that 'round me lies.  
Methinks this life's a dream,  
And another world's true gleam  
Troubles my eyes.

## THE RELATION OF STUDENTS TO THE PRESENT WORLD SITUATION

W. P. RICHARDSON

A speaker discussing the present world situation—the materialism, the selfishness, the injustice, and the hate that exists everywhere—recently made the statement that we need not worry about America because she was 98 per cent all right. If that is true, then our relation as students to the present situation of the world must necessarily be at rather long range. Our efforts to help must be largely confined to supporting missionary and relief enterprises and to helping foreigners, especially foreign students, with whom we come in contact. And surely we ought to do these things.

But is America really 98 per cent all right? Have we not a closer, a more vital relation to the present state of humanity than that of just supporting organizations which are trying to remedy matters in other lands?

Let us see just where we in America stand. Is an industrial and capitalistic system 98 per cent all right in which less than 2 per cent of the people own 60 per cent of the nation's wealth, and 100 families control 15 of the leading industries, including the railroads? Is a social system 98 per cent all right in which ten million people are ground down in abject poverty, in which 37 per cent of our mothers and two million children work for a living? Is a judicial system 98 per cent all right under which 100 lynchings take place annually with no attempt at bringing the offenders to justice and under which the law of our country, notably the Eighteenth Amendment, is openly flouted in every corner of the land?

Not even the most optimistic, if he have any respect for Christian ideals, can claim that such a picture is 98 per cent all right.

But what do these facts mean to us? We are merely students. What can we do to help this situation? It is true that we cannot turn the country upside down and reform the whole industrial, political and social order, and yet these facts present a tremendous challenge to us. Each individual may be an exceedingly small part in the scheme of affairs, but our country is just what the individual citizens who compose it make it. We may be students now but we will be the leaders of tomorrow, and America tomorrow will be just what the students of today are willing to make it.

Realizing this fact, we can see that we are deeply and vitally concerned with the present situation of the world and especially of America, and that we must begin to assume our responsibility right now while we are in college. The question naturally arises, "What can we do?"

Before we reach a realization of what we can do, we must first realize the fundamental fact that all of these evils of our industrial, political, and social order can be remedied only by the application of Christian principles. And so our question becomes, "How can we help to apply Christian principles to the problems of the world, and more particularly to those of America?"

Thoughtful consideration will suggest to us some very practical ways in which we can begin right here in college to fulfill our responsibility to the world. First of all we must become informed. We must face right up to the facts about our system, and not seek to justify the evils of our industrial, political, and social order. We must recognize them as evils and take a definite stand against them.

Then we should seek to realize in our own lives and relationships, the Christian ideals. As was said above, our nation is just what the individuals who compose it are willing to make it. We cannot have a Christian social order unless the individuals in it are willing to apply Christian principles in their

own lives and relationships. This means less thought about self and more about the other fellow. It means relentless warfare on corruption, greed, injustice, insincerity, and hypocrisy wherever we find them. It means taking a stand for right and lending a helping hand to weaker brothers. It means standing up for our deepest convictions regardless of the cost, and expressing in no uncertain terms our disapproval of all that is wrong and our stand for all that is righteous.

If the world is to be saved from its present situation it must be saved by the rising generation, and our own student generation must have a large share in it. In view of this fact we ought not to wait until we are out of college to begin doing our part. Our college life is the training school for life outside, and when we get out in the world we are going to follow the tendencies which we are developing at college. We ought to begin right here in college to do what we can for the benefit of our civilization and the Christianizing of our social order.

## SCIENCE AND ART

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A. W. PENNINGTON

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Always I have a craving to inquire  
  Into the hidden forces of mankind,  
  And to descry those mighty laws that bind  
All earth and heaven, I shall never tire.  
I laud the stalwart minds that girt with fire  
  And patient hope continue to unwind  
  The secrets of the sea, the sky, the mind;  
But these have not assuaged my strange desire.

My want is this—to know the Universe,  
  Not as mere fact and fact, laid side by side,  
Which dull unfeeling idiots can rehearse;  
  But to be conscious of the whole, and scan  
  Its beauty, and to view with pleasant pride  
  The worth and dignity of Life and Man.

NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY  
Number II  
Greek Systematic Philosophers

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A. D. HURST, '26

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NOTE: The second of a series of five papers on Philosophy.—*Editor.*

Greece produced three philosophers whose teachings have claimed the attention of the greatest thinkers along philosophic lines. For many centuries the doctrines of these philosophers surpassed all others. Erecting a new type of philosophical structure, the edifices of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle have lasted nearly twenty-five hundred years.

Socrates was a native of Alopeca, a "parish" near Athens, and was born in the year 469, B.C. His father was a sculptor; his mother was Phaenarete, a wise woman. There is no evidence that his father attained to much success in his profession. The facts rather seem to point to a lowly household. This seems to indicate that Socrates was brought up in the ordinary way of a Greek freeman's son. His father gave him special training in gymnastics; he also had him memorize certain poetry to make him familiar with Greek ideals. As he grew older, his father added to his teaching singing, dancing, playing on the lyre, and recitation, besides the physical culture in the gymnasium. At that time there was a higher degree of education given than that which he received from his father, but, unfortunately for Socrates, only the wealthy could afford it. This higher type of education embodied mathematics, astronomy, logic and ethics, and other subjects supposed to fit men for participation in public life. Since Socrates was not able to attain to this higher education, his father trained him in his own profession. He followed sculpturing for some

time, but did not like it. He was attracted to philosophy. At length he began work in this new field.

Forty-two years after the birth of Socrates, another man was born near Athens, whose life and teachings have been of great value; this was Plato. He was born of an aristocratic Athenian family, 427 B.C., and lived to be eighty years of age. His father's name was Ariston, said to have been a descendant of Codrus, and his mother's family claimed descent from Solon. From his youth he was familiar with Crotylus, a follower of Heraclitus. He became closely associated with Socrates at the age of twenty, and remained with him until Socrates' death, eight years later. It is said that Plato absorbed more of Socrates' principles and teachings than any other one of his students.

From Socrates Plato received that moral conviction of the value of knowledge, and the vital connection between knowledge and life. This feeling continued to color his thinking, even when it went into regions of metaphysical speculation beyond the Socratic teaching.

The next man to carry forward this great work, begun by Socrates and extended by Plato, was Aristotle. He, too, was born of an aristocratic family at Stagira, on the Strymonic Gulf, 384 B.C. He was the son of Nicomachus, a physician, who traced his descent back to Machaon. His mother, Phrestis, was a descendant of one of those who carried the colony from Chalais to Stagira. He very early studied the works of Hippocrates and Democritus. At the age of eighteen, he was sent to school at the Academy, and remained there for nineteen years. He was not merely a student while at this school. His brilliance soon made him a teacher there. While he was teacher he became famous as a writer and champion of the literary spirit of the school. His scientific ideas were well formed before he entered the Academy, and while there he turned his attention to metaphysics.



The sources from which Aristotle drew the material for his metaphysics were his interest in medicine and the influences of the Academy. Both of these factors will be noticed throughout our study of his philosophy.

Let us now turn to the life doctrines of these three men.

Just how much of Socrates' life was spent as a soldier we do not know. We do know, however, that he fought in three battles. In the Symposium, Alcibiades tells us that they messed together on the expedition to Potidaea. In the army Socrates is noted for his endurance against cold, heat, hunger, and thirst. Many times when his comrades were walking in the snow with shoes on, Socrates would be totally barefooted, and would make fun of his companions for being so timid.

From what we are able to learn, Socrates' married life was not happy. The education of his wife fitted her for domestic duties but not for intellectual comradeship. Her inability to compete with him in intellectual strength was no discredit to her, for Greece was not producing many masculine minds equal to this task. Yet it may be true that history is somewhat unkind to Xanthippe.

Socrates is indebted to others, though the debt may be small, for his initiation into philosophy. It is said, but by no reliable authority, that he was a student of Anaxagoras and Archelous. At any rate there is no doubt that he was, to a large extent, a "self-taught" man. The real life of Socrates was that of the real thinker and a philosophic missionary. By the age of thirty he found some discerning spirits with whom he held fellowship in philosophy, and he was becoming recognized in Athens as a profound thinker. Then for many years he reflected upon and examined himself and others. He was no professional teacher, and received no fees. His pupils were companions and fellow-searchers for truth. He felt himself to be called of God to this work. His delight seems to have been with the sons of men. Regardless of whether they were

mechanics or farmers, sculptors or poets, politicians or teachers, they were all of interest to him, and from them all he gathered matter for philosophical thought. He used to go early in the morning to the public walks, gymnasia, and market places where he could see, meet, and learn more people. It was his chief delight to find some one who really wanted to discover truth. When he could find one of these persons they would examine some one of the questions ever with him, such as good or bad, just or unjust, sane or insane, brave or cowardly.

There is one thing about Socrates' life that seems a bit peculiar. He refused to walk among trees and flowers because he said they could teach him nothing. Art offered no suggestions to him. He deemed that it was useless even if it was inspiring. "Astronomy," he claims, "is only a mystery; geometry is land surveying which any man can do; arithmetic is merely permissible; and physics is something to be neglected."

Socrates, to some extent, agreed with the Sophists. Like them, he refused to accept traditional dogma unexamined, and he commenced a critical inquiry into all kinds of conceptions. Socrates in one respect came to the same conclusions as the Sophists—but in only one respect. He agrees with them in their claim of worthlessness of the results of natural science.

The kind of life that Socrates led made him enemies as well as friends. When he began the examination of a great question, he sought for the heart of the problem, regardless of who the person with whom he talked was or what his feelings were toward the subject. Socrates continued this mode of life until, in 399 B.C., the hatred against him became so strong that he was indicted as an "irreligious man, a corrupter of youth, and an innovator in worship." He was tried and found guilty only by a small majority of the votes cast.

Socrates' death illuminates his life and makes it heroic. His death shows something of the Athenian social situation at that

time. The death of Socrates was not due to himself, although he could have escaped, nor to his judges, although they could have cleared him. His particular accusers were influenced by personal animosity. Behind them were many others whom his efforts at reform and his bitter irony had made hostile. Behind all was the voice of Athenian conservatism against the Athenian culture. After Socrates had been convicted it is probable that with the use of a little money he could have caused his judges to change the sentence. But Socrates thought such an attempt too unmanly for him. In fact, he had the opportunity to escape from jail, but refused even to do this, and in May, 399 B.C., drank the lethal hemlock.

Since Plato was associated with Socrates from the age of twenty until twenty-eight, one might expect that his philosophy would be a continuation and a supplement of the philosophy of Socrates at the death of Socrates. Plato was now mature enough to take up his master's work and carry it forward. Plato had less difficulty in beginning his teaching than did Socrates, for Socrates had already entered into the wilderness of philosophy for him. The people of Greece were already saying that everything was real or unreal, just or unjust, sane or insane, etc. Plato now steps in and settles many of these differences.

The death of Socrates in 399 B.C. broke up the circle of Plato's disciples. For the next ten or twelve years he traveled; this, of course, broadened his knowledge. First he went to Megara, but stayed only a short while. By the end of his ten or twelve years he had traveled over practically all of the known world. He finally ended his travels by going to Syracuse, which was at that time ruled over by Dionysius. Upon entering the city he was favorably received. Later, however, Dionysius turned against him, and he came very near losing his life. After he escaped he returned to Athens. All the while that Plato was making these travels he was writing some of his

best dialogues. Among these were "Protagaros," which is a criticism of the Sophistic assumption that virtue is teachable; "Gorgas," showing how superficial the Sophistic rhetoric is when compared with true culture. In 388 B.C., he founded the school which later came to be famous as the Academy. Here he settled down and began the study and teaching of philosophy. Plato spent the next forty years in Athens as master and teacher of his school, the Academy. But what was the Academy? It was a public grove or garden in the suburbs of Athens that had been left to the city for gymnastics. Academicus, who seems to have been a public-spirited man, bequeathed this land to Athens. It had been surrounded by a wall and adorned with olive trees, statues and temples. Near this grove Plato had inherited a small estate where he made his home. When he died he willed his estate to the school which he had so long cherished.

The early philosophers presented their philosophy in metrical form as poems "concerning nature." Socrates did the most of his teaching through conversation with men. Plato's teachings were in the form of dialogues, while Aristotle's philosophy, in the works that have been preserved, stands in the form of treatises whose sole purpose is that of exposition. By the dialogue Plato could employ the Socratic method, and idealize Socrates. The "Republic" is his best work.

The Platonic dialogues are not merely the embodiment of the mind of Socrates, and of the reflections of Plato. They are a picture of the highest intellectual life of Hellas in the time of Plato—a life but distantly related to military and political events. In reading the dialogues we not only breathe the most refined intellectual atmosphere, but some of the lowest. He uses characters from both intellectual extremes.

One thing noticeable about Plato's writings is that all of them have been preserved. He is the only one of the noted ancient writers about whom we can say this. Of the thirty-

five dialogues written by Plato every one has been kept. There are at least three causes for their preservation: (1) they had intrinsic beauty; (2) there was contemporary interest in them; (3) the chief cause was that Plato's school kept close guard over them. After all that may be said about Plato's writings, his critics tell us that he gave a great deal more attention to his oral teachings than to his writings. In the "Phaedrus," a dialogue, which has been regarded by some as a sort of inaugural address for the beginning of the Academy, is very Socratic in its method of teaching. But the more he writes the farther he seems to get away from this method. In short, we may say that Plato at the age of twenty-eight took up his master's work and carried it forward for the remainder of his life which was fifty-two years.

Just as Plato stood among the pupils of Socrates, so among the pupils of Plato there was one preëminent pupil, Aristotle. At the death of Plato, Aristotle left the Academy, but fourteen years later returned to Athens and founded the Lyceum. Under his leadership this became the most influential Athenian school. It even surpassed Plato's Academy. This Lyceum was very much like the Academy. It was located just outside Athens, on the right bank of the Lissus. It was dedicated to Apollo, decorated with fountains, trees, and buildings, and contained one of the great gymnasia of Athens. Philosophers often frequented it, and it is known to have been the favorite place of recreation for Aristotle and his pupils.

Aristotle, in company with Xenocrates, went to the court of Hermeias, ruler of Atarneus and Mitylene. Hermeias was another pupil of Plato at the Academy. Here Aristotle married twice, and here he resided for six years. In 343 B.C., King Philip called him to come to Pella, and made him the tutor of Alexander. He remained the tutor of Alexander for four years. His influence upon Alexander was great. He seems to have impressed high philosophical ideals upon his

pupil. Alexander says of Aristotle, "To my father I owe my life, to Aristotle the knowledge of how to live worthily."

When Alexander entered upon his military campaigns in Asia, and Aristotle felt himself free from immediate duty to him, he went to Athens and founded the Lyceum. This was about fourteen years after he had left the Academy. For twelve years he was the teacher of this school—developing his philosophy, and instructing his pupils. When the Athenians began to rise against the Macedonian rule, Aristotle fled to Chalais where he died the next year (322 B.C.).

The Popular Writings published by Aristotle were intended for a circle of readers outside of his school. No one of these works has survived in complete form. They were written by Aristotle during his life in the Academy, and contained discussions of wealth, justice, wisdom, rhetoric, politics, love, conduct, prayer, education, government, etc.

The two early influences in Aristotle's mental development offer an explanation for his philosophical point of view. These influences were his empirical training and his conceptual training in the moral ideals of the Academy. Plato had convinced him that if there was to be any true science, it must be founded on true concepts that are unchanging. Cushman says this about Plato and Aristotle: "Plato started with the refutation of the Protagorean theory of perception, and consequently he emphasized the value of the conceptual world; Aristotle, however, felt that Plato had overestimated the conceptual world, and he emphasized the importance of the empirical facts. Both when a member of the Academy and later, he strongly contended against Plato's evaluation of the world ideas, because they so transcended the sense world that they neither explained nor illuminated it. If conceptions are to enter into knowledge, they must not exist in the clouds of abstraction. If *ideas* are apart from things, we could not know that they existed; we should not be able to know anything about them,

nor should we be able to explain the world through them." This is where Aristotle received his starting point, and is no doubt the main cause for his differing from Plato.

In summarizing Socrates' life we may say that he devoted himself to his work to the end, even under circumstances of the greatest poverty, and with Xanthippe at his side. He asked for no reward; not even participation in public life. A pattern of a life of few needs, of moral purity, justice and piety, yet at the same time full of genuine human kindness. As a son of his nation, he not only discharged his civic duties in peace, but in battle as well.

Two important events divide Plato's long life of eighty years into three periods. These events were the death of his master, Socrates, in 399 B.C., and his return from Sicily in 387 B.C., after there having come under the influence of the Pythagoreans. The first period may be called his student life, which was twenty-eight years long. The second period was that of the travels, which lasted for twelve years. The third period was that of teacher of the Academy, during the last forty years of his life.

The periods of Aristotle's life cannot be as well marked as those of Plato; however, we may divide his life into three periods to some advantage. There is not much known of his life until he entered the Academy. After he entered the Academy he remained there nineteen years, and became more famous all the time as a teacher. When the school broke up he began the second period of his life which lasted twelve years. Four years of this time, however, were taken up as tutor of Alexander. When Alexander began his military campaigns Aristotle went back to Athens, and there founded the Lyceum. He remained leader of the Lyceum for the next twelve years. He then fled to Chalais and died the following year, 322 B.C.

The time from the birth of Socrates until the death of Aristotle covers a period of 147 years. During this time the

study of philosophy was systematized. Just what the value of this systematized study of philosophy has been to the world we can hardly say, but we do know that in the course of their study and teaching they have left some valuable knowledge concerning philosophy.

Rev. J. T. Forbes: Socrates.

Cushman: Student's History of Philosophy.



## GAY G. WHITAKER: AN EXAMPLE TO WRITERS

JERRY SAWYER, '23

One of the greatest obstacles for the embryo journalist to overcome is the fear of failure before getting started. Being for three years the constant companion of Gay G. Whitaker, having watched him daily during these years, and having labored with him on many intricate problems in writing for the college publications and the daily papers with which he was connected as reporter while here, I feel a high degree of confidence in holding him up as an example to the young writers of our day.

First, Whitaker was born a writer. If ever man was gifted for any particular kind of work, he was gifted to write news and short stories. The psychologists enthusiastically admit that certain capacities are noticeable in a man from his earliest days of childhood. Certainly this can be said of Whitaker, for the first time I saw him, a newly arrived Freshman in college, he was busy writing a news article. Immediately I became interested in him, for here was one who was beginning in his first year of college to make something of himself. As I watched him write that article a realization dawned upon me that he was different from the average first-year student. The idea that had formed in his mind sought the light readily in words. And he did not have to seek words, he chose them! Words came to him as the waters flow from the dam when the flood gates are opened.

Second, Whitaker realized his limitation. He had a talent for writing, but when he came to college he found that his preparation for the profession was insufficient. With this in view he began to pave the way for his success. First, he began courses in college in the departments of literature. In connection with these courses he used books on the art of writing

prepared by eminent writers. The knowledge that he had gleaned from the authorities on the short story would startle one who did not understand him. By no means were these labors required of him in the routine of his courses; he had a desire to learn about writing, and learn about it he would, by the best means yet approved—that of association with the works of the best teachers and authorities. Of course, he studied the subjects required under the degree he had applied for, but this only took a part of his time. With his ready ability to grasp an idea and pursue it to its end, the passing of the courses in law was little more than playwork to him. We admit that a great part of the credit here goes to the faculty of noted lecturers under whom he learned the fundamentals of law. But Whitaker did his part as a student of law.

Third, he was a man of ideals. He possessed certain fundamental principles of justice and righteousness that were his guiding light in the life he was preparing himself to live. He had a marvelous sense of sympathy for the man that was down and out, or the man who had met obstacles in the way of his success, and he was always ready to discuss these problems frankly and openly with any of his associates. His theme was to lift the lowly and exalt those who through submission deserved exaltation. Throughout the many stories that he wrote we find the same type of characters, all of them fitting in the present, everyday society. It takes all of his characters to make up the short story of the modern writer, and seldom any more, to portray a worth-while subject or to solve a perplexing problem. These characters are so well interwoven in the stories that when we read one we are anxious to find another dealing with the same kind of characters. They become acquaintances of ours, and we are interested in them. What writer could desire more?

Fourth, Whitaker was a student of human nature and a friend to man. No matter where you met him, or who you

happened to be, you were the same to him. In a short while he would know your likes and dislikes, your favorite subjects and authors. About the first thing he would ask you when beginning a conversation with you would be a question concerning something in which you were particularly interested. Nor did he ever show any feeling of superiority on his part to you. It did not matter how little you knew about a thing, nor how trivial your idea happened to be, it was worth consideration, and he always recognized your opinion and respected your judgment.

Fifth, he possessed a sense of humor mingled with common good sense that won him recognition in any place he ever went. This quality stood out here as characterizing him. Quoting from the *Old Gold and Black*, issue of February 15, this year:

"Whitaker was one of the popular men of the campus during his study at Wake Forest. He is remembered for his wit and general good humor besides for the honors that he gained.

. . .

"Moreover, his genial personality made him known to a larger group who, although not intimates of his, remember him because of his keen wit and swift humor."

The most important period in the life of a man is that during which he is in the making. During this period all the qualities in him must be developed to their fullest capacity, or else be lost as useless or detrimental. It is during this time that he becomes recognized as a person above the average in ability or sinks below them as unworthy of the confidence of associates. These qualities undergo the test while in college and immediately after leaving college to begin life's work. The qualities blended in Gay G. Whitaker as a successful writer and journalist even in the early years of youth furnish those of us who knew him a mark to be attained in the field of writing.

# WOODROW WILSON

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By JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS

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## I

Among the immortals now at last you rest,  
And pain no more shall crown your patient brow;  
You were so noble, and you gave your best,  
Your name is writ in deathless memory now.

## II

You were a prince among the sons of men,  
Clear was your vision as the eagle's eye;  
All mothers blessed your noble courage when  
You shrank from war, lest their loved ones should die.

## III

And many a happy home is bright today  
Because you waited, patient, calm and true;  
Because you fain would find some other way,  
Although a braver battle never knew.

## IV

By your sheer strength of soul you held it back,  
The grim red tide that beat upon our shore;  
You turned the cannon from its blood-drenched track,  
You sheathed the sword, ere yet red fruit it bore.

## V

And when at last no longer human will  
Could stand against the tempest's raging might,  
You went to France to strive, and labor still  
To lead the nations in the way of light.

## VI

Then, after victory, back you came to plead,  
    Across the continent, aged beyond your years;  
Giving your life to curb the demon's greed;  
    To banish grief; to dry the mothers' tears.

## VII

Greater than party: a patriot, noble, pure,  
    The world salutes you as you lie so still;  
Long as time your memory shall endure  
    Your noble deeds the heart of history thrill.

## VIII

Four years, four months, you faced a deadly foe,  
    Fighting in silence, calm, without complaint;  
Calmly you watched life's shuttle come and go  
    Until the loom of life grew slow and faint.

## IX

Fair was the pattern; hues of faith and love,  
    The fainting shuttle wove with matchless grace;  
And in the pattern sat a gentle dove—  
    To match the sternness of a Cæsar's face.

## X

But how you suffered no man ever knew,  
    While she, your helpmeet tender, watched beside;  
Tempering every wintry wind that blew  
    From out the silent ocean, white and wide.

## XI

To her the nation lifts its fervent praise,  
Nor Gracchi's mother bore a nobler name;  
She, whose warm smile was like the sun's soft rays,  
When evening and the hastening twilight came.

## XII

Some day the world shall see your dream come true;  
When war no more shall rule the sons of men;  
When faith and love shall spread like healing dew  
Where all the battles of the past have been.

## XIII

Some day the flags of hate shall all be furled,  
And all the seas shall sing of new desires;  
When all the spears shall be by sunrise hurled,  
The only watch the starlight's silver fires.

## XIV

Yet shall the world, unfettered shrine your toil  
In truth and virtue; like some new-born star;  
Rich with your gifts, at length the war-worn soil  
Shall screen with flowers battle's bleeding scar.

## XV

Loft will you stand amid immortal throng,  
In stainless strength like some sublime Jungfrau;  
Brave was your life, a battle of the strong,  
And all the world salutes your spirit now.

## XVI

"Dead on the field of honor"—now at last  
Brave as the legions that lie still in France;  
E'en death saluted as your spirit passed  
And lifted high his cold and shining lance.

## ENVOI

Rest you great soul;  
O, rest you calm and deep.  
Sweet be your sleep  
As silent ages roll.  
Roll, muffled drums;  
He comes, he comes;  
The shadowy lines salute;  
O'er fields of France the wind sings like flute;  
And all the bells of all the seas in toll  
Ring out the passing of his mighty soul.

Wadesboro, February 4, 1924.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

FOUNDED 1882

A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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Vol. XLIII

MARCH, 1924

No. 6

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

S. N. LAMB, *Editor*

Woodrow  
Wilson

In the death of Woodrow Wilson the college student has lost one of his greatest friends.

His early life was intimately connected with college men. As an instructor and lecturer he had few equals; in fact, the records show that men had to be denied the privilege of attending his lectures for lack of accommodations. How many men do you know of whom this can be said? As we stood with bare head before his portrait when we heard that his condition had become critical, we realized a deep



sense of loss and grief that the fearless chieftain of the greatest nation on earth was about to pass from his people. It is the student of the American college, trained to pay tribute where tribute is due who can feel most keenly the loss of so noble a statesman and thinker.

The life of Woodrow Wilson has brought more glory to the American college than the life of any other man of any age. We envy those colleges with which he had been connected the honor of his name in their annals; at the same time we are grateful that we may share in their good fortune. He never waned in his faith and interest for the youth of America, and on several occasions expressed his hope for those whom he loved so dearly—college students—and his confidence in their influence in the development and leadership of America among the nations of the world. Truly he was great.

**Gay G.  
Whitaker**

We stand with bowed heads as we witness the last rites of one of the most loved men that has come into our lives. January 30th a member of the 1923 staff of the *STUDENT* took leave of life and went to dwell with the fathers. He was one of our midst, was loved by all of us, and loved each one of us. There never was a better editor on the staff, as witnessed by the many wonderful contributions he made to our magazine during the three years that he spent with us. He was known to all of us as one who could cheer in the hours of distress, who could give wise counsel when our judgment was lacking, who remained a true and loyal friend and brother to the end. He loved his college magazine and gave many sleepless nights to it. He had one great occupation; that was the cultivation of that active, fertile brain of his, that was equal to that of many men of wide

reputation. It is indeed a pity that one of such great promise and ability should be taken from us so early in life. May his memory live in the hearts of those of us who linger here, that we may profit by his life, so short, but yet so fruitful.

One of the many aims of a college publication  
**Found** should be to lend its influence in the shaping of the lives of college students and the moral uplifting of those of us who shall some day boast the fact that we were once inhabitants of a college campus. In a small college the associations formed should be more lasting and more binding than those formed in any other place. Just as the hoary haired sage of world recognition is the same mischievous youngster with a nickname in his home community among his playmates, so in a large measure the student in later years is the same cynic, "cake-eater," or politician, among his classmates in after life. With this in view it is well that we look about us and see what kind of men we are going to meet in years to come.

There has strayed to our campus (from the Nick knows where) a kind of yellow and green striped animal, belonging to the family of selfish, discourteous, cowardly degenerates known as "snobs." No, they cannot well be classified as "snobs"; they are rather hybrids between the "snob" and the feeble-minded. These are the species that pass you on the campus or along the street without recognizing that you have been here as long as they have and probably longer. They are the kind of animals who are not developed to such a state as to be able to speak so simple a word as "Howdy." They are the ones who have not the capacity to talk sanely in ordinary conversations with their fellow-students and have not

the wisdom to keep their "traps" closed when they have nothing to talk about; but who make more conspicuous their asinine stupidity by dealing in the pre-high-school-age practice of "ragging" Freshmen, and even upper classmen, sarcasm, and "mud slinging." Some of this species even get "peeved" with each other and refrain from common civility on account of such enmity. It is a tradition that this college develops men into respectful, courteous gentlemen. But there seem to be some hopeless cases here. Would it not be a profitable traffic for the Shipping Board to export some of this species?

Dr. Roger P. McCutcheon, one of the professors in English, has decided to study in England this summer. He will do research work in the British Museum. Dr. McCutcheon is interested in old English papers. Dr. and Mrs. McCutcheon will sail in May, and return in September.

Mr. J. J. Tyson, B.A., '21, has been elected to fill the vacancy for next year, of Mr. R. B. Wilson. Mr. Tyson is an M.A. man of Vanderbilt University, and is now teaching in Central High School, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Mr. Wilson, who is completing his work in medicine here this year, is Assistant Professor in Biology.

Mr. H. B. Jones, B.A., '10, and M.A. of the University of Chicago, has been chosen to the English Department with the rank of Professor. Mr. Jones is now head of the English Department of Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. He hopes to receive his Ph.D. degree at Chicago next summer. This will make five full time Professors in the English Department at Wake Forest.

Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, a noted chemist, author, and editor, was loudly applauded on his lecture in chapel February 18th. His subject was "Creative Chemistry," and dealt with the development of chemistry and its practical use in American everyday life.

At last we are about to realize some of our dreams for a greater Wake Forest. A whole decade we have been drifting along until the past two years, when something started, and from that something has developed. The Centennial of the College promises to bring us a College as large and efficient as any in this neck of the woods. A committee has been chosen

from members of the Faculty to facilitate the working out of the plans. There are five of these committees, and each of them is subdivided into sub-committees, and each having definite fields of work.

Another dream! There is a plan hatching to provide modern and sufficient living houses for the married ministerial students of the College. The plan is to float bonds to the amount of some \$100,000, the proceeds to be used in building concrete houses for the families of the ministers. As now contemplated the houses are to be arranged in a complete ellipse, in the center of which is to be erected a community house for clubs, lecture rooms, etc., for the wives of the ministerial students. This plan has been proposed to relieve the congested predicament that fifty-odd married students find themselves in when coming to Wake Forest to study for the better serving of their Lord.

The eighty-ninth anniversary exercises of the two literary societies began with the tolling of the time-honored College bell Monday afternoon, February 11, at 2:30 o'clock. The afternoon feature was the Junior-Senior debate. The query was: Resolved, that the United States should enter the League of Nations. The members of the Phi. Society, D. D. Lewis and J. W. King, upheld the Affirmative, and members of the Eu. Society, S. L. Blanton and M. G. Stamey, defended the Negative. To add interest to the debate, the societies no longer alternate their speakers and debate jointly, but the representatives of the two societies oppose each other. The contest was close, both sides hotly contesting each issue. The Negative won the decision. The orations of the evening were delivered by H. T. Wright, Phi., and J. Lee Lavender, Eu. Their subjects were "World Crisis," and "The Heritage of North Carolina Youth," respectively. After the orations the two societies entertained the visitors in the society halls.

❧	<b>ALUMNI NOTES</b> D. D. LEWIS, <i>Editor</i>	❧
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His many friends at Wake Forest were deeply saddened at the death of Gay G. Whitaker on January 30th. Mr. Whitaker graduated from the Wake Forest Law School last June, when he became sport editor for the *Asheville Citizen*. He held that position for several months until forced to give it up on account of ill health. During his four years at Wake Forest he won a host of friends and admirers by his ready wit and his cheerful, friendly disposition. He was one of the editors of *Old Gold and Black* and also of the *STUDENT*, in both of which positions he showed marked ability.

Twenty-eight Wake Forest Alumni are now missionaries in China.

At a recent meeting of the Richmond County Alumni the money for the Richmond County cottage was subscribed.

The Rutherford County Alumni Association met recently and organized with Rev. W. T. Tate, of Caroleen, as president, and attorney James L. Taylor of Rutherfordton as secretary.

The Wake County Alumni Association held its semiannual meeting in Raleigh in the parlors of the First Baptist Church Saturday night, February 10th. This association is one of the strongest in the State since the College is located within its territory.

The gathering of the Alumni at commencement this year will be the largest in the history of the College. It is certain that a thousand men will be in attendance for the barbecue Thursday afternoon, June 5.

In compliance with a request from the Alumni Association, the Board of Trustees of the College met recently, employed an architect, and instructed him to have plans for the new buildings which the College plans to erect in the near future ready to present to the Alumni when they shall meet here June 5.

In the death of Dr. F. P. Hobgood, B.A., 1866, the Baptist denomination of North Carolina has lost one of its most useful and beloved members. For the past forty-six years Dr. Hobgood has been a leader in the cause of Baptist education. He was the founder and President of Oxford College, a member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina. In all of the positions he served his denomination and his State admirably and faithfully. He held the honorary degree of LL.D. from Wake Forest.

Alumni Secretary, J. A. McMillan, states that a number of County Alumni Associations have held meetings during the past few weeks. On Friday night, February 22d, the Forsyth County Association held its semiannual banquet. Saturday night, February 23d, Mr. McMillan addressed a banquet of the Harnett County Association. The Wake Forest College quartette also rendered a special program at this banquet. On March 6th the Alumni of western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee joined in a great jollification at Asheville. A large number of Alumni attended this event. At all of these meetings Mr. McMillan told of the effort being made to secure an attendance of two thousand at the reunion to be held during commencement this year, beginning June 4th.

The Alumni of Wake and Edgecombe counties have had a dispute as to which has the best barbecue cooker. Edgecombe Alumni insist that C. C. Austin is second to none in preparing this delightful food, Wake County Alumni claim that one of their men will make Mr. Austin feel ashamed of himself. The dispute arose as the result of a discussion as to who would cook the barbecue for the big barbecue dinner which Wake Forest plans to give its Alumni and friends on the afternoon of Thursday, June 5th.

❏	<b>EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT</b> J. W. BEACH, <i>Editor</i>	❏
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The Chi Delta Phi number of the *Trinity Archive* is a very creditable issue; in fact we think it is the best balanced issue we have received. The short stories are unusually good; the editorials are well handled; the essays interesting and instructive. The short story, "The Ghost," holds one's interest to the last word, and has a good climax. The dialogues in "Alcohol and the Lie" give the story a dramatic element that carries the action along swiftly. In "Germany's Ability to Pay" the author has apparently made a careful review and summary of the book by that title. Essays of this nature, if too much in evidence in a college magazine, make it rather unreadable, but an occasional one improves it. "Wayside Wares" is unusually complete and contains some real humor.

We have enjoyed reading the several issues of *The Bashaba*, published at Coker College. Your magazine has improved considerably by issuing it quarterly instead of monthly as heretofore. The mechanical make-up of the magazine is excellent and gives it a very neat appearance. What has become of the short story writers? This form of literature is almost wholly lacking. "Who Was the Prize?" is the nearest approach to a short story, but its plot is so meager that it can hardly be considered more than a sketch. In this lack of story material *The Bashaba* is no exception. In the majority of the exchanges we have received (and we believe these are representative) there is a dearth of good short stories. Although we are unacquainted with "The Wanderer" in the original, the translation seems to possess real literary merit. We like the rhythm and swing in "A Country Road." The whole issue reflects a literary spirit.



The February issue of *The Laurel* is quite an improvement over that of January, chiefly because verse is more in evidence. We would call particular attention to the poem "Western Carolina" as being rich in imagery. Again the short story is a negative quantity. The essay "The Insanity of Hamlet" is handled very skillfully and the evidence presented in a logical way. The way in which the exchange department is written is unique and pleasing. The dialogue form is a good example of how exchange departments may be made more interesting and readable by a little variation and a departure now and then from the ordinary style.

We are always glad to receive *The College of Charleston Magazine*. The wealth of material in the February number indicates clearly that the magazine is being supported by the student body. The verse is of extraordinary quality. We mention particularly "The Bells—A Parody." The author has certainly mastered Poe's style. "The Kyki Scarab" is a short story with a weird, mysterious setting and plot. The Irish brogue in "As Through A Mirror Darkly" is very well done. "Golden Haired Joan" has its scene laid in England during the seventeenth century. Would it not be better for writers in college magazines to confine their short stories to plots and settings that are more within the range of their own experience and study? Surely one must study closely the customs and language and conditions in general of a period of history before attempting to produce a story about that period. Taken as a whole we can truly say that the magazine is one of the best we have seen.

*The Georgetown Quarterly*, published at Georgetown College, Kentucky, comes to us for the first time this year. It is made up in the style characteristic of literary magazines, being printed in double columns and with the table of contents on the front cover. "As Deep In The Mire" is one of the very

best stories we have seen in any college publication, showing originality and written in a most pleasing style. The absence of any editorial department leaves an otherwise well balanced magazine slightly one-sided. The verse is excellent, particularly "My Garden." The poem "The Soul," which (a note explains) was written by a rising genius, is in "free verse." We cannot say that we admire it very greatly. A well known critic recently said that modern bards of "free verse" write poetry without "rhyme, meter, or meaning." The magazine is a credit to the students of Georgetown College.

:



## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

F. L. PASCHAL, *Editor*



### PICKED UP HERE AND THERE

Prof. Carrol (explaining Math problem): "Now, everybody look at the blackboard while I go through it again."

---

Seawell (at the soda fountain): "Give me a dope with corroborated water."

---

Doctor Reid (upon making an assignment): "Well, Mr. Pugh, that's perfectly clear, isn't it?"

Pugh: "Yes, sir, doctor."

Doctor: "Well, everybody ought to understand it then."

---

Prof. Clonts (on History 1): "Mr. Fite, who discovered the North Pole?"

Fresh Fite: "Why, fessor, I think it was Abraham Lincoln."

---

Prof. Belk: "Is trousers singular or plural?"

Martin: "Both."

Prof. Belk: "Why do you say that?"

Martin: "Because they are singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

---

Prof. Wilson (on Biology 1): "You see, gentlemen, that chlorophyl is that which gives green color to plant life. Are there any chlorophyl-bearing animals?"

Sky Morgan: "Yes, sir, doctor, freshmen!"

---

Stude: "Well, I suppose I owe it to the world to pursue a literary career."

Prof.: "Yes, I suppose that the world would become almost impoverished without your prospective achievements."

Young Isaac was dead. He had been a pretty tough customer in his day, and had caused a feeling of wrath to grow into the breast of his sire, Isaac, Sr. The attending physician, having helped prepare the body for burial, applied to the father for two coins with which to close the eyes of Isaac. In a rage Ikey replied:

"Vot, me? Fadder Abraham! T'ink me trust heem vit my mon? Nevair! Ikey, he steal."

---

We wonder if the applicant for license who asked the court what "Preamble" meant was able to perambulate safely through the examination.

---

Dr. Pearson (noting Bill Ellerbe's feet perched on top the chair in front): "Mr. Ellerbe, if your memory were as well developed as your understanding you would be able to pass this History course."

---

Dr. Hubert (on Latin 3): "Who was Bacchus?"

Vic Moore: "A contempory of Milton."

---

#### READ 'EM AND WEEP

Answer to a question on English 3 exam by Charlie Gillespie: "Shakespeare was born in 1564 and was married in 1688."

---

#### KNOWLEDGE

He who knows not and knows he knows,

He is a Freshman, scorn him.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not,

He is a Sophomore, shun him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not,

He is a Junior, pity him.

He who knows and knows not he knows,

He is a Senior, reverence him.—*Exchange.*

## PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL US WHY

"Fats" Bond and Jack Ray are so studious—

Bill Howard likes to go to the library so well—

The Book Room etiquette has depreciated considerably—

"Peg" Coward snores so loudly—

The college bell wakes us up on every morning except Sundays—

## JUST FOR INFORMATION TELL US

---

Dr. Sledd (to J. A. Williams, coming in the class room ten minutes late): "Come in, come in, Mr. Williams, we've been waiting for you."

---

Doctor Hubert (to Mitchell, who was trying out for the Glee Club): "Well, Mr. Mitchell, I suppose your voice is well trained?"

Mitchell: "I suppose it should be, doctor, for I've used it for twenty years calling hogs and chickens in Youngsville."

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
To Youth (verse)----- <i>A. W. Pennington</i>	305
A Significant Letter (story)----- <i>S. N. Lamb</i>	306
The Voyager (verse)----- <i>A. W. Pennington</i>	315
Notes on Philosophy (essay)----- <i>G. M. Modlin</i>	316
Ode to an Aching Tooth (verse)--- <i>Chas. L. Gillespie</i>	329
Pan-Americanism (essay)----- <i>L. B. Martin</i>	330
The Worse Than Rainy Day (parody)-- <i>W. G. Westall</i>	337
A Strange Autobiography (story)----- <i>W. G. Parker</i>	338
An Appeal to Age (verse)----- <i>A. W. Pennington</i>	341
<b>DEPARTMENTS:</b>	
Editor's Portfolio----- <i>S. N. Lamb, Editor</i>	342
A Neglected Grace-----	342
Compatibility of Religion and Knowledge-----	343
A Dearth of Writers-----	344
Student Coöperation-----	345
In and About College----- <i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i>	346
Exchange Department----- <i>J. W. Beach, Editor</i>	349
Alumni Notes----- <i>D. D. Lewis, Editor</i>	350
Notes and Clippings----- <i>F. L. Paschal, Editor</i>	352

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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XLIII

APRIL, 1924

No. 7

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## TO YOUTH

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

Oh, happy you, with the golden hair,  
And the cheeks of ruddy hue,  
And the constant gleam of joy you wear  
In your wondering eyes of blue.  
Your heart beats time to the song you sing—  
"The world is a new and beautiful thing;  
The winds are calm, and friends are true.  
The sun is bright; 'tis Spring."

To you I say enjoy, enjoy  
The moments of your trance.  
With wisdom I would not alloy  
The sweets of ignorance.  
But unto you I prophesy  
That clouds will darken that bright sky;  
Winter will slow Spring's ardent dance  
And your happy song shall die.



## A SIGNIFICANT LETTER

---

S. N. LAMB, '24

---

Far back in the hilly regions of Eastern Pennsylvania, quite segregated from the hustle and bustle of a busy city, there stood a small cottage-like hovel, the home of a peasant family of three decades ago. Having descended from German-Dutch stock this family still used most commonly for home conversation the Dutch language, though it had become greatly altered by the influence of other tongues, but was able to converse freely in English that was still broken. Into this home as a blessing from Heaven were born, three hale, healthy, sturdy sons. But in giving life to the youngest, as is often the case, the life of the mother was demanded as the precious price for life. Notwithstanding the added responsibility and burden of a motherless babe, the boy grew rapidly and beautifully under tender care and nursing of father, the two other brothers, James and Thomas, and a kind nurse. These brothers were of much service to the father in that lonely hour and were the guardians of this infant brother who was younger than they by six and eight years, respectively.

By applying themselves at all times to diligent study and labor on the farm and in school at the ages of 18 and 20, James and Thomas had succeeded in getting ready for college. This was no little accomplishment either when you are reminded that they were of humble parents, with very little education themselves, and, therefore, like numbers of such parents—not much concerned about the education of their own children. These boys knew nothing of the ease and haste in which money comes to the average college man of today. Bit by bit, in nickles, dimes and often pennies, they

got theirs. They engaged in a dual occupation; namely, trucking in the warm months of spring and summer and trapping in the dead of winter. Many a day did the boys take their leave as early as 2:30 o'clock in the morning to carry their vegetables to market, in fact, it was rather the rule than the exception, especially in early spring on market days. Twelve miles they made their journey to the city carrying vegetables to their customers, and sometimes taking a few pounds of country butter to special patrons.

Of course their school days had been very valuable to them, but due to the indispensable nature of their work in conjunction with their father, they had been hard put and their attendance upon the little "red school house" had been rather periodic. Like scores of North Carolina boys, and, girls too, even today, they attended school on rainy days, weeks after a blizzard of snow and sleet had demoralized business, and when other leisure days crept in. But with determinations that were unrelenting, the boys never gave up the struggle and finally received their coveted diplomas.

The struggle for Richard, the youngest son, had been somewhat lessened in severity by the aid of his elder brothers. He had become heir to all of their books, notes, and their knowledge in so far as he could apply it. And as was perfectly natural for one in his position, the youngest, and most deserving of sympathy and aid, everyone sought to do him a favor. This coupled with his natural aptitude and disposition, made him the most alert of the three.

Ah! ten years have gone by, and what is the situation? Ten years full of success and glory, happiness and advancement! Thomas, the senior boy, has spent two years in college to fine use, only to realize that his real place was back at home feeding the chickens, watering the stock, carrying the cows to pasture, driving the vegetable truck, and doing the other

numerous chores around the house, at the same time keeping his father in company, for Mr. Willoughby was getting on up in years.

At this time James has finished his college career and is engaged in business, out in actual life. He had graduated with honor, and upon graduation had accepted a position as manager of the business side of a large enterprise in Bogertown. And even now, Richard, the youngest son, is in his senior year at the University.

With things in such a state of affairs, it may well be said that those ten years were glorious. But one other item of concern has not been included. The father, through a kind friend, has finally succeeded in getting a clear deed to a piece of property, adjoining the twenty craggy acres already in his ownership. This made in total about one hundred and five acres of which about twenty-five were most fertile soil.

Mr. Willoughby had entertained the hope that his baby boy would also return home to stay after finishing his course at the University. He himself, though a very earnest and devout man, had not caught a real vision of life in a big way. He only thought in terms of his experience and knowledge. He had lived to be some sixty years old now, but yet he had never had the advantage of a process of training that was calculated to enlarge his mind, clarify his vision, cause him to think in world terms, world needs, and world service. He could only see himself going over and over year after year the same routine of life with very little variation. But how different the boy who had been in the school of inspiration that had fired his soul with fervent ambition and zeal to go out in the world and play the part of the greatest on earth by serving wherever he found need. He had been reared out there under the blue sky where he could commune with nature and nature's God, there where the birds sing sweetest, where the man comes face to face with life in its purest form. This had prepared

him for what he was to do later, though he was quite unconscious of what was going on at the time. But he chose another field of service than the one his father had hoped he would take up when he left the University.

Little had Richard thought of giving his life to the work of missions either in the homeland or abroad when he left home for college. In fact, he had not made up his mind definitely about any one particular sphere. But during his period of four long years, yet how short! he had found time to reflect on the great question that confronts every college man at some time or other, "What am I going to do with my life?" And one day, a holiday, while most of the other fellows were away or out for fun, he settled the matter in the privacy of his room, settled it well. He decided that he would give his service to Medical Missions. This was in his Sophomore year. Perhaps the matter had been made easy for him to settle, easier than before, on hearing a stirring address on the needs, the opportunity and the joy of the mission work. This decision meant more years in college and hard work, but Richard wasn't baffled by the hard thing, rather it made a pull on him.

Again let us turn our eyes to the old home and peep in on the scene. The same little dilapidated house of twenty-five years before stands there near the winding creek, surrounded by the hills and undulating plains that stretch out for miles away. But there is also now a neat little bungalow with much ivy growing about the rock foundation and ornamentations. This is the dwelling place of Thomas and his family of three with whom the hoary father lives. What has been done with the other little house? Have they decided to turn it over to bats and owls? No. It is still reserved as a precious building. Sentiments cluster about the memory of it that will not be discarded or lost. This is the reception hall now. This is where Richard lives when he goes home on vacations. Even

Mr. Willoughby had been persuaded with difficulty to move in the new house as a precaution for his health from the dampness prevalent in his old bedroom.

Instead of just truck patches on the farm, much of the soil had been converted into easy cultivating land that would grow wheat, corn, tobacco and a few other crops. New barns had replaced the old shacks and modern implements were used instead of the crude utensils of a decade before.

\* \* \* \* \*

The time of this closing scene is about the middle of the month of July, 1912. The whole family is together save Richard, who is busy completing his plans to sail for South America on the 31st of August following. He has finished his course in medicine and is full of enthusiasm for his work. He has made his plans to spend the month of August at home with the family. James, the business man, has secured his assistant to take his place as head manager for a month and a half of absence, for he too is anxious to be with his kid brother as much as possible just before he sails. They want to revel in the memories of twenty and five years ago, to tell over and over the stories retained from boyhood, revisit the old scenes that are so dear to them, especially the little school house and the church that their mother loved so much, and surely, Thomas would recount the memories of his mother that were still vividly stamped on his brain—how she would read to them in her broken way and sing the old songs that had survived from her girlhood, then would put the two boys to bed with a little prayer to the good Father who loves little boys that are good. All of these matters would certainly have a power of magnetism for Richard, for he was then unborn. And surely he would be called upon again and again to relate the story of his own experiences, particularly the one that decided for him his special field of endeavor.

In the midst of such a happy state of things, Mr. Willoughby was taken sick. He had been a man of unusual health all of his life, though the family physician had known for some time that he had a weak heart and refrained from speaking about it except as occasion demanded. This was particularly distressing to the boys who had looked forward to this period with peculiar pride. But the father grew worse and worse steadily for a week until the end came, the first week in August. On Friday the doctor broke the sad news to the boys and friends who were present that there was no hope for recovery and that the end could be postponed only a few hours. The boys were called to the bedside to speak their last word of love and of appreciation to their father who would soon pass out. Each one was crouching close by his side, when all was quiet and no sounds were detected except the pulsations from their own breasts, to receive the blessings of him who had been so close to them all the years. About four o'clock on Saturday morning, the angel of death called and the spirit of the Christian father bade farewell to earthly realms and returned to the God who gave it.

Ten days have fled drearily and wearily by and that pall has somewhat been lifted, the clouds that had hung low were now rifted and the boys are again turning their faces to the future. They are now thinking individually and speaking openly to each other about the disposal of the property. They have come upon many papers and bills of much value, but have not yet found the father's will. The days are swiftly passing by and each one brings Richard nearer his time of departure. The outcome of the whole estate is of little concern to him personally though he wants it to be handled according to his father's wishes and as would be in accord with wisdom. Strange to say their father has never said to either of them just what he wanted to be done about the

property. And yet that was not so strange for he had not suspected the end so suddenly and so soon. But there was a deeper explanation.

In searching through an old chest, one used by their mother, and after her death by Mr. Willoughby, they found among other notes, receipts and papers, the will. It was folded neatly and placed in a long envelope. Inside the paper on which the will was recorded, was a regular size envelope wrapped in a piece of fine silk. It contained a folder upon which were written words to this effect:

“My precious darling Father:

“It has just occurred to me that I have never opened up my heart to you fully. And that is the sole purpose of this writing. You remember that I have never known the joy and happiness of a mother, for she gave up her very life to give me to you. You, on the other hand, have been both mother and father to me. You have nursed me into life, to manhood. All that I am and shall ever hope to be, I owe to you. When I have been homesick and blue, you it was that consoled and cheered me. In both sickness and in health, you have been a faithful and affectionate father. Nothing that you had, even to the last ounce of it, was too good for me, and often when you did not have it, no limits were known to you in the effort to provide it. Such have you been to each of us. And father, precious father, I just wanted to write you and tell you frankly that I love you sincerely—love you for what you have done for me, of course, but love you most of all for what you mean to me as a tender, sympathetic and loving father. And henceforward I want to live in such a way as that my life will honor you and give you only joy.

“Please do not think that I am in a strange mood or anything like that, for I am perfectly normal, only I have come to realize more fully that there is a debt of love and gratitude

that I owe you and I do not want any unseen experience to come in and prevent me from giving expression to this impulse. I should regret it to my last breath if I were to be recreant to this compelling emotion to tell you my deep feeling for you.

"There is no room for news in this love note, only to say that I am in good health. Remember that although I have waited these twenty-three long years to unbosom myself to you, yet it was not for the lack of love but of courage. I have always loved you, but now I love you more than ever and shall as long as life lasts.

"Most devotedly,

"DICK."

"March 7, 1905."

Having read this, Thomas and James turned to their brother and with warm tears trickling down their cheeks they pulled him into their arms as they all three sobbed. Silence prevailed for a full minute and more before either of them uttered a word. And then James chokingly whispered, "How much joy it must have brought to father! Oh, if I had just done the same thing, but now the opportunity is gone." In the same spirit Thomas also heaved forth a word of regret for a similar failure.

But now the will is arresting their attention again, and the most significant words on the sheet were somewhat as follows, written in the handwriting of Mr. Willoughby, deceased: . . . "With the sanction of the laws of this state, I hereby declare Richard Howard Willoughby, youngest son of Frederick Thomas Willoughby, executor of my estate upon my death."

The signature of Mr. Willoughby and three other familiar names were attached to the paper above.

The spell of silence and deep reflection immediately converted itself into a season of valuable conversation, after the will had been scanned through.



Thomas, the eldest son, was first to break the stillness. "I recall very vividly the day the letter came. And here is the real explanation of a change that manifested itself in the life of 'daddy,' as we called him, ever afterward. There seemed to be a touch of tenderness in his words and even in his look that was unknown before and until now that was inexplicable."

"Did father mention the letter to you?" queried Richard.

"He never did allude to it to me in audible words," Richard continued, "but wrote me a beautiful letter in return thanking me for mine, and adding these words: 'you will yet profit by such a noble deed,' though I could not see the visible application of the statement."

"No. Father never dared to broach the matter to any one. He regarded it as too sacred to be lightly referred to or mentioned. And true to dad's nature, he kept it in his own heart and pondered over it with delight in the dreary hours of midnight," answered Thomas.

And then James, who had been until now simply listening, chimed in his word as if invoking benedictions on the scene. "Yes, that sweet thought of your letter was the one great solace that gave poise and relief even in the last hour. And now if I may not seem over-smart I want to suggest that each of us remember that the one big service we can render each other and the world is to make lives brighter."

## THE VOYAGER

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A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

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*Where do you sail, oh Voyager?*

*For what port are you bound?*

I called farewell through the surging wind,  
And the dashing spray of the desolate sea,

But the Voyager never did look around;  
And only an echo returned to me:

*Where do you sail, oh Voyager?*

*For what port are you bound?*

I have left the shallow ocean-marge,  
I have passed the boisterous breakers' play,  
Into the calmer, deeper swell;  
And the steady current has caught my barge  
To carry me steadily on,  
Day after night, and night after day,  
To the same dim distant horizon  
That the Voyager passed when I called farewell.

And ever the heaving billows say

In their restless monotone of sound:

*Where do you sail, oh Voyager?*

*For what port are you bound?*

## NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY

### Number III

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#### The Ethical Period of the Hellenic-Roman Age of Thought

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GEORGE M. MODLIN

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NOTE:—This is the third of a series of five papers dealing with the same number of periods of ancient and mediæval philosophers.—*Editor.*

The so-called Hellenic-Roman Period extends from the death of Aristotle in 322 B.C., for approximately eight hundred years until the fall of Rome in 476 A.D. This period is divided by two general movements into two parts: the Ethical Period (322 B.C.-1 A.D.), and the Religious Period (100 B.C.-476 A.D.). It is the purpose of this paper to discuss fairly briefly the most important philosophical fields of thought of the former or Ethical Period, leaving to the next paper the discussion of the Religious Period.

Systematic philosophy closes with Aristotle and the new turn toward distinct schools is due to the breakdown of Greek political and social life. Upon the supremacy of Macedonia at the conclusion of the Peloponnesian War and the subsequent downfall of Athens, the failure of Greek civilization became a settled fact, and only a condition of feud and chaos ensued which was happily stopped by the complete subjugation of the Greeks by the Romans in 146 B.C., from which time Greece was known as the Roman province of Achaia. Two direct results followed: the Greek, since he no longer had a country, sought to create a philosophy which would make him a citizen of the world, and, second, Greek civilization began to flow into the western world and through its art, letters, and morals greatly affected Roman life. However, the two civilizations

never completely united. The borrowed Greek culture was never more than a veneer to the Roman, for he kept his own custom, language, and political laws and adopted and imitated Greek art and learning only as a parade and a luxury.

This Greek culture which was superimposed upon Roman civilization was the chief cause of the origin of the Ethical Period of philosophy, which in turn is notable for three principal things: the rise and controversies of the four celebrated philosophical schools of Athens; the introduction of the teachings of these schools into Roman society; and the final merging and reconciliation of these schools into Skepticism and Eclecticism.

## I

These four principal schools are the Stoic or the Porch, the Epicurean or the Gardens, the Aristotelian (Peripatetic) or the Lyceum, and the Platonic or the Academy. The first two are called the New Schools, while the last two are known as the Old Schools. The New Schools were of Asiatic rather than Greek origin, and the Old Schools departed very much from the teaching of their founders. All of them were Sophistic rather than Socratic, and a very different kind of philosophy is taught by all four than that taught by the great Greek Systematizers—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. The Stoic School made the most important contribution to succeeding history, although the Epicurean School had the most numerous following. These two are the most important in influence upon the period, for they embody more clearly the attitude of the age than do the Old Schools. However, we shall now proceed to an examination of all four of these schools of philosophy.

The school which Plato founded, and which was called the Academy, continued in existence several centuries after his death. At different periods it represents different tendencies and is known successively as the Older Academy, the Middle Academy, and the New Academy. (A) *The Older Academy* lasted about seventy years, from 347 B.C. to 280 B.C. The

successive leaders of this were Speusippus, the nephew of Plato, Heracleides of Pontus, Xenocrates, Palemo, and Crates. This Academy emphasized at first the tendency begun by Plato in the *Laws* toward the Pythagorean numbers, and later yielded to the contemporary interest in morals. (B) *The Middle Academy* lasted about one hundred and fifty years, from 280 B.C. to 129 B.C. Of this epoch Arcesilaus and Carneades were the most prominent leaders. This Academy was a form of Skepticism. (C) *The New Academy* lasted three hundred years, from 120 B.C. to 200 A.D. Among its leaders were Philo of Larissa and Antiochus of Ascalon (one of the teachers of Cicero). This epoch represents a return to the dogmatism of Plato, but it also contained elements of Stoic and neo-Platonic teachings. On the whole, neither of these three epochs of the Academy represented Plato's theory of the Ideas; for the true developer of Plato was Aristotle, who succeeded in developing his thoughts in a genuinely significant way.

Aristotle founded the Lyceum and from his death in 322 B.C. until 200 A.D. the school was represented by individuals and known only through them. Practically all these pupils of Aristotle were scientific specialists. The first of these was Theophrastus, the brilliant disciple of the founder, whose significance lay in natural science, and whose two preserved botanical works are of great importance. Eudemus of Rhodes studied history, mathematics, and astronomy; Aristoxenes studied music, ethics, psychology, and history. This period was followed by the naturalism and pantheism of Strato, and the later generations of scholars were absorbed in empirical investigations. Then, as in the Academy, came the reaction back to the original purpose of the founder of the Lyceum. This occurred under Andronicus (about 70 B.C.), the eleventh head of the school, and under him the original teachings of

Aristotle were reproduced and defended. This went on for several centuries until the school was finally merged in neo-Platonism.

There are five main similarities between these two Old Schools: (1) both abandoned the ideal of an ethical society and turned to that of individual happiness; (2) both deviated to Skepticism; (3) both afterward had a reaction from Skepticism; (4) both developed the Sophistic teaching rather than that of their founders; and (5) both were in common opposition to the New Schools.

## II

Let us hurry to the two New Schools, for they represent the dogmatic side of this period more truly than do the Old Schools, and they also give radical expression to its social aspects. Both of the New Schools subordinated theory to practice; both had the same purpose in their practical philosophy, viz., (*a*) to gain peace of mind for the individual, and (*b*) to gain independence of the world for the individual; and both grounded their philosophy of life on metaphysics and logic because—since one's conduct depends upon the kind of universe in which he lives—his ethics will be determined by his metaphysics, and since it is also necessary to have knowledge of the meaning of the universe—i.e., to know the truth—logic furnishes a criterion of knowledge and distinguishes truth from error. But there are a good many differences between the Stoics and Epicureans. The Stoics believed that (1) universal law is supreme, (2) man is a thinking being, (3) independence is obtained by suppressing the personal feelings, (4) the world is a moral order, (5) the universe determines the individual; and (6) that the world is an expression of an imminent reason. The Epicureans believed that (1) the individual is supreme, (2) man is a feeling being, (3) independence is obtained by idealizing the feelings through serenity,

(4) the world is a mechanical order, (5) the universal is the result of the functioning of the individual, and (6) the world is the combination of atoms.

A brief survey of each of the two schools will probably be essential to a clearer and more definite understanding of them. Epicurus was the founder of the system of philosophy which bears his name. No philosopher, perhaps, has been more unjustly reviled and misunderstood than this amiable and cheerful man whose very name has become a term of reproach.

The leader gathered around him in his own garden at Athens a group of enthusiastic disciples who regarded him with the utmost veneration. These Epicureans converted vigorously, closely organized their society under the personal direction of Epicurus, and extended it throughout Greece. With a fixed constitution it was as a state within a state, and was held together by preaching, correspondence, and material assistance. Its teachings were introduced into Rome by Amafinius about the middle of the second century B.C., and was received with great favor. It had some famous literary representatives—Metrodorus, Colotes, Philodemus, and especially Lucretius, who popularized the doctrine for the Romans. Its doctrines during all the long period of its existence were changed only in its unessentials, and the charges of immorality and licentiousness so often heard are not true of the teaching or of the practices of the founder or of the early members of the school.

The object of philosophy, according to Epicurus, is to enable man to lead a happy life, and there are three steps leading to Epicurean happiness: (1) the desire or the pain of unsatisfied craving; (2) the positive pleasure that removes the pain of unsatisfied desire; and (3) ataraxia, the repose of the soul in calmness or true happiness. The central principle of Epicurus's philosophy is that pleasure or happiness is a good and that pain is an evil. Therefore, everything—including virtue—is valued only as it is a means to produce happiness.

It is thus the part of wisdom to keep the mind unruffled and free from trouble so that one can move through the world with the greatest possible advantage to oneself. Hence, duration of pleasure is to be desired rather than intensity, and to Epicurus the enduring pleasures were the inner pleasures, the spiritual joys, the pleasures of the mind rather than of the body. One possessing such pleasures to the fullest extent was considered a Wise Man; the individual himself must rely upon his own common sense in determining the pleasures. The Wise Man accepts the established order and accommodates himself to it; he is superior to the world, a king or god with his virtuous happiness lying within himself. Though he cannot control the world without, yet he can control the world within and thus rest unmoved in his inner self—the ideal of Epicureanism. But as such he is only a spectator of the world, taking no part in the world's work and offering nothing to society. He thus appropriates the work of others giving nothing in return, and is merely a parasite upon the community.

Epicurus believed that the individual could be happy if he banished from his world two great obstacles—religion and culture. In the first place religion carried with it the fear of death in this age; the giving up of the present life for a dim, soulless region of flitting shades. Again, religion conceived the world of nature as created and operated by the gods in a miraculous and supernatural way, which is antagonistic to a tranquil mind that believes the world to be a dependable world. Lastly, religion conceived of the gods as always busying themselves with the affairs of men. Constant offerings were necessary to propitiate the gods, secure their favor, and avert their wrath. The Epicurean seeks a tranquillity that is independent of everything—even of interfering gods. The other obstacle to the happiness of the soul is culture. Since all knowledge which does not promote happiness is super-



fluous, Epicurus despised the researches of grammarians, the love of history, the science of mathematics, the theory of music, poetry, rhetoric, oration, and logic. Even though he was antagonistic to culture, the science of physics occupied a large place in his philosophy, but only in so far as it was the servant to the happiness of the individual. Knowledge of physics aids in discovering natural causes which free man from the supernatural fears attending religion. His important points of physical theory are these: (1) the freedom of the atoms in motion; (2) and yet their mechanical development through change; (3) the atomic character of the gods; and (4) the scattering of the atoms of the soul at death, which frees one from the fear of Hades.

This system of philosophy as taught by Epicurus and his followers was widely received and met with much success. Some of the reasons for its spread are that it offers a clear-cut conception of life, which is intelligible to the average man in his average moods; it is easily formulated; it is free from mystical and transcendental elements; and it calls for no flights of moral or intellectual enthusiasm.

### III

The other great philosophical school of this period was founded 294 B.C. by Zeno. In 294 he opened a school in the Stoa Poikile (the painted corridor or porch), from which the doctrines represented by him received their name. Zeno was esteemed for the nobility of his character, the simplicity of his life, his affability and moral earnestness. In 264 B.C., he suffered a slight wound, and, taking it as the hint of destiny, committed suicide.

During the five hundred years that Stoicism flourished there were three fairly distinct periods. (1) The period of formulation of their doctrines lasted from 294 to 206 B.C., and is sometimes called the period of Cynical Stoicism. This period contains the three great leaders, Zeno, Cleanthes, and Chry-

sippus; while there were also other important representatives, as Zeno of Tarsus, Diogenes of Silencia, and Antipater of Tarsus. (2) The period of modified Stoicism lasted from 206 B.C., to 1 A.D., and it is known as the period of transition. During this time there was a modification of the original severe cynical character of the doctrines and also there occurred the spread of Stoicism to Rome. The most important representative of this time is Panaetius, who introduced the doctrine into Rome through his friendship with Scipio Africanus. (3) The period of Roman Stoicism lasted from 1 to 200 A.D., and during this time its teachings became a popular moral philosophy. The somewhat theoretic teachings of the first two periods were converted by the Roman Stoics into practical observations and uses. Along with this added usefulness Stoicism was being inspired with the rising religious feeling, so that it expressed the noblest moral sentiments of all ancient philosophies. The leaders were Seneca, Epictetus (the philosophic slave), and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The ethical treatises and epistles of Seneca, the *Diatribes* of Epictetus, and the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius give a close insight into the Stoic doctrines of the later times, but only fragments have been preserved of the earlier writings and most of the information, such as that of Diogenes Laertius, is second hand.

It is interesting to note that not one of the early teachers of the Stoic school were pure Greeks, and that most of its members of the period belonged by birth to the races of Asia Minor and the eastern archipelago, while practically all the later Stoics were Romans. Although Athens was the home of the school the city gave nothing to its formation or personnel, for Zeno and Chrysippus came from Cyprus and Cleanthes came from Assos, not far from Troy. It is probably true that the ascetic temperament of the Stoics may be due in part to this Oriental strain. Lycia, Cyprus, and Pisidia were Stoic strongholds, and one of the strongest of its schools was

at Tarsus. The writings of St. Paul reflect the influence of this school on his training. Stoicism offered to the nobler minds of the time a welcome refuge from the trivialities and anarchy of the life which surrounded them, and it succeeded in producing a type of character and belief which is superior in a great many respects to anything else that the ancient world produced.

There are two main Stoic conceptions which stand out above the rest of their teachings. One is the conception of personality, the other is the conception of nature. These two principles stand side by side, even though they cannot be made totally compatible. The Stoic picture of the ideal personality is of a life completely separated from outward conditions, free from earthly contaminations, but at the same time the organ of universal law. But it was almost an impossibility to even approach this ideal, and so after about a century they were forced to modify it in response to practical demands. The Stoic built his conception of personality upon a deep psychological analysis, and the distinguishing feature of this conception was called the "assent of the reason"; i.e., the power of the soul to transform the excitations of the feelings into acts of will. Thus was the independence of the personal soul first established in history. The assent of the reason is necessary to transform the sensations into perceptions and the perceptions into acts of will. Emotions arise when the reason allows itself to be hurried along to give assent to exciting causes; and since emotions are failures, mental disturbances, and in chronic cases diseases, the Wise Man must be free from them. According to Stoicism, virtue consists in absence from emotions, and the virtuous man can look upon pleasure as not a good and pain as not an evil—directly in opposition to Epicureanism.

What is the highest good—the *summum bonum*—for the Stoic Wise Man? It is Apathy; just as ataraxy is the summit

of happiness for the Epicurean. Apathy means the absence of control by the feelings; i.e., the absence of the emotions that render the man dependent on the world. But it is not absence of the reaching out of the soul for the divine. To the Stoic apathy is (1) intellectual resignation to the universe, (2) practical inner harmony, and (3) self-control.

The second prominent conception is that of Nature. The Stoic looked upon nature as a unitary, rational, and living whole, having no parts, but only determinate forms. This teaching is monistic, materialistic, and teleological. There are three main observances about this conception of nature. (A) Nature is an all pervading World-Being. It is God, "in whom we live and move and have our being." It is the unswerving whole in which the single events of history take place. It is both the creative and guiding reason and divine Providence itself. Nature is in every part perfect and without blemish. (B) Nature is an all-compelling law. There is no such thing as chance; everything is caused. Nature furnishes the cause. Thus necessity is a living necessity, and destiny a living destiny. (C) Nature is matter. To the Stoic matter alone is real, because it alone acts and is acted upon. Everything is matter, nature, objects, God, the soul, and even the qualities, forces, and relations between material bodies. We thus see that the Stoic was absolutely a materialist. To him God is the primary substance, and the equation of Stoicism is Nature, Matter, Fire, Reason, Fate, Providence, God. The soul of man is the *pneuma* which holds his body together and which is an emanation from the divine *pneuma*. This *pneuma* constitutes man's reason, causes his activities, and is seated in his breast. We see then that the two Stoic conceptions of nature and personality supplement each other in that when the life of the Wise Man is in harmony with physical nature it is also in harmony with itself as well, for both are identical in reason.

## IV

We now enter upon the third and final division into which the Ethical Era of the Hellenic-Roman Period is divided. We have traced the rise of the four celebrated schools of Athens, and noted the introduction of their teachings into Roman society. There now follows a discussion of the final merging and reconciliation of these schools in Skepticism and Eclecticism.

In philosophy Skepticism means the disbelief in the possibility of true knowledge. At the rise of Epicureanism and Stoicism there appeared in opposition to them this new philosophy of doubt. It runs from the beginning to the end of the entire Hellenic-Roman Period, and while the nature of the Skeptical teachings stood in the way of its formation into a school, the doctrine itself developed into a system and permeated the whole realm of philosophic thought. There are three somewhat loosely connected phases of Skepticism.

The first phase of Philosophic Skepticism is called Pyrrhonism, from the name of its leader, and lasted from about 300 to 230 B.C. The teaching was directed against the assumptions of the philosophy of Aristotle. The two proponents were Pyrrho of Elis and his pupil Timon. Pyrrho began his personal instruction in the city of Elis at approximately the same time that the four schools appeared in Athens. He had little influence, however, and has left no writings. What we know of his doctrines is through the writings of Timon. His teachings declared that: (1) We can know nothing of the nature of things, but only of the states of feelings into which they put us; (2) the only correct attitude of mind is to withhold all judgment and restrain all action; and (3) the result of this suspension of judgment is *ataraxia* or *imperturbability*. We can see then that the Skeptic was also searching for internal peace, but he didn't believe that it could be found by the codes of the Epicureans and Stoics. This school soon died out and gave way to another phase of Skepticism.

The second period of Philosophic Skepticism is known as the Skepticism of the Academy, and lasted from 280 to 129 B.C. Its teaching was directed against the Stoics particularly, and it was ably led by two very noted philosophers—Arcesilaus and Carneades. The latter was the greatest philosopher of Greece for four centuries. He attempted to refute all existing dogma, and to evolve a theory of probability as the basis for practical activity. He produced impressive arguments against the doctrines of Stoicism and gained quite a following which, however, became separated upon his death.

The third period of Skepticism is known as Sensationalistic Skepticism, and lasted during the first two centuries of the Christian era. The chief representatives were Aenesidemus of Cnossus, Agrippa, and Sextus Empiricus. The following was largely composed of physicians, who had the general feeling that there was no such thing as scientific certainty. They constructed skeptical arguments based upon the discoveries in medicine made at Alexandria. The most important work of the period was by Aenesidemus, who wrote eight books presenting the ways of justifying doubt.

Eclecticism is the practice of choosing doctrines from various or diverse systems of thought in order to form a body of acceptable doctrine. This culling of beliefs from the teachings of the several schools then in prominence was much aided by the growing intellectual discourse between Greek scholars and the Romans. The Roman had no genius for philosophy and cared for it only so far as it might produce practical ends. Romans never created an independent system of thought, and only took from different systems what appealed to them, at the same time modifying the result to suit their taste. This adoption of Hellenic culture by the Romans coupled with the rapidly increasing Skepticism of the time were the two factors that prepared an early way for a swift spread of Eclecticism.

The Stoic School was the first to incline to Eclecticism, for it early adopted many of the Platonic and Aristotelian teachings, and later tempered its own ethical code. The Lyceum and the Academy also soon began a process of fusion, which, however, occurred only in their teachings and not in their organization. The Epicurean School was never a party to this Eclecticism, and always remained relatively stationary. There are many well-known names appearing in the schools after 150 B.C., such as Boethus, Panaetius, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius in the Stoic following; while Philo, Antiochus, Andronicus, Plutarch, and Cicero are also connected with the period and its teachings. These famous writers and philosophers gave to the world the result of the fusion of the earlier schools, for their beliefs and principles were obtained from a selection of the best that these schools had to offer.

In conclusion, we have passed in review the different philosophical movements of the Ethical Period of the Hellenic-Roman Era—the 300 years following the time of Aristotle, Plato, and Socrates—and have found that the chief of these teachings are Epicureanism, and Stoicism, which are greatly affected by Skepticism, and which finally result in the Eclecticism of the Romans. These philosophies, however, did not satisfy all types of minds, and there appeared a period when philosophy sought refuge in religion. The discussion of this era will be taken up by the fourth paper in this series.

Cushman: History of Philosophy.

Rogers: Students' History of Philosophy.

Zeller: Greek Philosophy.

## ODE TO AN ACHING TOOTH

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CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '26

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"Oh, why should I keep you any way?  
You have ceased to serve me well;  
You have run your race in a very few years,  
And caused me to suffer a spell.

"Once I fancied you were my best,  
You hold such a prominent place;  
I never dreamed that a traitor you'd be,  
To disfigure my only face.

"I've treated you well from the day of your birth,  
Your rim I have crowned with gold,  
And yet when I need you to help me along  
You keep me up late in the cold.

"Three weeks I have taken you every day  
A kind hearted dentist to see,  
But when I would steal a midnight nap  
The dentist must call on me.

"I like you somehow, although you're a bore,  
Your service I kinder desire,  
But if you don't get quiet,  
And settle down at night,  
If I don't have you pulled, I'm a liar."



## PAN-AMERICANISM

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L. B. MARTIN, '25

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To the average American living in the United States, the word Pan-Americanism means very little. While, from the viewpoint of all Americans, it should be a word full of meaning—a word containing great possibilities.

Pan-Americanism is a doctrine. The meaning of that doctrine is an understanding between all free peoples of the American Continent with a view to guaranteeing their absolute independence, as well as their absolute territorial integrity; and an effort of mutual coöperation to secure peace and to promote culture and progress in these countries.

This doctrine first germinated in the brain of the eminent Venezuelan, Bolivar; although he was unable to present it in any complete manner. To a Central American, Del Valle, belongs the distinction of first seeing the great possibilities that lay in the solidarity of all the nations. He realized that all the nations of the Western Hemisphere were united by certain bonds of origin and common interest. To him, America was the natural counterpoise of Europe: there, thrones, the despotism of kings; here, a government designed to maintain independence, and to assure peace, freedom and progress. With these thoughts—these ideals—his pen traced the doctrine of Pan-Americanism that is now proclaimed by America's representative men.

Pan-America comprises twenty-one republics in America. Ten of these are in South America, containing about sixty-five million people, largely of European descent. In Central America are five republics, with a total population of five million people, mostly Indians. Mexico, which is the northernmost Latin Republic, contains about fifteen million people.

There are a number of small islands contained in this group with a total population of eight million. With these republics is associated the United States, which now has a population of over one hundred and ten million. Thus, Pan-America in a broad sense has twelve million square miles of territory, and a population of more than two hundred million. We see, then, that the doctrine of Pan-Americanism affects the greater part of the Western Hemisphere. It comprises practically all the nations existing that have a true republican form of government.

This doctrine is a defensive bulwark for the weak nations of Spanish America. If ever, by misfortune, this bulwark should fall, these countries would become the spoils of the European or Asiatic nations. This may be said to be equally true of the United States; since the Spanish American nations constitute the only vulnerable points at which the North American nation may be attacked. With these republics under the thumb of foreign nations, it would only be a matter of time until they would be able to seriously interfere with the growth and progress of this great republic.

The Pan-American idea has for its object the positive co-operation, prompted by good will, for the advancement of the smaller nations, in order that thus encouraged they may become important factors in the scheme of solidarity and defense of the continent. It is meant that this tie shall supplant the tie of blood that is lacking between the nations of North and South America—the tie of Democracy.

The first suggestions for Pan-Americanism were largely sentimental, but the idea grew, nevertheless. In 1847 a real American Congress, representing only a part of the South American nations was held. At this meeting only a few practical agreements were reached. Later, a narrower tone was reached, the dominant idea being a Latin-American Confederation, with the demand for arbitration of international questions affecting America.

The better purpose of the Pan-American movement, and the direction it began to take in 1880, were efforts for mutual understanding and harmony of interests in things physical and material rather than political and sentimental. This movement, since it is based on these principles, cannot, as some people are disposed to believe, be hostile to Europe. There would be no sacrificing of individual independence, but a mutual agreement that American has its own peculiar problems to solve without the interference of Europe. This situation led to a proposal by the United States to establish a general American Peace and Arbitration Conference. Which proposal was not at first accepted, but, a compromise movement was effected, by which the Pan-American Conferences were established.

It is in these conferences that the Pan-American movement finds its best expression. All the inhabitants of America should be in accord with this movement. They should recognize that common fate has made them inhabitants of the two continents known as the New World, and that like sympathies impose like duties; that hearty coöperation, based on hearty confidence, will save all the American states from the burdens that have forever afflicted the other nations of the world; that friendship, avowed and maintained with good faith, will remove the necessity of guarding boundary lines between the American states with fortifications and military forces. Such conditions will never demand passports and "red tape" to such extent that it would take longer to arrange an overland trip from New York to Brazil than it would require to make the trip itself. Yet this condition has for many years been true in making the trip from London to Russia.

The Pan-American Conferences are the official mouth-piece through which much of these movements find utterance. They concern themselves with promoting whatever will lead to friendship and mutual understanding among the American nations,

and with proposing, with governmental approval and action, whatever will bring about material changes to the advantage of each and every nation concerned.

Out of these conferences has grown the Pan-American Union—a voluntary organization with headquarters in Washington of the twenty-one American republics. It is the official custodian of the conferences, and perpetuates their activities. It has the extensive purpose of spreading the feeling of Americanism, of removing ignorance and increasing knowledge of each other among the American peoples and of encouraging, by every worthy means, friendship, peace, good will and commerce in the Western Hemisphere.

So far we have dealt chiefly with a definition of the Pan-American movement, its aims, its lofty ideals as they have been explained by the great minds that have concerned themselves with its promulgation and advancement. We have seen that conferences have been held, that a Union has been established. We will now concern ourselves with the work that has been done. "By their works ye shall know them," cannot be more aptly applied to any movement than to this one. In no other movement would there seem to be more excuse for simply doling out ideals and aims in high sounding phrases, and talking of the things that should be accomplished than in this one. Not so, however, with the Pan-American movement.

The first conference ever held, which was in 1827, formulated proposals in regard to united action, commercial relations, and consular and postal matters. At a later conference, called by the President of the United States, the first bureau for promoting trade relations was established. At this session a Customs Union was organized with uniform sanitary regulations—the first of its kind.

To the fourth Pan-American Conference, held in 1910, belongs the praise for accomplishing more than all the others prior to this time. Philander C. Knox was the one delegate

from the United States, and was chosen President of the Conference. He, more than any of his predecessors, as Secretary of State, saw that our foreign trade in the South could be doubled and tripled in a short time by giving careful consideration to the matter and coöperate in the development of these lands. He realized that the introduction of modern methods and machinery in the tropics would greatly increase production, for machinery, unlike men, is not affected by the enervating heat of the tropics. With these things in view, he immediately began to use his powerful influence for the introduction of anything that would really lead to any success along this line of thought.

As a result of this effort, an important resolution was adopted extending the existence and power of the Pan-American Railroad Committee. With the aid of this resolution the Committee was enabled to greatly facilitate the work of railroad building that was to connect the different states. Many things were accomplished for the encouragement of steamship communication between the republics of the American Continent. This would enable freer communication, cheaper means of transporting machinery, and other steps that are necessary for the furtherance of enlightenment and progress.

Probably the most important of all the things accomplished at this conference, however, was a provision for an exchange of professors and students between the various universities on the American Continent. This, in all probability, had less visible effect for the common good at the time than any of the other efforts, but in the years that are to come the great wisdom of this method of interchange of ideas will be more fully appreciated. It is by this means that we become more thoroughly acquainted with the ideals, the customs, the country, the people themselves, in a study of foreign nations.

This movement recently received great impetus when the convention for the reciprocal interchange of students met in

April, 1923, and made definite arrangements for the establishment of six scholarships by each government embodied in the Pan-American movement. For the development of Pan-American thought there is nothing more advantageous than the proximity and companionship of the young men of different nationalities who will greatly enrich relationships between the men of different sections of America destined for future leadership. The unhappy spectacle which Europe today presents serves but to emphasize the high obligations imposed upon the republics of the American Continent. In return for the many privileges showered upon us, the Americas must give to the world an example of unity of purpose and effort in making the highest standards of justice the guiding principle of their international relations. Friendly relationships between governments are not sufficient. The only firm and solid basis is a thorough understanding between the peoples of the American Continent. This can be accomplished to a large extent through an interchange of thought between the students of the Americas.

The fifth Pan-American Conference, which was to have met before 1915, was postponed from year to year on account of the World War. The conference was held at Santiago, Chile, March 25 to May 3, 1923. Many are familiar with the results of that conference and the details will not be taken up here.

It is of interest to note, however, that, in marked contrast to its predecessors, this conference contained in its program many political questions. Among these were: consideration of the reduction and limitation of military and naval expenditures on some just and practical basis; the consideration of the questions arising out of an encroachment of a non-American power on the rights of an American nation, and other questions of equal importance and interest. True very little was done toward a satisfactory settlement of these questions but the attention of the various governments was called to them and plans were made for further investigations and reports to future conferences.

Along the line of thought dominant at the 1910 conference the 1923 conference accomplished much. In the domain of cultural achievement and social problems, important contributions were made toward a solution of Pan-American Coöperation. Special assemblies to deal with the problem of secondary and university education, and with Inter-American sanitary coöperation, were provided for.

In all the history of the world there is nothing that excels the remarkable growth and progress of the states of the Western Hemisphere. As we look back over the comparatively few years that have elapsed since the white man made his first intrusion upon the Continent, we first of all notice that there has been but little strife among the many republics that constitute the Americas. With the exception of some minor misunderstandings we have lived in peace and harmony. How much of this is due to the doctrine of Pan-Americanism, not one of us can say. We are certain, however, that where people are given understanding among themselves there we find peace and mutual friendship.

We are easily convinced that the United States should encourage the Pan-American movement. We must realize that we are doing almost as much business with the South American Continent as we are with any of the others. South America is bound to Europe by historical development and by racial ties. The United States will only be able to keep the South American trade through a manifestation of mutual interest in all her movements, and by superior service. The countries of South America have every reason for an optimistic viewpoint. With their youth and potential resources they have every reason for looking hopefully to the future. In the years that are to come we may expect to see the South American Republics moving forward in every way, commercially, industrially, socially, until we shall have to the south of us a continent surpassing Europe in strength and resources.

## THE WORSE THAN RAINY DAY

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W. G. WESTALL, '27

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The day was cold and dark and dreary  
As I strolled down Fourteenth Street with Mary.  
A painter clung to a ten-story wall,  
And at every stroke great gobs would fall  
On passers-by cold and weary.

My life became sad and dark and dreary,  
When I caught on my nose a gob that was smeary;  
I quite forgot my well-bred past,  
And directed the man to the red-hot blast,  
Where sinners, they say, grow weary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,  
To refrain from murder is quite confining;  
But my pate is like the pate of all,  
Into every face some paint must fall,  
Some mug must be dark and smeary.



## A STRANGE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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W. G. PARKER, '27

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I was standing near the entrance of one of the large hospitals of New York watching, with a wistful look, the patients who were continually being brought in. As an ambulance rolled swiftly by, I thought that I recognized a friend as a passenger. Quickly stepping around to the entrance of the hospital, I saw that I had surmised correctly, and that the man was an extremely close friend of mine, although I had known him only two years. I was serving a large company as sales manager at a salary of eight thousand dollars per year. My friend, of whom I have spoken, had asked only one question about my past life, and as it had gone unanswered had asked no more.

But let us go back to the hospital. My friend's face was wild with grief and fear. A girl about twenty years of age was taken from the ambulance and carried into the building. Her face was deathly pale. Her breast was covered with blood and I saw that there was a hole in her clothes near her heart. Upon taking another look at her beautiful face I discovered that she was the bride of a day of my friend. I had officiated as best man at their wedding the day before, and I can truthfully say that I believe there was never manifested greater love of man for maid than that of my friend for this, his bride.

For some reason, I hardly knew why, I followed the party into the building. My friend was now sobbing bitterly and I placed my arm over his shoulder. He looked up and a look of gratitude flashed across his face. We continued our course into the operating room. On the way, the ambulance driver gave me a few facts in regard to the case. He had made an

unimportant call at a home near that of my friend and his bride. My friend had called to him to stop and examine a pistol which he had brought back from France. With it he had some poisoned bullets. My friend had shot at a post with a poisoned bullet. But instead of going into the post the bullet struck a steel bolt in the side of the post and, glancing, entered the breast of the young bride.

The surgeons looked at the wound and confessed their inability to render aid. This case, they said, could be operated on successfully by only a very few surgeons, and there was not one of them within two hundred miles. The young woman was sinking fast and in a few minutes she would be dead if not helped. With all hope of surgical aid gone, my friend turned to me and in a pitiful manner asked me if I could not do something. After a second's hesitation, I threw off my coat, at the same time calling for certain instruments and medicines. Strangely enough, I was obeyed explicitly. After I had quickly but thoroughly sterilized my hands, I commenced to operate. Deeper and deeper I went—the slightest slip would have meant a split heart. After three minutes' close work I was through.

The young woman remained in the hospital for six weeks, awaiting for the incisions to heal and for the poison in her system, which required constant attention, to disappear. Finally she was returned to her joyous husband in as perfect a condition as she had ever been.

After this, my friend was in reality my slave. My slightest request was to him a command which must be obeyed.

About a month later I spent an evening at their home. After much insistence upon their part, I told my story.

Thirty-five years before, at the age of twenty-four, I was graduated with highest honors from one of the foremost medical schools in the United States. I then spent three years in special study. Within six months after I entered the service

of a large hospital, I became chief surgeon. For two years my fame spread over the country. During that time I happened to attend a high school commencement exercise. As a certain girl rose to speak I seemed to lose consciousness of all else. During her entire speech my eyes remained riveted upon her. At one time her eyes met mine, and she faltered in her speech, but recovered herself and continued. She did not look at me until she had taken her seat. Our love for each other seemed mutual, and in three months we were engaged. Just after that, she became ill, and I was a constant attendant at her bedside. There was also at that time a young man, who was a close friend of mine, who was very ill and sent for me. Fearing to leave Mae, my fiancee, I delayed going to him for two hours. At last I visited him, but he was past help. If I had called twenty minutes earlier, I could have saved him. But I was too late. Upon my return to Mae, I found her delirious and crying with pain. Finally she regained her right mind, but pain seemed to literally rack her young body. I gave her a large dose of a medicine to ease that terrible pain. She immediately became still. It seemed unusual that she should become calm so suddenly, so I glanced at the medicine container which I still held in my hand. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins. I had given her a strong poison, and death was instantaneous. My nerves had always been weak, and now they gave way. I was taken away a raving maniac, and was totally and hopelessly insane for six months. When I finally recovered use of my mind, I had a horror of the medical profession. I could not bear to look upon a surgical instrument without becoming terrified. The operation upon my friend's wife was the most difficult thing I had ever done. While I was operating, I was filled with fear lest I should lose control of my nerves and deliberately kill the young woman. Now that operation is over, and I am hoping that I shall never again have to saw on a person nor give him medicine of any kind.

## AN APPEAL TO AGE

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A. W. PENNINGTON, 24

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Tell me, speak truly, you, whose hoary head  
Bows with the weight of life's three-score and ten;  
Now that your time expires; what can be said  
Of this short sojourn in the world of men?

You, whom Oblivion, restless, waits to grasp,  
A glowering groom, its bride, into its arms,  
What of the various things you now unclasp,  
Life's sweetness, pang, its terrors and its charms?

Does the eye weary of these beauteous forms?  
Does the heart's fire consume the heart to ash?  
Must youth's high hopes abate with youth's wild storms,  
Its fervor die, its memories abash?

If age be not the pinnacle of life,  
From which the harmony of its parts we scan;  
We are but slaves in blind and useless strife,  
And mockery is the goal of all we plan.

*Tell me, speak truly, you, whose hoary head  
Bows with the weight of life's three-score and ten,  
Now that your time expires, what can be said  
Of this short sojourn in the world of men?*

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

FOUNDED 1882

A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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XLIII

APRIL, 1924

No. 7

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

S. N. LAMB, *Editor*

**A Neglected  
Grace.**

To even the casual observer of the times must be evident a tendency that is all too prevalent and wide spread in our land, namely, to assume an air of absolute certainty about matters that are uncertain. It must be repulsive to men of brains. If one were to compare the knowledge of Plato with that of a man of mediocre intellectual training today, the comparison would be quite ludicrous. For somewhat in the words of a noted editor writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, Plato did not know anything about modern languages—the dead languages—and though he

was able to use the Attic Greek very well, yet he could not translate a short simple line of classical writings. He did not know the difference between A.D. and B.C., between A.M. and P.M. But the secret of the great power of Plato as an authority in many lines and the cause for the reference to him as one of the greatest men of Greece, lies in the use and application he made of his knowledge.

This practice of unyielding stability in mental attitude among so many really useful men is both repulsive and opposed to the principle set forth by the greatest teacher of all time. He said that a man in order to be a follower of Him should become as a little child. The inclination among so many of our people to set themselves up as authorities in every realm is incompatible with that teaching. One of the outstanding characteristics of a little child is open-mindedness, willing to learn and to be taught. It is a pity that this principle is so limited in its application in the lives of men who claim to be infallible, whose craniums are already so full of knowledge of a typical individual nature that they refuse to allow any more to come in. It will be a long step in the direction of an enlightened and intelligent citizenship when the leaders in thought in every realm come to adopt this principle of inherent greatness.

Compatibility  
of Religion  
and Knowl-  
edge.

There are many considerations to be taken into account when one seeks to get at the secret of a man's greatness. And the same statement holds good for institutions. But there is one outstanding reflection, however, underlying all others that bespeaks the influence and power of Wake Forest. This reflection may be more pertinent by pondering the course of things for the past ten days. When a great institution, great by reason of its purpose and accomplishment, like Wake Forest turns aside for ten days more or less from the regular routine of things, and that in the midst of a full semester, turns aside for reflection

on the fundamental thing in life, bows its head so to speak in submission to the Divine will and seeks to bring every one of its students into close contact and personal touch with the great realities of life, it deserves comment. Back of all of this lies the belief that no matter how much knowledge one may have, no matter how influential one may be in a general way, if the life of that one is not actuated and controlled by the great all-important influence—which comes by proper relationship with the Almighty, then that life is an utter failure. And this one realization is a sufficient reason to justify the existence of denominational colleges.

**Dearth of  
Writers.**

It was planned and hoped in the beginning of the present year in the history of this magazine that the Alumni of the College might have a larger part in its production. And special attention was given to the fact that there would be reserved a special department for contributions by former Wake Forest men. Sad to say, this part of the publication has been neglected, due to the scarcity of contributors, on the other hand, this does not mean that the other departments have been running over with material. It would be surprising to the old men, who in years ago, assumed positions as editors and managers on the STUDENT staff, to know that instead of selecting, discarding, and picking out the choicest material from the amount submitted for approval, the task of the editors has taken on a different aspect entirely. They now find their biggest task in the occupation of soliciting, asking fellows to write, securing promises ahead for certain kinds of material only to be disappointed when the time comes for it to be handed in. And from all indications, if we should succeed in filling up the place reserved for the work of the Alumni, the difficulties and burdens of getting out a full magazine would be multiplied to a considerable degree.

We are not raising a row with anybody, for it is understood that a myriad of other things are occupying the minds of every one these days that were foreign to us all a few years ago, but then we want you to remember that *THE STUDENT* belongs to you as well as to us who try to shoulder the responsibility of perpetuating its noble history. In short, this is to say to the present students and the old men as well that we want you to help us by sending in the articles.

The unanimous adoption of a set of statements in the form of resolutions, stating that the student body heartily approves the proposed plan of enlarging the college, testifies in part to the spirit of unity and helpfulness that prevails on our campus today. This program, providing for the standardization of every department of the college work and the expansion of the physical equipment to its full grown capacity by 1934, is an ideal that should animate the sons and friends of the institutions to an unexampled degree. And it seems to us that the most fitting way to illustrate the feeling of pride in good will toward this move would be for every son of his Alma Mater to be true to the ideals that were set before him while here and give his active moral, mental and physical support to the proposal of the present administration and faculty.



❧	<b>IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE</b>	❧
	<i>JERRY SAWYER, Editor</i>	

All who did not attend the series of meetings held at the local church, Dr. White of Anderson, S. C., preaching, missed some very interesting and soul lifting sermons. Dr. White came to his youthful playground to combat with sin and lukewarm worship among the students and townspeople of Wake Forest.

Tom Skeyhill, Australian soldier-poet, and student of world affairs, came again to Wake Forest Monday, March 3d, to lecture on "The New Renaissance" and "The World War Poets." Skeyhill stands out as one of the War Poets himself, but in his lecture of Monday evening, March 3d, he modestly refrained from intimating this fact, and did not even give his audience selections from his verses. He modestly criticised the old war poets who never saw battles nor engaged in warfare, but who penned blazing lines of sweet sounding words meant to describe war and ambitious men of arms. He also spoke of the modern reaction against the poets of the Victorian Age, Tennyson especially. In his morning lecture, Skeyhill gave a word picture of the first English attack on the Dardanelles. We can safely say that this was the most vivid description of any battle of which Wake Forest students have ever heard or read. The speaker led his audience as if by magic through the thrills of the advance on the Turkish stronghold, the blue splendor of the Mediterranean sky and the bluer sea, the same path that the long haired Greeks traveled to give battle to the Trojans three thousand years before, and then in the thick of the slaughter when the attack was made he led us; but with an account of the number killed and the ghastly savagery of it all, he left us this phrase ringing in our ears; "And this they called a glorious victory."

The first warm days in March ushered in the new baseball era. Coach Garrity has a pretty big job on his hands to get his pill artists in condition to compete with the best in the South. Two trips have been planned; one south, the other north. Like Sherman of the Civil War, we are going to besiege the South Carolinians, Tennesseans, and Georgians; and like Lee, we are going into the North, play around Richmond a few days, then up into Maryland and Washington. "Come on, me brave lads, up and at 'em."

Have you ever been in an atmosphere that seemed strangely laden with something inexplicable? Well, that is just what we are experiencing here this year. There exists some feeling that we cannot understand that seems to hold us in its talons of suspense. Student activities drag along without any signs of life; students exist only in their own self sanctification with now and then a show of regard for others. Repeated appeals for efforts of men to do something for their own good and promises of reward, both in the realms of honor and finance, bring only half-hearted response, and the whole seems that we are experiencing one of the most average years of the life of our college in superiority of knowledge of individuals not only in literary courses and student original productions, but in athletics as well. Forsooth, we have no stars! On our athletic teams are men who work together as machines, and men who do other things do them as machines; men are becoming cogs in machines, none of them different from the rest, all striped as a common herd. And from this we take an observation; that Wake Forest is on the verge of a great change. A new day is dawning. What it will bring us is for us to wait to see. Let us hope that the future will even be greater than the past.

The report of the College Hospital shows that we had several patients there during the month of March; some suffering with throat troubles, some with hard attacks of colds, and

several cases of measles. It is a misfortune that all of us did not have the good luck to come through with measles, whooping cough, mumps and itch when we were youngsters, but man never gets too old for some things and measles is one of them. Our sympathy extends to the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, where they say they had over a hundred cases of measles at one time during the month.

The two Literary Societies are planning a very extensive debate schedule this year. The program arranged contains four intercollegiate debates with as many opponents, ranging from Virginia to Georgia, and from the East to the West. On the teams are four men who represented Wake Forest last year, four new men, two of whom represented Wake Forest in Freshman debates last year. There are four seniors, two juniors, and two sophomores comprising the four teams.

Messrs. H. T. Wright and J. J. Tarleton uphold the affirmative against the Oklahoma Baptist University at Wake Forest, the subject being: "Resolved, that the United States should join the League of Nations."

Messrs. C. B. Earp and L. E. Andrews support the affirmative against William and Mary at Wake Forest, of the subject: "Resolved, that the United States should adopt the Cabinet Parliamentary form of government."

Messrs. D. D. Lewis and S. L. Blanton defend the affirmative of the same subject against Charleston College at Charleston.

Messrs. S. N. Lamb and M. G. Stamey propound the negative against Mercer University at Atlanta before the Southern Baptist Convention, the subject being: "Resolved, that the Congress of the United States should pass a uniform marriage and divorce law."

A Freshman Intercollegiate Triangular debate with the University of North Carolina and Davidson College will be held, definite announcement being withheld.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. W. BEACH, *Editor*



We like the plan which the *Philomaethan* has adopted this month: that of issuing a Freshman Number. This should certainly help create an interest in writing among the first year students that should help them and also improve your magazine in the following years. It seems that you have a dearth of material. Where are your stories, essays, poems, and plays? In each of the last two issues we have found only one story, one essay, and one poem.

The *Tattler* has one very good contribution this month in the form of a one act play, entitled, "April and Arabia." This is a type of writing found in but few of our College Magazines. "April and Arabia" is a well written play; the dialogue seems natural and there is a certain amount of suspense that holds the reader's interest until the last speech.

The *Concept*, from Converse College has an unusually interesting February number. The mechanical make-up of the magazine gives it a balance and a variety that is pleasing. "Confette" is an extremely interesting short story. The plot is not of the bewhiskered and mushy type of which we see so many in some of the college journals. The dialogue is well handled and the characterization is clear-cut and vivid. The *Concept* also has another good story this month. "Plenty Good Fish In the Sea as Out of It" is an old story but it is well told. One of its merits lies in the selection of its title, which is novel and suggestive without giving away the entire idea of the story. We also like to see college students show their skill at play writing. "The Black Pig" is an admirable one-act play, though the dialogue seems to be a bit strained even for a mountain story. As a whole we admire your magazine very much.



## ALUMNI NOTES

D. D. LEWIS, *Editor*



Six hundred and seventy-three missionaries have graduated from Wake Forest College since 1835. Forty-three of this number have spent most of their lives in foreign fields. From the graduation of 2,365 men, over twenty-five per cent have given their lives to either home or foreign missions. Thirty-nine have been sent to China since 1847. Nine have given their time in Africa and other countries. According to a report issued by *Southern Baptist Missionaries*, Wake Forest College has sent out twice as many missionaries as any other Southern college.

The following are the men who have been sent into foreign fields from Wake Forest College: M. G. Yates, L. H. Shuck, G. W. Greene, Gordon Poteat, E. M. Poteat, J. B. Hipps, G. C. Britton, H. H. McMillan, E. F. Tatum, D. W. Herring, W. D. Bostic, J. C. Powell, F. M. Royall, J. G. Anderson, C. J. Anderson, W. C. Newton, G. L. Blalock, G. P. Bostwic, W. E. Crocker, D. G. Hurley, A. C. Gallimore, G. W. Greene, Jr., J. C. Owen, M. G. Rankin, M. W. Rankin, Gordon Herring, M. L. Braun, A. R. Phillips, Victor McGuire, S. E. Ayers, W. V. Nix, C. D. Boone, Jim Justice, G. Neill Johnson, S. J. Porter, C. L. Powell, L. E. Blackman, L. B. Olive, Eugene Turner, C. A. Leonard, Evans Norwood, and W. C. Newton, Jr.

Mr. J. T. Alderman, B.A., 1880, chairman of the Historic Commission of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina, and who last year rounded out his fiftieth year as a school teacher, is aiding in the preparation of a History of North Carolina Baptists. Mr. Alderman is also writing two complete histories of two associations—the old Cedar Creek and the South River Associations. He is now living in Henderson,

N. C. Mr. Alderman has worked in partnership with the Baptist preachers of the State and his influence as a teacher and man of God has been widely felt.

The unique record of Robt. Lee Paschal, a native of North Carolina and graduate of Wake Forest College is set forth in a quarter-column news story topped by the picture of the man, appearing in the Dallas, Texas, *News*. For thirty years Mr. Paschal has been connected with the Fort Worth, Texas, schools. Mr. Paschal has graduated 2,500 children from his school during his long service, says the story in the Texas paper. He is a twin brother of Dr. G. W. Paschal, Examiner and Professor of Greek at Wake Forest.

Bill Holding, former Wake Forest basketball player and coach has unearthed records of the Wake Forest basketball team that in 1916 won the State championship and has found that the supposed record of Jack Cobb of Carolina set up in scoring during Carolina's basketball season this year is indeed a supposition. Cobb scored 110 field goals and 60 foul goals for a total of 292 points during the past season. Records of the Wake Forest team show that Holding, playing forward in 1916, scored 127 field goals and 60 foul goals for a total of 314 points, while playing a schedule of 18 games. If there is a southern record for an individual scorer, Holding believes that he has rightful claim to it.

Alex Hall playing the opposite forward of the Wake Forest team of 1916 got 119 field goals and had a final score of 238 points.

When the Alumni come back to Wake Forest commencement June 5, they will have an opportunity to witness an Alumni-Varsity baseball game. No doubt the Varsity will have a hard battle when it meets a team of men who have won honors for the College in the past, especially since hundreds of Alumni will be here to support their team.



## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

F. L. PASCHAL, *Editor*



He met her in the meadow  
As the sun was sinking low;  
They walked along together  
In the twilight's afterglow;  
She waited while gallantly  
He lowered all the bars;  
Her soft eyes bent upon him  
As radiant as the stars.  
She neither smiled nor thanked him;  
For indeed she knew not how;  
He was just a farmer's lad—  
And she a Jersey cow.—*Selected.*

---

Julius Woodward (looking at an invitation to Meredith):  
"I suppose this 'R.S.V.P.' stands for some Secret Society,  
doesn't it?"

---

Frosh: "What did she do when you kissed her?"

Soph: "Encored."

Frosh: "What then?"

Soph: "I post scripted."

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### MUNCHAUSEN, JR.

"Who giv ye yer black eye, Jimmie?"

"No one—I was lookin' through a knot-hole at a ball game  
and got it sunburnt."

A hundred years ago today a wilderness was here;  
 A man with powder in his gun went forth to hunt a deer.  
 But now the times have changed somewhat—are on a differ-  
 ent plan,  
 A dear, with powder on her nose, goes forth to hunt a man.  
 —*Carolina Boll Weevil.*

Be it known that Newish Stallings has set a new vogue in  
 haircuts.

---

YE BARD

I  
 Don't Know  
 What I am about  
 This cold, dreary afternoon  
 In March.  
 Here I sit,  
 Painfully,  
 Trying to pass the day away,  
 To find some worthy toil.  
 I am writing free verse,  
 And it's as free  
 From sense  
 As I  
 Am.—*Tom Sawyer.*

---

John Maston (reading English): "Fellows, the man who  
 wrote Shakespeare certainly was a genius."

---

How doth the busy college boy  
 Improve each shining minute?  
 By bulling when he's off of class,  
 And sleeping when he's in it.—*Exchange.*



Names of Seniors all remind us  
 We can give our names renown,  
 And departing leave behind us:  
 Books for sale, and cap and gown.—*Selected.*

---

“Book Agent” Haney (broke): “Will you please, ma’m, give me a drink of water, because I am so hungry I don’t know where to sleep tonight.”

---

### UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR

Here are a few specimens of advertisements written by people who evidently were not adepts in the art:

FOR SALE—Baby carriage, slightly used. Going out of business.

FOR SALE—A piano by a lady with carved legs.

FOR SALE—Brindle bulldog. Will eat anything, especially fond of children.

---

Non paratus, freshie dixit  
 Cum a sad and doleful look;  
 Omne rectum, Prof. respondit,  
 Nihil, scripsit in his book.

---

At the good old supper time!  
 At the good old supper time!  
 I remember how we used to rush  
 To be the first in line.  
 I got my steak and you got yours,  
 And that’s a pretty good sign  
 That we were among the first ones there  
 When the bell rang “supper time.”

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, GUY DAVES, Wake Forest, N. C.

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Always notify Business Manager when you change your postoffice address.

If a subscriber wants his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent, otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

Subscriptions, payable in advance, one year, \$1.50.

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

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THE ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP.....	Wake Forest, N. C.
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POWERS DRUG COMPANY.....	Wake Forest, N. C.
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P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
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In writing to Advertisers mention *THE STUDENT*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
Citta Vecchia, Trieste (poem)----- <i>A. W. Pennington</i>	355
Sacrificial Unworthiness (story)----- <i>Tom Sawyer</i>	357
The Devil's Dell (sketch)----- <i>W. G. Westall</i>	367
A Happy Wakeup (verse)----- <i>Chas. L. Gillespie</i>	373
Notes on Philosophy (essay)----- <i>Guy Daves</i>	375
ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS:	
Ethyl Alcohol (essay)----- <i>R. S. Averitt</i>	385
Phantom (verse)----- <i>I. C. Pait</i>	390
DEPARTMENTS:	
Editor's Portfolio----- <i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i>	393
"Nice" -----	393
Publications -----	394
Politics -----	395
Clean-up -----	396
Experience -----	396
In and About College----- <i>S. N. Lamb, Editor</i>	398
Exchange Department----- <i>J. W. Beach, Editor</i>	400
Notes and Clippings----- <i>F. L. Paschal, Editor</i>	402

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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XLIII

MAY, 1924

No. 8

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## CITTA VECCHIA, TRIESTE

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

Some day I shall find myself again  
For an hour or two in the afternoon,  
In the ancient Adrian city. Then,  
I shall feel those pleasant thoughts, again,  
That I felt one day in June.

I shall walk through every alley and street,  
And explore each narrow and dusty way,  
Where the pat of the ragged urchin's feet  
On the sun-scorched cobbles where they beat,  
Rings through the sultry day.

I shall stop and look in through the tiny door  
Of the dark dwarf's fiddle-shop, near the shack  
Of Davide Romano's confection store.  
"Com'esta. Buon giorni," I'll call once more  
To the smiling old hunch-back.

Then I'll ascend the sudden grade,  
By the narrow steps, to San Giusto's court;  
And lean on the antique balustrade,  
And watch the Fascisti guard parade,  
And look down across the port;

And stare around at the hills, close by,  
Where I climbed, one summer, long ago;  
While out where the sea just meets the sky,  
I'll see old Capo D'Istria lie,  
And the fishing fleet, below.

And perhaps, by the well in the lower square,  
I shall meet, on that summer afternoon,  
The soft-eyed maiden with dusky hair,  
Who smiled to me, as I passed her there,  
One day, long ago, in June.

## SACRIFICIAL UNWORTHINESS

---

TOM SAWYER

---

Taking him all in all, Jack Hardison is one of the most peculiar men I ever saw. Whether or not he has been influenced enough by his early life to cast this hue of individuality, so lacking in many men, in such glowing colors over the outline of his manners and process of thinking, I do not know. But sufficient is it to say that Jack Hardison is so different from other men that you will remember him many a day after you have had the uncommon pleasure of engaging him in a heart to heart conversation.

For one thing he has a deep reverence for all things pertaining to matters of religion. He is a scholar in religions, and his chief thoughts are occupied in comparing and contrasting the different religions of the earth. He is neither Baptist nor Presbyterian, but has a religion of his own, and in it he is as devout and conscientious as any man I ever met.

Another singular quality in Jack Hardison is his almost worshipful regard, and at the same time mortal hatred, of the fair sex. How he can be at both extremes at the same time is hard to see, but it is so. We explain it in this manner: a few he believes in, to the point of worship; all others he hates, to the point of evasion. Here let it be understood that Hardison is nearing his late thirties, and as yet has formed no entangling alliances with that fairest of all creatures, which fact might lead us to doubt his sagacity in matters feminine. But when we reflect that in his youth he was as desperately in love with a maiden of our fair land as any of us could be, and that for his affection for her he went out to seek his fortune that they might

be happy in their conjugal relationship, we must admit that he was as well versed in the likes and dislikes of females as the most of us.

When American capital began to be felt in the Mexican oil and metal industries a new opportunity was opened up for young fortune seekers. It was not uncommon for a young man to attach himself to an American enterpriser, and in a few years become financially independent. So, influenced by the glowing accounts of fortunes that had been acquired by other men, and his dreams of married bliss, Hardison armed himself with an engineering course, the love of a Virginia maiden, a dream of wealth and happiness, and went forth to capture the Golden Fleece in the wilds of Mexico as an engineer of the Michuacan Mining Company.

The Michuacan Mining Company, owned by capitalists in the United States, devoted its energies to mining the valuable gold and silver ores of the district of Camilla, Mexico. But when Francisco Villa fled before Pershing's troops into the mountain regions the Michuacan Mining Company sold its interests and retired from Mexico.

But we must get back to our story. As we intimated before, Jack Hardison went to Mexico in the employment of the above mentioned mining concern as an engineer. According to his own story he soon became a prospector, whose business was to ramble over the neighborhood surrounding Camilla, where the company was operating, and seek out all localities where ores were likely to be found. While on one of these expeditions he was one day captured by a native tribe of Indians, and was not heard of until recently, when he turned up in his home town, a hero, but downcast and heartbroken, for the dreamy-eyed Virginia maiden had formed an alliance with one of the most prominent families of that Commonwealth—one of the "F. F. V's."

That gives me a valid excuse for being with him on the particular morning he told me the story that I am about to relate. We had equipped ourselves with a pretty good bass-fishing outfit, and, to tell the sad part, had used it energetically all morning to the tune of an eleven-inch bass, one snapper-turtle, and a school of mosquitoes, schooled in the art of lancing their victims while flying at full speed.

"Jack," said I, between concentrated attacks of the omnipresent blood suckers, "why don't you forget about this affair of your youth, and look about for a wife?"

"Well, I'll tell you," returned Jack, shifting his chew of sun-cured to the south corner of his jaw, "after a fellow has staked everything on one girl and gone away determined to make something of himself, so that he can give her the very best there is in life, and then loses her, it is hard to forget. I thought of it many times while those Pizcan wolves had me cooped up to fatten for their feast."

"You don't mean to tell me that they intended to make pot pie out of you, as bony as you are?" I asked, for this was the first time I had heard him intimate that he had been scheduled to appease the appetites of cannibals.

"Anyway, Pizca is a valley about sixty miles long, inhabited by a tribe of Indians—descendants of the Aztecs—as fierce and uncivilized as they were the day Cortes landed in Mexico. They are so geographically favored that the invading hordes of civilization have never penetrated the valley, except the few stragglers who went as Bill and I went, to scout the country. And these stragglers were gladly welcomed and sacrificed to their gods."

"Jumping Catfish!" gasped I, "do you mean that there is a tribe that yet believes in favoring their gods with human sacrifice?"

"The Pizcan Indians are in the same condition in all respects today as they were when Mexico was discovered. That's why



Bill and I had such a hard time getting away from them. We had been sent out to prospect the inside of the mountain range of Pizca. No prospector had ever tried to go into the valley before, and we thought that it would be the chance of our lives when we started.

"It took us three days to get to the top of the mountain on the west side of the valley, and we were two pleased chickens when we looked down from the summit on a valley filled with crops in full growth waiting for the days of harvest. For three or four hours we sat there telling each other what we intended to do with our parts of the results of the trip, and about all our people at home; until our high spirits could endure suspense no longer, and we began the descent.

"Not until we reached the neighborhood of the bottom did we see a sign of human life in the valley, except a few squaws and children working about the tents or in the fields. Not a brave could be seen. We had decided that the men had gone off on some warring campaign, and felt that we would have no opposition. So we sat down in the shade of a scrubby oak to rest and eat some of the rations that we had with us.

"In about half an hour Bill was sound asleep, and I was doing my best to go to sleep by covering my face with my wide-brimmed hat. All at once something hit me like an elephant falling across me. Both my hands were twisted behind my back, and I got sight of what was going on just as two lanky devils started tying me up in a bundle. I heard Bill groan and swear, but when I saw him he was tied up like a splinted leg, and couldn't do a thing but curse. Well I tried every word in the Aztec language to tell those copper brutes that we were not on the war path, and that we were there to trade with them. But the chief, a steel-jawed, bad-eyed customer, only wagged his head and remarked in Aztec:

"Me know heap much well what pale-skin after. White brave have no goods to trade, he go light with no burden, he

fight to get free. He strong, brave, much good looks; he make good offering to Great Spirit. White man here' (pointing to Bill), 'not strong, has no good looks, but good sense; he make good teacher to show Indian what he would know about white man tribes.'

"Well, I argued, and Bill argued. I told that old red face that I was too lean and tough for the Great Spirit to relish me for his meals, but he scored one against me there when he said that he would make me tender and fat before allowing me the honor of giving myself unto their god. Bill, he said, would make a good servant for the squaws to use in making tents and houses, and instructing the youngsters. So our fates were settled; I was carried to the temple of the Sun God to fatten and become worthy of sacrifice, and Bill was handed over to the women.

"Now if you think you can get out of the temple of an Indian god, you are mistaken. I was as well canned in that temple as a sardine on the top shelf of a country grocery store in the middle of January. All I could do was walk round and round, and think; and according to what the chief told me, I had plenty of time in which to do it, for he said when he cooped me up that I would have three months in that hole before the Great Spirit would raise an appetite for my liver.

"I stayed in the place two months, and was about as happy as a minnow trying to escape from a large buck bass."

By this time it was getting along toward noon, and as yet we had had no luck, except fisherman luck. But the sun had begun shining so bright that the mosquitoes, our warm and steadfast companions, had begun to lag in their onsets upon our carcasses, so I paddled the canoe up under a large spreading cypress that grew along the bank of the creek, and stopped in the shade to hear the rest of his story. When we had settled down comfortably in the canoe I asked:

"How did you ever spend two months in an Indian camp without going dippy?"

"Well, that's simple enough when you have to work your bean like a peanut parcher trying to think up some way of getting out of the place. There is a custom in the Aztec religion that helped me meet this emergency. The Great Spirit, the Sun God of the Aztecs (the fathers of the Pizeans), demands as his monthly offering the most beautiful specimen of manhood that can be obtained in warfare with other tribes. To boast of myself, I was one of those specimen. The priests, who kept the temple and always prepared the human offerings, adhered strictly to the customs of their fathers. When the victim had become tender and fair he was led out on top the temple where the sacrificial altar was located, in plain view of the whole town, and there tied flat on his back on a large convex rock that served as the altar. After the proper ritual had been observed it was the unqualified custom of the priest in charge to cut into the breast of the victim, to tear out his palpitating heart and to throw it before the feet of the image of the Sun God. After which the body was thrown to the ground below, to be spiced, stuffed and roasted like a big fish, and then torn up and carved to be handed out to all inhabitants of the town, in response to which the Sun God would favor those who partook of it for another moon."

"Uhn-huhm," I said, taking a slashing left at a stray songster that serenaded my left ear, "but how did you ever get out of that place?"

"It was their religion and ignorance of modern chewing gum that let me out."

"By the Great Horn Spoon!" I exclaimed, in a roar of laughter, "and so religion and jaw exerciser saved you! How did you ever stick the two together?"

"I stuck to the religion, and the gum will stick to anything," said Jack. "There is a peculiarity about the Aztec religion."

These Pizcans had borrowed a custom from the Aztecs of putting up their intended victims of the sacrifice in the most luxuriant state of ease possible in their temples. Those chosen for the feast of the Sun God were placed separately in the temple and supplied with servants and four maidens as companions. These were four of the most beautiful of the realm and were placed there with the obligation upon them of answering any requests made of them by the one being fattened that was not inconsistent with the purpose of his captivity. If it weren't for the thought of being there only to die, there could be no excuse for your not being as well favored as a Turkish Sultan; besides the girls sent there go with about the same attitude as nuns here go to convents; it is a matter of religious duty with them. But it was through one of them that I was saved."

"A woman saved you, and you hate women as you do?"

"I don't hate *woman*, and a woman saved me, one of the purest minded and sweetest Indian maidens in Mexico.

"But I said something about religion and chewing gum going in together to help save me. When those warriors hog-tied me and carried me up there they did not bother about taking my gun and cartridge belt from me, and I happened to have a few packs of good old American chewing gum. The priest told me that the town chief had taken Bill's gun and hidden it in the ground. So I figured that I would need all the cartridges I could get. Well, I figured nearly a month hatching up some scheme to get out. I could walk about on the flat top of the temple, for it was built in the shape of a pyramid, and gave a view of the whole village. I saw Bill working with the squaws, and he seemed to be enjoying it. I believe he would have settled down and married one of them, had I not worked up a system of signs by which we could talk with each other. After a month of figuring I managed to make a code of signals, making two

copies of them on leaves of my memoranda book, and throwing one of them down to Bill as he idled by. After that things happened in our favor.

“The next thing to do was to get the confidence of one of those maidens. She was slender built, of a very light copper color, and named Farina, and she was a real princess. She soon began taking interest in me and taught me a lot that I did not know about their language and customs. I treated her like a queen and was soon repaid for all the attention I had given her. One day she saw me with a piece of chewing gum in my mouth and told the priest that I had been chewing on one of the cartridges that I carried in my belt. It was the similarity of the color of the gum to the steel-lead color of the bullet that gave her the idea. When his highness heard it he wanted to know the purpose of such an act. So I told him that I was chewing them in order to retain my fair color in the country of the Red Skins. He sent immediately for Bill’s cartridges, and handing them to me, told me to use them to my heart’s content, that Bill would not need them for he was already turning dark and that they intended making him one of their race. Well, I began slipping one of them in my shirt every opportunity I got, making the old priest believe that I was consuming them.

“It was not long before I felt confident enough to tell Farina of my purpose to free myself and return to my people. She and I had become seemingly attached to each other by this time, and she promised to assist me in any way possible without her being detected. Together we estimated that she, with the other three maidens, had enough clothes from which could be made a rope long and strong enough to let me about two-thirds of the way to the ground, leaving me only about twenty feet to drop. We planned to ransack the temple for materials, including my underwear, and that of all the maidens, but it would be a ticklish undertaking. Farina assured me that she would give

hers up without a struggle, if I could manage to take those of the others without being caught in the act by the old priest and the two guards. So we laid our plans carefully, and awaited favorable circumstances.

"Meanwhile I kept in touch with Bill. At last one day he signaled me that that very night the Pizeans were to have a great war dance; that all the warriors of the nation would be gathered there to prepare for a march on a distant, half-civilized tribe, to get gold and prisoners; that it was the first time the Pizeans had felt strong enough to make war in almost a century and that the whole resources of the nation would be brought into play. All this did not interest me; I wanted to escape. After much signalling I gained that about three hours after dark the whole village would be lighted up by means of a gigantic fire built in the center, and that then the real festivities would be in full force. I replied that as soon as the fire got bright enough for him to see the temple for him to keep watch for me to come out and disappear over the edge of the top farthest from the fire, and that as soon as I was out of sight for him to join me.

"That very day the old priest came by and told me that I was not worthy of sacrifice as yet, but that if I would only take courage it would soon be over, for I was looking better all the time. I returned his compliments by telling him that I had a mighty God that would give me power to smite down their whole nation without using a single arrow or lance; that my God would spit fire and thunder at them. Well, he laughed at that and beat it.

"When it became dark I sent the four maidens to their dungeons, or apartments, made in the temple. Then I followed, going to each apartment after materials for the rope. That was one of the toughest jobs I ever tackled. To gag an Indian

girl and cut her clothes from her body, even in a struggle for life, is no easy matter. But with the help of Farina I succeeded and made the rope.

"But when I started over the edge of the temple the old priest came out in time to call the two guards to catch me. Then my god of thunder and fire spoke, and dropped the guards, and sent the priest back in his hole, exclaiming that the god of the white man had started to avenge my wrong.

"My shooting gave the alarm and forty warriors came hot-hoofing it after Bill and me with blood in their eyes. About a third the way up the side of the steep mountain we found a cover and stopped to rest and fight, for those wolves were right on us. I dumped my shirt full of cartridges out into Bill's hat and began loading and shooting. The old priest had stopped the main bunch that started after us, and we were soon relieved of our danger. They just couldn't face hot steel.

"And believe me the last sight I got of that town was the most impressive. Silhouetted against the glare of a towering five I saw four ragged red birds fluttering about on top of the temple of the Sun God, and an old priest wildly gesticulating and tearing out his hair."

"I'll give you credit for one of the most daring escapes I ever heard of," I told him as I pushed the canoe out toward the middle of the creek to begin fishing again, for the sun had climbed so high in the zenith that it had chased the shade away from where we had been loafing for half an hour while Jack was telling his story between spasms of expectorating; "but Jack you really didn't strip all the clothes off those wild girls, did you?"

"I'm the biggest fish in this creek if I didn't." And to strengthen the story he started a fight with an eight-pound bass.

"As big as that whopper," he remarked calmly just as he landed the fish.

## THE DEVIL'S DELL

W. G. WESTALL, '27

In the locality where I grew up, superstition was as much a part of a child's traditional beliefs, fostered and handed down to him by the older generation, as was the belief that he should be a Democrat because his father was, or that the Methodist Church was the best because both father and mother belonged to it. Older people talked as familiarly of ghosts, spirits, and "hants" as they did of the next door neighbors; and I was very early under the firm conviction that every graveyard in the neighborhood was an appointed place where members of the supernatural world met and held nightly revels. When I was ten or twelve years old, I would sit tensely and listen open-mouthed and wide-eyed to my elders as they told stories of dreadful encounters with some weird visitor from another world. Always these stories were associated with graveyards, haunted houses, and numerous other places which had the reputation of being frequented by these dissatisfied and wandering spirits.

There was one point around which many of these ghostly tales were centered that interested me more than all others. This was probably because I was so well acquainted with the place and passed it almost daily. The road from my home to the village is as crooked, in its windings in and out among the hills, as a meandering countryside brook. Therefore, by the road it is a mile and a half to the village; on a bee-line the distance would be perhaps half that much. As one passes along this road, at a point about a quarter of a mile from my home he goes down a hill into a dark and densely thicketed



dell. The boughs of the trees on each side of the road meet each other so as to form a complete arch overhead. The light of the sun never penetrates into this place, and always there is a dank atmosphere, and a smell of rotting wood and leaves intermingled which pervades it. The little stream, as it finds its way under the log bridge which spans it, murmurs in a sort of drowsy monotone, almost as if it whispered some weird tale of the dark and damp region from which it flows. "Dark Hollow" was the name by which this melancholy vale was known in my early childhood; but, in consideration of its traditional background, it was later more appropriately named "The Devil's Dell" by a stranger who heard its (darkly) suggestive history.

The story is told, and sanctioned throughout the neighborhood, that years ago a trapper was coming home in a state of drunkenness. His way lay along this dreary stretch of road, his home being down by the river, some half-mile away. When he arrived at this bridge in the hollow, his horse became frightened at something and threw him over the bridge and broke his neck. Tradition has it that the devil came to claim his departing soul, and that since that time his Satanic Majesty has lingered about the place, terrifying belated wayfarers along this road by appearing before them on the bridge, and sometimes by chasing them for a hundred yards or so along the road. Many stories are told of groans and cries which have been heard by passers-by, and also of strange lights which may be seen on dark nights. But here my own story begins.

I was spending a Sunday afternoon in the village at Uncle John McNeill's, playing with his grandnephew, Fred Webb, who was an orphan and made his home with Uncle John and Aunt Margaret. Fred and I were boys of about the same age, he being thirteen and I a year older. We had spent most of the afternoon shooting marbles in the barn loft; and when we had tired of that, we found some excitement by trying

(without the knowledge of Uncle John) to ride a mule colt which roamed about loose in the barn-yard. This sport ended suddenly and disastrously, however, when Fred was thrown from the back of the frightened and highly indignant animal into the watering trough, which happened to be half full of water. After taking time to invent a story to explain his plight if we should be caught, we slipped into the house and upstairs, where Fred changed from wet to dry clothes. My companion being somewhat relieved of the discomfort he had suffered from the fall, we went downstairs, intending to persuade Uncle John to tell us some hunting tales. But we had barely entered the room when, to my surprise, supper was announced. I had been altogether unaware of the flight of time since we went to the barn through the mid-afternoon sunshine. But, sure enough, the sun had gone down and the light was fast thickening; in half an hour it would be dark. Fred began urging me to stay to supper, and when Aunt Margaret added her invitation, I weakened to the point of consent. Before supper was finished it was necessary to light a lamp and place upon the table; and when we finally went back to the sitting room it was dark.

But I had to go home; that was settled. I had no desire to face my father on the morrow after all the uneasiness my unexplained absence all night would create. I already had some apprehensions as to what the outcome of my prolonged visit would be, even if I started now without any further loss of time. But when I left the cheerful fireside, and turned my face toward the darkness, amidst which, some mile and a half away lay my home, these fears receded to the background, and other anticipations, more immediate and more startling rushed in to take their place. To say the least, I dreaded the lonely trip home along the dark and ill-reputed road; but there was no choice otherwise, and it now lay dimly before me, for I had departed from the village and was well on my way.

It was a spring night without a moon; but it was not intensely dark, for there were thousands of bright stars that glittered and winked in the clear sky. The air had a few weeks since ceased to be tinged with frost, and was soft and balmy with the scents of spring. I was but dimly conscious of these things, however, and the natural depression of my spirits may have seemed more heavy by contrast with the agreeable and romantic aspect of nature. I was naturally afraid at night, any time or any place, but now I had no thought of my immediate surroundings; my whole mind was focused on one point that I had to pass—the formidable darkness of the Devil's Dell.

As I approached the dreaded place, dark forebodings rose fast in my mind. From the ridge above me came the weird, shivering cry of a screech owl, sending a shudder through my body and a chilly, creepy sensation from the top of my head down my spine. I tried to shake off my superstitious dread, but to no avail; my mind refused to admit thoughts of a more cheerful nature. The terrible tales told of the gloomy place which I was fast approaching invaded my mind, and I created horrible mental pictures of unknown terrors which might lurk there and lie in wait for me. Once I tried to whistle to reassure myself, but my lips were dry and the sound which came from them was plaintive and unmusical.

As I began to descend the hill which led down into the Dark Hollow, I looked behind me a time or two, and after yielding to this impulse, I could imagine that I heard muffled footfalls, as if some one or something followed me. I coughed and was startled at my own voice, which broke the stillness with a sound that was strange and unnatural. As I entered the intense darkness of the dell itself, my heart seemed to rise to my throat, yet I walked on in a mechanical way, driven by the inevitable realization that I had to go on. I was conscious of a sensation of such lightness in my whole being that

my feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth as I walked. My breath came short and quick, making a slight whistling sound which was plainly audible as it passed through my dilated nostrils. My feet fell upon the bridge with a hollow sound, that in some vague sort of way reminded me of some one striking an empty wooden barrel. I crossed, and was beginning to think I had passed the place safely, when the cold hand of terror gripped my heart and seemed to stay its action. In the thicket close by was a rustling sound, and the sound as of many feet in the road before me, back of me, and on every side. At this sudden and almost unexpected presence of the unknown, I threw one arm over my face as if to cover my eyes, though I could see nothing, so black was the darkness. (I recalled it all afterwards; at the time I had no sense of what I did, for every action was involuntary and instinctive.) From my throat came a cry which I could not recognize as my own voice; I could not reproduce or imitate it, unless it were under similar circumstances.

Meantime, the sounds continued. It seemed to me as if not only Beelzebub, but that prince of darkness and a thousand of his devilish imps had leagued themselves together to terrify me, and were now dancing about me in a fantastic revel of demoniac glee. How long I stood thus I do not know. It seemed long, though it may have been but a moment. If I had been able to flee, I knew not in what direction to go, for my tormentors were on all sides. I have had the same sensations in the troubled dreams of childhood, when it would seem as if I were unable to flee, but had to surrender myself in terrorized helplessness. So I stood as if paralyzed, until something happened which electrified me into sudden action—my hand which hung at my side was touched by something cold and gruesomely moist, as if it might have been the dead hand of one who had returned from the chill depths of the grave. At this, I discovered my power of action, and in no

mild degree, for I ran as I had never run before. My strength was increased to more than normal by fright, and my speed as I fled must have been in full proportion to this acceleration of energy. But my desperate efforts to escape afforded me no relief; I soon discovered that I was being pursued, and that my pursuer, or pursuers, as I thought, were close upon me—even running at my side. I tried to increase my efforts, but still I could feel, rather than see, a dark form which kept almost at my side, though a little in the rear. More and more terrified, I flew on in a perfect frenzy of desperation. But, hark! From nearby came a joyful bark, which I recognized as the voice of an old and faithful friend. I stopped short and fell to my knees in the middle of the road, and put both arms around the shaggy neck of Tige, my old dog. I had toward him not the slightest ill-will or resentment, though he had just given me the worst scare of my life.

## A HAPPY WAKEUP

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CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '26

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"I've lived a single life of sorrow,  
Every day I've longed for a wife,  
And now at last I've truly got 'er;  
I've simply ruined my single life.

"I'd never thought what it really means  
To be a family director,  
To have a wife to call your own  
And know you mustn't neglect her.

"It's all a mistake about my love  
For the one I kissed at the altar,  
But like a silly ass I allowed  
Her to lead me there with a halter.

"I should have known my life of sadness  
Wouldn't turn to a life of bliss;  
I truly regret that I didn't stop  
Before it came to this.

"I close my eyes and try to think  
That all of it's merely a freak,  
But bless your life I know it's true  
When e'er I hear her speak.

"Her voice is sweet when she is calm,  
She never makes a blunder,  
But when her temper gets control  
It sounds like mid-night thunder.

"My life is ruined, I'll admit,  
My heart is sad, distressed,  
But when I've finished my career  
How sweet will be that rest!"

"As I was speaking all these words  
Of having lost my joy  
Mother laid her hand upon my brow  
And said, 'Get up, my boy.'

"She wonders though 'til this very day,  
For she saw in me life anew;  
Why I sprang from the bed,  
Kissed her cheek and said,  
'Thank God, it isn't true'."

## NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY

### Number IV

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### The Development and Influence of Christianity

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GUY DAVES, '24

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NOTE:—The fourth of a series of five papers on philosophy.—  
*Editor.*

In the history of philosophy the period, 100 B.C.-476 A.D., is known as the Religious Period. During this period the old philosophies of Pythagoras and Plato were revived and Christianity developed. It was a time of great change. The empire rose to the height of its dazzling glory but it robbed the individual of his political importance. Present life offered little except in light of a future life. Ethics and politics were disjoined. The only refuge left to the reflective mind was the study of its own moral problems.

The first two centuries of this period is known as the period of transition. Emphasis changed from ethics to religion. There were two causes that account for the rise of the religious feeling. The first, which was the culmination of the undercurrent of Skepticism in the validity of reason, was an inner cause within the nature of the ethical philosophy of the "Schools." The second cause may be called external and was the introduction of many eastern religions into the empire. It has been common to exaggerate the vices of the Romans of the first centuries and point to the corruptions of the times as the great cause for the rise of a religious feeling. No doubt, the city of Rome was very licentious and corrupt but this was not the case with the small municipalities and the country. The people were united in peace, there was commercial pros-



perity and widespread travel, and education prospered. All faith in the old Roman religion had been lost, it had become an object of derision, and the inner life of man demanded some external authority to satisfy it.<sup>1</sup>

The religious movement began in the East. The Orient was the source of the gospels as well as the source of the other religions of the time. The power of Christianity lay in the spontaneous force of its pure religious feeling when it entered the list for the conquest of the world. Christianity was not a philosophy but a religion. The lower classes received it first, so that the questions of science and philosophy occupied the early Christians but very little. They were neither the friends nor the foes of Hellenism and they took no interest in political theories. The Christian society was a spiritual cosmopolitanism which was inspired and united by belief in God, faith in Christ, and immediate communion with Christ. Conviction of the second coming of Christ determined the action of the early Christians.

But about the middle of the second century Christianity was forced to change its attitude toward both science and state. Between 150 and 250 a great change took place among the Christians. Morality became subordinated to belief and the intellectual side of Christianity was emphasized at the expense of the ethical. The second coming of our Lord was less emphasized. Furthermore the Christian sect had spread over the empire and had come into positive relations both with circles of culture and political affairs.<sup>2</sup>

The time had come when it must justify itself to the world without and to its own cultured communists as well. As converts began to come in from the Gentile world, they would bring with them invariably their former modes of thinking. They had searched for truth as Stoics and as Pythagoreans, and

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1. Cushman: *Hist. of Phil.*, pp. 273-4.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 303.

now that they had found the goal of their seeking in the religion of Christ, they could not but look at it in the terms of the problems they had been trying to solve and regard it as the true philosophy as well as the true life.

Christianity was being attacked by philosophy and unless its further growth was to be thwarted it found that it must use the weapons of philosophy. Its increase of power antagonized both the Roman state and Hellenic culture and from 150 till 300 the fight between Christianity and the old world things was to the death. Christianity eventually conquered Rome and Hellenism but this would have been impossible if it had maintained its original attitude of indifference to culture. Its success was due to the wisdom that it has since so often shown. It adapted itself to its new situation by taking over and making its own the culture of the old world and by fighting the old world with that culture.

Of course there was danger in this. In many instances the theoretical interest began to overshadow the practical and even sometimes to displace it. By a very considerable body of Christians the essential thing came to be looked upon not as a Christ-like character but as a superior philosophy. The struggle to keep itself from being swallowed up by the Graeco-Roman philosophy left its mark upon the Christians. The Church never went back to its primitive form of undogmatic Christianity. Orthodoxy became identified with a middle course between the two extremes. It rejected such doctrines as were inconsistent with the genius of Christianity but it began to lay great stress upon doctrinal agreement and theoretical formation.<sup>3</sup>

The substitution for the free spirit of devotion which finds the end of religious life in a personal love and service went along necessarily with a certain lowering of standard and mis-

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3. Rogers: *Hist. of Phil.*, pp. 185ff.

placement of emphasis. But still the change could hardly have been avoided if Christianity was to do the work that it actually succeeded in doing.

The times were demanding authority and the church alone could exercise this authority. The Roman mind was by nature of the legal type. It tended to think of God, not as working in a world akin to Him by coming home to the lives and conscience of men, but as a judge and a law-giver promulgating a definite constitution and definite enactments and holding men to obedience under pain of punishment.

But after the Christian religion had attained to recognized independence and supremacy in the Roman state and the fundamental dogmas had been ecclesiastically sanctioned, Christian thought directed itself to the more special internal developments of the doctrines which had now been defined and agreed upon in general terms.

Two of the chief writers and teachers in this development were Gregory and St. Augustine. Gregory combats expressly such theories as the preëxistence of the soul before the body. He pays particular attention to the theories of divine Trinity and of the resurrection of man to renewed life. Gregory regards the doctrine of the Trinity as the just mean between Jewish monotheism and pagan polytheism.<sup>4</sup>

Combating heathen religion and philosophy, Augustine defends the doctrines and institutions peculiar to Christianity and maintains in particular against Neo-Platonism which he rates most highly among the ancient philosophies, the Christian theses that salvation is to be found in Christ alone; that divine worship is due to no other than the triune God since He created all things himself and did not commission inferior beings, gods, demons, or angels to create the material world; that the soul with its body will rise again to eternal salvation

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4. Ueberweg: *Hist. of Phil.*, p. 332.

or damnation but will not return periodically to renewed life on this earth; that the soul does not exist before the body and that the latter is not the prison of the former but the soul begins to exist at the same time with the body; that the world had a beginning and is perishable and that God and the souls of men and angels are eternal.<sup>5</sup>

Thus far only the preparation and the development of Christianity have been dealt with. The seed bed for Christianity was prepared by the adoption of Greek culture by Rome and the change in the government of Rome from a democratic form to an empire. Then followed the age in which Christianity struggled with the other philosophies and religions for the supremacy of Rome. Christianity won the struggle but the marks of the other religions were left on it, for it changed from a spontaneous religion to a religion of dogma.

We have traced the growth of Christianity till it has become the chief religion of the world. It is now time to consider the influences that Christianity had on the Roman world and what influences it transmitted to the modern world.

In considering the influence of Christianity there is at first glance a temptation to say that Christianity was the cause of the fall of Rome. This is not absolutely true but we may say that Christianity had a degenerating influence, for it was the one new religion that conquered the others.

But even before the coming of Christianity the empire had begun to show signs of weakening. Economic decline had set in. Perhaps the first reason was the decline of civic religion. Once all the inhabitants of a city had joined in the same religious beliefs and acts of worship and the supreme religious duty of a citizen had been to serve his city. Now the changed

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5. *Ibid.*, p. 333.

external conditions of life and the growth of philosophy had made educated men skeptical concerning the gods, the myths, the religious rites and ceremonies of their fathers.<sup>6</sup>

Under the empire many Oriental cults were spread abroad in the East and West. The Eastern religions were not state religions. They aimed at the salvation of the individual rather than the prosperity of a social group. In many cases they were open to any one, even to a slave as well as to a foreigner. They offered their followers as a compensation for external ill the reward of a feeling of inner satisfaction and a hope of life after death.

Along with such exalted aims these religious cults preserved many primitive rites and some notions of immoral character. Evidently in a number of respects they roughly represented Christianity which was one of the religions that spread from the East to the West over the Roman world and it had to struggle with the other religions for supremacy in the Roman world. The spread of these cults meant the breakup of civic religions. Civic service was replaced by mystic sacraments. Then it became the tendency to retire to a desert and live as a hermit rather than go to the army or rear a large family.<sup>7</sup>

Thus we see that the degenerating influence of Christianity was not because of its teaching but only an apparent cause for the fall of Rome. The real causes were the influences that Christianity had inherited. They were there when Christianity came, but as Rome did not fall till after Christianity came its enemies placed the blame on it.

Not only did Christianity not cause the fall of Rome but it saved for modern times what little culture of the Ancients that lasted through the middle ages. In the scriptures there are many passages which have led men to hate their bodies, to withdraw from the world, to devote themselves to contemplative

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6. Lynn and Thorndike: *Hist. of Medieval Europe*, p. 61.

7. *Ibid.*, pp. 63-4.

lives and to exercise their souls in holiness. When the church began to grow rich and to become corrupt many persons felt that if they were to be saved they must do more than belong to the church or even to the clergy to save their souls. Their method was to flee to the desert or to seclude themselves in tombs and caves, to see nothing of the opposite sex, to eat and sleep very little, to wash even less, in fact avoid doing anything that was pleasant, to have no property or passions or wills of their own, to forget all family and social ties, to spend their time in some dull mechanical operation like weaving baskets or copying manuscripts to eke out a scanty existence, and to pass the rest of the day in prayer, repeating scripture, or other acts that would keep their minds off anything except religion.<sup>8</sup>

This practice of preparing the soul for a better life in the next world by self-denial in this life was called asceticism. All bodily pleasures were avoided and its converts fled to the desert or caves to escape evil influences. But finally the hermit life was replaced by the custom of living in groups and practicing asceticism as a whole rather than as an individual. This tendency was defined as monasticism.

By the time of the fall of Rome hundreds of monasteries had sprung up all over Europe and in these there were thousands of men and women laboring to do the will of God. The first monks took the words of the gospel literally and abandoned all that they had in order to live in poverty and by the labor of their hands. The moment that many monks united to live together they were obliged to adopt a rule of life which would be the same for all and to submit to the authority of a head. They were obliged to make a profession of obedience to the rule of the monastery. This profession was a written and signed engagement and was preserved in the archives of the monastery. The greater number of the monasteries had the same customs

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8. *Ibid.*, pp. 109-10.

under one form or another. These virtues were taught and practiced by all early monks and as soon as monastic customs began to be drawn up and codified, we find severe laws laid down to insure this practice.<sup>9</sup>

In the beginning certain fanatics maintained that the life of a monk should be entirely given up to prayer. This tendency was early condemned by the Church in the West. All monastic legislators signalized the vice of idleness as the one most to be dreaded in the monasteries. It became the established principle that the monk should live by the labor of his hands. The work of the monks was of two kinds: manual and intellectual.

The manual labor of the early monks consisted chiefly in the weaving of mats or the cultivation of the soil. These occupations had as their chief motive not so much interest or gain as mortification in addition to all the mortifications already forming part of their existence, and especially the avoidance of idleness.

The intellectual work of the monks consisted chiefly in the reading and study of the sacred scripture and the other holy writings. In the West this part of the monastic curriculum underwent a great development. More and more time was given to intellectual work. The copying of ancient manuscripts in the scriptorium of the monastery became one of the principal occupations of the monk, and it is to this fact that we owe the preservation of the greater part of the works of classical antiquity.<sup>10</sup>

But while the Church had been growing stronger through the development of monasteries the Roman state had been growing weaker. Civic religion decayed, new religions from the East were introduced, civil wars had been fought, the population had decreased and in short the state was in no condition

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9. *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, v. viii, p. 783.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 784.

to turn back the waves of the barbarian invasion. From 364 till the fall of Rome in 476, a continual stream of Germans, Goths, Huns, and Vandals poured down upon the Roman world. With the fall of Rome, the Eternal City, the barbarians had become the masters of Rome. They plundered everywhere and blotted out all accomplishments of ancient civilization except the monasteries. Because of their superstitions about them the barbarians spared the monasteries.

Perhaps the triumph of Christianity hastened the decline of classical art, literature, philosophy, and science, which it replaced by a theology, a literature, and an art of its own. Many Christians felt that ancient art and poetry were dangerous, closely connected as they were with pagan mythology, and appealing as they did to the sense of beauty and the passion of love. Since the monks could have no passions or feelings of their own, the study of the classics ceased in the monasteries; and since the barbarians destroyed all signs of culture outside of them, the study of the classics entirely disappeared. The classics were laid away in the monasteries to cause the "Revival of Learning" several centuries later when the churchmen again began to study them.

The middle ages began and antiquity ended when the German tribes finally broke down the barriers of the Roman empire. A new race had taken upon itself the responsibility of bearing the burden of the future of Western Europe. At the beginning the barbarian seemed likely to destroy the entire product that antiquity had bequeathed. He was quite unprepared to assimilate the fruits of ancient civilization. Moreover ancient society was so weak that it could not educate him who was its conqueror into its culture. Nevertheless there was one element in ancient society that did appeal to the barbarian. That was the spiritual power of the Christian Church. Alone among the ruins of antiquity the power of the Church had grown so



strong that the man of the North bowed before it and religion accomplished through the emotions of the barbarians what art and philosophy had failed to achieve.<sup>11</sup>

Thus Christianity did two great services to the world. First, it preserved the culture of the ancients for modern times by keeping the works of the classical writers in the monasteries while the barbarians were destroying all signs of ancient civilization outside of them. Second, Christianity alone was able to convert the barbarians and inject the necessary vigor that they had brought from across the Alps into a dying civilization to enable it to live for centuries.

Briefly, Rome conquered Greece and took her civilization. The empire sprang up and a demand for a future life was created. Religion was developed to fill that need. The religion that finally won out as the best for that need was Christianity. For four hundred years it grew and developed to be able to fill the demands that conditions were going to make on it. The old state religion was neglected, the state decayed, and the barbarians conquered Rome. The church was spared when all other signs of civilization were destroyed. Christianity saved for later ages the culture of the ancients, educated the barbarians, added their strength to a dying civilization, and kept the world in the West from complete darkness.

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11. Cushman: *Hist. of Phil.*, p. 320.

## ETHYL ALCOHOL

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R. S. AVERITT, '22

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No one knows exactly when and where the first knowledge of alcohol began. It clearly evolved in the period of the prehistoric, and just as the modern Bacchanal, primitive man experienced "the morning after the night before." It is common knowledge that from the Mescal of Mexico, the wines of Europe, and the White Lightning of the "Harricane," their mulish properties are due to Ethyl Alcohol. Remove that and you have a drink as weak and insipid as Bevo or Ginger Ale. Spirituous wines and liquors are made in every country on the globe. Everyone recalls the attempt of a western professor to communicate with Mars. It is reported that he failed because the telegraphic operator there was asleep on his job after imbibing too freely of "bottled in bond." In the United States among a large portion of the people their faces are so long over the Eighteenth Amendment that if any of their number appears cheerful they are asked where they got it. This self same amendment broke up the large whiskey and brewery trusts and gave play to individual initiative and enterprise. From the forests of Maine to the Florida Everglades stills spring up over night and although the penalty is great these men play the game hard and fast for the stakes are high. Although it is spoken with shame North Carolina has as many illicit distilleries to the square inch as any state in the Union and in Wake County, Apex and Newlight vie with each other for leadership. Alcohol has been both a boon and curse to man. Many dastardly deeds have been done in its name, and it is said that many of the noble deeds of the world were done by men under

the influence of its magic spell. Edgar Poe, the most original genius of American letters is said to have done much of his work under the influence of alcohol.

But the advanced opinion and thought of our present civilization condemns alcohol as a beverage. With this condemnation the intelligent chemist coincides. The uninitiated however often go too far and condemn this beneficial liquid on general principles. In this expurgatoris they fall into serious error.

It is with hesitancy that I pause to describe anything of the properties of alcohol to any one conversant with chemistry. With it alcohol is inseparably allied. But still it has within itself problems which even modern scientists have not mastered. Every one knows that it is a colorless, volative, fiery, combustible liquid, but who can account for all of its varying and conflicting properties? Psychology, physiology, physics, chemistry, sociology, economics and government are all concerned in it. Unfortunate it is that all these enter in to make a relatively easy industrial problem at once intricate and difficult.

Chemically Ethyl alcohol belongs to the class of hydroxy hydro-carbons. The word itself comes from the Arabic word which means powder. During the Alchemistic period it was termed "Elixir of Life." It was Arnoldus Villandocus who applied the name alcohol to the spirits of distilled wine. It seldom occurs in the vegetable kingdom. Unripe seeds of *Heracleum gigunteum* and *Heracleum spondylium* contain it mixed with ethyl butyrate. In the animal kingdom it is associated with diabetes. Lavoisier determined its qualitative composition, and Dr. Laussure its quantitative in 1808. Sir Edward Frankland showed how it could be converted into ethane and that its formula was  $C_2H_5OH$ .

While ethyl alcohol is very hard to obtain and is almost prohibitive in price it can be produced at a very small expense. Practically everything in the vegetable kingdom can be used as

a source of alcohol. The widespread traffic in bootleg whiskey shows that any one can make it although often in their hurry to supply the demand adequate care is not taken and havoc is wrought upon any one who drinks it. Were it not for the high taxes imposed by the Government on alcohol, which I shall not go into, many articles of commerce today would be much cheaper. In the western states people are burning corn for fuel while it can be converted into alcohol for thirty-seven cents a gallon, one bushel yielding 2.7 gallons. Pure ethyl alcohol can be made from waste wood and sawdust at a cost of fourteen cents a gallon. This is done by digesting the dust or chips with dilute sulfuric acid under heat and pressure. This converts it into corn sugar (glucose) which fermented with yeast yields pure alcohol. Dr. Hawly of Yale estimates that annually 11,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood in the United States could be beneficially utilized and would yield 2,475,000,000 gallons of alcohol or 33 per cent of the amount needed to replace the present output of gasoline. Farmers could turn out several gallons, even on a small farm, by utilizing their waste grains and fruits, if all of them could be depended upon not to taste of the fruits of their labors. The main source of industrial alcohol of today however is Cuban molasses which is dumped on our shores at three cents a gallon. From two gallons of this one gallon of alcohol can be obtained, and surely the cost of production cannot exceed forty cents per gallon.

Industrial alcohol is ordinary alcohol which has some denaturing agent to render it unfit to drink. A good denaturant must be utterly repugnant to the taste, and intolerable to the stomach, very cheap and practically unremovable from the alcohol. Suffice to say no ideal substance has been found. Different industries require different denaturants and the Government law recognizes this to some extent. Common denaturing agents used are methyl alcohol, benzine, pyridine bases, mercury and potassium cyanide. While practically all in-

industries could do better with the pure alcohol it seems improbable that they will be allowed to do so for other forces than those of industry are at work; but it may reasonably be presumed that American industries can never reach their true stride until some method is devised by which the beverage quality of alcohol is obviated. At a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society papers were read setting forth how industry was hampered by the excessive zeal of Government agents in the interpretation of laws relative to industrial alcohol.

Next let us look at some of the chief uses of ethyl alcohol in the United States. Reduction of the drinking public scarcely affects its status. Next to water it is probably the world's most important chemical. The supplies of coal and oil although large enough to last a few hundred years at the present rate, will have to be replaced in the course of time. Alcohol will have to do this. But it is a pretty problem whether or not alcohol cannot be produced in every part of the country and at a cheaper rate than we get either coal or oil today? However that may be, it is being used to some extent for fuel today. One gram on burning furnishes 6,000 calories of heat. In comparison with kerosene one gallon of alcohol is equal to 1,732 candle power compared with 883 for kerosene. The light obtained is better, it has no offensive odor, is not affected by draughts and does not smoke, its wick does not burn and it leaves no disagreeable stains on clothing. Alcohol soaked in gun cotton and mixed with ether known as "Smaragdin" is a solid form of alcohol and can be used anywhere.

In Berlin automobiles were for a long time run with alcohol made from potatoes. It is altogether probable that an alcohol engine can be constructed that can successfully compete with gas engines should alcohol be more easily accessible to the public.

In its solvent nature alcohol plays a great role. Shellac is inseparably connected with it and as Dr. Duncan says "Shellac literally paints our civilization." It is indispensable in the manufacture of celluloid, collodian and ether, thus affecting photography, motion pictures, explosives, chemistry and medicine. In the manufacture of smokeless powder every pound requires 1.4 of its weight in alcohol. In the chemical activity of alcohol we have another phase of this versatile compound. In making fulminate of mercury nine times its weight of alcohol has to be used.

The vital thing in relation to alcohol does not seem to be the ease and cheapness of production, not yet in a wider application of its uses. Alcohol can be produced almost anywhere, and can be used to effect conservation. Its use under present taxes makes a multitudinous number of common articles expensive. The Government has played somewhat on popular prejudice to load it with onerous taxes and regulations. Every intelligent citizen wants to see the use of alcohol as a drink cease, but it is to be hoped that the alcohol situation can be adjusted so that our industries can turn out better products and so that a substantial saving will be effected for the consuming public.

## PHANTOM

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I. C. PAIT

---

Softly, softly from the rain,  
Knocking on my window pane;  
From the rain, the wind, the sleeting,  
Beating, beating, beating, beating,  
Beating on my window pane.  
How you begged to be admitted,  
Be admitted to the chamber,  
To the chamber of my treasure  
That was builded just for me!  
And I pondered o'er the question while you shivered in  
the rain.

Ah, you strange, you beauteous thing!  
How I pondered, how I wondered at you, strange and  
beauteous thing,  
As, you beating on the pane,  
Beating, begging, oft repeating  
Solemn vows if but admitted  
To the chamber of my treasure!  
Wondrous, strangely beauteous thing!

Flung, I, wide my window, shuttered.  
How you fluttered, feebly fluttered,  
Fluttered in, and, at my feet, you lay exhausted—crippled  
thing!

And, I, stooping, ever stooping  
O'er your form yet drooping, drooping,  
Drooping from the heartless storm which drove you to my  
window pane,  
Sought to heal your crippled wing.

And, while kneeling came the feeling  
Of affection deeply seated in my seeking, searching soul.

Every pain  
That you gathered from the rain,  
From the windy, sleety storm,  
Pierced my form;  
Drove me to your sorrowing place.  
Face to face  
We stood as one.  
Fleet the storm, gone the charm  
Of the chamber of my treasure.  
Once again on the pane  
Of my window beat your wing,  
Seeking flight  
Back to the night  
And from the chamber of my treasure.  
Then, again—oh, what pain!  
    Flung, I, wide my window, shuttered, as you sought the  
        night again,  
And, upon the mended wing,  
(Beauteous thing!)  
Saw you fly back to the night  
From whence you came,  
Winging, winging, and as winging,  
    Singing, I, so sadly singing  
Of the blissful hour, so fleeting,  
Fleeting as the voice of dawn.  
Left alone!  
Saddest desolation wrought.  
Filled with you my every thought;  
My every thought!  
Now, upon my casement, leaning,  
Never veering, ever peering,  
Peering out into the night from whence you came, to  
    whence you've gone.  
Calling, I, yes ever calling,



But, upon my hearing, falling,  
 But the echo of my calling which the night brings back  
 to me.

Hoping, hoping, ever hoping,  
 As, deep in the darkness, groping,  
 Groping for the sweet illusion  
 That, still haunting, haunting, haunting,  
 Never vaunting, sometimes taunting,  
 'Til my soul, within me, burning,  
 Like an ashe-worm, turning, turning,  
 Seeks to die, but cannot die.  
 And my empty soul, still reaching,  
 Reaching into voids, beseeching,  
 Seeking that which becked and smiled;  
 Ah, becked and smiled!

How it beguiled  
 The emptiness, the void, the sighing  
 Soul, which, living, always dying,  
 Lives fore'er a dying thing!  
 Out upon the weird winds, riding,  
 Riding, hiding, but yet, guiding,  
 Guiding me to strange, sweet places,  
 Places filled with sad, sweet faces,  
 Faces of the yesterhour,  
 Which, peering at me, never smile;  
 All the while,  
 Peering at me, never smile:  
 The sad, sweet faces!

Ah, Intrusion, sweet Intrusion,  
 An illusion, though you be,  
 Pr'i'thee come and comfort me.

Almond, N. C.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

FOUNDED 1882

A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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XLIII

MAY, 1924

No. 8

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JERRY SAWYER, Editor

"Nice." For the benefit of those who do not get *Old Gold and Black*, the weekly publication of Wake Forest College, we pass on to you, without comment the following clipping taken from the editorial column of that paper for March 28, 1924:

"The Euzelian and Philomathesian societies publish a magazine known as the *Wake Forest Student*. It is now in its thirty-ninth volume, and deserves the support of the friends of the college and the alumni in particular. Dr. J. H. Gorrell represents the faculty in its editorial control.

“*The Old Gold and Black* is a weekly publication devoted to the interests and activities of the students.’

“The above are two paragraphs from the eighty-ninth catalogue of Wake Forest taken from the section headed ‘Publications.’

“Besides the implication that the *Old Gold and Black* is not thoroughly and completely devoted to the interests of the College as much as it is to the activities of the students, we feel that the writers of the catalogue did the *Old Gold and Black* a scurvy turn by leaving this publication out of the consideration of the friends and alumni of the College. *The Old Gold And Black* we hope is as much deserving of the support of the friends and alumni of the College as any other publication from Wake Forest.”

And here we are reminded that another year **Publications.** has all but elapsed in the history of Wake Forest College. And during all this time what has been written about Wake Forest is filled with accounts of literary ability that has been developed here. Some of the greatest men in the State during the past forty years have been contributors or editors of the **STUDENT.** But just now, and for the past few years, publications at Wake Forest have suffered one of the most completely dilapidated conditions imaginable. It is most distressing to see, out of as large a student body as we have, so infinitesimally few who care a snap about publications, except the sport sheets, sensuous fiction, and cartoons.

Encouragement after encouragement has been offered, but few respond. Not even a spring poet as yet has been found dreamily grazing on the campus grass. And the pasturage here is verdant. Many a time have we editors looked about in vain for material with which to fill our pages, and exclaimed: “A ‘line,’ my lectures for a line!” And yet we have nothing to ride!

What can be the trouble? Who is to blame for this shortage? Is it the fact that students are becoming so indolent that they do not want publications? Is it because instructors do not train students in writing? Personally we believe all these factors combine to cause the evil. Certainly have we seen men pass through four years of college without contributing to our publications because they were not trained when they came for such activities and were reluctant in their last year or two in handing material to editors for fear that they might fall short of doing as well as under classmen who had as much ability.

Before the next issue comes out all the officers will be elected to fill the places of those retiring this year. Politics will begin to buzz in a few days, and a good portion of the members of the student body will feel the bee crawling about in their hats. From the most unassuming Newish to the most dignified Senior there will come the call of the ballot, and all will hope to get an office. But the question that confronts us is, how many can be found who are worthy of the trusts that will have to be placed in their care to guide our campus community through another eventful year? Can we find men able to take advantage of all their opportunities to make their classes remembered long in after years; men who can upbuild the tradition that the last two years has brought to us as a law abiding and peaceful college family; men who are able to head our student government and mete out justice and right unswervingly and without partiality?

We have been favored for two years with officers who have had their names spoken of in the most respectful and regardful tones. These men have won recognition and personal attachment from the other members of the student body. They have been commended by the faculty and friends of the institution. Our hope now is that the very best interests and the loftiest ideals guide those who allow their names to be used in

the campaigns for offices, and that these same principles lead men as they go to cast their ballots.

**Clean-Up.** Like a fresh shower on a bed of sun-parched daffodils has come the announcement from our Village Authorities that we are to start cleaning up our town. If there is a town in North Carolina that can rival ours for dirtiness, unsightliness, lack of modest pride, and disregard on the part of its inhabitants, we would be much obliged and greatly surprised to know what people on the outside call it. We are sure the citizens of that town would not own it. In September we come to the dingiest, dustiest hole in North Carolina; so dusty that a tomcat falling dead in the middle of the busiest thoroughfare would be completely buried in a few minutes, only to be uncovered the next week by a passing cyclone and thrown against the curb by some kind-hearted visitor, who happened to have a feeling of revulsion at cruelty to dead animals. In January we return and buy a pair of boots, in order to be able to get to "Dear old Wake." In February and March we wear out our boots and buy overshoes with which to splash through the mud that has subsided to ankle depth. In April we eat dust and gravel until we can almost spit brick-bats. We are greeted with so many foul odors, see so many ugly sights, and consume so much rotten body-filling, that in May we return home to purge ourselves of the filth that has entered into us, physically and mentally.

But hail the advance of civilization and modern development!

**Experience.** Did you ever notice the Want Ad columns of a modern newspaper and notice the call for men of experience? Did you ever feel confident in answering one of these advertisements, and if you did what answer greeted you from that wanting business man? Did you plainly and truthfully tell him that you had had little

or no experience in his line of business, but that you had average intelligence, ability to apply yourself to duty, ambition, and a college education? Did you tell him that you expected only a living wage from him at first, until you had demonstrated your worthiness of his consideration of a salary? If you told him all these things you were fortunate in getting a response setting out that he could get a grammar school graduate, skilled through apprenticeship or lacking in everything except mechanical response to the impositions of said business man, at a meagre salary who would hardly ever expect much more, and who would hardly ever be a better worker than he was the second week of his employment. More likely you got no response at all, except that he used no college men.

But on the other hand if you had told him that you had been educated in high school and that you had clerked in a country grocery store, you would more than likely have been employed indefinitely.

Considering the average intelligence, ambitions, and abilities of all men to adjust themselves to their situations, we have two causes to advance for the above situation as it exists today: First, the average business man has some time in his life been outwitted by some college educated man because the average business man of today is not a college man. Second, many business men today are only the employees of other business men and are very seriously afraid that they might possibly make the mistake of employing men who would some time through their superior ability possibly oust them from their positions. This is the situation that the college man today confronts, and for that we offer three alternative suggestions: First, enter a profession until all the professions are overrun, second, be fortunate enough to be able to set up yourself in business, third, go back to the farm and forget all about it.

❧	<b>IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE</b> <i>S. N. LAMB, Editor</i>	❧
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In a debate red-hot from the introduction of the subject to the close of the time limit Wake Forest lost to Oklahoma by a decision of two to one. The subject was "Resolved, That the United States should join the League of Nations." There was an unusually large audience, Wingate Hall being packed full, to hear the contentions of East against West. Ray Ballard, of Detroit, Mich., and Woodburn Ross, of Cheyenne, Wyo., representing Oklahoma Baptist University, defeated the Wake Forest affirmative team, composed of H. T. Wright of Arrington, Va., and J. J. Tarlton, of Marshville. Judges were Justices W. J. Adams and Heriot Clarkson, of the North Carolina Supreme Court bench, and Hon. Thomas M. Pittman, of the Superior Court bench.

This spring Wake Forest has not set the world afire in baseball, but there is this one certainty; the men on the teams are abiding by the rules of a coach. Whether we ever win the Southern Championship in anything or not is a matter of speculation, but when there is a man at the head of the system of training who knows what he is doing and allows no foolishness we can feel a very high degree of confidence of a good season.

Speaking of baseball reminds us that there will be a lot of competition, and no team will feel its superiority enough to boast if it happens to be the winner. Each team has a spotted slate, and championship honors will be in the balance until the last of the season.

The following resolution, passed by both of the Literary Societies, will abolish Anniversary Day, substituting therefor Founder's Day, to be conducted entirely by the College administration, provided the authorities accept it as drawn up:

APRIL 12TH, 1924.

Whereas; (1) Interest has been lagging in Society and Anniversary Days; (2) We believe this lack of interest is due to non-coöperation on the part of the executives of the female colleges; (3) The executives of Wake Forest College pledge themselves to coöperate with the Societies in securing the coöperation of the executives and student bodies in the Society Day celebration provided we eliminate one day and give the other day over to the College and other organizations to be used as Founder's Day, the College to bear all expenses of this day and give a full holiday; (4) Since the Societies have been made optional it is impossible for them to continue to finance both these days and meet their other obligations, and since it is the desire of every Society member that their money be used to the very best advantage, eliminating all unnecessary expense that all bills may be met.

Therefore, be it Resolved:

1. That Society Day only, which comes in the fall, be maintained and financed by the Societies;
2. That a committee from the Societies, assisted by Dr. Poteat, secure, if possible, the consent of the presidents of Meredith, Oxford, and Louisburg College to allow girls who are invited by Wake Forest boys to attend this celebration;
3. That the holiday in February known as Anniversary Day be given over to the College to be used for any celebration the authorities may see fit, its program to be planned and all expenses to be borne by the College;
4. That these resolutions shall be in effect on and after their adoption by a majority of the Society members present;
5. That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Dr. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, and that a copy be published in two issues of *Old Gold and Black* this spring and in the early part of the fall of 1924, a copy be spread on the Minutes of the Societies, and a copy published in the *STUDENT*.



❖	<b>EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT</b> J. W. BEACH, <i>Editor</i>	❖
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One of the first magazines that we placed on our Exchange Shelf this month was *The Willow Path* from Colgate University. Among the many other interesting articles in the publication we especially admire the editorial on the right of the literary magazine to a place on the college campus. The editor points out clearly that the college cannot have the proper balance without a medium of expression for its budding men of letters; and with this we heartily agree, although we have no particular passion for rearing a second Zane Grey. Yet we might harbor such a modest wish as to hope for a successor to the novelist, Hawthorne, or perhaps the short-story writer, O'Henry. We admire the spirit of the staff and do not believe that as long as this lasts we will see your epitaph written or see your college in mourning for a dead member in its midst.

"Karn" is a rather fantastic story of a maniac and supposed criminal who accomplishes some miraculous feats—for which the author offers no explanation—and finally escapes the officers of the law. The plot might really be worked into an interesting and plausible story but after carefully reading it we feel that the writer has rushed over so hastily that he has merely touched the surface of the story and given no background or explanatory detail to his action. In other words we feel that we have a mere skeleton where we might have a well developed man.

The book reviews in this issue are especially interesting. This fellow, George H. Faulkner, writes no mean reviews of contemporary fiction. His article on "Captain Blood," perhaps Sabatine's most competent novel, is especially fine. He

takes the heart right out of the story and gives it to you in a concise, clear-cut paragraph which he follows with a bit of well-deserved praise.

The March issue of *The Concept* is certainly a well balanced magazine. The editors have succeeded in getting exactly the right amount of material and mixing it so skillfully as to make an almost mechanically perfect magazine. Although this does not make a college publication, it is a very important item and we congratulate the editor-in-chief on her splendid work in this respect.

"The Hand-Made Count" is an interesting and well developed story. The writer has chosen her title very effectively and the story is a keen stab at the "Nouveau-riche" class in our society.

We really had quite a lot of fun reading the sketch entitled "The Nice Girl." It is certainly one of the most pointed articles we have read in quite a while. We wonder if the unknown writer has diagnosed her case aright. May be "the old-fashioned girl with the old-fashioned smile" is not doomed to such a helpless future of old-maidism as the article would suggest. Or perhaps on the other hand, the fair author is exactly right. It is certainly not our intention to make bold enough to attempt an answer—but, to say the least, the sketch is well written.

"The Signing of the Deed," a one-act play, has nothing very dramatic about it. It portrays, more or less competently, the illiteracy among the backwoods mountaineers and the noble work of an educated young lady who tried to lift Mrs. Pope, the typical mountain woman, out of this condition.

☞	NOTES AND CLIPPINGS	☞
	F. L. PASCHAL, <i>Editor</i>	

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ON THE HIGHWAY

Traffic Cop: "Stop! What do you think you are doing?"

Stude: "Bout forty-five."—*Yale Record*.

---

CONSTANT

"How's your business?"

"Looking up."

"You don't say; what line are you in?"

"I'm a reference librarian."

---

Piner (at the clothing store): "Say, I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat."

Clerk: "All right, take this one and look in the mirror, on the left."

---

NO RECOMMENDATION

"What do you think of mud as a beautifier?"

"Well, it hasn't done much for the turtle yet."—*Judge*.

---

STREET GOSSIP

Old Man: "Say Gabe, what do think 'er the presidential possibilities?"

Gabe: "Well, it's this way, Macadoo won't doo; Coolidge is too cool; Hi is the son of John; Oscar is Underwood, so's I guess we'll have ter 'pend on Joe Daniels."

---

Drunk: "Say, Cop, where can I find Main Street?"

Cop: "You're standing on it."

Drunk: "Well, I suppose that's the reason I can't find it."

Fresh Hamrick: "Boys, I feel as blue as indigo."

Jack Austen: "Yes, and you look as green as grass."

---

SHUT UP!

Sambo: "Don't cuss me nigger; I'll hit you so hard yore undershirt'll fly up yore back like a winder shade."

Rufus: "You can't do it."

Sambo: "How come I can't?"

Rufus: "T'se got on B. V. D.'s."—*Boll Weevil*.

---

First Stude: "You say you flunked French? Why, I can't understand it."

Second Stude: "I can't either. That's why I flunked it."

---

JUST HURTS HIS FEELINGS

"When your Pa uses that paddle on you doesn't it make you sick?"

"Naw. He tells me that's the board of health."—*Sun Dial*.

---

"Bonus Haney": "Wait a minute boys, and I'll render you a solo."

Berch Wyre: "All right, let us wait on the outside."

---

Salesman: "Dese is a fine soot: all wool but de buttons. D'ye want a belt in de back?"

Customer: "No, do you want a kick in de pants?"

---

Freshman Key wants to know if Jack Austen wrote "Pride And Prejudice," and if Goldsmith wrote "Grey's Elegy." I wish I knew.

Boarding Club Manager: "I'm sorry, Mr. White, but I'll have to raise the price of board two dollars."

White: "I hate that. It already hurts me to eat twenty dollars worth."

---

Mother (to caller): "What do you think of my daughter?"

Gentleman Caller: "I am sorry, but I am no judge of paintings."—*Puppet*.

---

#### ON THE CAMPUS

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"Then what's your hurry?"

"I gotta get there."—*Punch Bowl*.

---

#### HE HAD A RIPPING TIME

Prof.: "Give me a sentence with the word 'boycot' in it, used correctly."

Pupil: "Farmer Jones chased his son and didn't catch him until his boy caught on a wire fence."—*Sun Dial*.

---

Dr. Pearson (on Government): "Gentlemen, why are some government positions considered unclean?"

Mallard: "Because the holders of them are oily to bed and oily to rise."

---

"We wish our female friends would stop putting rouge on their lips. Rather poor taste!"—*Tiger*.

---

#### SELF CONTROL

Earl: "Darling, I love you dearly. As I sit on the sofa beside you I can hardly control myself."

Girl: "Isn't it funny? When I get a whiff of your breath I can hardly control myself either."—*Punch Bowl*.

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS :	PAGE
Appreciation -----	405
"A Vital League" (oration)----- <i>H. T. Wright</i>	407
The Smoker's Soliloquy (verse)----- <i>W. G. Westall</i>	413
The Deputy Sheriff (story)----- <i>Tom Sawyer</i>	414
Who Knows? (verse)----- <i>Chas. L. Gillespie</i>	420
In Cold Blood (sketch)----- <i>W. G. Westall</i>	421
Notes on Philosophy (essay)----- <i>W. J. Wyatt, Jr.</i>	426
DEPARTMENTS :	
Editor's Portfolio----- <i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i>	433
Au Revoir-----	433
The Memory of Commencement-----	434
Staff Changes-----	434
N. C. C. P. A.-----	434
Fresh Material-----	435
Philosophers -----	435
In and About College----- <i>Jerry Sawyer, Editor</i>	436
Exchange Department----- <i>J. W. Beach, Editor</i>	438
Alumni Notes----- <i>D. D. Lewis, Editor</i>	440
Notes and Clippings----- <i>F. L. Paschal, Editor</i>	442

## *Appreciation*

 O the Trustees of the College and to our many friends, including readers, contributors, subscribers and advertisers, we, the Staff, extend our most hearty thanks and appreciation for the many kindnesses that have made possible this, the forty-third volume of *The Wake*

∴ Forest Student ∴





# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XLIII

JUNE, 1924.

No. 9

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## "A VITAL LEAGUE"

Winner of the State Peace Oratorical Contest

H. T. WRIGHT, '24

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The inspired Hebrews of old saw in prophetic vision the day when the strong nations "should beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," and all the world should dwell under the sway of the Prince of Peace. The desire of nations has ever been for the day "when the war drum throbs no longer." All down the ages there have been efforts to realize the vision of the inspired seers and bards. Usually these efforts have taken the form of alliances, the member nations engaging to impose peace upon the world.

Alliances have failed because they have embraced only a few nations which had common interests and selfish aims. This excited the fear and animosity of the other nations not members and they too formed opposing alliances; consequently they have become the mother of greater wars. That they have failed needs no other proof than the recent World War, the greatest in the history of mankind.

Gentlemen, we must first remove the cause before we can eliminate war. And with this in mind the representatives of the victorious allied nations assembled at Paris in January, 1919, to make a treaty of peace. There in Paris these national leaders touched shoulders with the man of vision and pledged themselves to God, to one another, and to the war-weary peoples at home to devise means which would forever make another great war impossible. The result was the covenant of the League of Nations.

What is this League of Nations? It is the organized conscience and intelligence of mankind—the creation of those great nations who had successfully stemmed the tide of battle which took the lives of ten million young men, and left twenty million more physical wrecks—a war that cost the accumulated treasures of a thousand years. The covenant is the solemn compact which the great nations made to save the world from another such catastrophe. It is the culmination of Woodrow Wilson's fourteen peace points and the first article in the Versailles Peace Treaty.

This League can be amended, it can be improved. Like our American Constitution it can be changed to meet the international demands, and solve the greatest problems. It promotes international coöperation and achieves international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war, by the prescription of open, just and honorable relations between nations, by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among governments, and by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another. Its primary purpose is to prevent war and it proposes to do this in nine practicable and important ways: The League prevents war by limitation of armaments; by guarantees of territorial integrity and political independence; by abolition of secret treaties; by compulsory conferences to discuss questions of common interest which may arise from time to time, thereby bringing about coöperation among the nations; by causing delay which gives time for reflection; by an international court of justice with power to try all cases within the bounds of the League's constitution; by agreement to submit all disputes to arbitration; by forbidding private manufacture of any munitions of war.

The existing organization has excellent machinery through which it is functioning most efficiently. The direction of the League falls to two bodies: the council, and the assembly. Of

these, the smaller, more active, hence more important is the council. It consists at present of eleven members with one place reserved for the United States. Four of its powers are permanently represented on the Council: Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan. The council meets every year or oftener if necessary.

The assembly is composed of representatives from all nations members of the League. In theory, both bodies perform the same function; in practice the council does most of the work. The assembly gives the smaller nations a chance to express their views and exert an influence.

The existing League has taken care of the business of the fifty-four member nations now for more than four years, and in a way that challenges the admiration of those nonmember nations. In all important matters, decisions whether by assembly or by council must be made by unanimous vote.

The League robs no nation of its sovereignty; it meddles with no government's internal affairs. It provides for delay before going to war, and it protects all members against external aggression, which has been the most prolific source of war. The fifty-four nations now members are as free today as they were before they joined the League. It binds no nation to supply troops against its will.

Should any member resort to force in disregard of its covenants, the other members undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse. The League effects its purposes, not by force, but by persuasion, by arbitration, by a world court, and by publicity. These were the plans used to reconcile the disputes between Finland and Sweden over the Aaland Islands; between Poland and Lithuania over a large stretch of territory. The League settled the disputes between Germany and Poland over the partition of upper Silesia, between Albania and Jugo-Slavia over the Albanian boundary; and between Greece and Italy over Corfu. Any one of these quarrels might have

led to another world war, but every one of them was settled by the League without firing a gun or shedding a drop of blood.

It has saved Austria from the fate of Russia and is at present using similar plans to rescue Hungary. It has repatriated 427,000 war prisoners, who were left stranded in foreign lands at the conclusion of the Armistice, after the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. had attempted the task and had failed. More has been done by the League to stop the illegal sale of opium and noxious drugs than by all other organizations combined during the last fifty years. It is waging a world-wide campaign against the white slave traffic. Its Health Commission has coöperated with the Red Cross in putting down epidemics of typhus and other diseases in Poland and Russia that threatened to sweep across the whole continent of Europe. It has opened an international employment office at Constantinople to find work for war refugees, and has established a relief commission to rescue Armenian Christians imprisoned in Turkish harems.

It is discovering and applying the remedies and measures necessary to restore international confidence and to rehabilitate a broken world.

"Coming into existence," remarks the *New York Times*, "when the world was tired, timid, and tempestuous, when the exalted enthusiasms that held nations together were dying down and the bitter hates of war were still unabated, it is amazing that so much has been accomplished in such a short time."

"The League," says Dr. Levermore, winner of the Bok Peace Plan, "is the one means to outlaw war; that any other plan would have to be based upon the present covenant and embrace the same ideals; that the fifty-four nations who are now members express confidence in the existing League; that they are more enthusiastic for it than ever; that there is no room in the world for but one such organization, and that the

fifty-four nations who are now members will not abandon the present plan for any other that may be proposed."

The League has handled successfully every problem that has come under its jurisdiction. It has not brought tranquillity to France or unity of action as to German reparations. Neither has it settled the immigration nor disarmament questions. Three of these problems come under article seven of the Versailles Peace Treaty and not under the League. The fourth, disarmament, has not been solved because the most powerful nation in the world is not a member of the League, so that it would be unwise for the other nations to disarm so long as the United States is not a member.

With the existing League strengthened by the membership of the ten nations who are now on the outside and that organization reënforced with Christian democracy the nations could "beat their swords into plowshares," and "the war drum throb no longer."

Amid these days of international unrest, it is common prudence that nations should look ahead for some means of avoiding such trouble in the future.

An international deliberative conference is needed, in which shall sit the leading diplomats of the allied and entente powers. This conference should assemble in the name of the "League of Nations"; and the first thing that the United States should do would be to attach her signature to the League Covenant and take her place at the council table of the world.

This conference should remain in session until its members become imbued with the fundamentals of democracy, until at least the majority of the devices which have condemned to futility all the peace conferences, leagues of nations, diplomatic negotiations, and pacific affiliations which have occurred in the past, have been abolished. They should continue in session until the leaders of every country represented should, if possible, become infused with democratic ideals; until they learn that democracy is more than a form of government; that it is

a mode of life and a quality of the human spirit, which cannot be imposed on a people but must be acquired; that it is the civil organization of a common good will, and a faith that holds that common good will may control all nations. These representatives should learn that democracy is self-government; and that the educational system which is responsible for training the members of the democracy should be permeated with the principles and ideals of the Great Teacher.

This conference should remain intact until its leaders are filled with sympathy and love for their fellowmen across the border line; until they are ready to go back home and tell their governments that the only way to live today is the self-giving way, by abandoning the policy of developing the things of life solely as tools of gain. They should definitely adopt a program of common service and enriching efficiency finding the self in realizing our obligation to all. They should spread abroad the fact that democracy is not alone a social organization for the good of all, but that social democracy is determined by the will of all and will be secured through the coöperative work of all; that it is an attitude or spirit of life which prepares nations to live for one another.

We cannot hope for international peace, for the preservation of civilization materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. And this can be done only through the restoration of international confidence between nations in a deliberative conference. It can be saved only by all nations becoming saturated with the spirit of Christianity, and being made free and happy by that spirit. Only thus can discontent be driven out and all the shadows lifted from the road ahead.

America, the greatest democracy in the world, the leading Christian nation in the world, whose people are the richest and who hold the respect and confidence of the outside world—she is the logical nation to take the lead in this onward movement for humanity, for democracy and for perpetual peace. In this way as in no other the United States can fulfill her mission and take her place of leadership among the peoples of earth.

## THE SMOKER'S SOLILOQUY

---

W. G. WESTALL, '27

---

Thou little, white, smoking cylinder that I hold in my hand,  
Weed imperial, product of the sunny Southland:  
I see my cares all vanish in an azure wreath,  
Leaving a fragrant aroma of Turkish blend beneath.

Thou hazy master, to thee I am a luckless slave;  
Thy perfumed satisfaction that surely gods would crave,  
Be my solace; hold me evermore; to thee I go  
And find a sweet tranquillity that else cannot bestow.

Give me my cigarettes. Take all else away, and from me hold  
All that hinders their sweet solicitude. Croesus' gold  
Could not the crave displace nor set me free—  
And yet, forsooth, 'tis said they're killing me.

## THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

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TOM SAWYER

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It is not the intention of the writer to picture a complicated, coldblooded detective yarn, as told only by admirers of Sherlock Holmes (and I like Sherlock, too), but the writer wishes to acquaint you with an event that happened in a very ordinary, backward mountain town in the western part of our own State. The murder was ordinary; the man murdered was ordinary; the criminal was ordinary; the deputy sheriff who brought the criminal to justice was ordinary, and even the punishment itself was ordinary to the highest degree in that it amounted to thirty years at hard labor.

In a dejected, contemplative mood, Dave Martin, the deputy sheriff, sat on a dry goods box in Henry Sellers' store a good part of the night. No one disturbed him for the simple reason that all the people knew him, and wished to avoid outbursts of his crabbed disposition, characteristic of Dave in his troubled moments. Everybody knew that he was thinking about what had transpired during the afternoon. They knew that Dave had been the first to find the body of Uriah Moore lying in a dangling position in the rear end of his two wheel ox-cart in which he had come to town to do his Saturday trading. It was evident that Uriah had been shot from the rear just as he was standing behind the cart, and that he had fallen forward in the cart, with his feet hanging out the rear end of the cart.

But what troubled the mind of Dave Martin was that he had found no one who had heard the report of the gun that had done the killing. Not only that, but there were no witnesses to the scene, and the murderer was yet at large. In addition to this Martin was seriously contemplating running for sheriff in the next election, and now he must prove his worth.



He was aroused from his meditations by the storekeeper, who, late at night, began closing his doors and windows, preparatory to locking up the house. Elbert, the sixteen-year-old son of Sellers, was the only person present, except Dave and Sellers. When he had finished counting the receipts of the day, he came over to where Dave was sitting and in a very careful manner asked:

"Dave, have you seen Abe Olston in town today?"

"No," replied the deputy, "why?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking about the big fight they, Moore and Olston, had in here one night over a dog that Moore killed, the one that Olston bragged about so much."

"But that has nothing to do with the death of Moore, for Olston himself went to Moore and made up, and they have been on speaking terms ever since."

"But another thing troubles me," said Elbert, "I was passing the lot where Moore was killed three or four times every hour durin' the evenin', and I didn't hear a gun shoot the whole time."

"It does look funny," remarked Dave, as he passed out the back door of the store.

Dave sauntered off home, and to bed, but he could not sleep. For three hours he lay restless, trying to devise some scheme to catch the slayer. Come to think of it, thought Dave, it *did* look suspicious on Abe Olston. Olston seemed to be one of that type who take advantage of opportunities to gain vengeance. Well it was up to him to get the proof.

And to get proof Dave used tactics, common sense in their form, but different from what the average sheriff would use. The next morning was Sunday morning, and Dave knew almost everybody would be going to church. He got into his Ford and drove over to get Elbert Sellers to go with him to get the corpse of Uriah Moore.

When they had returned with the body to the scene of the crime Dave stood the body in the position in which it had

been when the shooting occurred, and directed Elbert to steady it while he slowly took his course and walked in the direction from which the bullet had come. When he had gone about twenty yards, he stooped and picked up something. Elbert saw him stoop again and pick up another object, wrap it carefully in his handkerchief, and place it in his shirt pocket. Then he turned.

"Elbert," called Dave, "do you know whose load of hay that was standing here yesterday?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "that was Dick Grissom's truck that stood there with the back end this way, about all evenin'. He had been up to Kings Mountain, and stopped here on his way home."

"How did he have the hay loaded?" asked the officer.

"Well, in the bottom he had bales of timothy piled about three high, and on top of that he had some bags of oats, the best I remember."

Dave called for Elbert to lay the corpse on the ground and to come there.

"Here is where the truck stood, and it had nonskid pneumatic tires," said Dave. "From the tracks here and the line that the bullet passed along, the gun that killed Moore was exactly between the wheels of that truck, and not less than three feet from the ground, nor more than six. I saw how the tracks were yesterday, and the last tracks that Moore made fitted exactly with my idea. The man that did the killing was in the truck. But Dick Grissom has nothing against Uriah Moore, and I don't see any reason he should have to kill him. It might have been Abe Olston, but Dick knew something about it, and we had better go see Dick while he is away, so lets put the body in your father's store and get away."

The next move was to search the premises of Dick Grissom. There he substantiated his opinion as to the murderer shooting from the truck, for in Dick Grissom's barn he found two bales of timothy hay blackened on one side, and scented with the

explosion of gunpowder. Elbert Sellers was shown the marks made by the gunpowder, and sworn to strict secrecy. But further than that there was nothing more to be found that seemed to have any bearing on the case. So the two intruders sped back to town after Dave had taken samples of the blackened hay. They were both satisfied that the case was still complex.

Sitting alone on a goods box in front of the store during the afternoon Dave overheard a conversation between Mrs. Henry Sellers and a Mrs. McKinley that caused him to make a visit to the home of Buck Grissom, brother of Dick Grissom. The conversation had concerned an incident that had happened at the home of Mrs. McKinley years before.

A thorough search was made by Dave in the house of Buck Grissom that night when the family were away attending the Sunday evening church service. And there he found enough to justify his startling the whole town the next Wednesday morning by arresting Buck and Dick Grissom for the murder of Uriah Moore.

The people were thoroughly excited when the time came for the hearing before the committing magistrate. There was much speculation and comment on the fact that Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Henry Sellers, along with several other witnesses had been subpoenaed to appear in behalf of the State.

There are some men who arrive upon the occasion of opportunity by fate, and mold their destinies by a bold and accidental stroke delivered at the favorable moment. In this respect no bolder stroke was ever delivered in that backward, bleak mountain town than that of Dave Martin when the committing magistrate called upon him to outline the evidence for the State against the two Grissoms. After all the witnesses had been examined by Martin, who asked leave of the magistrate to allow him to assist, the case was presented in a cool, deliberate manner by the deputy:

"From what Mrs. McKinley says," began the deputy sheriff, "years ago Uriah Moore saved himself from a severe beating at the hand of Buck and Dick Grissom by drawing a gun on them when they cursed him, and accused him of having had too intimate relations with Buck Grissom's wife. There Buck Grissom, in the presence of Mrs. McKinley, swore that he would some day shoot Uriah Moore 'like a yellow cur,' and that he would live to do it without being suspicioned. There you have the motive. I didn't know anything about this affair until Sunday, for I was expelled from a law school only four years ago, when I came here. But that is sufficient motive for anybody.

"Saturday Buck and Dick Grissom went to Kings Mountain to buy hay and oats. They forgot that they could buy the same things cheaper here, and they also have forgotten that Lewis Arlington passed them on the road three miles from town while they were stopped. Arlington saw practically all the hay off the truck on the ground, and he offered his services to help load it back, but his services were declined. Dick Grissom told him that the load had rolled off, when there was nothing on the road to make the load come off. They also had left a large hole in the center of the load, and they did not fill up this hole, nor finish loading while Arlington was in sight. But this boy, Jimmie Bates, saw them while he was in the woods on the left hand side of the road. And he says that Buck Grissom crawled into the hole and was covered up by his brother. A hundred witnesses will swear that Buck Grissom did not appear in town Saturday. With the corroboration of Elbert Sellers I can show that the bullet that did the killing was fired directly from the load of hay, and I have the samples here of hay scorched by the powder from the gun. It yet has some powder odor, and I have two samples; one taken from two bales of hay in Dick Grissom's barn, and one from that blown from the load by the powder when the gun was fired."

Needless to say, Buck and Dick Grissom were both held without bail.

"I'd like to know how you figure me in this, when I haven't made any more noise with a gun than a popgun in six months?" interrogated Buck Grissom when the deputy sheriff started with him to jail.

"You are almost right there, Buck," remarked Dave Martin, "but I happen to know that a month ago you drew a check on the bank in Kings Mountain for \$286, payable to a firearms company in St. Louis, and that that check was made in the exact amount necessary to pay for a new rifle equipped with a silencer, and that that rifle was found in your house last Sunday night, and is now waiting for court term. You are almost right, Buck, the rifle makes about as much noise as a popgun, for I tried it."

## WHO KNOWS?

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CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '26

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"Who can stare in the face of man  
And find an answer there  
For every glad and smiling look  
Or for every look of care?

"Who can read from the face of man  
The life that dwells within?  
Who can say from a look that the life is clean  
Or that it is blighted with sin?

"Who knows that one's life is sad  
Whene'er his head hangs down?  
Who knows that his soul isn't pure  
Whene'er he wears a frown?

"Thy life may be burdened with sorrow, O Man;  
Thy soul may be stricken with grief!  
The pleasures of life that appeal to some  
May give thee no hope of relief.

"Your heart may be sad and aching  
For the souls of wicked men—  
And the world may see only the shadow  
Of the grief that dwells within.

"Work on, O Man, thy duty do—  
Fulfill thy soul's command;  
The world can't read thy gloomy face,  
But God will understand."

## IN COLD BLOOD

W. G. WESTALL, '27

One Tuesday afternoon I found a letter in my box, which was not an unusual occurrence as it happens every few days, even when I am spending the summer vacation in the mountain village of my nativity. This was quite an ordinary looking letter and I opened it without suspicion. About the middle of the second page ran this intelligence:

"I have been just dying to go to the mountains again and this opportunity comes altogether unexpectedly. Last summer I was denied the pleasure of going fishing with you, but I am bringing my own rod and outfit Thursday. Of course you will take me."

Two pages later the letter was signed: "Your affectionate cousin, Edith."

Edith and I graduated from high school together. She is a regular sport. Of course we would fish, I told myself enthusiastically. She would be here in two days with her own fishing outfit.

Thursday came and so did Edith. Friday was a day to have endowed every amateur angler with the spirit of Izaak Walton. There are days and *days*. To the average, ordinary person all days of bright sunshine, warm weather and clear, slightly hazy skies fall into the same class; but to the true angler there come two or three rare days in summer which Nature does not see fit to parallel. On these days, the hum of the grasshopper takes on a different note; the singing of the birds is, somehow, always far away; the sun's rays bend at exactly the right angle in the slightly dingy water, and there is a peculiar smell about the pool which is unmistakable.

My attractive cousin had come with her own rod and outfit and of course I would take her fishing.

She brought out and proudly displayed her own rod and outfit. True to the feminine instinct, she had chosen a delicate little steel rod about four feet long. It was a slender, willowy little thing with a silver plated reel and grip. I grew enthusiastic (premeditatedly) over it at once. In point of fact, it was an excellent rod for trouting in a mountain brook. But this was August and the season for bass casting. No self-respecting bass would be caught with such a rod in the hands of a novice, and I knew it. But I wanted my cousin to learn to love and respect the exclusive art of angling, and I could not afford to discourage her this early in the game. So I thought it best to let her learn to love the sport first by experiencing the thrill of a successful cast; she would learn to respect the art and the tools of the trade later.

I had a long, substantial rod of the take-apart variety. I had angled with it successfully through three consecutive summers, and it had traditions. I had made catches with it which I shall not digress to speak of here, lest I shake the reader's belief in my habits of strict adherence to truth.

In short, I would let my cousin use my rod and I would use hers. I explained to her that a long rod is best for beginners, and that a new rod has certain peculiarities which make it unwieldy. She accepted my professional authority on the subject without question.

Perched on a rock above a deep blue pool, I put a lusty minnow on my cousin's hook and made the initial cast for her. I stressed the importance of having the minnow alive and uninjured, showing her how to hook him through the hard part of the jaw just above the gills.

"Does it hurt them?" she asked.

"No," I told her. "They're coldblooded and don't feel it."

I had succeeded, by swinging the line around my head like a lasso and then letting go, in landing my minnow into a favorable looking spot in the pool. I looked at Edith. She was watching her float intently.



"What happens when a big fish comes along and begins to eat the little fish on the hook? How can one tell when a fish is eating it?"

"They don't eat the minnow, but swallow it alive and whole. When a bass takes the minnow the float goes under."

She asked again:

"But what must I do when the float goes under? What if—"

Just then her float did go under. It bobbed a time or two, then went spinning downstream. She squealed and gave a pull with the rod. The reel was not locked and it began to give off the line with a whirring sound, which was exactly what it should have done. My cousin screamed:

"The line's all coming off! What must I do?"

A hundred and fifty feet below was a bass with the minnow headfirst in his mouth and the hook in his throat. He was racing downstream with all his strength. Something must be done. I wanted to take the rod from the girl's hands and play the fish myself. But I began shouting:

"Use the brake on the reel!" (I had shown her how.)  
"There, he's checked! Now catch the reel. Hold! You can't pull him out that way. Reel in the line, then lift him up."

Five minutes later a twelve-inch bass lay gasping on the rock with a stick through his gills. My cousin was beginning to respect the art of angling. She asked numerous questions which I answered. Had I ever caught a fish that big? Yes, I had caught some considerably bigger. Did I reckon there were any more that big in this pool? Yes, there were probably more. Did I reckon I was going to catch any? I didn't know whether I would catch any or not. I was using my cousin's own rod and outfit, which fact I didn't mention.

After four or five unsuccessful attempts, in which two of our best minnows were killed, the girl succeeded in landing her bait out toward the center of the stream. She was getting along fairly well. My cousin was always an apt student; I

learned that and took advantage of the fact when we used to study Cicero together.

Her float bobbed a little. She reeled in her line quickly, but only the minnow showed on the hook. He was a large minnow and had probably caused the cork to bob in his efforts to escape the torturing hook. But after two or three more of my cousin's attempts to get him favorably situated in the pool, the minnow struggled no more; he lay on his side and gasped. A half dead minnow is useless. The bass are very wary and will not take anything that looks like it has been tampered with. They are too respectable to eat the body of their prey when they find him dead. These minnows had cost me a nickle apiece when I bought them from little Ed Wilson, but I did not mention the fact as my cousin spoiled one after another. If she was going to learn to love and respect the art of angling, she must be allowed to practice.

In the meantime, I was having a peculiar sort of trouble with my cousin's own rod and outfit which I was using. The rod was too short, and the float forever had a tendency to drift back to the shallow water at my feet. The minnow on my hook followed his natural instinct and came back to the shallow water too. I had to make frequent casts in order to keep my bait in deep water. After two or three of these casts my minnow would sicken and die. But Edith chatted gaily. We were having a most enjoyable time.

In the course of the day's fishing, my cousin landed four beautiful bass. I caught two little perch. The perch are not so particular as the bass, and these two probably hated to see even a dead minnow go to waste.

When we arrived home, I let Edith give the account of the day's fishing. I acquiesced with a sort of sickly enthusiasm to whatever she said. What else could I do?

I expect to go fishing next summer, but I go alone; I have settled that firmly and finally. Not even the closest friend

shall accompany me; no matter if he is a professional angler, in good standing, and an ardent disciple of Walton, he shall not encroach upon that my chief source of pleasure and professional pride. No, not even if he brings his own rod and outfit.

## NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY

Number V

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W. J. WYATT, JR.

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**Note:**—The last of a series of five papers on philosophy.  
**Editor.**

The limits of this paper do not permit a comprehensive discussion of the many aspects of the Renaissance. Our main purpose is to show how the Renaissance period truly marked a rebirth of philosophy; and its varied aspects will be introduced only in subordination to this idea. The term, Renaissance, in the most narrow sense in which it is used means only the restitution of classical thought during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, or the revival of learning proper. A more comprehensive use of the word, however, includes not only a renewed enthusiasm for the classics but the total rebirth of European life, intellectually, politically, economically, scientifically. In the light of this meaning we shall consider the influences on the philosophical thought of the period.

The implication in the term, rebirth, is justified by facts. The ancient world developed an art, a philosophy, and a literature of great beauty and intellectual strength, the most advanced ideas that our civilization inherited. Rome was the legal and the organizing genius, and Greece the literary and the philosophical. Grecian philosophy had its origin when keen minds, not satisfied with the explanations of occurrence in nature which brought in the use of supernatural forces, began to reason about the facts of experience. Efforts of this kind appearing during the sixth century B.C. account for that remarkable age of enlightenment which had its beginning at this time. Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, and Pythagoras were notable men of the period who made inquiry into the essence of the objective world, and raised vital ques-

tions concerning nature and man. This objective or naturalistic period merged later into the transitional period of Sophism and doubt, showing a decided mistrust of the power of human mind to solve the world-problems. The Socratic period which extended from 430 to 320 B.C., was a period of reconstruction in which the great problem was ethical.

But we did not fall heir to all this culture directly. Rome conquered Greece and appropriated her culture for a time; then she in turn became weakened internally by many dangerous national tendencies, and fell before the westward moving Teuton hordes. The cause for the decay and fall of the Roman Empire is a subject still open for discussion among historians. But however small the part Christian teachings played in a positive way, it is pretty certain that they did not aid Rome to withstand the barbarian invasion to any great extent.

Christianity in the West was distinctly hostile to pagan learning and literature. The tendency was to depend more upon emotional faith and enforcement of a moral life. The fathers of the Latin church emphatically declared Hellenic learning undesirable for Christians. St. Augustine in his "Confessions" hopes that God may forgive him for having enjoyed Vergil. As a result of this state of affairs the Greek language and literature in time came to be practically forgotten in western Europe.

The period in history known as the Middle Ages thus was ushered in and pure Greek culture for nine hundred years was no more so far as western Europe was concerned. Nevertheless, it would be easy to understand the intellectual activity of this period. The glimmering of a civilization of a totally different character began to appear about the time of Charlemagne. Scholasticism is the term used to denote the most typical intellectual activity of this period. It was primarily a philosophy of dogmatic religion, assuming certain subject-

matter as absolute and unquestionable. Rogers comments on the period thus:

"The church could not consistently allow the search for truth, since she herself possessed the truth by an infallible revelation; the limits within which thought could move were necessarily strictly defined. There was no neutral field of secular knowledge; in all spheres alike, history and science as well as matters of religion in the stricter sense, the church conceived herself to be possessed already of final truth. But, meanwhile, certain work was left for the intellect which was not obviously dangerous. This was the work of showing how the doctrinal content, whose truth was taken for granted on authority, was also self-consistent and rational. Granting that dogma was given as an established fact, it yet might seem a pious task to show that these doctrines, when given, are acceptable to the reason, and capable of being justified to it. There was indeed danger in this, as the church was later to discover the danger that the rational justification should become a requirement, and the dogma be measured by the standard and derive authority from it. But meanwhile to oppose the tendency would have been to oppose all intellectual life whatever, and this not even the church would have been powerful enough to do successfully."

Scholasticism may claim many men of remarkably keen intelligence, and the wonder is how such minds as Roscellinus, Ayselum, Albertus Magnus, or Duns Scotus, could have been content with such barrenness and abstractness of material. They did not use the fruits of their experience in their thinking but assumed an abstract logical attitude which could spin out fine distinctions and implications from the most general statements. Besides the church dogma as premise the schoolmen had the "logic" of Aristotle which was preserved in the Latin translation of Boethius. But this work soon became obscured by such a mass of commentaries that for the most part it was misrepresented.

From even this short description of the chief tendency of the intellectual life of the "Dark Ages" we can readily see internal causes why it could not persist. In the first place the intellectual method was self-destructive. Deductive reasoning which first was used to clarify dogma came to be an end in itself, causing endless word splitting and arid verbal discussions. In the next place the standard of truth was a double standard. Dogma was claimed to be infallible but actually there was another standard—reason as expressed in the logic of Aristotle.

From some authors we get the idea that the Renaissance swept over western Europe like a great tidal wave, driving out of men's minds the time-honored dogmas and superstitions and carrying the mental attitude of thinking people from one extreme to the opposite. Most authorities prefer to look upon the Renaissance as slowly growing in the minds of the people for two or three centuries before it blossomed into fullest flower.

In discussing briefly the causes or influences leading up to the revolt against the authority of dogma, the crusades might be mentioned first. They created an international outlook on the world, and most important of all brought Europeans into contact with a civilization decidedly superior to their own. The Saracens, when they overran Syria, met up with Greek civilization and learning, and this they absorbed with great eagerness. Mohammedan scholars soon translated much of the old Greek learning into Arabic and tintured much of Mohammedan faith with Greek philosophic thought. Doubtless our ignorant European was much astonished when he ran up with all of this amongst those whom he considered heathen dogs. Besides the cultural influence of the crusades there was the nationalizing influence which came about by the elimination of thousands of quarreling, fighting noblemen, thus giving the kingly power a chance to consolidate holdings and begin the evolution of the modern states.

Perhaps the crowning efforts of the period in the slow upward struggle to rebuild civilization on the ruins of what had once been was the development of the universities. To them we owe the general diffusion of the learning and intellectual training of the time.

The immediate cause which gave momentum to the Renaissance in Italy and from which it is usually dated was the capture of Constantinople in 1453 by the Turks. It will be remembered that while classical learning was lost to eastern Europe about the sixth century, it was still cherished in the Byzantine Empire until this time. Refugees fled from Constantinople to Italy, and around them there grew up an ever increasing enthusiasm for the classics.

In taking up the philosophical tendency of the Renaissance proper it will be necessary first, to get a picture of a man of the time in his physical universe. Politically, he was a man without a country. Latin was no longer the universal language of the scholars. Dante wrote his "Inferno," and Bruno his satirical works in Italian. Descartes wrote many of his works in French. In religious life Rome ceased to be the religious center. The theory of the temporal power of the church was founded on the dogma, and the new nations were constructing political theories to justify their existence. A man of the time felt himself being drawn away from the religious and dogmatic toward the secular and nationalistic ideal. Niccolo Machiavelli was a representative of the idea of a national state. He realized that the Papal power rested upon the fostering of jealousies among states, and going back to the Greek conception of the ideal state he wrote "The Prince," in which he stated his idea of political law as emancipated from ecclesiastical dogma. Hugo Grotius (1583-1645) another student of law, expounded the doctrine of natural law as opposed to theological law.

A man of the time of the Renaissance must have felt himself living in a new universe. Instead of the earth being flat



as he had always imagined, he was suddenly awakened to learn that it was round. The self-centered, egotistic conception that the earth is the center of the universe and the whole created for man, was suddenly displaced by the knowledge that the earth is only a mere point in a vast universe, and man just an insignificant being after all.

The natural science theories of the period may be divided into two forms: (1) Mystical; (2) Critical and Cautious. Religious Mysticism characterized the early scientific theories, science being mainly theosophy and naturalistic pantheism. The instrument of this science was magic, the forces of nature being demoniac in character. The idea of the chemist was to discover the philosopher's stone with which to turn the baser metals into gold, and to cure all diseases. The doctor gave many mysterious concoctions to control the spirit of diseases. The future could be predicted if one could only read the stars.

The Renaissance may be divided into two periods: (1) The Humanistic Period (1453-1600); (2) the Natural Science Period (1600-1690).

During the former, Italy and Germany were chiefly concerned, since Italy had been the refuge of the Turk scholars and German scholars had learned from them. On the other hand, during the later period, England and the Low Countries were chiefly concerned, since Germany was then occupied with internal wars and in Italy science became dumb under the persecution of the Inquisition. It is important to note that during the Humanistic Period the attitude of the church was not clearly defined. Not until the Natural Science Period did it become certain that dogma was in violent contrast with science.

However when the empirical researches of Galileo confirmed the speculations of his predecessors, the Renaissance turned away from antiquity to nature herself for an explanation.

The philosophic thought of the Humanistic Period finds its most characteristic representative in Giordano Bruno (1548-1600) whose philosophy is entirely Neo-Platonic in spirit. He was born in Nola, in Campania, and was reared in Naples. Entering the Dominican Order very young, he became interested in natural science and in the Copernican theory.

Falling under suspicion because of his beliefs he was forced to flee to Rome and then out of Italy. From now on he became an antagonist of dogmatic Catholicism and in consequence was persecuted and forced to spend the rest of his days wandering from country to country. At last the Inquisition got hold of him and he was burned at the stake. His conception was that: "All nature is alive. A world soul permeates everything. The universe is a great organism whose dwelling place is infinite reaches of space." He scorns the idea that all creation was made for the welfare of man. In his conception he believed that "Reality is an eternal spirit, one and indivisible, and as such alone possesses truth." Cushman says, "Bruno is a universalistic optimist and mystic poet."

In the natural science period of the Renaissance Galileo should be mentioned first as the most influential of a long list of astronomers from many countries. Before him were Copernicus, Bruno, Tycho, and Kepler but their astronomy was speculative rather than empirical. It seems that the speculations of astronomers had little influence upon their own time.

The transition from medieval to modern philosophy was complete only after the introduction of the two great opposing tendencies, empiricism and rationalism. A rough shaping of the empirical school was accomplished by Bacon and Hobbes and the first great exponents of Rationalism were Descartes, Spinoza and Leibnitz. After these men the Renaissance truly came to an end and the modern world in its philosophical life began.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

*Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association*

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FOUNDED 1882

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A literary magazine published monthly by the Students of Wake Forest College.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscription \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on application.

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XLIII

JUNE, 1924

No. 9

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❧	<b>EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO</b>	❧
	JERRY SAWYER, <i>Editor</i>	

Au Revoir. Patient reader, we have at last come to the parting of the ways. Many a long and doleful night have we labored for your mortification and worry. The way has been dark, the contributions short and the editorials "punk," but with all the "bunk" and the "punk" and the delay we have "chunked" them together, and published what we thought a representation of Wake Forest literary effort. If it has met your approval, we are rewarded, if it has not, you are to blame. So with one last glance back-

ward over the past days of wistful watching for material, moon-gazing and inspiration-hunting, we now wash the ink from our fingers, and bid you farewell, adieu, auf wiedersehen, adios, vale!

**The memory of Commencement.** The year 1924 is now closing, and there remains only three eventful days in June to haunt the minds of the graduating class. To wander about the campus listening to the plaintive murmurings of the departing Seniors as they chant their farewell songs to their Alma Mater, brings to our hearts a pang of sadness and sympathy. No longer are they free to roam about in the green pasture of youthful idleness and poetic fancy, but must look to larger fields and more realistic visions, for life and all its privileges and obligations now calls upon them to assert their rights to a place in the world.

**Staff Changes.** This year marks the beginning of the publishing of the STUDENT by the student body. Heretofore the Literary Societies have been responsible for it. Beginning next year the staff will be materially changed to meet the new conditions. There will be one Editor, two associates from the Senior Class, two from the Junior Class, and one from the Sophomore Class. It is hoped that these men will do greater work and have more success next year than we have been blessed with this year. Now is the time to begin, and all you students and alumni owe the magazine and yourselves the duty of making an honest effort to help publish the greatest magazine in Southern colleges next year.

Ye Editor was rewarded for all his efforts and hard labor the other day when he was sent as delegate to the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association which met at Elon College. There he was

royally entertained by the Christians, and had the pleasure of meeting all the journalists of the future. Not only that, but he saw the WAKE FOREST STUDENT voted the second best magazine of the North Carolina Colleges by the members of the Press Association, showing that others like us almost as well as we like ourselves.

**Fresh.**

**Material.**

We cannot let the last opportunity slip without mentioning our Freshmen contributors.

Many of them have given us real good papers, stories, and poems, and for this coöperation on the part of the first year gentlemen we are indeed grateful. The upper classmen this year have been somewhat reluctant in handing in material voluntarily, but their lack has been supplied by the Freshmen. From present indications it looks just like next year is going to witness a long drawn out competition between the men who have had their first productions printed this year in the STUDENT.

In the last five issues we have published a series of "Notes on Philosophy" by as many contributors. These papers may seem a little "dry" to the light reader, but for those studious young Aristotles who wish to learn something valuable about philosophy we recommend the series. In fact Wake Forest men of letters all seem to take much interest in philosophical themes, and a great deal of time and perspiration has been spent in research along this line. There are many other contributions in this year's STUDENT that are of real and exceptional value, and as a last suggestion we ask that you gather all the issues that have been published this year and keep them for the future.

❖	<b>IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE</b>	❖
	<i>S. N. LAMB, Editor</i>	

The annual elections for officers for next year are some of the most interesting features of student spring activities. It is interesting to see the diversity of opinions as to who are the most fitted men for the many coveted positions, and a man who passes four years in college and never gets into politics—well from present indications, he isn't. In college as in any other body politic, you find the element that want dignified, conservative, serious candidates to fill the positions of responsibility, and against them you see the liberal, and even radical, less serious, less sophisticated and less dignified element who prefer the more companionable but wilder candidate, who is friendly to the gangsters and less serious youngsters. The spring elections this year have clearly shown all these elements.

#### FORENSIC ACTIVITIES

The year 1923-24 is one to be remembered in debating and oratory from a Wake Forest standpoint. We give below a sketch of our intercollegiate contests:

Wake Forest, represented by C. B. Earp and L. E. Andrews, Affirmative, against William and Mary, represented by E. C. Johnson and Geo. W. Reilly, Negative.

The query, "Resolved, that the United States should adopt the Cabinet-Parliamentary system of government," was upheld in the most convincing manner of any debate heard on the home floor in several years. Complete surprise and disappointment in the decision of the judges was shown by the audience. The Negative won a decision of two to one. Judges were Drs. W. H. Cotton and W. T. Laprade, of Trinity College, and Hon. W. N. Everett, Raleigh.

We have one of the finest Glee Clubs in the history of the College. The men in it have labored untiringly to make their recitals well worthy of the name of the institution, and Dr. H. M. Potent, the Director, has trained it to a high degree of

perfection. Last year we had no club, and the people over the State missed it, so did we at Wake Forest. But wherever the club has been this spring it has been welcomed with large audiences and hearty applauses.

Wake Forest, represented by D. D. Lewis and S. L. Blanton, debated the Negative of the above subject at Charleston College the same night, winning from the Southern neighbors by the score of two to one. From all accounts the gentlemen made a great impression on the South Carolina audience.

As noted in the April issue, H. T. Wright and J. J. Tarlton lost to Oklahoma Baptist University here by a two to one decision on the night of April 3d.

H. T. Wright won the State Peace Oratorical Contest, held at Trinity College, on the night of April 27th. His oratorical plea was that the United States should join the League of Nations, thereby adding vitality to it, as a solution to the peace problems. Mr. Wright is now entered in the National Contest, by reason of his having won the State contest.

M. G. Stamey and S. N. Lamb will meet Mercer University at the Southern Baptist Convention in Atlanta. They will debate the Negative of the query, "Resolved, that the United States Congress should adopt a National Marriage and Divorce Law." Wake Forest won the debate before the Convention last year, and the men chosen to represent us this year are hoping to duplicate the feat.

Wake Forest Freshmen entered a triangular debate with Davidson and the University this year. The Wake Forest Affirmative represented by Ralph Carlton, C. R. Tew, and T. W. Baker, debated at Wake Forest against the Davidson Negative. Wake Forest won this side of the triangle. B. W. Walker, D. S. Haworth, Jr., and W. V. Howard, representing the Negative against the University Affirmative lost at Chapel Hill. The subject for the triangle debates was, "Resolved, that the Philippine Islands should be given their complete and immediate independence.

❖	<b>EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT</b> J. W. BEACH, <i>Editor</i>	❖
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The *Davidson College Magazine* for March contains an unusual number of good stories. "Another Other Wise Man," "The Christmas Bandit," and "Gotta Match" are among the best. "Out of the Storm" is somewhat longer than the others. It is one of these old-fashioned, he-man, quick-on-the-trigger stories of the wild and wooly Western variety. It is well written, the characters well portrayed, the action graphically described, but the thing has been done so many, many times before. There are the saloons and gambling halls, the dance girls, the betting, the "bad man," the usual "slugfest," the latter described with such attention to minute detail as to remind one of a ring-side report from Madison Square. Of course literary ability as such should be recognized wherever found, but since North Carolina has no commercial magazine, it seems to us that the purpose of a North Carolina college magazine should be to enhance North Carolina literature. The field here in our own State is broad, fertile, and unexploited.

The April number of *The Messenger*, University of Richmond, continues to hold aloft the high standard of that excellent magazine. The change of editors, we think, has in no way caused depreciation. The issue contains two exceptionally good essays. "Mr. Shakespeare and the Maid of Orleans" is a delightful and illuminating little study, dealing with the characterization of Joan of Arc in the first part of King Henry the Sixth. "The Gentleman's and Lady's Book of Politeness" is an interesting review of an old French book by that title. "A Pagan Goes to Church" is one of the most ingenious pieces of satire we have read. We would select "Traumerei" and "Just Another Evening" as the best stories.

We were glad to receive recently a copy of *The Voice*, published by the students of Shanghai College, Shanghai, China.



It is an interesting little publication and contains both an English and a Chinese section. We hope to receive *The Voice* regularly as an exchange.

In this, the concluding number of *THE STUDENT*, we wish to express our thanks to all for the exchanges received during the year. We have thoroughly enjoyed reading them, and we have tried to make our comments honest and fair. We believe that the study of the most representative college magazines of our State and neighboring states has been of benefit to us in acquiring a more intimate knowledge of the institutions.

We have received the following exchanges during the year: *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Clemson Chronicle*, *The Acorn*, Meredith College, *The Messenger*, University of Richmond, *Pine Branch*, State Normal College of Georgia, *Furman Echo*, *The Concept*, Converse College, *Wofford College Journal*, *Voices of Peace*, Peace Institute, *The Philomathean*, Bridgewater College, Virginia, *The Winthrop Journal*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *The Laurel*, Mars Hill College, *The Message*, Greensboro College, *Maroon and Gold*, Elon College, *Trinity University Review*, Trinity College, Toronto, Canada, *The Tattler*, Randolph-Macon, *The Willow Path*, Colgate University, *Pine and Thistle*, Flora MacDonald, *The Wells College Chronicle*, Wells College, Aurora, New York, *The Georgetown Quarterly*, Georgetown, Kentucky, and *The Voice*, Shanghai College, Shanghai, China.

	<b>ALUMNI NOTES</b>	
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D. D. LEWIS, *Editor*

Professor F. W. Clonts, B.A., '20, of the Political Science Department, will not return to Wake Forest next year. He will be granted a leave of absence by the faculty to pursue his graduate work as a Fellow in History at Yale next year.

Chris Crittendon, B.A., '21, who also holds a fellowship at Yale will continue his work there next year according to advices received from Dr. C. C. Pearson, head of the Political Science Department here, who was instrumental in securing the fellowships for both Mr. Crittendon and Professor Clonts.

It seems to be an established fact that the next Governor of North Carolina will be a Wake Forest man. Mr. I. M. Meekins, LL.B., '96, has already received the Republican nomination for Governor and has a large following. Mr. Meekins is one of the most powerful orators in the State and it is believed that he will deliver addresses in all parts of the State. His home is at Elizabeth City.

Although A. W. McLean is making a hard fight for the Democratic nomination for Governor, every indication seems to point to the fact that Hon. J. W. Bailey, B.A., '93, will be successful in this enterprise. Mr. Bailey is also a great public speaker, so if he wins the nomination, he and Mr. Meekins will doubtless hold a number of political debates equal to those staged by Lincoln and Douglas back in the fifties.

The philanthropic efforts of Dr. E. H. Bowling, B.S., '88, practicing physician of Durham, in behalf of worthy, struggling young men of North Carolina are winning for him the unbounded gratitude and good will of all those who know of his work. During the Seventy-Five-Million Campaign Dr. Bowling gave three thousand dollars toward the endowment of Wake Forest College, and has given more than two thousand dollars to Elon College. He makes it a rule to assist from six to ten

boys and girls in school each year. Dr. Bowling gives a medal each year to the best orator in the Phi Society.

Mr. F. M. Pearce is coaching athletics at the Atlantic Christian College.

Mr. H. P. Naylor, B.A., '23, is teaching at Thomasville.

The members of the Wake Forest Glee Club declare that their entertainment by the Alumni on the trip recently made was of the highest type.

Everything is in readiness for the great Home Coming Day June 5, Alumni from all parts of the country will visit their Alma Mater on that date.

Dr. Charles L. Greaves, an Alumnus of Wake Forest College, has just completed his first year of service as pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Raleigh, N. C. During the year in which he has been pastor the Tabernacle has received 128 members by baptism, and 169 by letter and statement, making a total of 297 additions during the year. Enlargement of the Sunday School in equipment and personnel is also credited to the period of Dr. Greaves' work there.



## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

F. L. PASCHAL, *Editor*



### MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

Jack: "Mrs. Cass wants to know how long babies should be nursed."

Cass: "Tell her the same as short ones."

---

"Who is your favorite prof?"

"Oh! he died about a month ago."

---

Soph: "Well, Doc Tom, how's your dog today?"

Doc Tom: "Very much well. How's all yore folks?"

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A modern scientist says that emotion expresses itself at the weakest point. We don't wonder, then, that a co-ed always clutches at her heart and a freshman at his head.

—*Penn State Froth.*

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"Father, why are the students carrying their books to class today? They never did before."

"They have exams today, my son." —*Mag-Jag.*

---

"Doc Slic": "Mr. Austen, what is the Tractarian Movement?"

Austen: "I don't know doctor, I haven't been to a dance lately."

---

As a rule grouchy looking men are not popular, but a druggist of our acquaintance says he likes to see them come into his store. "When a man comes in with a grouchy face," he remarked, "I know he wants to buy something. The fellow who

approaches with a broad grin either wants to bone me for a donation or stock me up with some unsalable line of goods."

—*Boston Transcript.*

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He: "They say that kisses are the language of love."

She: "Then, why don't you say something?"

---

#### HOT DOG

He: "I told my girl that I was going to give her a kiss for every step on the way home."

He: "And what did she say to that?"

He: "She wished that hobble skirts were back in style."

—*Punch Bowl.*

---

Going to bed while his room mate was away John Maston left the following note for him:

"Dear Bill:

"Please call me at 6:00 A.M. (in the morning).

"Yours truly,

"John.

"P.S. I mean 7:00.

"P. S. again. I mean 7:30.

"J. C. M., Jr."

---

Wonder what the editor of a country paper meant when he said he supposed the college boys were wearing the big-legged trousers so as to feel at home in overalls during the summer vacation.

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Always remember that:

Bill Howard is Business Manager of the *Howler*.

Bill Moran is Captain of the 1924 football team.

Bill Ellerbe entertains the visitors at all ball games.

Bill Riley got his hair cut and plays baseball.

Bill Richardson attends all conferences.

Bill Kitchen wears a number 14 shoe.  
Bill Timberlake plays in centerfield.  
Bill Powell is in love at Oxford.  
Bill Early has announced his engagement.  
Bill Speas teaches Physics near Dr. Hubert.

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Grades of football men remind us  
As we scan them o'er and o'er,  
'Tis the pigskin, not their study,  
That brings the sheepskin to their door.

—*Exchange.*