



V.44

Cage

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Class Name



No. 35164

Donated by

LH
I
W4
S78
v. 44

The
Wake Forest
Student

VOL. CLXXV

October, 1924

No. 2



WAKE FOREST, N. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
The Piper (verse)..... <i>Fleet Martin Howard</i>	3
A Sudden Change (story)..... <i>C. L. Gillespie</i>	4
Fear Not (verse)..... <i>H. J. Overman</i>	8
A Legend from Our East (story)..... <i>Bo McMillan</i>	10
If a Man's No Good (verse)..... <i>C. L. Gillespie</i>	19
Peace Through Reason (oration)..... <i>F. C. Maxwell</i>	20
Raleigh for Me (verse)..... <i>J. N. Bridges</i>	25
ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS:	
Some Ancient Manifestations of the Religious Impulse..... <i>Dr. H. M. Poteat</i>	26
DEPARTMENTS:	
The Editor's Easy Chair..... <i>V. R. Brantley, Editor</i>	38
Announcing	38
Training Camp Opens at Once.....	39
Sententia Collegii	39
Exchange Department	<i>C. E. Poovey, Editor</i> 41
Alumni Notes.....	<i>E. H. Kemp, Editor</i> 42
The Apoplectic Alcove.....	<i>J. D. Hamrick, Editor</i> 44

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

OCTOBER, 1926

No. 1

THE PIPER

By FLEET MARTIN HOWARD, '29

Dusk settled lightly as a feather;
A tinge of fall was in the air:
Crisp, yet mellow, was the weather,
Brooding because the night was near.

The whippoorwill made faint her calling;
Her mate replied, too, in quiet tone.
Then clearly above the brown leaves' falling,
Came, silver-sweet, the flutist's song.

Silver of note, while coming nearer,
He piped the song of a dreaming lad:
Dreaming of Life, and a thing still dearer—
A thing of Love . . . and sweetly sad.

"Te-u-la-lee-la . . . lute-lute-lute-lee . . .
La-lum-la-lee . . . la-lee-o-O-lee-oon . . ."

Thus lilted the flute.

"O Life, I love you!

And of Love I sing!—la-lee-o-lee-oon!"

Thus sang the heart of the lad.

A SUDDEN CHANGE

By CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '27

"Who asked you for your opinion? The devil couldn't live in peace with you. You'd either make it too hot for him or you'd worry the life out of him telling him how to run his business. I wish the minister had failed to show up—or I wish that your daddy had refused to let me take you as 'My ever-to-be-cherished and loved and obeyed wife.' My, how I wish that some unforeseen thing had prevented our marriage on that beautiful June evening last summer—not only the 'end of a perfect day'—but also the end of all my joy. I'll tell you one thing—when I get to the place that I simply do not know what to do next without a personal adviser, I'll employ you, if I decide that you would make an efficient manager of my affairs."

These are some of the things that Bill Roland was saying to his wife only seven months from the date of their marriage.

"If two persons that are similar in nature have trouble in getting along together, you, too, would find the devil a disagreeable personage," shouted Helen, "but listen to me please: If you haven't time to listen to a little good advice, go on headlong into trouble; buy the whole six hundred acres, house, barn, poultry yard, dairy and anything else that might be lying around waiting for some unfortunate idiot to buy, but don't you forget for a minute that you promised to love and protect me as long as we live. Now I don't give a care for your beastly love, but the day that you let starvation come creeping about our door, or even when you let my bank account get too low for me to have plenty of pretty clothes, a little wine for the guests, some spending money, and a speedy car at my service, you'll wish that you'd died when you were a pup."

She said all this without even getting up or moving a limb, except, of course, the right arm and hand. (She was a woman, and to be sure she couldn't get her speech to flow easily without shaking a forefinger vigorously in the direction of her assailant.)

Bill stood gazing out across the barren fields, looking as if he were trying to see beyond the natural range of a man's eyes. He turned slowly around and without any grace or look of excitement he dropped into a large chair that happened to be handy.

"Now, look here!" he began, "I don't know why I ever tied myself up to such a she-wild-cat as you are, but I do know this—I didn't marry you because I needed a wife—probably because I didn't know you—but some things that you seem to enjoy are going to end right here and now."

He spoke with such determination, and yet he was so cool, that even his wife, whose temper was a thousand times worse than her husband's, turned 'round and listened with more of a look of expectation than one of interest.

"I'm waiting," she snorted, "go on!"

And he continued, "Did you know that this is the last week that you're going to pay that maid sixteen dollars to come out here and assist you with the work that you could easily do yourself? Not only that, but after this week the only need that we shall have for any of the help will be for the cook, and we shall only employ her occasionally to assist you in preparing meals for our guests, should any one ever call on us again."

"Have you finished, or is there some other excess matter that should find escape through your lewd lips?" said Helen, in a tone that could not have been mistaken for celestial melody.

"One other thing—we are going to keep just one car. It's a needless expense to keep two. When you have to go out and leave your much-neglected house work you can go with me, or walk, as you like."

Helen Roland never worried about little breakfast quarrels, and she didn't mind a fuss that lasted all day, but she had never before known her husband to speak so frankly concerning mat-

ters that were positively sure to affect her own pleasure. At first she thought of going to her room and leaving him there alone—then she thought of threatening him with, "I'll go home to my daddy!"—but no, that wouldn't do, for her daddy had told her several times that no divorced daughter of his could ever find lodging in his home. (His policy was, "Don't marry until you get pleased, but if you get married 'stay put,' pleased or not pleased.") Suddenly a spirit of rebellion arose in her; her eyes sparkled; her face grew red, then pale; her lips trembled; she clutched the back of her chair so tightly that it almost left the floor. She resolved in those few minutes to find out just who it was that had power to rule *her* house, and *her* affairs, and *her*, by force!

Without warning to her husband she hurled the chair across the room in the direction that she last saw him before she went blind with rage, and not waiting to learn if it had taken effect she pulled down a heavy framed picture from the wall, and backing up a step, like a goat, to get a good start, she plunged at poor, helpless Bill with all her force, bringing the frame down over his head in a manner that would make any sane man feel that his presence was not any too much appreciated just then.

This was the first time that Bill and Helen had ever let one of their numerous quarrels lead to a "free for all" fight, and somehow Bill hoped that it might be the last.

Heaven only knows when the affair would have ended or what else might have happened had John Turner, a neighbor bachelor, not knocked at the door—and then before any one could open it—walked in.

Bill had removed the picture frame from his neck and had, to some extent, regained consciousness when John came in.

"Why," said John, "seems like you've had a wreck."

"Er, why, yes, er—well, not exactly a wreck—and I guess it was too, but I—"

His wife feared that he might not be quite able to retain the truth; so she said, as she smiled tenderly and brushed Bill's hair with the tips of her soft white finger, "Yes, dear hubby

was rearranging the pictures and fell off a chair. I don't mind his breaking this frame, but—" a tear trickled down her rosy cheek—"feel what a knot he made when his head hit the radiator."

Poor perplexed Bill knew nothing else to do. So he pulled his little wife close to his side, planted a kiss upon her cheek and said, "Never mind the 'bump,' darling, as long as I have you to administer so tenderly to my needs," and turning to John he said, "Why don't you get married, John? There's nothing in the world that means *the same* to a man that his wife does."

FEAR NOT

By H. J. OVERMAN, '28

Wafted gently o'er the beaches
Of the wreck-strewn sands of time;
Echoing softly from the cliffside
With a tenderness divine;
Borne across the scorching desert,
Or where the foam-capped billows play;
Whispered 'mid the city's uproar
At the close of a busy day—

Comes a quieting, soothing whisper
To the strife-riven ear of man,
"Fear not, I am with you alway,
King of earth and sea I am."
Born among the poor and lowly,
He walked the way of sacrifice,
Tempted, too, as we are tempted;
Man of joy, of pain, and strife.

Toiling up to Calvary's summit
Bearing a cross for you and me;
Wearing a crown of cruel thorns;
All, to make His children free.
Darkness dwelt upon the mountain;
The Temple's Veil was rent in twain,
As our Lord, the Man of Nazareth,
Creator of eternal life, was slain.

O Golgotha, that crucifixion
Enshrined forever thy sacred brow,
And beneath thy blood-stained banner
Men are marching forward now.
Even to wild and dark dominions
Men have blazed a gospel trail;
Manhood, with His blood anointed,
Cannot in His service fail.

A LEGEND FROM OUR EAST

By BO McMILLIAN, '28

Wiley's vegetable-laden skiff slid up on the pebbled beach with a grating noise. The wizened little man who had just manned it across the sound from Cabarrus Point shipped his oars neatly, and, picking his way to the bow through and around massive baskets of fresh vegetables, hurled on the beach the old shot that served him as an anchor.

You would have wondered, had you been there, how the deformed little man could lift the fifty-pound shot that anchored his skiff. But lift it he did, and with an adeptness that was remarkable. He was a dwarf of a man, this little boatman, standing perhaps a scant five feet in height. His little legs were straight and long—much too long for his body. His back was disfigured by an enormous hump and the frayed brown vest that was a part of his habitual attire, was sunburned to a light tan where the hump protruded. He had a gaunt face, worn by misfortune and years of hard work. There was something whimsical, however, behind his big brown eyes that made people look at him twice.

"Little Wiley," as he was known about the small coast town, had for many years rowed his little skiff across the sound from his neat two-acre farm on the Point, bringing some kind of vegetable, and in the spring and summer many kinds.

This morning was a beautiful May day, and Little Wiley's boat was stocked with a wilderness of beans, English peas, fresh corn, lettuce and cabbage, and even potatoes.

"Ought to have a good day today," remarked the little man as he regarded with satisfaction the day's crop. His remark was addressed, as most of his were, to no one in particular, and any one in general. "Now, let me get that little go-cart, and

we'll be ready to start." This time he seemed to be speaking to his boat.

Little Wiley kept his "go-cart," or vegetable wagon, if you would be more exact, under a little shed that stood some hundred yards up the beach. As he walked up the slight incline now, he felt that the world was treating him right. Hadn't he cleared enough money in the last two weeks to make a first payment on the out-board motor that had always been the desire of his heart? Hadn't his crops turned out better than they had in many years? And wasn't it spring? Little Wiley stuck his hands down in his breeches pockets, and made a brave effort to throw out his chest. With a light heart and a song on his lips, he trundled out the ramshackle old cart that served to transport his merchandise, and rolled it back down to his cargo. In a few minutes the fresh garden products were neatly arranged in the cart, and the little man was making his way down Wharf Street.

Business was good that day and an hour's work traveling up and down the maple shaded streets of the small town found practically half the vegetables sold. The money produced by them made a pleasant little jingling sound as Little Wiley moved down the street. Thus far he had worked only the southern side of the town. There still remained that district commonly known as "the other side of the railroad." It was toward this section that Little Wiley was making his way when he remembered "Miss Sally."

"My! My!" he thought to himself. "I had forgot all about Miss Sally. And her my best customer, too." "Miss Sally" was little Wiley's particular pet. Always the choice greens must go to her and never could she be slighted in any way. She was Sally Hartness, the daughter of the light-house keeper, who came across the sound twice a week to purchase supplies. She was only a girl—barely nineteen—but for six years now, since the death of her mother, she had kept house for her father.

Little Wiley, all thoughts of his other customers banished from his mind, was now hurrying down to the Beaufort dock to greet "Miss Sally" and her father, and deliver her necessities from his stock. In his eagerness to be present when their skiff docked (he could see it coming in now) he broke into a half trot. Running it was for him, but you would have called it a trot.

He had started down the slight hill that runs from Main Street to the dock, and had almost made the turn at the bottom of the street, when, without any warning at all, his rocking little cart struck a piece of brick at the edge of the wharf and turned head-over-heels in the street, spilling his contents far and wide. It all happened so quickly that Little Wiley couldn't for a moment realize what had hapened. In another moment, however, he did realize it—that all his day's profits were lying sprawled in the street, and that to save them he must act quickly before the fresh greens were trampled under foot. He was down in a moment, moving to and fro, gathering his possessions as a hen gathers her chicks. He had collected all the recoverable cabbage and lettuce from the street, and had moved over to the wharf—eyes on the ground and mumbling to himself—when he saw a pair of nimble hands gathering more vegetables than he. From his crouching position he turned his eyes quickly to see the offender. Suddenly he perceived that it was Sally—Miss Sally—whose hands were so busy—not trying to steal from him—but to help him.

"Isn't it a pity," chimed a pretty voice that didn't—couldn't—sound as if anything were a pity. "We'll soon have things straight again," continued Sally. "Don't you worry one minute, Little Wiley. Everything will be all right."

"I don't know how it happened," moaned the little man. "I was—I was bringing your order to you, and all at once it just turned over. And all my profits—" He shrugged his pitiful little shoulders as he bowed again over his scattered legumes.

"Oh, don't worry about that," the girl coaxed him. "We'll straighten things out."

And sure enough, a few minutes found Little Wiley's wagon almost as full as before the accident. Only a few scattered butter beans and peas remained to tell the story. Sally took her order from the wagon, and protesting volubly against Little Wiley's profuse thanks, started to go on up the street.

As she reached the edge of the street she turned suddenly and cried to Little Wiley: "Oh, yes, you think you're the only one that can make things grow! Well, take a look at these and change your mind."

She held out to him two beautiful pink roses—and roses are scarce on the coast—still wet with dew.

"I raised them myself on top of the lighthouse," she explained. "It's so high up there that the spray can't hurt them. Take them and remember the day your cart turned over." With a deft turn of a pin she fastened the two little roses on the front of Little Wiley's vest and ran off, refusing to be thanked.

Little Wiley stood very still as Sally fluttered on up the street. He lifted the roses to his nose and let their fragrance sink into his body. Flowers—and from Sally! This was something new to him. She had pinned them on him. People weren't in the habit of being nice to him—Little Wiley. He was just—well, just a fixture in the town. People thought of him and his little vegetable wagon much as they did of the lights and water—quite indispensable, but not at all human. But now Miss Sally had noticed him. She had helped him in his trouble, and, as if this weren't enough, had given him some flowers. A mad feeling began to creep into Little Wiley as he stood there, motionless, by his cart. All at once he felt that he wanted to repay his benefactress. There was nothing, it seemed to him now, that he would not do for her—the only person that had ever befriended him. He had heard people talk of love. Maybe this new warmth that had come over him was the effect of love. Maybe he loved her. That was it! He loved her! He loved her! Slowly he turned the strange words

over in his mind. "I love her, I love her," he repeated in a whisper to himself.

Suddenly a shadow came across his mind. He remembered that when a man loved a girl he asked her to love him—to marry him. He realized with a little pang that he couldn't marry any one—much less Sally. He was misshapen, deformed, and nothing that a girl would really think of loving. And then, for the first time it occurred to him that he could not take care of a wife. His little truck farm barely sufficed his own needs. There would never be enough for two. His momentary elation ceased as quickly as it had commenced. He felt sick and tired. Once more he lowered his eyes to the little roses. Almost bitterly he pulled them away from the pin that held them and started to hurl them from him. But—suddenly he recalled her words to his mind: "Keep them and remember—" Yes, he would keep them. Slowly he pushed the tender flowers down into his vest pocket—deep down—where no one might see.

.

The seasons had come and gone in the little town, and it was a year and a half after the day Sally had helped Little Wiley with his overturned cart. The little man still made his trips to town. He was not the same as in the old days, folks thought. If odd, rather talkative, and optimistic, he had lately become dull and silent. He still took infinite care that his vegetables were the cleanest and best obtainable. His customers were still faithful and would buy from nobody else, but even they had noticed the difference in him. Some thought he was losing his mind. The habit he had always had of talking to himself took on a new significance with some people. There was talk of the State Hospital, but nothing ever came of it. The officials who investigated the matter declared him harmless, if crazy at all. So Little Wiley continued his trade unmolested.

He had since August (it was November now) taken to staying in town after his day's work was done, instead of returning

to his home on the Point. He would put his cart in its accustomed place and go back to the freight dock, where he could always find a place to sleep.

One chill afternoon late in November, after a hard day on the route, Little Wiley put away his cart and began the long walk back to the freight dock. He thought, as he cocked his weather eye up at the lowering clouds, that there was rough weather ahead. A glance out across the breakwater showed a multitude of little whitecaps. The water had that peculiar greenish tint that so often preceded a storm. Sea gulls and smaller birds skimmed low over the water, uttering low piercing cries and turning their heads quickly from side to side.

"Yes sir," thought Little Wiley again, "we're in for a squall."

By the time he had reached the freight dock the slight drizzle had become a light rain, and the wind shifted more to the north-east, and freshened somewhat. Although it was only four-thirty, the sky had become so darkened by the scudding clouds that the streets were quite dark. Little Wiley had been in the freight master's office to see about his bed and get a bite of supper with the hospitable old salt, and when he came out again it seemed to him that the storm had arrived in all its fury. The wind was a gale now, and the rain came down in torrents. A few late fishermen were still at the wharf, making sure that their yawls and skiffs were safe for the night. Little Wiley stood under the loading shed and peered out to sea. Across the bar the sea boomed and rolled against the breakwater.

The sound was covered with an endless multitude of foamy, frothing white-caps. On up to the north-east the sea flooded and poured through the channel. Farther still, around to the north, Little Wiley cast his eyes. Suddenly he noticed for the first time that the light in the signal tower was not burning. Once again, to assure himself that his eyes were seeing aright, he scrutinized even more carefully the vast expanse before him; but there was no light. Quick as a flash he ran into the freight master's office.

"The light"—, he gasped, "it's not burning."

"Aw, g'wan, Little Wiley," scoffed the big man, "know any more good jokes?"

"But come here, come here!" pleaded the hunchback. "It's out. I'll show you." Unbelieving, the other man allowed himself to be pulled out under the shed.

"Why," he cried, "You're right! It's not burning."

Suddenly sailors began appearing on the wharf. They also had noticed the absence of the light and all realized what it meant. The storm, seemingly at its height an hour ago, lashed forth anew now. The billows roared incessantly, and the rain was coming down in silver-gray sheets. For a while nobody spoke. These men who had lived their whole lives on the sea realized the futility of putting out a boat against such weather as this.

"Something must be wrong with Hartness." It was the freight master who broke the silence.

"Yes," agreed an old sailor, "he would send up a rocket if his light was bad."

"Do you—do you think Sally's hurt?" queried Little Wiley in a tremulous voice. His question went unanswered, but now he was speaking again, this time in a queer singing voice. "I'm going to that lighthouse," he said. "And I don't want a man of you to try to stop me. I'm going, and I'm going alone."

Never before had so many eyes been focused on Little Wiley at one time. They were wondering eyes, and their owners did no try to stop him. Finally an old sailor broke the silence.

"Little Wiley, it's a hopeless job, but I admire your spirit and I'll be glad for you to use my skiff."

"Thank you," said Little Wiley. "You can have mine if I don't get back."

Unhitching the skiff was an easy matter, and in two minutes Little Wiley had nosed into the storm and was headed for the lighthouse. The going on the sound, while rough and choppy, was not the worst the little fellow had been against. In

half an hour the skiff was out of the sound and was hitting the first real breakers. It seemed that the little boat became more and more helpless as it bobbed up and down on the breast of the sea. One moment it was perched high upon the crest of some monster of the ocean—the next it was wallowing in the trough of another giant roller. Inch by inch Little Wiley manouvered the frail craft toward its goal. The hulk of the mighty structure towered above him now, he perceived, as he struggled with the oars. Many times he felt like giving up all and being cast as the storm willed; but each time the thought would enter his mind there would come to him the picture of a beautiful young girl—a girl who had befriended him—and again he would struggle on.

Finally, when it seemed that his little body would bear no more, a splintering sound from the bow came to his ears and he knew that he had struck the rocks upon which the light house was built. Eagerly he felt his way to the prow and climbed out upon the jagged rocks. Great breakers surged about him time after time, and his hands were torn and bruised from holding to the sharp stones. Torn and beaten, he finally reached the solid rock and made his way painfully to the door of the light-house. Stumbling in, he found a mass of wreckage. The spiral stairway had fallen and was heaped up in the bottom room of the tower.

After groping for many minutes in the darkness Little Wiley found a box of matches and a kerosene lamp. He made a light at once and when his eyes had become accustomed to it the torn, half stumbling man located the object of his search, Sally. The young girl was lying on the floor, her body pinioned by one of the sills that had supported the stairway. Little Wiley was by her side in a moment. She was alive, he found at once, but life would soon have been extinct from the weight of the heavy timber. From some scarcely intelligible mutterings, the hunchback found that her father had gone to Beaufort on the afternoon and had not returned. It seemed that the wind had blown

down the massive lamp from its foundations, the lamp, in turn, crashing down the flimsy stairway.

Little Wiley found that by bowing his back under the sill some three or four feet from Sally's body he could release the pressure a little—but was still unable to extricate her. He again allowed the weight to rest upon the inert body on the floor, and, working feverishly he collected a pile of books and lumber blocks under the incarcerating sill. Commanding an almost superhuman effort he worked his frail little body until it rested between the sill and the pile of books and blocks. The sharp corners of the piece of wood cut deeply into the tender flesh on his hump and a smothered cry escaped from between gritted teeth.

.
When Captain Hartness at last made the passage from Beaufort to the lighthouse he found his daughter in a very weak condition, but still alive. Little Wiley, the beam still biting into his poor back, was quite dead.

Crushed in one hand, very dry and faded, were two little pink roses.

IF A MAN'S NO GOOD

By CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '27

If a man won't work and help along
With the busy load of the laboring throng—
If he just sits still while others toil
And won't even earn his bread from the soil,
Why shouldn't he perish, and that out-right,
Without any food, not even a bite?

If he keeps complaining that everything's wrong
And continually sings that same old song—
If he says the whole world is "wrong-side-out"
And "going to the devil" without any doubt,
He ought to be left without any friends
To suffer the pangs that selfishness sends.

If he's sour on the world and swears that he
Is the only man "worth a diddle dee-dee"—
If he says his neighbors are shallow and mean
And the worst old folks he's ever seen,
He isn't the kind you want for a friend,
So let him seek his own selfish end.

If he seems determined to get his living,
(Always receiving and yet never giving,)—
If he gets his meals from the family table
And refuses to work, although he's able,
You may know his folks won't weep or sigh
When the old parasite decides to die.

PEACE THROUGH REASON

By F. C. MAXWELL, '27

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." The truth of this dynamic statement was never manifested more clearly than at the present time. While the scientific body of men through unselfishness, devotion, and purity of heart, seek to unveil the mysteries of the universe and to place truth draped in its purity and sanctity before our eyes, the untaught strive to point to us the strait gate and to defend the Rock of Ages as if it were crumbling and falling. Men who are swayed by emotion rather than by reason endeavor to give intellectual light to the world when they have not received light. They plead with men to make them leaders when they have never been led. They discuss national and international questions when they are hopelessly provincial in all their thinking. They hold up a tube of the pure liquid that oozes up from the bosom of the earth and call it water, and know not that in reality it is two gases, because they are unacquainted with chemistry. They behold the rays of the sun, and never dream of the velocity at which these rays travel, or the time that has been consumed in their journey to earth, because they have no knowledge of astronomy. They see the corn bear its fruit and the flower bring forth its bloom, and do not even know of the necessity of pollination, because they have never studied botany. They watch man walk in his glory and see the members of his body perform, but know nothing of his anatomical structure. They see the progress of science, and ridicule its leaders because they do not wish to know the truth.

With these pitiful conditions existing in the country, it is easy to understand why people are guided by passions and emotions instead of by reason, and a nation of people propelled by emotions cannot be expected to follow in the footprints of

our scientific leaders. If, then, men do not follow the teaching of the scientific intellect, and do not believe the things that have already been proved, how can they be expected to agree on either international problems, domestic relations, or individual differences? What then can be done? If perpetual peace is to have its birth and become a companion to progress throughout the remaining ages, the race must make one more forward step and launch into the age of reason. When this happens emotion will have been eliminated or put under absolute control. It is true that every passion of the human body may not be eliminated, but each passion would be forced to obey the voice of reason, for reason should control passions and emotions, and not emotions reason. Reason at the hands of emotion brings unlimited destruction, while emotion at the disposal of reason calls for the crucifixion of beastly characteristics, and projects the human soul one step nearer the goal of perpetual peace.

Reason had its birth when man first began to use stones and clubs. A slightly higher degree of reason was manifested when he began to chip the edges of the stones, and to use them as tools. Then came the hand-stone and the discovery of fire, each demanding and displaying a higher type of reason. Then came the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, the invention of the bow-and-arrow, the growing of plants from seeds, and the domestication of animals, each of these stages revealing the presence of a very efficient type of reason. And so has the process of reason continued until the present time.

But along with the development of reason has lingered emotion, that characteristic which tends to thrust nations as well as individuals into the depths of chaos. As we look over our history, we see the wrecks of nations and individuals that lie strewn on the memories of the past as a result of uncontrolled emotion, or as the fruits of emotion, which are selfishness, immorality, and brutality. As proof of this statement, it is only necessary to run over in one's mind the names Egypt, Syria,

Persia, Greece, Rome, and France. Each of these, at one time, was the center of progress and power, but being led by the hand of emotion they are today only a part of history. In the case of Babylon, we think of Belshazzar's feast when all the lords and ladies were feasting upon luxury and immorality while the enemy crept under the walls. With Rome it was immorality and brutality, fruits of emotion, that caused the passing of one of the greatest empires. In the case of individuals, it was while Samson was lying in the lap of Delilah that the enemy stole upon him and bound him. It was emotion devoid of reason that tied Cæsar to the vamp of Egypt and caused him to forget his duties in Italy. It was emotion that urged Napoleon on in his great slaughter of humanity. It was the influence of emotion that caused Rome to go up in flames at the hands of the "great musician," Nero. Shakespeare saw the results of emotion when, in his tragedy, he caused Claudius to murder Hamlet, the King of Denmark, for his wife; and also when he put into the mouth of young Hamlet the words: "Give me a man who is not passion's slave." In our present day we see the calamity of emotion as we watch some corrupt politician move to action the restless, ignorant herd of humanity by his untruths.

Every time an emotion is permitted to go unescorted by reason, humanity has to pay the penalty. In the case of individuals, they are left a wreck; in the case of homes, children go unprotected and uneducated; and in the case of nations, war is the result, the flower of the country is killed off and the weak and unfit are left behind to breed and become the future fathers, thus setting back progress hundreds of years.

But with reason just the opposite is true. Practically every great movement that has been brought about for the welfare of humanity and the progress of civilization has been brought about through reason. It was by such means, and by such means alone, that physical sciences have progressed and are still progressing. Thus it was by reason and intelligence alone that Galileo was able to break with the traditions of Aristotle and to establish the modern science of mechanics. So, also, by reason

and intelligence were Copernicus and Newton able to break with the Ptolemaic system of astronomy and to lay the foundations for modern science. And by reason did Lavoisier establish modern chemistry. In these cases it was by reason and intelligence that a more perfect adaptation to the environment was brought about, and that man was able to escape the past and to learn of the country beyond. Then, besides, an unlimited number of discoveries and inventions that are too numerous to mention, were made possible through reason. Our happiness and enjoyment must look back to reason as their originator. And in our present day, we see the effort of kings, emperors, czars, and presidents struggling to get together in the form of a League or World Court in order that controversies may be settled by reason instead of by wars. These ideals, of course, will be perfected only when we come to live in an age of reason.

Now, it remains that reason is the dominant characteristic of man, and that its possession has given him most of his past triumphs and contains most of his future hopes. We see, then, the necessity of striving to bring about the age of reason, and how can this best be done? It is purely a problem of education. In this problem of education there are three outstanding ideas: first, the elimination of the unfit; second, the spread of culture among all people, and finally, every individual must become imbued with the scientific spirit. To eliminate the unfit, living conditions must be sanitary and wholesome, a war must be declared on all diseases, but most of all, the standard for marriage requirements must be raised. For every boy and girl has the undeniable right to come into this world with mind and body fitted for service to humanity, and not a curse. As for the spread of culture, something must be done to eliminate the curse of ignorance that now grips so many people. Not only the courses and ideas that are being taught now must be continued, but they must be taught to more people. There must be a continuation of the teaching of the classics for the purpose of sharpening the mind; literature for thought; but, most of all,

science in all its branches must be taught that people may know the truth. This leads to the idea that all individuals must be imbued with the scientific spirit. What then is the scientific spirit which all men should cultivate, and why do we urge its cultivation? "The great aim of science is the seeking out of truth, the penetration into that unknown land lying half-veiled in mist beyond the boundaries of the known. It is the beckoning finger of the spirit of truth and knowledge that lures the man of science forward." It is the true spirit of service that causes a man to waste away his life for twenty or thirty years over a microscope and then give his results to mankind without a penny for himself. It is a far greater service than that of some orator, who, through his political speeches and emotion, plays upon the fears of the ignorant. Through this scientific spirit comes education, through education comes reason, and through reason comes peace. Alfred Noyes wrote a fitting conclusion when he asked the question:

What is all science, then,
But pure religion seeking everywhere
The true commandments, and through many forms
The eternal power that binds all worlds in one?
It is man's age-long struggle to draw near
His Maker, learn His thought, discern His law—
A boundless task, in whose infinitude,
As in the unfolding light and law of love,
Abides our hope and eternal joy.

RALEIGH FOR ME

By J. N. BRIDGES, '27

'Tis fine to be a college boy and ramble up and down,
Across a college campus—through buildings of renown;
To meet with great professors, who teach us day by day,
But now the sun is setting and night must have its sway.

So it's Raleigh again, and Raleigh, and Raleigh now for me;
My heart is turning there again and there I long to be.
Away with French and German, passés are Latin and Greek,
For when I'm with my darling, all these are obsolete.

Wake Forest is a town of boys; there are boys quite everywhere,
But Raleigh is a town of girls with wavy, curly hair;
It's sweet to flirt with others and to share with them in folly,
But when it comes to honest loving, there's no place like Raleigh.

I've gone with girls at Meredith, I've gone with girls at Peace,
But since I met a Raleigh girl, I now seek my release,
That I may wander down the street, her loving hand in mine,
And forget the tasks at college and the class that meets at nine.

I've walked, I've run, I've flagged; I've never failed thus far—
I'm off to Raleigh this P.M. if I have to ride a Star!
So it's Raleigh again, and Raleigh, and Raleigh now for me,
I'm going to Raleigh again tonight, if I never get a degree.

SOME ANCIENT MANIFESTATIONS OF THE RELIGIOUS IMPULSE

By DR. H. M. POTEAT, '06

There is no field which offers the student richer dividends of satisfaction and inspiration in return for the investment of time and diligence than the history of religion. It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss so vast a theme, but rather to point out certain types of religious belief which were widely held in ancient times and which, in point of fact, are by no means extinct even in this advanced age. The only originality to which I may possibly lay claim is to be found in the assembling of several of these types in the space of a brief article—so brief, indeed, as to preclude a really adequate discussion of any one of them.

It is a commonplace of anthropology that, with two or three negligible exceptions, all races of men in all times have bowed down and worshiped, not always worthily, but usually sincerely. A certain wise Frenchman has truly said that man is incurably religious. Psychologically, therefore, all religions are identical, since they spring from a universal need. But conceptions of deity have varied all but incredibly and have assumed an infinity of forms. It will be observed that some of the forms discussed herein are not sharply distinct from one another. In reality, the more one studies the religions of mankind, the more clearly one perceives that there is hardly to be found a single widespread form of religious belief which has not been influenced in some degree by other and sometimes vastly different faiths and creeds.

It is obviously impossible to enter upon even the briefest discussion of any considerable number of manifestations of the religious impulse. I shall, therefore, present only eight, and in bare outline.

First, Anthropomorphism—the worship of deity in human form. It is, I think, unquestionably true that of all the heresies which have held sway over the minds and hearts of men, anthropomorphism is at once the most ancient, the most popular and the most damning. It has appeared in multifarious forms among all races of all periods, and its power is still mighty among large sections of the inhabitants of this planet.

Paul's view of it may be found in Romans 1: 20-25, and, indeed, idolatry is its most widespread type. The untutored savage, groping in darkness after some worthy object of worship, hits upon a likeness of himself, magnified, perhaps, or hideously distorted, the better to inspire terror. He is intellectually incapable of bowing down to the invisible: his gods must be at hand—within the sight of his eyes and the touch of his fingers.

As civilization advances we find statues and images—still in human form—worshiped not as gods and goddesses, but as representations of the divine ones who appear in person only rarely. The popular religion of Greece and Rome is a case in point. The immortal gods dwelt on Mt. Olympus, or in favorite islands and forests and valleys, and the people did them reverence through their images in the temples. But the images were thought to be faithful portraits of the gods, who were simply men and women gifted with the ability to fly through the air and, as Horace puts it, "knowing not the chill of death." Moreover, no student of Homer and Vergil needs to be reminded that the deities of ancient Greece and Rome mingled freely with men, not always invisibly, and were moved by envy, lust, ambition and rage, as men were, but in a far greater degree.

It should be noted, in passing, that these childish imaginings were not for a moment accepted by the philosophers and sages of any ancient nation. Socrates, Plato, Cicero, Zoroaster, Confucius, no more believed in the popular religion of their respective periods than we do. Indeed, it may be said that there has always been and is now a conception of deity cherished

by the wise and enlightened which differs very widely from that held by the ignorant masses.

During the latter years of the fourth century B.C. a certain Greek named Euhemerus propounded the theory that the numerous divinities who were said to reign from Mt. Olympus were, in reality, men who, in some past age, had been mighty warriors or great benefactors of mankind and after their death were worshiped by the people out of gratitude. It is interesting to find a notion substantially the same among certain Australian tribes of our own time. An eminent scientist tells us that they worship "magnified, undying men who lived long on earth and then went to their own place, whence they watch men and their conduct, but take little part in their affairs."

Anthropomorphism is widely prevalent today among the ignorant and superstitious. No person who has attended a Negro "revival," or certain types of "camp-meeting," will ask proof of this statement. The Deity is pictured as a big man with a long beard, a fearful frown, and an unerring aim with thunderbolts. It is disheartening, moreover, to find such puerile ideas present in the minds of many persons who ought to know better. I read not long ago of a strutting popinjay of a popular novelist who dared God to kill him as a sort of sporting proposition. And I have heard on unimpeachable authority that certain itinerant evangelists inform business men in their audiences that if they insist upon keeping their stores open during the hour of morning service, Almighty God will strike them dead. Anthropomorphism? Yes; and impudent blasphemy, as well.

It should be remarked, in closing this portion of the discussion, that many instances of anthropomorphism in the Bible are purely figurative. For example, "The Lord is a mighty man of war"; "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm"; "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him," and the like.

Let us turn now to the second manifestation of the religious impulse, Theriomorphism—the worship of deity in animal form.

One thinks immediately of the religion of ancient Egypt, with its menagerie of horrible beast-gods—Thoth, Anubis, Bast, Set, Apis, and the rest. Apis, indeed, made such a lasting impression upon the Children of Israel during their sojourn in Egypt, that, while Moses was receiving the Law on Mount Sinai, they compelled Aaron to make them a golden image of that deity and fell down and adored it—to the horror of Moses.

One of the most widespread forms of theriomorphism is totemism—the grouping of families and clans and tribes around some central object of worship which is usually set up on a pole, and is in most cases an animal. The totem poles of the far North, with their grotesque and hideous carvings of impossible beasts, are to be seen in any of our large museums.

Among many ancient nations animals and birds were worshiped, not as gods, but as the confidants of the gods, or as incarnations of the divine spirit. Tacitus, the historian of the age of Trajan, informs us that the Germans were in the habit of “making trial and advice of the warning of horses,” which were kept at public expense in groves and forests, were not permitted to work, and were driven in sacred chariots while the king or priest walked at their heads and “listened to their whinnings and neighings.”

The Roman practice of watching the flight of birds and peering at the viscera of slain sheep, in the belief that the will of the gods would thus be ascertained, is another case in point. Livy tells a charming tale about the means by which the gods pointed out Romulus as their choice for the honorable position of the founder of the city of Rome. A strife had arisen between him and his twin brother Remus over the matter, and, very properly, they decided to inquire the pleasure of the hierarchy. One took the Palatine Hill; the other, the Aventine, and both awaited developments. Suddenly six vultures flapped over Remus' head, and he was being joyously acclaimed by his cohorts, when twelve soared over Romulus on the Palatine. Remus persisted in claiming the honor, because he had seen his birds first; Romulus was equally insistent that

he was the favored one, because he had seen a covey twice as large as his brother's. A fight ensued in which Remus was permanently eliminated—and the gods vindicated!

Apis has already been mentioned. He differed from the other theriomorphic gods of ancient Egypt in being regarded as the temporary incarnation of the deity of fecundity. The bull which represented the god must possess certain very particular markings, and such animals were not always to be found. When one appeared, it was ecstatically hailed by the populace, pastured and groomed and pampered most lavishly, and loudly bewailed at death. The sacred bull appears also in Mithraism, that noble and beautiful religion of the ancient Persians which so stubbornly resisted the onward march of Christianity.

We come now to Animism—the worship of ghosts, demons and spirits. This is invariably a religion of fear, of endless propitiation and bargaining, of exact and meticulous ritual. I mention two of its most common types. First, the religion of many savage tribes, with the inevitable medicine man. The sole function of this rather horrible personage is to ward off, by certain abstruse incantations, the onset of hostile goblins which, unless constantly and handsomely pacified, would cause pestilence, famine, marital infidelity, barrenness, and a thousand other calamities, and then gibber in fiendish glee over the wreckage.

Second, ancestor worship. Among the ancient Romans, wax masks of distinguished forbears were carefully kept in the main room of the house, and at funerals were donned by mummers and paraded in the procession. In China and Japan, ancestors must be propitiated in various ways, must on no account be neglected or forgotten, must be consulted on all matters of importance, and in general are a vast nuisance.

Pantheism next claims our attention. There have been, of course, many definitions of the term and numerous and more or less widely differing theories about the doctrine. I am not here concerned, for example, with Spinoza's theistic pantheism (faith in God as an infinite and eternal reality, in whose

infinity the temporal, finite world is swallowed up—acosmism), nor with Hæckel's atheistic pantheism (the conception of the universe as a vast unity in which deity is lost—pancosmism), but with the more popular doctrine so widely held in ancient times (and, in a considerably smaller degree, today), namely, that God is all; that God and nature are inseparable and identical; that God is not transcendent but immanent; that everything partakes of the nature of God. It may be noted, parenthetically, that this doctrine appears here and there in Plato.

Pantheism in its simplest form is nothing more nor less than nature worship, and as such it is found among all savage and many civilized peoples. Various potencies and forces of nature have been worshiped by men, but I suppose there is no doubt that all of the objects, animate and inanimate, before which human souls have bowed in veneration, the sun has had far and away the largest number of votaries. Among more backward and primitive races he was (and is) adored as a god; among more highly civilized nations, he was revered as a type or symbol of divinity; among others, still, he was personified and called Mithra, Helios, Ra, etc.

We learn from the Bible that in his old age Solomon turned to certain false gods, including Milcom and Ashtoreth. Now Milcom was an Ammonite sun god, and Ashtoreth a moon goddess worshiped by the Phœnicians. It is at least possible that the two great brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz, which stood in the porch of the Temple, were imitations of similar adornments of the temple of Venus at Paphos on the island of Cyprus, built about a hundred years before the marvelous sacred edifice on Mount Moriah. Tyrian workmen erected both buildings, and the two pillars at the entrance of the Cyprian structure were decorated with representations of the sun and moon. The fact that Solomon's apostasy occurred many years after the completion of the Temple does not, it seems to me, affect the probability of the parallelism.

It would be interesting to enter here into certain other details, but considerations of space make it necessary to proceed to the next manifestation of the religious impulse—Polytheism.

There is no question in my own mind that Polytheism was the logical result of pantheism—that the worship of a heterogeneous congeries of gods and goddesses grew directly out of nature worship, through the simple and beautiful ministry of personification. In other words, all the forces, potencies, aspects, phases, of nature were worshiped, among practically all ancient nations (and are still worshiped among many modern tribes low in the scale of civilization) under the name of a god or a goddess who presided over this force or that, this aspect or that, and who, in his or her attributes, was a faithful portrait of the force or aspect. For example, it is possible, as has already been pointed out, to find a sun god almost anywhere one searches for him. Likewise, wisdom, beauty, fruitfulness, moisture, violence, thunder, mildew, and a hundred others, were personified and worshiped and feared and propitiated.

Propitiation, indeed, is the most important religious exercise in polytheistic systems; for, with so large a number of divinities, many will inevitably represent hostile potencies: these, then, must ever and anon be appeased by the strict observance of an elaborate ritual, together with divers sacrifices—offered with a frightfulness which increases with the decrease of culture and enlightenment.

The idea that deity and nature are inseparable is, of course, responsible for the presence, in many religions, of water nymphs, mountain sprites, tree spirits; a whole host of kindly protectors of the farmer and his flocks and crops, the householder and his pantry and hearth, the sailor, the merchant, the soldier, the hunter.

Even the ancient Hebrews seem to have come to believe in one God at a rather late period in their history. They were frequently wavering and irresolute in their allegiance to Him, and sometimes they forgot Him entirely, and went after the false gods of various neighboring peoples. Moreover, when

they had been scourged back to the true path by their prophets and priests, they still believed in the existence of other gods than their own. We read with astonishment in the Eighty-sixth Psalm: "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works."

Jonah, ordered by Jehovah to go to Nineveh and preach, "rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." In other words, Jonah labored under the popular delusion that Jehovah was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and their descendants, and had no jurisdiction outside His own borders—foreign countries being presided over by their own deities who resembled Jehovah, but were inferior to Him in power.

We come now to Phallism—the worship of the principle of generation and fertility. It is not in the least strange that primitive, unphilosophic men elevated this principle into the dignity of godhead. They looked about them and saw, first of all, birth and growth and development—in nature, among animals, within their own stockades and dwellings. There must be, they said, some mighty and mysterious power which causes this universal fruitfulness. In time they began to worship that power, by means of a symbolism which to us appears almost inexplicable. But relics of this curious symbolism have been found in such profusion all over the ancient world that we can entertain no doubt of the very wide extent of phallic systems.

Without entering into further particulars, let us note now that phallism was an attribute worship, that is to say, deity was worshiped by phallists through what they regarded as the chief of the divine potencies. I have suggested above that polytheistic theogonies very likely grew out of the personification of the forces of nature. It is at least possible, however, that, in the minds of many worshippers—particularly the more enlightened—Jupiter, Astarte, Thor, Osiris, Dionysus, were personifications, not of natural forces but of attributes of the true God—dimly apprehended. Initiates of the Mysteries (to be

discussed later) were certainly taught some sort of monotheistic doctrine and many crumbs must have fallen from their laden table.

The Hebrews had many different names for Jehovah, each referring to some attribute. For example, Elohim signifies the aggregate of the mighty forces in nature. Adonai is rendered "Lord" in our Bible. Other names were El Shadai, Al-Khanan and JHVH. This latter name, a summary of all the divine powers, was held to be sacred and unpronounceable. In our version of it, Jehovah, the vowels are borrowed from Adonai and its correct pronunciation will, in all probability, never be ascertained. Another striking example of attribute names of deity is cited in connection with the next point.

The Bible presents many instances of emphasis on attributes. This, like the occurrence of bits of anthropomorphism, is undoubtedly due to the efforts of the inspired writers to bring Infinity down to the reach of finite minds. All through the Book there are pictures of God which mortals can see and comprehend: "The Lord is my shepherd"; "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land"; "I am the vine, ye are the branches"; "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

To me the Mysteries are far and away the most interesting form of ancient religious observance. Our information about them is scanty, for the vows of secrecy were well kept. But it is fairly certain, as suggested above, that in all of them some doctrine of a great, supreme Being, above all gods, was inculcated by means of symbols and allegories and dramas, and that a life beyond the grave was promised to the initiates. Immortality was presented pictorially, as a rule through the yearly death and resurrection of nature or the daily setting and rising of the sun. The Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis appears here and there, as well as progressive reincarnation; but upon the whole the teachings of the Mysteries, so far as they can be ascertained today, both concerning the nature

of God and the eternal life of the soul, were singularly pure and lofty.

We know more about the mysteries of Eleusis, in Greece, than we do of any other similar initiation, but there was hardly a civilized nation of antiquity which did not have its secret rites, with their teachings of one God and of immortality. For instance, in Persia we find the Mysteries of Mithra—embellished with the wisdom of Zoroaster; in Gaul, the Druids, as Cæsar tells us, computed the size of the universe and taught their neophytes that the soul did not perish, but passed from one body into another; in Egypt, Osiris and Isis furnished the dramatic material for the instruction of seekers after truth. We note also, at various points in the ancient world, Mysteries of Adonis, of Dionysus, of the Cabiri, of Attis and Cybele, Orphic Mysteries, and others less important. It is my firm belief that the influence of these sacred dramas upon the life and thought of their time has been vastly underestimated by students of the history of religion.

Finally, Trinitarianism. The doctrine of the Trinity, or of a trinity, is to be found in practically every religious system, ancient and modern. Among the Druids, the trinity was composed of Hesus, Belenus and Tharamis; the Hindus worshiped their great god (whose true name, like that of the God of the Hebrews, could not lawfully be pronounced) under the three attribute names of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; the Ethiopians' trinity consisted of Neph-Amon (the creator), Phtha (matter), Neith (thought). Upon the southern spur of the Capitoline Hill, in ancient Rome, there stood the great Capitolium, a triple temple to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva. Numerous other instances might be cited.

The essential feature in trinitarianism is mediation. The learned Hebrew teachers, who, during the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, evolved and developed that curious and fascinating theosophy known as the Kabbalah, insisted that the Great Unknowable One, being Himself Infinity, could not stoop to the creation of the finite; and so He sent out from the in-

finite light in which He dwelt and which He was, a series of emanations (Sephiroth), which performed the actual work of making matter and the world, led and inspired by "the creative energy proceeding from the Father"—a designation the rabbis applied to the letter Yod, the first letter of the Great Name, JHVH.

The Gnostics, whom Paul combats so vigorously in the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, held views regarding intermediary potencies quite like those of the Kabbalists. Between God and His creation there intervened Thrones, Angelic Lords, Celestial Powers, Rulers, Elemental Spirits, the Demiurge (the actual creator).—Incidentally, the Hebrew word, Elohim, referred to above, has a very similar connotation.—This impressive array of potencies the Gnostics called *to pleroma*. Paul's reply was: "For in Him [Christ] dwelleth all the fulness [*to pleroma*] of the Godhead bodily."

In the Greek and Roman popular religions, although there was no such definite conception of a trinity as is found in most other ancient systems, there was a mediator. The Greeks called him Hermes; the Romans, Mercurius, and he was equipped with winged sandals, that he might the more easily fly to and fro between heaven and earth. In Egypt, Horus (etymologically the same name as Hermes) performed a similar function.

Among Roman Catholics, likewise, the divine grace is mediated to men through a succession of powers, thus: God, Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Pope, cardinals, monsignori, priests, people.

The doctrine of the Trinity held by modern Protestants is, in all its essentials, entirely different from all other trinitarian conceptions—Christ being the Redeemer and Revealer and the Holy Spirit the Mediator. In the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, we read: "If in the books of the Platonists it was to be found that in the beginning was the Word, it was not found that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." We, therefore, believe that God has revealed Himself to men progressively,

and that in Christ we have the final and perfect revelation of the Father, while the Holy Spirit mediates the divine grace and love.

Four concluding remarks, by way of summary—without discussion.

First. Sages in all periods of history have presented deity in symbols, allegories and pictures, that the finite might be enabled to apprehend a bit more clearly the Infinite. And the conception of deity, arrived at independently by these earnest seekers after divine light, was in all important respects the same.

Second. There have always been, and are now, religious beliefs held by the wise and enlightened which differ widely from those of the unthinking masses.

Third. God reveals Himself only to those who earnestly seek after Him. Revelation has ever been, is now and will ever be, progressive and adapted to the individual capacity to receive.

Fourth. Millions of men and women in ancient times followed, and other millions today are following with all their might, a poor little fitful gleam of light. But we, by the infinite grace of God, are bathed in a flood of perfect light. How, then, shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

V. R. BRANTLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. H. KEMP

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOVEY

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

H. J. OVERMAN AND DALLAS HOLLOMAN

VOL. XLIV

OCTOBER, 1926

No. 1

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

V. R. BRANTLEY, *Editor*

Announcing When THE STUDENT died a natural death some three years ago, a vital cog of this College's machine was thereby removed. Just how vital a cog is shown by the intense interest and earnest effort that were manifested in providing for the renewal of its publication. Then after a plan was advanced by which THE STUDENT might again be issued—a plan which put the

other student publications on a more secure foundation—both faculty and students expressed the greatest of satisfaction. But this is just by way of describing the situation. The real purpose of this announcement is to publish the fact that THE STUDENT is now on a sound financial basis and that the one other thing necessary to its continued life is the personal loyalty of the students and faculty. This loyalty, even so early in the game, has been forthcoming. We take this opportunity to thank those who have given their whole-hearted support, either by spoken encouragement or by contributions.

**Training Camp
Opens at Once** Fall training begins right now. All the English faculty and the faculties of kindred departments are the directors and coaches. As soon as possible after assembling, the squad will entrain for the pages of *The Student—Old-Gold-and-Black*, which is the training camp of the candidates. The camp is a healthy, wholesome spot, situated on the shore of the Lake of Culture-Refinement-and-Clear-Self-Expression. All are asked to report at once who would be candidates for the team of Future Authors, Journalists, and Correspondents. The rules are lax: scouting is not forbidden; the team may be paid for its services; freshmen may play on the varsity; age is not considered; and to make it still more of a cinch, each man has his personal press-agent, and may use him unreservedly. Do not fail to remember the vast salaries paid the team; even third-string men will receive a million in personal gratification and self-satisfaction in some future time of retrospection.

**Sententia
Collegii** When an editor is casting for a theme upon which to vent his wrath or his commendation, as the case may be, he inevitably and logically first assails the mysteries of College Spirit. Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that it is an inexhaustible subject, and is so because no man's glasses record it like another's. New men, this is the indefinable something that sent you to college; it is

the force that will instill into you a boundless pride in the fact that you are a college man when you become an old grad. This mysterious force will make you glory in the fact that you are a Wake Forest man—would have made you support any other Alma Mater you could have chosen. Lately there passed in review a cynic and would-be disillusionist who styled College Spirit as “maudlin sentimentality and overworked emotionalism.” Say we as a unanimous exhortation and as a final comment (concerning this inebriety of sentiment): Give us, O Powers that be, an overdose of that intoxication, even to the absolute oblivion of stark materialism and ghastly reality!

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. E. POOVEY, *Editor*

The Exchange Department of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* extends a hearty "how-d'ye-do?" both to those already acquainted with our publication and to those with whom we expect to become acquainted during the coming year.

Because two years have elapsed since our last issue we think it wise, at the very outset, to explain the aims, attitude, and expectations of this department. The initial purpose of this section of our periodical is to effect and maintain a state of friendly relationship between *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* and contemporary publications of like nature from Southern colleges. This relationship can be brought about only through the contact of publications one with the other. Therefore we invite the editors of other college magazines to exchange a copy of each issue with us.

In this department we shall maintain an attitude of friendship, coöperation, and wholesome criticism toward other publications. We do not mean by criticism the expression of feigned culture nor the brutal, undeserved denunciation of any work; but, on the other hand, we do intend to select occasionally from publications at hand works which merit expressed opinion and try to give a fair estimate of their worth.

As a result of the efforts of this department we hope to improve the excellence of our own magazine. We solicit the interest of college editors in our undertaking and will gladly receive any suggestions or information from other publications.

ALUMNI NOTES

E. H. KEMP, *Editor*

Lawrence Stallings, '16, already nationally famous as the author of *Plumes*, co-author of *What Price Glory*, and author of *The Big Parade*, has again scored a signal triumph in the field of dramatics. At this time New York is showering him with ovations as the author of the native opera, *Deep River*, which was produced for the first time at the Imperial Theatre on October 4. Mr. Stallings shares the tremendous success of the opera with Frank Harling, composer of the music, and Arthur Hopkins, the producer.

The following Wake Forest men are connected with the Appalachian Training School at Boone, N. C.: B. B. Dougherty, '92, President; D. D. Dougherty, '92, Treasurer and Business Manager; V. C. Howell, '22, Assistant in History; Chappell Wilson, '20, Professor of Psychology; J. A. Williams, '01, Professor of Geography.

W. B. Edwards, '12, is the newly elected president of Chowan College, Murfreesboro, N. C.

Christopher Crittenden, '21, is an instructor in the department of History at the University of North Carolina.

The following alumni were elected to positions in the faculty of Wake Forest College for the present session:

C. C. Carpenter, '22, and W. A. Johnson, '23, in the school of Medicine; E. M. Fanning, '25, in the department of Chemistry; K. T. Raynor, '14, in the department of Mathematics. G. S. Patterson, '24, was elected Registrar of the College to succeed Dr. G. W. Paschal, who is now giving full time to his teaching.

Of the class of '26, about fifty-five per cent of all students who did not graduate from the schools of Law or Medicine are teaching. The list of these teachers, with their teaching addresses, follows: A. L. Aycock, Selma, Alabama;

B. N. Barnes, McDonalds, N. C.; E. O. Burroughs, Washington, N. C.; E. H. Cannaday, Yancey County; J. C. Eakes, Stem, N. C.; R. C. Foster, Thomasville, N. C.; J. T. Gaskill, Powellsville, N. C.; M. C. Greason, Lexington, N. C.; R. N. Grimes, Granville County; C. V. Harrill, Pasquotank County; B. I. Hood, Scotland Neck, N. C.; J. S. Hopkins, Castalia, N. C.; W. P. Howell, Belmont, N. C.; A. D. Hurst, Randolph County; C. R. Long, Castalia, N. C.; H. C. Lowder, Pendleton, N. C.; C. G. Maddrey, Lewiston, N. C.; F. H. Malone, Wake Forest, N. C.; LeRoy Martin, Buie's Creek, N. C.; Zeno Martin, Lilesville, N. C.; R. A. Morris, Sanford, N. C.; O. L. Norment, Gastonia, N. C.; H. L. Snuggs, China Grove, N. C.; J. L. Tolar, Fork Church High School, Mocksville, N. C., Route 3; T. L. Tolar, Highlands, N. C.; B. L. West, Churchland, N. C.; J. F. Woodward, Holly Springs, N. C.

R. E. Plemmons and W. O. Reid are teaching, but the editor has been unable to obtain their addresses.

O. L. Horton, '26, is practicing law at Maxton, N. C.

Henry J. Langston, '13, is practising medicine at Danville, Va.

Graham Barefoot, '21 has just taken up the practice of medicine at Chadbourne, N. C.

H. P. Smith, '20, succeeds C. H. Pinner, '22, as Superintendent of Wake Forest Schools. F. H. Malone, '26, is a member of his high school faculty.

THE STUDENT will continue this department throughout the year, and will attempt, through its columns, to help the Alumni to secure information about one another. In view of this, the Alumni Editor will gladly receive communications from the Alumni, telling their whereabouts and their latest achievements.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo.

THE WAY OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

Tom Davis: As a salesman I get only two kinds of orders.

Tobe Gold: What are they?

T. D.: Get out and stay out.

Chas. Gillespie: I call my sweetheart cornmeal because she's so mushy.

Outburst on Latin I:

"Then the heavily-armed soldier stood up on one hand and sat down on the other."

Tom Carraway says: "It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is mighty inconvenient."

Notice: Red Haworth, the sorrel-topped lad, hails from the land of intoxicating giggles and tidbits.

SANG-FROID

Dr. Reid (Psy. 5): Mr. Tew, I believe you missed my class yesterday.

Cloyce T.: No sir, not in the least.

HEY, MAX! HERE'S YOUR PASTURE!

Judy Morton: What'll you give me for my car?

Newish Weir hands Morton a five dollar bill.

Jude: Sorry, old man, but I don't have any change.

"SKY" KEMP AND "SOC" BRANTLEY, AUTHORITIES
ON JACKS. THE MOST POPULAR FELLOWS
AMONG FRESHMAN LATIN PURSUERS. GIVE
THEM YOUR BUSINESS.

A few salesmen have made annual sales to the ever energetic
freshmen. Quite a number of reserved seats in chapel, together
with a chapel hymnbook, have gone under the block. However
only a few of them would consent to deviate from their weekly
custom of Saturday night bathing; consequently only a few
bath tickets have been sold.

Satterfield to Sol Mason: If ignorance were a path you would
constitute a highway.

MANY FELLOWS MAKE THEIR MARK IN LIFE, BUT
TOO MANY OF THEM ARE ONLY A QUESTION
MARK.

SOME BOYS TALK SO MUCH THAT THEY ARE
STRANGERS WHEN THEY ARE SILENT.

Woodsman, cut that tree;
Spare not a single bough.
I carved a name upon it,
But I love another now.

Nebraska Awgwan.

FORGIVE ME, BUD

Chas. Parker: I know a place in Raleigh where you can get
a good chicken dinner for fifteen cents.

Bill Stradley: Where?

Charlie: At the feed store.

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON COMPANY

RALEIGH, N. C.

Personal Engraved Christmas Cards

Visiting Cards

Correspondence Stationery

See

WARREN DAVIS

Local Representative

ATTENTION ALUMNI:

Wouldn't you like to keep up
with the growth and progress of
your Alma Mater?

Send us your subscription
today for the College
Annual,

THE "HOWLER"

S. R. BYERLY
Business Manager

THE WAKE FOREST
STUDENT

The medium of literary expression
for Wake Forest students
and Alumni.

A wide circulation guarantees
extensive advertising through its
columns.

E. F. DAVIS
Business Manager

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
Mutus: Desperans (verse)..... <i>E. F. Davis</i>	49
Her Philosophy and the Man (story) <i>F. M. Howard</i>	50
Christ the Master of My Generation (address)..... <i>C. R. Tew</i>	60
Kekkonshiki (story) <i>E. B. Dozier</i>	65
ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS:	
Walt Whitman: the Poet of Democracy (study) <i>W. L. McIver</i>	74
Influence of the Members of Shakespeare's Company Upon the Clowns of the Comedies <i>H. L. Snuggs</i>	81
FROM THE FACULTY:	
The Children (verse)..... <i>Dr. B. F. Sledd</i>	89
DEPARTMENTS:	
The Editors Easy Chair..... <i>V. R. Brantley, Editor</i>	90
A Word to the Foolish.....	90
Exchange Department <i>C. E. Poovey, Editor</i>	93
Alumni Notes <i>E. H. Kemp, Editor</i>	95
The Apoplectic Alcove <i>J. D. Hamrick, Editor</i>	97

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

NOVEMBER, 1926

No. 2

MUTUS: DESPERANS

E. F. DAVIS, '28

The slender reed is shaking in an ecstasy of love
For the silver moon that's shining in the heavens up above.
Its every fiber quivers as it rustles in the wind—
From root to bud it quivers in the wind.

It can not voice the passion that sways it to and fro,
Can not lure with loving lyric as did Orpheus long ago.
Yet it loves the argent Goddess with an all-consuming love—
Silent, yes, but no less love.

Its crisp leaves crackle lowly as it strives to voice its song,
Its heart is filled with anguish at the greatness of its wrong—
That one who loves so madly should be forever dumb,
Cannot speak its burning passion but remain forever dumb.

HER PHILOSOPHY AND THE MAN

By F. M. HOWARD, '29

When Fred Morson entered Belmont Club hall one evening he particularly observed John Sherril and Lona Carlton. Lona and young Sherril were talking gaily with each other. This was nothing out of the ordinary, certainly. But, then, Morson was to be peculiarly observant this evening, anyway.

There was something so natural, and so human, in the manner of Lona and Sherril toward each other just then, as they stood by the Long French window, that it caused a new idea to spring forth in Morson's mind as he watched. It was a new-born idea, and one manifesting itself at the logical time. For only last night it was that Morson had again failed to make his discourse on, and declaration of, love logical and consistent to Lona.

Now there was a little philosophy lodged in the mind of Lona, to wit: that opposite types could not be expected safely to live together compatibly—Lona Carlton, democratic, colorful and lifeful as the first warm breeze of spring, but essentially stable for all that; Fred Morson, though with a graceful assurance of manner, whimsical and quixotic. In the main, their two types were decidedly unlike. And Morson was older by ten years than Lona.

Morson, vaguely acquainted with Lona's theory of types, also had knowledge of the fact that woman seldom permits fanciful philosophies to govern her actions. So, he figured, there must be something other than mere allegiance to her philosophy in the way of his advances. Hence, he observed the gay conversation taking place between Lona and Sherril, unobserved.

Fred Morson was himself philosophical and analytic: accepting the inevitable as such on occasion, and analyzing

the matter later when alone. He smiled now, after he had watched for a time the two young personages by the long window, and forthwith entered into the social activities, closely observing Sherril during the early evening.

What young Sherril lacked in the analytic and the aesthetic, he made up in his manner characterized by straightforwardness; and he was practical. Morson, somewhat older, was habitually discoursing elaborately to Sherril, advancing voluble theories that he himself did not bother to apply in living. He himself was apt to be governed by whims and fancies. Sherril was usually gay and likeable. Morson liked young Sherril. Sherril admired Morson, but seldom understood him.

Somehow it hurt Morson tonight when he danced with Lona. Herself, Lona was charming and gracious—nearly natural and at ease. Morson detected the difference. A new viewpoint he was beginning to see. He could understand that her heart, being generous, would warm to him, despite the engaging frankness she admired in Sherril, and the compatibility she saw in him. And perhaps, he reflected, this idea of compatibility in types might be, in her particular case correct after all. Wherefore, when dancing with her, he said but little, wisely making no reference to the evening before. But Lona was never held more tenderly, nor led through the maze of dancers with more assurance and skill than by Morson this evening. And when she danced with Sherril, Morson watched her, smiling enigmatically.

It was after some two hours of the evening were spent that Morson missed Sherril and Lona from the floor. They were sitting out, of course. But a little later, as he circled down the floor with his partner, Morson saw Sherril across the hall, detached from the crowd. Nor was there anything exceedingly gay in the young man's posture. Now with instant perception Morson understood. It was like Lona, reflected Morson, to hurt the feelings—unintentionally, of course—of the man whom she liked, merely because she

could not please another, and was far too kind of heart to carelessly ignore him. He continued with his partner down the floor.

"We observe," he began elaborately to his blonde partner, "the culmination of a marked peculiarity in one whom Nature designed and intended to be gay, and in the best of spirits always."

The shallow expression which this elaboration evoked on the girl's countenance was one of mystification. Perhaps the man did not intend to convey any definite thought to her. He offered no further explanation, and his partner apparently knew him well enough to ask for none. Invariably, requests for clarification of Morson's voluble statements led to expounding by him of thoughts which persons of her type never trouble their mental capacities to explore.

Swinging his partner out of step, Morson, with a whimsical display of Victorian gallantry of manner, left her. It was as inconsistent as it was sudden. A deference that he should have employed in asking a dance he used to excuse himself. He sought Sherril, and found him sitting disconsolately in the library.

"Monsieur," Morson suddenly queried with droll casualness, "may one be honored with an explanation of your manner, which is not unassociated with glumness and dejection?" For five minutes perhaps he had watched "Monsieur" from a lazy position in a chair.

John Sherril turned quickly, and slowly rose from his chair. The frown on his face gave place to a slight flush and an expression of devotion to the man who had been watching him, unobserved.

"Smoke?" offered Morson as Sherril came slowly to his chair. Sherril drew a cigarette and lighted from his friend's proffered match. Morson blew a wreath of smoke and looked at Sherril. "The chair there," he said casually, "is wholly devoid of occupancy." He indicated a chair in

front of him with a lazy nod of his dark head. Fine eyes, with an indefinable expression of whimsicalness in their depths, casually, yet thoughtfully, observed the man opposite.

Sherril's features were not complexly moulded—light gray eyes, an open face, the rareness of worries leaving it well rounded. The present expression did not harmonize, Morson reflected. To one observing the earmarks of a usually light-hearted manner this attempt at dejection, even with its sincerity, seemed close to the ludicrous.

"Is it," smiled Morson, "one of these problems of prehistoric discovery in which a concoction of strong wine and love has made one feel slightly ill?"

Sherril reddened. Whether Morson resented his attentions to Lona Carlton he was not sure. Moreover, he was by no means sure that this matter would not be the severing of their long friendship, if he were to follow his usual direct manner and tell Morson that he loved Lona. It had usually been conceded that Miss Carlton doubtless would sometime be Mrs. Morson. Only these three—Sherril, Morson, and Lona herself—might be thinking differently.

Sherril smiled wryly at Morson's question. "I suppose it's impossible for you to ask questions simply, Morson. You always take the long road, making comparisons with everything from a mahogany chair to the dusted petals of an old rose . . . No, I'm not afflicted with any of those technicalities." But on another impulse to put the whole proposition before Morson, he turned to him. "But, Morson, I am—" He paused as Morson flicked the ashes from his cigarette. That always confused him when talking with Morson. It gave him the uncomfortable impression that he was being mocked. That little droop at the corner of Morson's mouth did not promise thorough appreciation.

"Go on," said Morson, not unkindly.

"Morson," young Sherril said desperately, "you are right—partly—"

"Why do you love her?" Morson asked pointedly. He understood, and, understanding, manipulated his queries for his friend's benefit.

It would seem that such a question as why he loved had never even faintly entered Sherril's mind. And since he naturally dreaded the moment when he should drag Lona's name into conversation, he was satisfied merely to hear, and answer in some manner, Morson's fanciful queries.

"I don't know," he finally answered frankly.

"Is it because she is—"

"Beautiful?" Sherril finished the question, and unconsciously perhaps took on a shade of boyish enthusiasm. "She is," he said fervently. "She has fine eyes; she's a good dancer . . ." He slowly enumerated the captivating virtues which he saw in the girl, the frown having left his face.

"Yes?" said Morson softly. The subtle irony in his eyes was lost in the kindly tolerating tone of his voice.

"I suppose," said Sherril, after a marked pause, charged as it was with a spirit of nervousness, "it's just because I thought she liked me." All lovable qualities apparently were summed up in that simple statement.

Somehow it hurt Morson; but he smiled brightly. "First," he began, "we have a very unusual form of attraction—that of beauty; and very indispensable to love. And—"

"She is beautiful!" reaffirmed the younger man, as if the other had denied the original assertion. "Her hair is soft and brown—"

"And then," continued Morson, barely pausing for the interruption, "a rarely attained accomplishment—that of being a graceful dancer."

Sherril shifted uncomfortably in his chair at some slight tremor, unfathomable to him, in the other's voice. And, although not even satisfied with Morson's habitual smile, said: "She dances with more grace—and pep—than anyone I know."

"We come now," said Morson, suggesting the next in Sherril's order of attributes, "to the most versatile possession of woman. Eyes, my dear Sherril, are very charming, and capable of acting in various capacities—invariably with very effective results. We will assume that in this case the eyes which you call fine are black, with the mystery of night in them."

"Hers are blue," corrected Sherril, "an odd sort of blue. They are between—they tremble between—a clear blue and violet." Sherril was a little hasty in his description, catching up the manner of description from some vague recess in his brain.

Now the eyes of Lona were blue, an indefinable, unmistakable sort of blue.

Morson was still, and in his eyes mystic shadows suddenly began to play with the points of light. "So?" he said, and felt hastily for another cigarette. He passed the case to Sherril. Sherril took one, renewed nervousness apparent in his manner.

A graceful dancer, with superb vivacity . . . soft brown hair . . . eyes, clear eyes that were alternately an odd deep blue and violet . . .

"But that doesn't matter, Morson," broke in Sherril. He looked then to the older man, determined to bring the talk to a point.

Morson's face might have changed perceptibly, his eyes searching the younger man with a sort of infernal keenness. One with a keener perception than was given to Sherril might have read in them something of wistfulness—a shadow of loneliness—and a mocking for his own erratic ideas and inconsistencies.

"Morson, you're mocking me!" accused Sherril, meeting the battery of the other's eyes with marked embarrassment. "I've been waiting to tell you about it all—to put the whole matter before you—but you elaborate with your infernal

eloquence, and, then, when one least expects it, you make sport of a fellow's feelings!"

Morson continued to study the younger man, waiting for him to finish his accusation. Then he collected himself and in his most gracious manner shortly turned the frown of reproach on Sherril's face to an expression of apology for having doubted his sympathetic intentions.

"One tenders his sincerest apologies," began Morson, "for having his meaning misconstrued by the petit weakness of a false countenance. If Monsieur will only be good enough to forget for the moment, and return to a basis of sociability. One may suggest that the chair there is again vacant? . . . There, that's better.

"The fact that one leaves a dainty member of the sex for a friend, who is customarily gay and a leader on the floor, but who, a little while ago, was standing to himself with a frown on his face wholly out of harmony with his personality, should plead to some degree for me. This friend is out of sorts, let us say, because one whom the gods have seen fit to idealize for him is a little contrary. He thinks perhaps that this wonderful lady with the changeable eyes, who dances exquisitely, who so gracefully wears the hair that reflects showering rays of light, and which bears the color of burnished chestnut, has suddenly become aware of a mere triviality—that she does not care for him."

Sherril reddened.

"Monsieur will please bear in mind," Morson hastened to say, "that this being my inning he should not interrupt, but pay close attention to my earnest disquisition."

Morson had been sitting, bending gracefully forward in courteous deference to Sherril; but his face, darker than the younger man's, was a mask of flitting expressions, and the points of light in his eyes shifted and glinted whimsically. He suddenly rose with that suggestion of restlessness which was characteristic of him.

"Your girl, Sherril, I may not know," he said, excessive verbosity beginning to give place to simple sincerity. "You have told me but little of her. I have imagined, and drawn pictures, and woven dreams for you beyond what you have suggested of her. You are not of the type to indulge in spinning a delicate web of still more delicate fancies; nor are you troubled with endeavoring to satisfy insane whims for figuring out the reason for every phase of life. Your loving is based upon the *fact* of love's presence, not the *reason* for its manifesting itself. Being of that type, you are lucky. Yours is the sweetest, the only satisfying philosophy of the true joy and happiness of life that can be offered. Your type of love for woman is the type nearest to real joy-giving love; because you are not concerned with causes, but are hunting with plain simplicity the happiness and smooth places in its effects. But you are accommodating in the harbor of your mind boats posing as sea-going freighters with heavy cargoes of brooding trouble, when, in truth, they are frivolous yachts of fancies.

"The descriptions you have given me of *her*, as I have said, are meager. Beauty, accomplishment in dancing, wonderful hair can plead gold-like virtues for no girl. Those are generalities of possession. You and I and others dance with such types on any dance floor. The beautiful expression of a woman's eyes can not justify their treachery and seduction; all the brownness enmeshed in it, and all the wonderful, lifeful shimmering of some girl's hair can not make up for the lack of brain beneath it. Nor can beauty be substantial; for beauty is a thing of fickleness. Moreover, beauty is an effect, synonymous with the spirit of youth—the rich, sweet wine from the stein of life at its peak. Beauty is a thing of fleetness, and is not satisfied to endure, to rest long with one, lest it lose its sweetness."

The man came gently to Sherril's side, his eyes just then reflecting the essence of the fleeting beauty of which he had

just spoken. "It's all right, Sherril, old friend. I already know what you have been wanting to tell me."

Sherril looked up in surprise at the man. "You know, Morson? She is—it's Lona."

Morson smiled, a little wearily. "Sure it's Lona. Why haven't I just been discoursing on the common generalities of all inferior to her, so you will know how to appreciate her more?"

"I love her," Sherril replied simply.

"Why certainly you love her, old friend. Who doesn't? And she thinks the same with respect to you." Morson placed his arm firmly about the other's shoulders, and laughed lightly.

Young Sherril was not satisfied. "But you—you, Morson? How about *you* and Lona. You have been going together for a long while. Every one has taken your engagement for granted. I know differently—but Lona left me tonight because of you." Sherril sat back on the edge of the reading table and looked inquiringly at Morson.

"Ah, now, Sherril," Morson remonstrated, "how could anyone expect an inconsistent romancer like me to settle down? Why, good gracious, old top, I'm likely to be in the South Sea Isles next thing you know!" He shook the younger man's shoulders warmly. Sherril looked closely at him, but apparently could detect nothing unusual in the man's expression.

"I don't understand you, Morson," he said truthfully.

"Who does?" smiled Morson. "I don't myself," he added whimsically. He suddenly left Sherril, calling over his shoulder: "She will be waiting for you in five minutes in the conservatory, Sherril." And he was out of the room before Sherril could say anything.

Fred Morson thought Lona was the most beautiful and loveliest he had yet seen as he came to her in a corner of the conservatory. Yet she was the same Lona he had seen and danced with earlier in the evening. In a pale

green evening dress of delicate silk, she looked up and smiled at him as he suddenly appeared beside her chair. Her smile clutched strangely at Morson's heart. Swiftly he caught one of her hands in his, and, looking beyond her, rather than into her eyes of the curious blue, he leaned close to her. "It's all right," he said very softly, "everything. Sherril will be here in two minutes." He left quickly. And, as he had left young Sherril, so he left the girl—both understanding and amazed.

A few minutes later Lona heard a motor start, purr evenly for a time, then drone off into nothingness. She knew what it meant. She knew Morson too well to believe that he would come back. He had gone out of her life, leaving her free to her choosing. For a moment a queer little feeling of sadness tugged at her heart, warm and full to overflowing. But, then, as Sherril came to her, his young face frank and enthusiastic, despite the tears that were in her heart, she was glad. She understood that it all was inevitable—and her philosophy of type for like type would be applied.

CHRIST THE MASTER OF MY GENERATION

[Address by C. R. Tew before the Southwide Baptist Student Conference held in Birmingham, Alabama, October 28-30, 1926]

The world is looking at religion today with a question mark on its face. The great things in religion are being questioned; the inspiration of the Bible, the virgin birth, the divinity of Christ, the physical resurrection, and even the immortality of the soul—because this is a materialistic age. The world even asks is Christianity a failure? Is it on its death bed? The old question of the Philippian jailer: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" was never more pertinent than today. The world is asking what will save our civilization, democracy, educational institutions, the home and family.

When I think about these questions, I shrink from the contemplation and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. I wish to assure you of a sincere consciousness that the task is far above my talents, but I face it not presuming to answer the questions, but in the light of my thinking and that of my generation—to suggest to you a few of the demands my generation makes in order to contribute its share toward the solution of this situation.

It is an injustice to us to judge all young people by some who belong to the present generation. I have never known of a time when there was such a clear cut division between the young people who really want to be of service in the kingdom of the Lord, and those who are giving themselves up to the frivolous pleasures of life. The latter class is so much in evidence that there is danger of taking them as representatives of the young people as a whole. I do not believe there was ever a time when a certain class of young people were living as flippant lives as they are today. On the other hand, I do not believe there was ever a time when those

who take serious views of life were more in earnest and anxious to serve than they are today. I have a stoical faith in my generation and I believe that the consuming desire is to make "Christ its Master."

My generation need not expect anything, however, or ask anything unless it has a deep and sound conviction and fixed objective. Young men will come into active life in a period of disillusionment and with less leadership of authority and wisdom, than we have known for a decade. I do not mean that there are not many, and very many, who, weary of the drifting policy of recent years and of the absorption by materialism and jazz are tired of the prevalent feeling that, "I do not care what happens, just so it doesn't happen to me." Of course the pendulum will swing away from this placing of a premium upon trifles and pleasure and money, but it cannot result from telling people that they must think of something better than having a good time and getting rich.

These evil spirits are not driven away by incantation or command. The only way to drive away these is by substituting something better. "Flaming youth," my generation, needs to have a passion for some holy cause, a passion to which they will give themselves and their lives. It will not be easy for us to make people realize our earnestness and intensity for a great cause, and many of us will have to be crusaders, with the lack of reward which comes to most crusaders. Some of us will fall by the wayside unappreciated and unknown, but those who have seen a vision and have not been disobedient to it will find that under the shell many people are sound. That is why I say we must have a passion, a consuming desire—and that is to make Christ the Master of our Generation.

May I venture then to suggest to you the first thing my generation asks from the people in order to render the highest service to the world? We ask for a simplified creed. A large part of the world today is confused about knowing

what and how much to believe. There are so many sects, creeds, dogmas, that the modern mind is lost, bewildered, and uncertain. If we go back to the New Testament we find that the formula for salvation was very simple: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Let me ask you: Is not the present generation asked to believe too much? Now, the first Christian preachers preached salvation by faith in Christ, the incarnation of Christ, the resurrection, and a life of purity and good works. Now what we want is a creed that will incorporate that preaching today—a factor which will go a long way toward making it easier to meet our challenge. Why don't we have it? Because the creeds of the nearly Christians have been obscured by tradition, medieval theology and metaphysics. Faith in its simplest form is the response of the Soul to Jesus Christ, and getting religion is nothing more nor less than falling in love with Jesus Christ, following him and regulating our lives by his ideals as shown in his words, his example and his spirit. If the good people of the various sects will formulate a creed incorporating these ideals in it, it will make a tremendous appeal to the members of my generation.

Another thing we ask. We ask for a sane evangelism. Christianity itself is preëminently an evangelistic religion; it is missionary to the core. Christ himself did evangelistic and missionary work. In his great commission he commanded us to go into all the world and make disciples. But this great program of the church is overdone in some instances and underdone in others. How can it possibly be overdone, you inquire? You know very well. We have today in America, and our Southland—professional evangelists. These men have fallen into disrepute because of their extreme sensational and vulgar methods. These vaudeville artists have driven reverence out of our churches by their anecdotal discourses—and I declare to you that reverence is the soul of religion. These men use high pressure

methods, and express anxiety to count numbers. People are literally herded in. I have heard of deacons sitting on the front pews in these meetings, being swept into the crowd hitting the sawdust trail by the evangelist's aides, and these goodly men had their names sent home to their pastors as new converts. Further, publicity forces of these men have type set up of the number of converts at meeting and off the press two hours before the meeting is held. It is too generally believed that if an evangelist can't count, he is no account. In his evangelistic work, the Master was never under the tyranny of numbers; the word one was often on his lips. How much attention do these men place on money? After the pentecostal revival the evangelist Simon Peter said: "Silver and gold have I none." But these professional evangelists go away with thousands of dollars and some are reputed to be millionaires. I say emphatically NO, we do not want this kind of evangelism.

While evangelism is abused in some instances, it cannot be denied that some churches pay too little attention to the original program. They are too smug, self-satisfied, contented. The shepherd of the ninety-and-nine seems to have forgotten the one that is astray. Every pastor should train himself and the people to do evangelistic work. Some of our best churches now fulfill this idea, they have created an evangelism—there is no straining reaction as follows professional meetings, but a healthy and normal growth and constructive work.

A third thing we ask is freedom from ecclesiastical intolerance, especially in small towns, villages and rural sections. How often is the bane of such bigotry seen in the bitterness and jealousy among Christians, literally clutching at each others' throats. This is seen also in a waste of energy and resource. In a community capable of supporting only one church we sometimes have three or more. Consequently we have a poorly equipped and inferior ministry, because several churches try each to support an A-1

man, whereas united they could easily get a man to shepherd the whole community. This often results in divided relations in families, and the children often join neither church because of the fear of choosing. Then the outsider, presented with such a multiplicity of creeds and sects, is undecided and confused, and does not know which is right. This forms our greatest obstacle to work abroad. May I ask why can't we ask for these things?

I believe that such a program as this would result in a spiritual renaissance and a revival of piety; further, that it will unite the people in such a way that they will be able to influence legislation at home and international affairs abroad. We need to magnify the things we hold in common and to minimize our differences. I speak as a student to students, for this, our generation; if we accomplish these things we shall be able to convince people of our steadfast purpose to make Christ the Master of our Generation—then we shall rise up, strike hands, and move forward in a common cause, and take the kingdoms of this world for our Lord and His Christ.

KEKKONSHIKI

By E. B. DOZIER, '30

[Editors Note: Mr. Dozier was reluctant to disclose the intimate customs of his "native" land, but he banished his scruples by veiling a really authentic discourse with Romance—and quite properly, we must admit.]

Just at dusk, in the outskirts of Tokio, two figures stepped out the gateway of an immaculately kept garden. They made their way slowly down towards the river bank. One was talking.

"Say, Suëichi, my lad, it's high time that you were getting married. What's the matter with you anyway?"

"Pshaw, cousin, you know that I'm still a boy. Besides, I don't want to be tied up yet. Though these are my sentiments about the matter, Father is having the Ishikawas find a bride suitable for me."

"I'm glad to know that your father is taking such interest and is using such good judgement about the matter."

This conversation was carried on by two young samurai (knights). Suëichi was about twenty-one, while his cousin Sôjirô was about twenty-five. The two were about the same height and they resembled each other decidedly. As they neared the bridge they saw a number of gay houseboats, lighted up with bright lanterns, come floating down the river. Their conversation ceased as they walked on to the bridge. They halted just in the middle and leaned over the railing. A brilliantly illumined boat filled with a number of young gallants floated down stream. And close behind came another boat loaded with a number of vivacious girls and a group of older people. Now and again when their elders were not looking these coquettes would wave to the boys in the other boat. The two on the bridge watched these antics with an expression of disgust on their faces.

Then came two more boats which were filled 'similarly. Some of the girls in this crowd did like their sisters. But among them was a strikingly beautiful girl who laughed and talked with the other girls, but did not make any overtures to the boys. Her bearing captivated Suëichi, a fact which his cousin noticed. Then the boat passed under the bridge, and Suëichi hinted, "Let's go to the other side and watch the boats go town stream."

Then Sôjirô said to him, "Say, cousin Suëichi, what makes you want to go to the other side? Why didn't you go when the other boats passed? Now do you mean to intimate that love has gripped you? Is it that girl in that boat that so charmed you? What do you mean by this?"

"Sôjirô, that girl has certainly enchanted me. She's a beauty. What beautiful features and such lovely complexion! and also what luxuriant hair! Man, weren't you struck by her?"

"Yes, she is beautiful and well mannered. But I can't understand such a sudden change in you, you who are so slow in changing your mind."

This conversation went on in an undertone as the two walked across the bridge and watched the happy boatload disappear in the distance.

It was almost by brute force that Sôjirô piloted the enraptured Suëichi to his home on the hillside. Just before they parted at the gate Suëichi whispered in his cousin's ear, "I hope the Ishikawas will find this girl and choose her for my wife." And in reply Sôjirô said, "I hope your wish may come true for your happiness' sake."

The air had been electrified for Suëichi. He walked around seeing things and in everything he saw, he saw her. Later without disturbing his parents, he slipped into bed and dreamed pleasant dreams.

.

About a week later Mr. Kawakatsu called his son Suëichi into his room and spoke to him as follows: "Son, it's time

for you to marry and prepare to succeed me as chief retainer to our Lord."

"Yes, father, I know it. I feel that it is too great a responsibility for a lad of my age to assume."

"Your marriage is important and must come now. It's only the first step. Then after that I must train you in the etiquette of court procedure and also military tactics. It may be a year or two before I shall retire in your favor. The Ishikawas have found a young lady of exquisite manners and a beautiful countenance. Her name is Setsuko Hirokawa. Her father is a fine gentleman in the service of Lord Kawamura. Now, next Tuesday you are to go to the Hirokawas for your 'Miai,' (the first and last time the prospective man and wife see each other before their marriage). Mr. Ishikawa will come for you. Remember."

"Yes, father," said Suëichi, but in his heart he had misgivings. He was afraid that his father was going to make him marry some girl he could not love. Such are the frequent results of "arranged" marriages. But like a dutiful son he obeyed the commands of his father.

Tuesday rolled around and Mr. Ishikawa came for Suëichi. With his hair combed in the "chommage," and his two trusty blades at his side Suëichi made a stunning appearance. His pointed coat and his immaculate "hakama" (a skirt) finished his attire except for his "geta" (wooden clogs), which he slipped on at the door. Mr. Ishikawa greeted him with a friendly smile which alleviated his forebodings to some extent.

At the door the maid met them, but Mrs. Hirokawa appeared on the scene and ushered them into the sitting room. They seated themselves in front of the "tokonoma" (the place of honor), where were laid two "zabutons" (cushions). Mrs. Hirokawa retired and called her husband. Mr. Hirokawa greeted them with a pleasant smile and engaged in a conversation with Mr. Ishikawa, only now and then asking Suëichi some question.

Suëichi sat there in suspense, for he knew that at any moment he must expect to see his wife for the first time. He scarcely heard the questions asked him, and by some superhuman effort he managed to give them a civil, intelligible answer. It was impossible for him to take the thought away from his mind that in all probability his fondest hope would be dashed into a million pieces. How could he do otherwise?

Then came the moment when he would see his bride. The doors slid back and in walked Setsuko-san, the very beauty that so enchanted him that evening when he had stood on the bridge! She was far prettier than that night. She served him with tea with her own dainty hands. Such features and complexion had she as he had never seen before. But the moment he saw her he knew that he loved her. Once when their eyes met he could see her admiration of him in exquisite orbs of beauty which burned deep down into his heart. This poem came to his mind as he watched her:

If we could meet in privacy,
Where no one else could see,
Softly I'd whisper in thy ear
This little word from me—
I'm dying, Love, for thee.

Silently, almost dreamlike, Setsuko-san retired, leaving the men to themselves. Not long after she had left the room Mr. Ishikawa proposed that the visit come to an end.

At the door were Setsuko-san and her mother. Again her eyes met Suëichi's and in them were messages of love. She dropped hers quickly and did not look at him again for fear of incurring her parent's displeasure. But these two must say "sayonara" (good-bye) until their wedding day.

Somehow days pass slowly when you have to wait for something, especially when it's your wedding. But Mr. Kawakatsu would not let his son indulge in idle dreaming about the girl. Every day he drilled Suëichi in swordsmanship.

ship. Then every afternoon he taught the lad in the duties of chief retainer. Along with this he taught him court etiquette and also the moral code of the "bushi" (knights). One day he asked Suëichi, "Son, you have those two trusty swords I gave you. Do you know the uses of them?"

"I'm not so very sure, Father."

"The longer one is for your enemies and for your defense. The shorter one is primarily for yourself if you should have to dispatch yourself honorably."

"I understand now what they mean to a true samurai. What else should I know?"

"Son, remember that the honor of a samurai is without reproach."

.
"Setsuko, come here and let me talk to you awhile."

"All right, mother."

"Daughter, you know that you are going into the family of one of the most esteemed houses. Remember to be faithful in your work and obey your mother-in-law without a sign of rebellion if she should be thoughtless of you. But I sincerely believe that Mrs. Kawakatsu will be a mother to you. Though she may teach you many things, I want to give you this volume called the 'Onna Daigakko' (the Higher Learning for Women). It will tell you all about the conduct of married women. You know that when you leave this house on your wedding day you are dead to the Hirokawas. But always remember the teachings I tried to instill in you so that you may conduct yourself as a true Hirokawa. This is all I want to leave with you."

"Thank you mother. I will always remember your words. These last words of yours will I cherish deep in my heart."

.
These were particularly busy days for Setsuko-san and her mother. Every day was full of sewing and shopping. Each article of the trousseau was made either by Setsuko-san or

her mother. Each moment was full of something that demanded either their immediate attention or must be attended to before the wedding day.

At last the wedding day arrived. Almost with the sun Setsuko-san arose to busy herself with innumerable little tasks. The sun shone brightly as she opened the sliding doors of her room. A flood of light filled every niche of the tidy boudoir.

An hour or two later a number of men came bringing gifts from Suëichi to Setsuko-san and the rest of the Hirokawa family. All these were taken in and placed in the "tokonoma."

Soon after this a procession of men laden with numerous articles proceeded from the Hirokawa home to that of the Kawakatus. Some of these articles were pieces of furniture necessary for a wife to have, but others were gifts to the Kawakatus.

The other days had seemed very busy to Setsuko-san, but today it seemed as if everything was demanding immediate attention. Suëichi on the other hand had less to do than usual. Nothing seemed to need any action on his part until about sunset.

The men had hardly gone when the trousseau and the gifts for Setsuko-san were piled near the front door. These were placed there in a convenient place so that the young men who came for them at dusk could easily take them out of the house.

When this job was finished the family sat down for the last meal together.

Scarcely had they finished when the little hair-dresser came in to dress Setsuko-san's hair in the peculiar coiffure used at this occasion. Setsuko-san went into her own room with this talkative bit of humanity.

"Today is your wedding day, isn't it? Omedetoï gozaimasu." (May your happiness be complete.)

"Thank you very much."

Thus the two chatted about all kinds of topics, but especially those which were pertinent to wedding days. O Hana san knew the gossip of the whole section. So her tongue kept as busy as her fingers as she worked away for about an hour and a half.

At last the ordeal was over and Setsuko-san could get ready to dress. Dressing for a wedding took no small amount of time. And there were a number of helpers who were more of a nuisance than a help. Her "kimono" was an exquisite piece of heavy, black silk crepe. On the lower right-hand corner was a lovely white design. The "kimono" was folded the right over the left—this is the way the Japanese dress only the brides and the dead. Then a beautiful green and gold belt wound around about four times completed her charming costume.

About an hour before dusk Suëichi began to prepare himself for "Kekkonshiki" (the marriage ceremony.) After taking a bath he combed his "chommage" to perfection. Then he put on a fine grey silk "kimono" tied with an attractive black silk sash. Over the "kimono" he put on his grey wool "hakama." Then over all this came his elegant silk "haori." Of course he could not forget his two swords nor his "senses" (fan).

Just at seven a number of Suëichi's young friends accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Ishikawa arrived at the Hirokawa home. The sombre lanterns—used when there was a funeral or when a girl married into another family—had been lit in front of the house and a bonfire had been kindled. The young men helped to place the numerous articles on the wagons. Then Setsuko Hirokawa with a heavy white veil over her hair, slipped into her sandals and bowed low, bidding her parents farewell. Then she joined the Ishikawas at the door. Mr. Ishikawa seated himself in his "kuruma," then Setsuko-san stepped into hers, and, after her, Mrs. Ishikawa got into

hers. The procession started off to the Kawakatsu home. Before the company was out of sight the old playthings which Setsuko-san had used were thrown into the fire.

.

As the procession neared the brightly lighted house Mr. and Mrs. Kawakatsu and Suëichi came to the door to greet the bride. As soon as the necessary salutations were finished Mrs. Kawakatsu led Setsuko-san into her room in order that she might rest from the fatigue of the trip.

In a few minutes the couple were led into the sitting room by the "Go-betweens." The doors were shut on these four people. The bride and groom were seated in front of the tokonoma and the Ishikawas before them. Now the ceremony of the, "Sansankudo"—"There times three is nine." This is the ceremony of drinking from three cups in order to show that the complete union of man and wife takes place. On a small table were three cups fitting into each other and also a bottle of "sake" (an alcoholic beverage). Mr. Ishikawa poured out into the smallest cup some of the "sake," and handed it to Suëichi, who sipped it, then handed it to Setsuko who sipped, and then passed it back to Suëichi who drained the cup. After this Mrs. Ishikawa poured some "sake" into the next cup and handed it to Setsuko who sipped and handed to Suëichi. Suëichi sipped it and then returned it to Setsuko, who sipped again. Then Mr. Ishikawa poured into the third cup the "sake" and handed it to Suëichi who repeated his previous performance. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ishikawa pronounced them married. The doors were thrown open and the couple were ushered into the banquet room.

In the course of the evening the bride changed her costume seven times while the guests made merry with "sake" and music.

.

The moonlight flitted through the leaves and made a fantastic lacy pattern on the porch. The mirror-like pond lying out in the garden shone like a dusky jewel.

The couple stood silent for a while. Then Setsuko-san murmured, "I'm so tired, but oh how happy."

"And I, too, Setsuko-san. Now you are really mine," rejoined the contented husband—or at any rate they expressed sentiments quite proper to good Nipponese on such occasions.

WALT WHITMAN: THE POET OF DEMOCRACY

By W. L. McIVER, '26

The real contribution made by Walt Whitman to American literature is the marvelously vivid picture of a democratic society in its workaday aspects, its primal and basal instincts, emotions, occupations. In a very real, though not in an exclusive or ultimate, sense, he is the poet of democracy; that, as Professor Dowden and other discerning critics beyond the sea saw when his work first came into their hands, is his fundamental significance, his original quality. In his case, therefore, the background of his poetry is one of its formative elements; it furnished the material with which he worked.

Whitman was born in a place that gave easy access to open fields, to the sea, and to great cities, and in a condition that brought him into contact with working America. Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, on May 31, 1819. Dutch and English blood was in his veins, and he was the child of working people: farmers, mechanics, men and women who used their hands as well as their brains. On the father's side there was a strain of sluggishness in the blood, but with latent impetuosity and vehemence of feeling and action on occasion. The Quaker tradition had ceased to affect the dress and speech of the family, but it bore its fruit in a fundamental faith in individual guidance and in a free but reverential attitude toward religion.

The elder Whitman had been a carpenter, but during his residence in West Hills was a builder of excellent reputation for skill and thoroughness. The poet's mother was a large, quiet, strong woman, with little education, but of a deep nature; "benignant, calm, practical, spiritual" are the adjectives with which her son described her. The house in which Walt Whitman was born, which is still standing, was

already a century old at his birth, and the farm had been in possession of the family for three generations—a period long enough, as these things are reckoned in England, to make a “county family.”

The Whitmans at one time lived in a long, story-and-a-half farm-house, hugely timbered, which is still standing. A great smoke-canopied kitchen, with vast hearth and chimney, formed one end of the house. The existence of slavery in New York at that time, and the possession by the family of some twelve or fifteen slaves, servants for house and field, gave things quite a patriarchal look. In the house, and in food and furniture, all was rude but substantial. No carpets or stoves were known, no coffee or tea was used, and sugar was supplied only for the women. Rousing wood fires gave both warmth and light on winter nights. Pork, poultry, beef, and all the ordinary vegetables and grains were plentiful. Cider was the men’s common drink, and used at meals. The clothes were mainly homespun. Journeys were made by both men and women on horseback. Both sexes labored with their own hands—the men on the farm, the women in the house and around it. Books were scarce. The annual copy of the almanac was a treat, and was pored over through the long winter evenings.

The years at West Hills, in Brooklyn and New York, and the time given to travel, constitute the educational period in Whitman’s life; and while he was entirely familiar with some great formative books and deeply influenced by them, he was trained for his work out-of-doors. Few men have known so many kinds of people and been so much at home with men as he. Whitman had a passion for humanity, without reference to character, education, occupation, condition. The streets, ferry-boats, tops of stages, loafing-places, were dear to him because they gave him a chance to see men and women in the whole range of the conditions and accidents of life.

He drew no lines and made no distinctions; the saint and the sinner, the nun and the prostitute, the hero and the

criminal, were alike to him in their fundamental appeal to his interest. He went to churches, the great reform meetings, the best theatres; and he went also to hospitals, poorhouses, prisons. He had friends among cultivated people, but he loved the native qualities of humanity, and was most at home with working people—pilots, masons, teamsters, deck-hands, mechanics of all sorts; men who toil, as his ancestors had toiled, with the hands. He went wherever people were to be found, and spent a great deal of time in the streets and at popular resorts of every kind.

“He made himself familiar with all kinds of employments,” writes Dr. Bucke, “not by reading trade reports and statistics, but by watching and stopping hours with the working men (often his intimate friends) at their work. He visited the foundaries, shops, rolling-mills, slaughter-houses, woolen and cotton factories, shipyards, wharves, and the big cabinet and carriage shops; went to clam-bakes, races, auctions, weddings, sailing and bathing parties, christenings, and all kinds of merrymakings. He knew every New York omnibus-driver, and found them both good comrades and capital material for study. Indeed, he tells us that the influence of these rough, good-hearted fellows (like the Broadway stage-driver in ‘To Think of Time’) undoubtedly entered into the gestation of ‘Leaves of Grass.’ No scene of natural beauty, no ‘apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchard,’ no lilac bush with ‘every leaf a miracle,’ no ‘gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,’ no ‘hurrying-tumbling waves,’ no ‘healthy uplands, with herby-perfumed breezes,’ give him greater inspiration than the thronged streets of New York, with the ‘interminable eyes,’ with the life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, the saloon of the steamer, the crowded excursion, ‘Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus,’ the rushing torrent, the never-ceasing roar, of modern human life.”

Whitman was no stranger, however, in libraries and museums, and his walks afield were long and fruitful. With his

knapsack, a bit of luncheon, a copy of Shakespeare or Homer, he spent long solitary days on the sea-shore, often reciting aloud like the older bards whose lineal descendant he was. He was sensitive to music, and the opera gave him unqualified delight. He described the once famous contralto Alboni as "the blooming mother, sister of loftiest Gods." He knew Wagner's music only by report, but that he divined something of its significance is evident from his remark: "I know from the way you fellows talk of it that the music of Wagner is the music of the 'Leaves.'"

So far Whitman had seen life chiefly and by choice in its fundamental occupations, its simplest aspects; he was now to see it on the tragic side, and to be profoundly touched and influenced by it. In the second year of the Civil War he went to Washington and became a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals, supporting himself by writing letters to the *New York Times*. At the close of the war he became a clerk in the Interior Department, a position from which he was unwisely removed because of certain passages in the "Leaves of Grass." Later, he obtained a place in the Treasury Department, which he retained until 1873, when he was partially disabled by a slight stroke of paralysis. In the spring of that year he removed to Camden, N. J., where he had a modest home and not many friends. His means were very limited, but they were supplemented by the devotion of his friends. His health was much impaired, but his cheerfulness was unclouded. There, on March 26, 1892, he died, and lies buried in a Camden cemetery.

Mabie says that, against the background of childhood, youth, and the years of active and reflective life, sketched in the simplest lines, Whitman stands out with great distinctness and in striking contrast with his peers among American men of letters. With one exception, these were university-bred men, born into the gentlest and best social traditions, within reach of the ripest intellectual influences,

in touch with the finest expressions of the human spirit in its long, historic unfolding. Whitman's heritage was of a different kind; the influences which touched him immediately and most powerfully issued out of a contemporaneous life; he knew a few books well, and they were among the greatest—Tennyson, the Bible, Homer in translation, Shakespeare, Don Quixote; he read Hegel, Emerson, Carlyle, and other typical modern writers; but he found his material and his inspiration in the America which he saw with his eyes, touched with his hand, and divined with his heart—the America of active life, of colossal energy, of native manliness, of free, unconventional, friendly living. This America of the farm, the workshop the railroad, the prairie, the mining camp, the rushing, tumultuous play of elemental forces, he saw with a clearness of vision that no other poet has possessed, and described with a freshness and boldness of phrase that give incontrovertible evidence of real poetic power. This physical and social America is the background of his poetry; and in making it his background Whitman struck his one original note and made his one contribution to our literature.

Whitman took the roughest material close at hand, and not only divined its poetic significance, but resolutely set himself the task of making others recognize it. He was, fortunately, so accustomed to uncouthness, roughness, crudity, that these materials did not repel him; on the contrary, they appealed to his imagination. He had grown up with them and made friends with them in those sensitive hours when the imagination forms its intimacies; and the great, rough, crude life of the new continent opened its heart to him. Other poets had divined what was in the American spirit, but Whitman was the first poet to get into verse the continental volume of American life, its vast flow through the channels of a thousand occupations, its passionate practice of equality, its resolute assertion of the sanctity of the individual, its insistence of the supreme value of the native as against the acquired traits and qualities.

Whitman did what no other poet had done: he accepted not only the democratic ideal, but the life organized under it, without qualification, and with a deep joy in the new disclosure of the human spirit, the fresh equivocation of human energy, which it effected. Here and now, he declared, the American poet must claim his hour and his material; in the meanest and the worst the soul of goodness survives, in the roughest and the crudest the soul of beauty hides itself. Some of that goodness he evoked, some he made manifest. His attitude is expressed in lines which are prosaic in form but which reveal his point of view and suggest the sources of his inspiration:

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
 Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and
 strong;
 The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
 The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off
 work. . . .

Emerson expressed the American spirit with singular clarity and beauty of phrase; Whitman expressed the volume and rage of American life; the greater poet who is to come will compass both spirit and body. "In the reaction against the conventional, artificial, purely academic view of things, it is sometimes necessary," says Mabie, "to break a few windows; but breaking windows is always a temporary measure. Culture in the true sense is simply the process of growth, and the man who fulfils his life by unfolding all his powers is a more natural man than he who has suffered an arrest of his development. Democracy cannot change the laws which govern human life; it will be a great gain if it can bring in simplicity of living; it is quite certain that it cannot and ought not to preserve native flavor by retarding normal growth."

In Whitman's verses the sections disappear and the Nation comes into view, the provinces fade and the continent defines

itself. He expresses his conception of a Democracy as a vast brotherhood in which all men are on an equality, irrespective of individual traits and qualities.

Here Whitman is at his best and stands out as, in a very real sense, the distinctively American poet—the devout lover of democracy and its most ardent and eloquent singer. But even here there are limitations to be observed; for Whitman speaks for a plane of society, not for its entirety; he cares for and understands the elemental and basal types; he does not comprehend nor recognize the sharing of the great human qualities on a basis of equality by the more highly developed types. And Democracy, it must be remembered, does not mean the average man only; it means all men.

INFLUENCE OF THE MEMBERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMPANY ON THE CLOWNS OF THE COMEDIES

By H. L. SUGGS, '26

In popular conception, Shakespeare was a purely disinterested literary man, who wrote for the sheer artistry of writing. Nothing could be more erroneous than this conception. We see in Shakespeare not only the work of a poet but also that of an actor and playwright. Shakespeare was an actor himself and a member of a group of players. At the beginning of his career he was dependent upon the success of his plays and the success of the company in producing them. He was forced to pander somewhat to the popular literary demand and the limited personnel of his company. A modern dramatist can select, from a great body of professional actors, the performers whom he considers best suited to the roles he creates. But in Shakespeare's time all the competent actors were members of some one of either the London or the provincial companies.¹ The dramatist of Shakespeare's age had to compose specifically for the performers who were originally to undertake the parts, and had to be careful not to undertake any part for which there was not a fit performer already in the company.

In this connection E. P. Hammond says: "His work was done, not as a modern dramatist's for any company which Heaven and Frohman may please to call together, but for a small united band of men of whom he was one, with whom he lived in close intimacy. The form of words which styles him a professional manager writing for his bread and for the honor of his comrades, quite as much as for love of the game, is no idle one. He may have turned the pages of Holinshed's

¹ See J. T. Murray, *English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642*, London, 1913.

Chronicle from literary interest, but it is likely that his trained eye was searching for a story which would hang well on the shoulders of his close friend and leading tragic actor, Richard Burbage."²

Some may object strenuously to such a mercenary, "gate-receipt" view of Shakespeare's genius. But is his genius lessened by such a revelation? Rather, is not our admiration for his genius increased, when we consider that, with such a limited number of players from whom to suit the roles, he has created so many immortal characters?

It is the purpose of this study to present evidence that in the treatment of the Clown or Fool in the comedies,³ Shakespeare was influenced to a great extent by the members of the company who played such roles.

One of the most important and best known companies of actors in the time of Elizabeth was the one sponsored by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of the Queen.⁴ It was the first company to receive royal license (1574), in which document the names of the company are given: James Burbage, John Perkyn, John Laneham, William Johnson and Robert Wilson. Leicester took the company on a tour through England in 1587, on which tour they acted at Stratford-on-Avon. Some believe that Shakespeare became a member of the company shortly after this visit to his native town. The *Cambridge History* says: "In March 1595, we have the first documentary evidence that Shakespeare was a member of the company; the treasurer's accounts show that 'Wil. Kempe, Wil. Shakespeare, and Rich. Burbage' received payment for two comedies played at court on 26 and 28 December, 1594."⁵

In 1599 the company, after many shiftings from one theater to another, moved into the famous Globe. Shakes-

² "Shakespeare's Fools," *Atlantic Monthly*, CVI, 90.

³ Shakespeare's clowns are chiefly an adjunct of the comedies, with a few notable exceptions as the fool in *Lear*. In order to present Shakespeare's most immortal comic figure, Falstaff, one historical play, *Henry the Fourth*, will be included.

⁴ See *Cambridge History of English Literature*, VI, 277.

⁵ *Ibid.*, VI, 278.

peare was a shareholder, and at this theater he produced the plays written after that date.

"Many lists of actors are extant to show the composition of the company, and among its principal members at various times were Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Heminge and Henry Condell (afterwards the editors of the first folio of Shakespeare), Slye, Pope, William Kempe, and John Lowin."⁶

A prefix to Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*⁷ also gives a guide to the principal members of the company:

This Comedy was first
acted in the year
1598

By the then L(ord) Chamberlain his Servants

The Principal Comedians were

Will. Shakespeare	Ric. Burbage
Aug. Phillips	Joh. Hemings
Hen. Condell	Tho. Pope
Will. Slye	Chr. Beeston
Will. Kempe	Joh. Duke

Scanty evidence makes it almost impossible to determine what parts each of these principal actors played; however, as to the roles which Richard Burbage, William Kempe and John Heming played, there is more definite information.

Richard Burbage was the leading tragic actor. "There is good evidence," states the *Cambridge History*,⁸ "that he was the original Richard III, Hamlet, Othello and Lear in Shakespeare's plays, and it is probable that he also played Romeo. It is supposed with reason that he was the creator of all the leading parts in the plays which Shakespeare wrote for the company. . . ."⁹

⁶ *Ibid.*, VI, 279.

⁷ *Works of Ben Jonson*, New York (Amer. Book Co.), 1915.

⁸ Vol. VI, 279.

⁹ Although this study is concerned primarily with the influence of actors on clown parts, it is interesting to note, in passing, what Hammond (*Op. cit.*, *Atlan.*, CVL, 90) says ". . . as Burbage grows older Shakespeare's central figure grows older . . . the progress from Romeo and Richard through Benedick and Hamlet to Macbeth and Lear is a noticeable one."

The other two men, William Kempe and John Heming,¹⁰ are more related to this study. They took the comic parts—particularly Kempe, who was a clown and buffoon of the most pronounced type. Malone¹¹ states in a tract, the name of which he had forgotten, that “Heming is said to have been the original performer of Falstaff.” It is a fairly safe inference that the role was created especially for him. Hammond¹² goes so far as to say that Heming was chiefly instrumental in causing Shakespeare to attempt the comic figure in Henry IV. Unfortunately there is no evidence as to what Heming’s personal appearance was, except the inference from the character of Falstaff. He must have had a marvelous personality, and must have been an incomparable actor,¹³ and undoubtedly he was a stout man. How could he have been otherwise and have played Falstaff, whose vast plumpness is all mellow with physical delight and satisfaction, whose “form and mere bulk condemn him to repose and love of pleasure, laziness, epicurean comfort, cynicism, and idleness. . . .”¹⁴

It was William Kempe who influenced Shakespeare more than any other single man in the creation of his comic parts. Kempe began his theatrical career in Leicester’s company. He is mentioned in 1586 by Sir Philip Sydney in a letter as “Will, my lord of Lester’s jesting plaier.”¹⁵ When Leicester died (1588) and Stanly, Lord Strange, took charge of the company, Kempe remained with his fellow-actors, as attested by an order given to six members (Kempe’s name appears) by the privy council to play seven miles out of the city of London.¹⁶ Thus it is definitely established that Kempe was a

¹⁰ The name has many forms: Heminge, Hemminge, Hemynges, Henninges, etc.

¹¹ As quoted in *Dictionary of National Biography*, IX, 384, from his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, (1800).

¹² *Op. cit.*, p. 94.

¹³ Heming’s histrionic career justifies this inference. He not only played in Shakespeare’s productions, but in many plays of Ben Jonson, including *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, and *The Alchemist*.

¹⁴ G. G. Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries* (transl. by Bennett), 6th ed. London 1903, p. 323.

¹⁵ Murray, *op. cit.*, I, 85.

¹⁶ *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, X, 1279.

member of the company in which Shakespeare acted and for which he wrote.

What parts did Kempe play? There is definite evidence for two parts. "In the second and third quartos of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' (1599 and 1609 respectively), 'Enter Peter' is misprinted as 'Enter Will. Kempe' (Act. IV, sc. 5), and in 'Much Ado about Nothing' in both quartos of 1600 and the folio of 1623, the names of Kempe and Cowley are prefixed, by a copyist's error, to some speeches respectively of Dogberry and Verges (Act. IV, sc. 2)."¹⁷

Since it is certain that Kempe was the outstanding comedian of the company, it is no strained inference to assign to him the other clown parts of the earlier comedies which were written between the dates 1597 and 1599. It is reasonable to suppose that the Costard of *Love's Labour's Lost*, one of the Dromios of *Comedy of Errors*, Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and possibly Launcelot Gobbo of *The Merchant of Venice* were originally acted by Kempe.

A study of these characters in relation one to another makes the conjecture that one man acted the parts almost a certainty. There is a kind of family resemblance common to them all. They are all pure "elowns." If we call up mental pictures of them, we see one common physical type: large heads, clumsy bodies, awkward gaits. They all have their scenes of punning and slap-stick dialogue.

The relation between these clowns and the rest of the play is the very loosest. For example, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Launce and his dog are brought on the stage promiscuously without the least relation to the rest of the play. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Bottom and his rude "mechanicals" form a complete plot, but they have some connection with the bulk of the play. The inference is that Shakespeare was beginning to learn to work in these clown scenes which heretofore had had little relation to the plot.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, X 1280.

and Slender, for Shakespeare reincarnates the pair in *Twelfth Night*.

There is another bit of information which gives a clue to another actor and the parts created for him; a slip in the printing of the second and third quartos of *Much Ado* (this same inaccuracy of the copyist gives the clue to the parts Kempe acted), in the second act, the stage direction reads "Enter Prince, Leonto, Claudio and Jacke Wilson."²⁶ Wilson was the impersonator of Balthazar, who sings, "Sigh no more, ladies; sigh no more." The fact that Shakespeare had a trained voice in his company undoubtedly influenced him to write parts for that actor and in these parts to give him a song or two. Accordingly we have Feste, the fool in *Twelfth Night*, with his delightful snatches of song, and Amiens in *As You Like It*. In all probability Wilson took both of these parts. The world is indebted to his beautiful voice as the means which prompted Shakespeare to give to it these little lyrics.

The weaving together of these facts and inferences—inferences so obvious that they are almost facts—brings us to the conclusion that it is beyond question that Shakespeare adjusted the clown and fool parts to the capacity and talent of the members of his company, of whom Heming, Kempe, Armin and Wilson were the men who influenced him most. Thus we see that Shakespeare wrote these comic parts according to his intimate knowledge of the histrionic ability of the men whom he had at his disposal to perform them.

²⁶ See Brander Matthews, *Shakespeare as a Playwright*, New York, 1913, p. 186.

THE CHILDREN

By DR. BENJAMIN F. SLEDD

["'One of the finest things in the English language,' said a Harvard-trained man of this poem the other day; and in his judgment we heartily concur."—Dr. Clarence Poe, in reprinting the poem in *The Progressive Farmer*.]

No more of work! Yet on my way to bed
Noiseless into the children's room I go,
With its four little couches all a-row,
And bend a moment over each dear head.
These round, soft arms upon the pillow spread,
Those cheeks with daytime gladness yet aglow,
One tearful, smothered sob of baby woe—
Fond words of chiding, would they were unsaid.

And while on each moist brow a kiss I lay
In rapture grown almost to pain and fear,
Close at my side a whispered name I hear:
Our long-lost babe who came with dawning light
And in the midnight went from us away.
And with bowed head I say one more goodnight.

—Reprinted from *The Watchers of the Hearth*.

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

V. R. BRANTLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. H. KEMP

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOVEY

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

H. J. OVERMAN AND DALLAS HOLLOMAN

VOL. XLIV

NOVEMBER, 1926

No. 2

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

V. R. BRANTLEY, *Editor*

**A Word
to the
Foolish**

One hundred years ago the accepted religious belief of humanity, both Christian and non-Christian, might have been generalized as: beautiful childish faith in a miraculous creation, ideal existence, and sincere expectancy of spiritual reward (or punishment). Today the generalized belief resolves itself into: confusion, pragmatism, and settled convictions of no sort.

There can be only one main power back of this cataclysm; another root of evil, and one worse than money, is the *Power of the Press*. This Power revels in its omnipotence and roars with fiendish glee as the ignorant public becomes nauseated with or, usually, intoxicated by the mass of indigestible filth that pours down its throat from the Power.

The clergy are frantically beseeching one another to explain the drift of the country's youth away from the church. Nothing could be simpler than the answer to this question. What has the church to offer that can compare with the convenience of Freud and Nietzsche, and Ingersoll and the others? But I'm side-tracking the issue. Let me return to this diabolical Power of the Press. Those unprincipled would-be disillusionists could have shouted themselves hoarse from the stages of the most popular theatres in the world, but that same world would have given them only passing notice. It required the Power to scatter their pollen on the budding minds of coming generations, and the Power was quite ready, as always, to reap the golden shekel crop from radical intellects which found an irresistible charm in such risqué philosophy. We have all been tainted with it. We can't withstand the overpowering influence of the stuff, as it slyly sinks into our subconsciousness, for man is pitifully prone to fashion his code of conduct and thinking after his own personal conveniences. Granting, then, that everybody is on the verge of atheism, infidelity, and insanity (which isn't far from being realized), we still crave our Santa Claus and pray the wrath of the gods upon whoever disillusion us and takes the joy out of life. We may all be Supermen and beyond any effect of sentimentality and emotionalism, but if we are, we had best dine on prussic acid and strychnine, for appreciation of life depends upon these attributes of human nature. A dumb brute has the ability to enjoy only the sensual experiences of life; realizing such a spiritual and intellectual lack, would any man exchange his for the animal's circumstances? Yet Materialists and Behaviorists the world over

are striving to produce this exchange by removing every vestige of idealism and intangibility, and thereby reverting the human race to the level from which it *ascended* ages ago.

Now, wherefore all this recitation of facts which must be of common knowledge? Just this: Thinking men, and especially college men (for they are supposed to furnish the mental effort of the nation), must offer the only substantial resistance to the impending catastrophe. This Power of the Press cannot be curtailed; its devotees must be the center of attack. The College Press alone stands subject to restraint, and remains the sole unblasted tree in a wilderness of trees all covered with the fungi of commercialism, and the slimy, crawling seekers after publicity. Of late, even this responsible bulwark is tottering. Pushed to extremes to prove its rights to existence, the College Press succumbed to a desire for notoriety, and the result was the publishing of obscene articles, stories, and poems, calculated not to represent the literary standard of certain colleges but to gain notoriety for the publications at whatever costs. North Carolina, notwithstanding our boasted "Southern Gentlemanliness," and the noted lecturer who termed the South "the only hope for culture" in America, was not to be eclipsed by her Northern sisters. Not a month ago one of her college publications marred an otherwise excellent collection of student contributions with a story after the style of an article which appeared in a certain magazine of national repute. The original article was published with the sole purpose of clouding the public eye with the foul image of the magazine, and this story in the college publication was a high-handed duplication of the same stunt.

To add a fitting climax to a resumé of other's faults, nothing can be more conceited than to recite one's own virtues. However, be that as it may, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT aims at literature for Art's sake, and stands *pro humanitate*. Should it reach its goal ultimately, then, and then only, may we truthfully say that THE STUDENT "speaks for itself."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. E. POOVEY, *Editor*

Because of the delay in the arrangement for exchanges, and the consequent reception of only a few magazines from other colleges, this department is still marking time. While we wait we venture a few suggestions.

Editors, other members of staffs, and contributors need to remember that our magazines are essentially *literary*—in purpose, if not always in character—and that everything possible must be done to reach and maintain creditable literary standing. There are various means which may be employed to this end. First of all, we must awaken in some way the creative ambition in the students, thereby enlisting a greater number of contributors and securing more varied material for publication. It follows, of course, that we should publish only the contributions which merit such recognition. This policy should be followed even at the cost of decreasing markedly the bulk of the publication, both for the sake of upholding the excellence of the magazine, and out of respect for the readers. Also this practice will cause the successful authors to feel that they have been honored; and since human nature craves honor, competition will naturally arise among the writers. Second, there should be no place in a literary magazine for that superficially eloquent avalanche of superlative nonsense, known as "bull." Granting that this "elevating" dialect has, perhaps, its place on the political stump, and on occasions where *nothing* must be beautifully said, magazines of this type have no need for it.

After reviewing the publications on hand we are impressed by the unfortunate fact that the various staffs must have been hard pressed for something to print. As examples of this difficulty we refer to the rime, "Raleigh for Me"

which appeared in last month's issue of this magazine, and to the *Chronicle's* section of College Spirit in the form of verse.

It seems that most of our poets lack fruitfulness this season; whereas the few that are somewhat prolific are bearing wormy fruits and are pitifully in need of spraying and pruning. But, taken as a whole, the poets of the *Duke Archive* show a superiority over any other we have heard from; "The Iris" and "The Return of the Paralus" are comparatively good poems containing some degree of beauty and inspiration, and with fairly accurate meter and rhyme scheme. However, as yet, we find no expressed promise of genius even in these.

Thus far arrangements for exchange have been made with the *Depauw Magazine*, the *Emory Phoenix*, *The Meredith Acorn*, the *Florida Alligator*, the *N. C. State Wataugan*, the *Duke Archive*; and the *Clemson Chronicle*; but copies have been received only from the last four. Again we invite the college editors to exchange with us.

ALUMNI NOTES

E. H. KEMP, *Editor*

In this issue of THE STUDENT, our section is to be devoted entirely to the giving of information about Wake Forest Alumni who are teaching in colleges and universities.

Joseph Quincy Adams, '01, has become famous as an authority on Shakespeare. His *Life of Shakespeare* is recognized as a masterpiece. He is teaching at Cornell University.

Thomas H. Briggs, '96, is doing extensive work upon the problem of the Junior High School. He is a member of the faculty of Teachers' College, Columbia University.

J. F. Royster, '00, is Dean of the Graduate School at the University of North Carolina.

The following Wake Forest men are college presidents:

John E. White, '90, Anderson College; E. W. Sikes, '90, Clemson College; R. W. Weaver, '92, Mercer University; Charles E. Brewer, '85, Meredith College; Oscar E. Sams, '98, Carson and Newman College; Carlyle Campbell, '11, Coker College; W. B. Edwards, '12, Chowan College; R. L. Moore, '92, Mars Hill College.

D. B. Carrick, '10, is Professor of Pomology in Cornell University.

A good many Wake Forest men have chosen the field of English. The number includes: Harvey Vann, '07, Baylor College; Myron McCurry, '19, Franklin College, Indiana; Roger P. McCutcheon, '10, Tulane University; C. T. Goode, '04, Richmond College; J. H. Simmons, '88, Brenau College; P. L. Elliott, '19, and A. S. Gillespie, '26, Mars Hill College.

Carl Murchison, '09, is head of the Department of Psychology of Clark University, Massachusetts. L. Q.

Haynes, '11, is Professor of Philosophy in Colby University, Waterville, Maine.

John C. Calhoun Dunbar, '84, is Professor of Mathematics at Anderson College. T. B. Ashcraft, '06, holds a similar position at Colby University.

Wake Forest alumni teaching in the department of History are: R. H. Taylor, '16, Furman University; R. M. Lee, '22, Mars Hill College; H. T. Shanks, '18, and C. C. Crittenden, '21, University of North Carolina.

William J. Ferrell, '82, is Bursar of Meredith College. C. W. Carrick, '15, is a professor at Purdue University. D. W. Arnette, '13, is teaching in the department of Biology at Simmons University. Judson D. Ives, '05, is teaching Biology at Carson and Newman College.

E. V. Howell, '92, is Dean of the School of Pharmacy, University of North Carolina. Sumner A. Ives, '03, is Dean of Science at Howard College.

Claudius T. Murchison, '11, is Professor of Applied Economics, University of North Carolina.

Some other alumni who are teaching in colleges are: T. J. Simmons, '80, Brenau College; H. I. Hester, '18, Furman University; P. C. Stringfield, '08, Mars Hill College; E. E. Folk, '21, Mercer University; Forest C. Feezor, '20, William Jewell College.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo.

A kiss in time saves nine—efforts.

Bill Riley: Joe, how do you tell if it's a college town?

Joe Clayton: Because the girls won't speak to you if you wear a hat.

First Porter: Boy, yo' sho' has got a big mouth.

Second Ditto: Yo' damphool nigger, dat ain't no keyhole in front o' yo' mouth.

There are two kinds of women: those who shut their eyes when kissing and those who look to see if you do.

Dr. Bradbury to Dr. Carpenter (about a month ago):
Look here, Doctor, I understand that you are going to pass out before long.

C.: That's news to me. Explain yourself.

B.: Well, you're getting married, aren't you? Then you and your wife are to be one.

C.: Yes, but—

B.: Son, you just won't be that *one*.

Early to bed—early to rise,

Keeps your roommate from using your ties.

Tom Carraway says: I've got a photographic girl now, Joe. I just take her into the dark and wait for development.

Ad in *Old Gold and Black*: OUR SHOES ARE GUARANTEED TO FIT IN LENGTH AND BREADTH.

"There goes one of those crowbar girls."

"Whateha mean, 'crowbar girls'?"

"Her face is nothing to crow about, and she bars nothing."

"I'm a sticker," cooed the chewing gum, as the frantic soph tried vainly to get it out of his tangled locks.

When louder clothes are made, college boys will wear them—
And when more quizzes are discovered, college profs will
adopt them.

FOR THE SEWING CIRCLE

Absence makes the tongue go faster.

Four Freshmen (kidding George Daniel): Say, George,
did you know that the Devil is dead?

George digs up a penny for each of them.

Four Frosh: But what's this for?

George: Aw, I'm always glad to help orphans.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
The Sextet of Life (verse)..... <i>Henry J. Overman</i>	101
For Theirs is the Kingdom (story)	<i>Elbert A. McMillan</i> 103
Mortmain (story)	<i>Henry J. Overman</i> 116
Upgrade (story)	<i>Elmer Cloer</i> 121
ALUMNI CONTRIBUTIONS:	
On Stealing Watermelons.....	<i>A Countryman</i> 130
Gift Neckties	<i>One Who Wears Them</i> 132
FROM THE FACULTY:	
Guests (verse)	<i>Dr. Benjamin Sledd</i> 134
DEPARTMENTS:	
The Editor's Easy Chair....	<i>V. R. Brantley, Editor</i> 135
Student Chapel Talks.....	136
Church and State.....	136
Well Said	137
Exchange Department	<i>C. E. Poovey, Editor</i> 138
Scribes' Gallery	140
Alumni Notes	<i>E. H. Kemp, Editor</i> 141
Apoplectic Alcove	<i>J. D. Hamrick, Editor</i> 143

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

DECEMBER, 1926

No. 3

THE SEXTET OF LIFE

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

I

Childish laughter; tin horns blowing;
Sleds are dragging on the floor,
Drums are beating, nuts are cracking—
Christmas cheer, and fun galore.
Youth and maiden, gay and thoughtless—
Knowing not of love and romance —
Free in life as it lies open,
Make of it a merry May-dance.

II

While the pigeon cooed and warbled
At the shyness of his mate;
While the grey squirrel gamboled
On the hickories by the gate:
'Twas then that he began his thinking
Of a cozy nest for two;
It was then the maiden answered,
"I love you, dear—only you."

III

It was Christmas when they wedded,
Drifts of snow were rolling higher—
How the bright flames gaily rollicked
As they stood before the fire.

Her cheeks, the rosy apples
 Rivalled in the firelight's glow,
 And the flames that burned within them,
 None, save lovers, ever know.

IV

Quiet is yet upon the homestead;
 They alone are by the hearth:
 Flames are painting reminiscent
 Pictures on the parlor walls. Hark!
 "Listen to that rumble, Mother,
 The rogues are coming; hear their feet!
 But we've finished with the stockings;
 They are stuffed with Christmas treat."

V

Christmas snows again are drifting;
 Firelight flickers on the wall;
 Painted pictures, shades and shadows,
 Forms in silhouette recall.
 Cæsar wags his tail and wonders
 At the silence of the two,
 Who, with longing unrequited,
 Listen for the sound of youth.

VI

Silence reigns in brooding triumph,
 Another chair is vacant now—
 Fire is dying; embers glowing—
 With feeble hand to snowy brow,
 Rests, in life, a weary direlict,
 To familiar land-marks clinging;
 Thinking of another Christmas—
 Of the past, with reverence dreaming.

FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, '29

The little loves and sorrows are my song:
The leafy lanes and birthsteads of my sires,
Where memory broods by winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys, and ghosts of ancient wrong;
The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair, and strong.

—John Charles McNeill.

It was late afternoon—Christmas afternoon it was—and the slanting rays of a December sun touched lightly upon the weary figure of Jimmy MacIntyre. Altogether, Jimmy considered it had been the saddest Christmas he had ever known. His mother, Jimmy's sole companion for the twenty years and the twenty Christmases prior to this one, had just been laid to her last rest.

It was hard, Jimmy had thought, to have a funeral on Christmas Day. Hard, of course, on other people. As usual the plodding little man was thinking of others and their happiness, leaving himself in the background. But Mrs. MacNair and the other good souls of the neighborhood had seen to all the arrangements, thinking all the time how "helpless Jimmy would be alone." And Jimmy, whose life had always been planned and plotted by some one else, had patiently accepted the date set by the neighbors, along with the other plans handled by them.

There was just a little resentfulness in the mind of the overcoated figure as it stood now in the front yard of the old home. A little of the bitter flitted across the fine face as Jimmy gazed out toward the south at the long sweep of

cotton-land that fronted his place. Why wasn't some one here now, he reflected ironically, to tell him what to do next, what to make of the rest of his life. But this unusual shadow passed from the face of the silent figure as quickly as it had come, and once more Jimmy was thinking of his mother—gone now, forever.

For many years now the ever patient Jimmy, with his blind and faltering mother, whose mind, earlier in life, had given way under the constant strain of suffering, had lived in the white house behind him. He had taken good care of the wrinkled, helpless little old lady, and had managed to provide a reasonable number of conveniences to cheer her last days. There had been the wind-driven water pump, with its accompanying fixtures, a complete set of books in Braille type which on her "good" days she enjoyed and many other little things to make life easier for her.

Standing now in the gathering chill of the Christmas afternoon, Jimmy wondered if he *had* done his best, and if he had made the most of his opportunity to serve a weaker one. Magnified visions of things left undone in the years past suddenly swam before his eyes, and not for the first time that day he brushed a glistening tear from his tanned cheek.

The creak of buggy wheels a short distance down the narrow road that led to Haddington, the nearest town, awoke Jimmy from the reverie that had held him, and drew his eyes to meet the oncoming vehicle.

Its sole occupant he saw, was, Louise Willis, for twenty years a teacher in the Friendship community school, and somewhat of a fixture in the little Scotch settlement. She had lived all these years with the MacNairs, who owned the farm adjoining Jimmy's, and had become literally "one of the family." She was, Jimmy guessed, returning there now. She had stopped over in town after the funeral, perhaps.

As the buggy drew nearer Jimmy noticed again, as he had done on countless previous occasions, the tender, revealing beauty of its occupant. There was a winsomeness, a wist-

ful something about Louise Willis' small, pale face that did not change with the years. Jimmy thought now, as she approached, that there was the same beauty there that had struck him so many years ago.

The buggy had reached the MacIntyre place now, and Louise, clear-voiced as ever, and with a curious tenderness of inflection, had spoken, "I'm so sorry, Jimmy."

And Jimmy, bashful as always in her presence, replied huskily, "Thank you, Louise."

The dilapidated old vehicle continued its way down the road, and Jimmy, witnessing its retreat, *thought* and *remembered*.

Jimmy MacIntyre, as bashful and backward a country swain as had ever lived, was just twenty when Louise Willis had come to Friendship to teach. Louise, a sophisticated young lady of eighteen, and until very recently a student in the State "Female Institute," came to Friendship for no reason other than that the dean at her recent Alma Mater was originally from the little Scotch settlement and, becoming interested in the young girl, and always having at heart the welfare of his old home, promptly found an opening for the girl in the school there.

It was in early September—a beautiful mellow, Indian Summer day—that Louise came by train to Haddington, the nearest railway station to Friendship. Old Bob MacNair, chairman of the school committee of the Friendship school, and one of the leading farmers of the county, met her at Haddington with his best top buggy and prized dapple gray horse.

Louise, having been previously described to the old man, who was to carry her to Friendship, was easily singled out from the two or three other women who descended from the train, and was shortly accosted by the grizzled old farmer.

"Are you the new teacher?" was the abrupt question tendered the young lady who had alighted from the train.

"Why—why, yes," stammered Louise. "I'm the new teacher at Friendship and somebody was to meet me."

"Sure, sure," said the big man easily. "I'm Bob MacNair, and I'm that one." He grinned infectiously.

The new black-bound trunk was soon securely fastened to the rear of the buggy, and the unusual couple—one a big, substantial man, the other a mere slip of a girl—had set out for Friendship—a long ten miles.

"Well, young lady," MacNair was saying after an hour's travel had put them some six miles nearer their destination, "do you think you'll like it with us?"

And Louise, who had in the hour's time come to know quite well that big-hearted man who sat beside her, smiled up mischievously as she said, "If they're all like you I know I shall."

"They won't all be like me," replied the big man ponderously. "Like everywhere else, you'll find all kinds. There will be some of the good and some of the bad and some that are neither one. The young folks there have mighty good times, though, and I believe you'll like it."

"I'm sure I shall," sighed the young teacher happily.

After almost another hour's creaking and grinding along the sandy road, the old buggy finally rolled up to the MacNair place that was to be the home of the new teacher during the following months.

Mrs. MacNair, a comfortable old soul, as the wife of Bob MacNair would be, and Catherine MacNair, blushing young daughter of the two, were over-cordial to Louise and were almost immediately on intimate terms with their new boarder.

"Oh! what beautiful things," the hostesses exclaimed as Louise unpacked her trunk.

"What, these? Louise laughed. "Why I've had everything I've got for years."

The first trying days in the one-room school were over and the regular routine of school work had followed the mad scramble of the first few days. Louise, away from home for

any length of time for the first time in her life, had suffered not infrequent touches of acute homesickness, that most painful, if not most fatal, of all maladies. Bob's prediction as to the liveliness of the young folks seemed well grounded, however, and after the first few weeks, Louise's out-of-school life became a continuous round of oyster suppers, hay rides, Sunday afternoon parties, and a general series of good times.

Her natural loveliness, together with her ability to mix and sympathize with all kinds of boys and girls, made for her a following of friends and admirers such as was unusual even in gay Friendship.

It was late in November, a dark, blustery, November afternoon, that Louise's attention was first forcibly called to Jimmy MacIntyre. True, Jimmy was always on hand at the various functions that made up the social life of the youth of Friendship, but his bashfulness and timidity had kept him in the background. Louise had noticed him especially on account of this backwardness and had some vague notion of having met him at one of the earlier get-togethers.

All of this did not keep his appearance at Mr. MacNair's on this November afternoon from being a bolt from the blue to Louise. He was waiting in the parlor of the MacNair home when she returned from school on this afternoon—waiting with a huge armful of white and gold chrysanthemums. He got up as she was conducted into the room by the hovering Mrs. MacNair—got up rather badly, and quite awkwardly, as was his custom.

"Miss Willis," he began bravely, but quaveringly, at last, "er-er I thought you might like some of these (a vigorous cough) er-flowers."

Louise advanced, smiling, and had begun to thank him when, as if continuing the outpouring of a prepared speech, Jimmy started again, "You see, we have a hot-house, and our flowers last longer than most—" He had quite recovered himself by now, and was reciting his speech like a gentleman when Louise broke in:

"I thank you so much, Mr. MacIntryre. (At the same time thanking her stars that she remembered his name.) It's very kind of you, and the flowers are so sweet. And *isn't* it late for them!" she added prettily.

"Well," began the apologetic Jimmy again, "they're not as nice as they were, but I thought maybe you could use them in your school room."

Assuring him that she could, and striving vainly to ward off the inevitable subject of the weather, which was so warded off for fully five minutes, Louise spent a hectic few ages. With the ultimate broaching of the universally adaptable subject, Jimmy found occasion to depart, and awkwardly, as ever, refusing thanks, backed himself out into the previously discussed weather.

Within the house again, Louise, having immersed the stems of the generous bouquet in a tub of water, sank down in an easy chair before the fire and thought—and thought.

"He is sweet, and good," she murmured to herself after a while, "and I like him."

Days slipped by on magic wings, and before Louise realized it, Christmas was only seven days away. The modest little Christmas exercises had been held in the school, and Louise was free. There had been, of course, communication with her father back home some two hundred miles upstate, but even though Mr. Willis's requests had been urgent, and her own longings more so, Louise finally decided to remain at Friendship for the holidays.

The usual Friendship "crowd" had been augmented by the return of three or four additional young people for the holidays. The usual round of parties, boat rides, and other entertainments had likewise been added to by the new arrivals, with the result that Louise, together with Catherine MacNair, was on the go practically all the time.

Since the time of his rather unusual visit to the MacNair's, Jimmy had not been with Louise at all. As usual, he was in attendance at all the parties, playing his usual passive

role, and enjoying seeing other people enjoy themselves, but at the same time studiously avoiding any direct contact with the joy-makers as individuals. Louise had wondered about him and had, on occasions tried, in a very maidenly manner, of course, to arrange to be put with him. Something, however, always intervened, and they had not met each other since the memorable day in November.

It was on the twenty-second of December that Louise did, once again, hear from her backward friend. It was through the mail that the message came—an invitation, and from Jimmy! It read:

The *Ladies-men* of Friendship request the honor of your presence at an oyster supper at Dan MacGregor's, on Christmas Night, December 25.

R. S. V. P.

The invitation was carefully penned, and Louise noticed that the word "Ladies-men" was underscored heavily with a pencil. So Jimmy did realize his failing, and perceive the irony of even connecting his name with such a word.

Louise, smiling gently, accepted Jimmy's invitation with a note, thanking him for thinking of her, and again reminding him of the flowers that had served so well in her bare school room.

Christmas Day, that best and finest of all days, came at last. There was no snow, but the day was clear and cold, and was, as Louise joyfully declared, "just perfect." Bob had got a huge cedar tree, and with the assistance of Mrs. MacNair, Louise and Catherine had decorated one of the best, the biggest, and finest of Christmas trees. They had had the presents, had gone to church, and had eaten one of the best of Christmas dinners, and at last it was time for Jimmy.

Louise had arrayed herself in the warmest of her finery (for it was very cold) and was all ready when the clear ring of a horse's hoofs on the frozen ground told her that her escort was coming.

Jimmy, so cold he simply neglected to be bashful, came bursting in the door like a young cyclone.

"A Merry Christmas," he fairly shouted, "and a Happy New Year."

"Oh Jimmy," cried Louise, "hasn't it been a wonderful day?"

Then, fearing that something might happen to set off again the horrible self-consciousness that had so cramped the boy, tried to keep up his spirits and not allow him to forget and drop back.

And he did, with her help, keep up his spirit. He was a different boy, everybody noticed, on this night from what he had ever been before. There was an entire absence of that inexplicable reticence that had always kept him out of things.

The oyster supper, thanks to the very efficient work of Mrs. MacGregor in the kitchen, and to the life instilled into the party by Louise and the new Jimmy, was a brilliant success. After it, the whole party, both ladies and ladies-men, assembled in the living room before a huge open fire and played games until nearly ten o'clock. Following this everybody wrapped up to the point of cumbersomeness, and, couple by couple, went down to the river, some two hundred yards away. A full moon soared in the deep blue vault of sky overhead, lighting up with an æri-blue brilliancy the path that led down to the river.

Louise and Jimmy, still together, were among the first to reach the water and consequently, were among the four lucky couples who had the first rides in the quartet of canoes that had been provided for the joy-makers.

The river was swift and beautiful in the moonlight, and the graceful canoes, riding smoothly over its surface, had soon glided around the first bend.

In Jimmy's and Louise's canoe there was a quiet that harmonized with the silent beauty of their surroundings. Louise, seated facing Jimmy, looked up through the trees at the moon

and with her eyes followed its course through the arching boughs above the river.

Finally she looked down and ahead at the strong face before her. There was a depth of soul expressed there that she had never realized as belonging to Jimmy. Suddenly she spoke very softly:

"Jimmy, tell me about yourself."

"About me?" The strong face relaxed into a boyish smile. "What about me?"

"Why have you been so bashful? Why have you seemed to avoid me," she asked, looking up at him. "And now, why have you changed so, become so much stronger?"

The boyish smile vanished. In its place came a tenderness, a depth of expression, that was as new as the Jimmy that was so puzzling Louise.

"Do you really want to know, Louise?"

"Oh, Jimmy, I do. Please tell me."

"Louise, dear, it's you. It's you that has changed me and has taught me what life can mean. It's you that has taught me to respect myself and try to make something of my life. Since I've known you I have tried to cure myself of my awful backwardness, and to be myself. Tonight I was scared—badly scared. But I had determined to carry it through for you, and I did. Perhaps I forgot myself in thinking of you. But I'm afraid now in a different way. I'm afraid to love, afraid to feel about you as I do. Do you understand?"

Louise, surprised beyond measure at first, but later understanding and believing, was looking intently into his face as Jimmy paused.

"Oh, you dear," was all she could say for a moment. Then:

"Jimmy, I can't quite understand. Do you really *love* me?"

"I do," from Jimmy softly.

"And I love you too, Jimmy."

Their eyes met with a look of perfect understanding.

"I believe you," replied Jimmy.

Jimmy turned the canoe around, and soon his strong arm had carried them back to the landing. Another couple was waiting for their canoe, and having turned it over to them, Jimmy and Louise joined the crowd on the bank. Some one had built a fire, and all had gathered around and were singing happily. They were in the midst of a catchy, popular air of the day, and were beginning the refrain as Jimmy and Louise approached. The happy couple joined in with a will, singing words something like these:

Dearie, my dearie,
Nothing's worth while but dreams of you,
And you can make every dream come true.
Dearie, my dearie,
Give me your hand. Say you understand.
My dearie!

As the final strains of the sweet little song died away in the night air, Jimmy's and Louise's hands met and clasped fervently.

The days following were joyful ones for Jimmy and Louise. When the farm work was all done, and night had fallen, Jimmy would often hike over the fields to the MacNair place, where he would stay in happy company with Louise until nine or ten o'clock. On each of these visits Louise would pledge again and again her faithfulness and love, Jimmy reciprocating with his own.

Early in February, at a time when things seemed rosiest for the couple, Mr. MacIntyre, Jimmy's father, fell ill with pneumonia. Dark days passed. Silent, white, nurses came and doctors, black and professional looking, who were able to do little more than join in whispered consultations.

Then one day—a cold, raw day it was—the doctors called Jimmy into the sick-room. "The crisis," they said.

Jimmy's mother, nearly blind, and with failing mind sat by the bedside, holding her husband's hand and crying softly.

It was Mr. MacIntyre who broke the silence. In a broken, faint, whisper, he spoke to his son:

"Jimmy, I'm leaving you now, Son. You've been a good boy, and I know you will always be one. Jimmy—about Mother: Son you know how helpless she is. She needs you, more than anyone else. Promise me, Son, before I go, that you'll keep Mother. That you'll take care of her and not marry 'til she joins me up yonder. I don't want her to be moved, and of course you couldn't ask a girl to come here and help take care of an invalid. It won't be long, you know." His voice broke. Very weakly now, "Promise, Son."

Jimmy, bright tears welling over his eyelids, choked suddenly, "Yes, Dad, I promise," he sobbed. "I'll do what you say."

The old MacIntyre place was quiet once again after the funeral. Friends had come and gone, and now Jimmy and his mother sat alone in the quiet, quiet, living room. Mrs. MacIntyre sat in the corner rocking to and fro easily, and fingering her Braille Bible. Jimmy, his head buried in his hands, was in a straight chair in the opposite corner. After several minutes of silence Jimmy got up and slowly walked across the room to his mother's chair. His brown head, bowed in an agony of grief, smoothed his mother's hair lightly.

"We'll stick together, won't we mother!" he asked softly.

His mother, understanding even less than before, did not answer.

It was two days later that Jimmy found his first opportunity to speak with Louise. It was one of Spring's first days—early in March. Louise had just returned from school as Jimmy reached the MacNair place, and was still attired in her gingham school dress. She came out to greet Jimmy, meeting his eyes with a loving, sympathetic pair of blue ones that tore at his heart.

"My dear, dear boy," she murmured.

They sat down together on the rustic bench under the big cedar tree in the front yard.

"Louise," finally spoke Jimmy, "I've come to tell you something that means everything to both of us." "It's about us—our future. On his death-bed Dad asked me to promise not to marry until Mother was gone. I promised."

His bowed head lifted, and his eyes met hers.

"Do you understand, Louise?"

"Of course I understand, Jimmy, and do you want me to wait?"

"Would you, Louise?" cried Jimmy, "could you?"

"Why Jimmy, you know I can and will, if you'll let me."

Jimmy's face turned heavenward, and his lips moved with a prayer.

As the events of his life flash before the eyes of a drowning man, so the details of Jimmy's youth passed through his mind as he stood gazing at the buggy that was bearing Louise—his Louise, away from him.

And suddenly Jimmy MacIntyre did a very unusual thing—a thing that would have shocked beyond measure the kindly dames that had assisted in the interment of his mother less than an hour ago, and would indeed, have shocked infinitely the Jimmy of an hour ago. He set out, running, to overtake the slowly moving buggy some fifty yards down the road!

Years of regular and strenuous exercise on the farm had not been for nothing, and when a few seconds later Jimmy had overtaken the plodding horse, it was a fresh and untired youth, and not a tired old bachelor who swung himself on the step of the buggy.

Louise, surprised, had begun, "Why Jimmy, what on earth—," when Jimmy—the same confident Jimmy of a Christmas just twenty years ago—had cut her short.

"Louise, I can't bear it any longer. I want you, I need you so. Tell me that you'll be mine again. Tell me that you

haven't forgotten—that we can be happy after all. We're free now, sweetheart—free after so long. Can't we belong to each other after all?"

And Louise, a new light shining through the tears that glistened in her blue eyes, answered brokenly, "Jimmy dear, we've always belonged to each other, haven't we?"

And Jimmy, again surprising even himself, gathered in his arms the wistful creature beside him and met her lips with a kiss—a long, long delayed seal to a faithfully kept vow.

MORTMAIN

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

Christmas was just about over. That is, the last Christmas wrappers had been dumped from the waste-basket, and the berries were dropping from the holly boughs as they lay wilted beside the trash-can. Mrs. Locke was sweeping bits of tinsel down the door steps when she noticed an oblong box on one end of those same steps. It was wrapped with brown wrapping paper of the heavier grade, but was tied with a gorgeous ribbon of red and yellow. This contrast first aroused a feeling that a trick was being played on her, but following closely was a woman's natural curiosity, and Mrs. Locke stooped and lifted the package. She cast a sheepish glance around her to see that none were looking, and entered the house.

Still suspicious, Mrs. Locke laid the box on the library table and again looked around her. Then she began to pull at the knots in the ribbon. The knots finally gave to her fingers and slipped off. Slowly the brown paper was unfolded, and the edges of a white cardboard box were exposed. Suspicion fought a losing fight with curiosity and the cover of the box was lifted, revealing a small cedar chest heavily mounted with brass. A key was in the lock, and Mrs. Locket excitedly turned it and raised the lid. Carved on the bottom of the box was the one word "Mortmain."

"Het," called Mrs. Locke as she crumpled into a chair, "call Mr. Locke. We're conjured."

Into the library waddled Het, with arms akimbo, and dishtowel draping over the right hip. She rolled her eyes at her mistress as she lay in the chair, and then waddled toward the back door.

"I sho don' know what injured de missus, but she sho am uneasy 'bout the 'velupments uv dat injury," she mumbled. 'T's uv de 'pinion dat she's been medlin' wid spirits and dey has done what Marse William calls 'ciproated. Anyway, she sho am injured."

"Marse William," called Aunt Het from the back door, "Missus Annie am injured. Come quick 'fo de spirits finish wid her."

Mr. Locke dropped the wrench on the ground by the runningboard and sprang toward the door where Aunt Het had been standing. He could hear her mop-like steps as she returned toward the library, and he passed her in the hall.

"What is the matter, Annie—what's happened?" he blurted out when he saw his wife's face.

"We're conjured, William, we're conjured. Oh, I just felt like something would happen when Ione broke that mirror. I told you not to get her such a present, too." Mrs. Locke rolled her head from one side to the other in mental anguish.

"Conjured!" exclaimed the dismayed husband. "Het said that you were injured, and I thought that something *was* the matter."

Mrs. Locke began to whimper. Her stronger-half bit his lip and stepped up to the chair where her head would rest against him.

"Now, now, Annie, dear, don't take it so hard. Tell me all about the whole affair. We'll have it all straight in no time. Who has been pestering the little wife?" he comforted as he stroked her hair.

"I don't know—I don't know," was the reply. "Look in that box. It was left on the steps and I opened it before I thought."

Looking into the box Mr. Locke read the word "Mortmain." His hand went to his head and he leaned on the table for support. "My God, Mortmain!" he exclaimed. "It has come at last."

"Oh, William, do you really know what it is?" asked Mrs. Locke as she sprang from her chair. "That would be so much more interesting. I thought that something unearthly had happened." She pulled her husband to her chair and he slumped into it. "Aren't you going to tell me what it is, darling?—can't you see that I am dying to know?" she continued, as she ran her fingers through his hair. "You know that we have kept nothing from each other since we were married seven years ago."

Mr. Locke raised his head and gazed into his wife's face. "I know, dear, but this is different. I can't tell you this. I alone must bear the burden left me by my people."

"Now, William, you know that I would tell you about anything that my people might do, and you must do me the same. I know that your folks came from back in the mountains, but I can keep anything," she insisted.

"Oh, Annie, you don't understand—you can't. It is a thing of family honor that I alone am left to defend. It has come, too, when I was happiest. I must go, though, for I cannot play the part of a coward." As he finished speaking Mr. Locke gently pushed his wife aside and walked across the room to the mantel. Above the mantle hung a heavy breech-loading mountain rifle. The rifle was heavily mounted with silver, and on the stock, in silver inlay, was a hand. Mr. Locke took the rifle from its hangers and lifted it to his shoulder, sighted down the long barrel, and left the room as he lowered the rifle. His wife followed to his "den," but the door was locked and did not open when she knocked. Inside could be heard hurried movements. She soon decided that her husband was dressing, and walked back to the library.

When at last the sound of steps was heard on the hall stairs, Mrs. Locke stepped out into the hall. Her face was crimson with anger; her lips were tightly drawn, and her head was dangerously high. Mr. Locke stopped when he met her.

"Annie!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

"You know what is the matter, William Locke, and when you return from ministering to your precious people, you may also bring a housekeeper. I am going home."

Her husband stood agast. Mrs. Locke faced him for a moment, and then walked toward the stairs.

"Annie," called a voice behind her. She turned, but did not speak. "If you must know," continued her husband, "come into the library and I shall tell you the secret, but you need not try to keep me from my duty, for I am going."

Again seated in the library, Mr. Locke began. "Nearly a century and a half ago a family of Scotch Highlanders settled in the practically unpeopled Blue Ridge section of North Carolina. They were the Lockes, one of the most independent clans of Scotland. For years everything went well, but finally another family, also from Scotland, came and settled in the same section. The two clans soon came to blows. Intermittent warfare continued until law stepped in and forced the younger members of the clans to leave the neighborhood. They had largely lost interest in the feud, but blood is thicker than water, and if a fight started they were there to take a hand. Anyway, the clans were broken up. My father was one of the bitterest of the later generation, and was never allowed to return to the highland home that he loved. He persuaded me to swear that I would return if the call should come for me. This call is the word "Mortmain." It means, literally, "a dead hand." That is, I am next in leadership of the few remaining members of the family clan; that the hand that last sought vengeance for the clan is dead, and that I am to return and take the honor of the family on myself. That chest with its message has been left in the keeping of the clan leader for nearly a century, and at his death has been mysteriously transferred to the next in line. You may say that my duty is foolish, but it is a gift from the grave, and I must obey the call."

Mrs. Locke sat forward in her chair, and when her husband had finished speaking, stepped forward and took the

hand that lay on the table. "William," she said, "we have misunderstood each other, but from now on we are partners. When do we go west?"

Before Mr. Locke could answer, the doorbell rang. Mr. Locke answered the bell, and his wife heard greetings exchanged and laughter that followed. Then steps drew near, and Mr. Locke entered with another man who could have been mistaken for his brother. On the arm of the latter was a young woman who was dressed in a brown traveling suit.

"Annie, this is my cousin Larry Locke and his bride. They are spending the honeymoon with us. We may be forced to take them back to the hills with us, though, but they will understand the situation," introduced Mr. Locke, smiling. "Larry has a surprise for us, however; so we will wait to hear it. Go ahead, Larry."

"It is this, William, with which I surprise you. As a matter of custom, you were served with the call of 'Mortmain,' but the last of the Lairds are gone, and 'Mortmain' carries no further duties. A dead hand no longer hangs like a cloud over our lives."

UPGRADE

By ELMER CLOER, '28

The program said the play was to be a tragedy. The familiar scene around him colored the atmosphere with the vivid spirit of *comédie drame*.

Grant Theatre, the non-pareil of its class in the old university town of Harrisville, pulsated with irrespressible liveliness and rollicking good humor. There were vivacious Coeds and sleek, self-complacent or hilarious Collegians; studiously sober college professors and their smiling wives; preoccupied minds of the business world; severe elegance, bizarre effect, and soft loveliness of the social world. His feeling of being almost a living anachronism in the old college town of his Alma Mater soon left him.

The dramatist had turned the full force of his Slavic genius upon portraying a story whose powerful plot was woven in, around, and through the Russian Revolution of 1917. It was a stark portrayal of the cataclysmic wrecking of the old regime and order of Russia.

Lawrence had hardly noticed the two girls and middle-aged lady who sat one seat beyond him on the same row. A half-smothered exclamation broke from the lips of one of the girls, who sat in a tense, strained position, trying hard to hear every word and see every move on the stage. Even in the dim, shadowy light of the Theatre he could see the pale anxious faces of the girl and the lady, whose eyes were, at times, filled with tears.

Lawrence, with his acute perception of particulars, saw that the agitated girl was singularly yet quietly beautiful—a slender, aristocratic figure in blue, with an air of simple, unsophisticated grace and poise.

At the next glance he saw that unaffected charm, fresh, sparkling beauty, and winsome grace sat in the next seat. This girl's bobbed hair of a perfect blonde hue, her tastefully bright dress, and her independent air marked her, with pleasing exactitude, as a Coed at Brandon. Though she fell into the tragic seriousness of the play, and though she was sympathetically sober and sincerely regardful of her friends' mental distress and agitation, this circumstantial mood of hers could not conceal her true disposition and real nature.

Just before the terrible denouement of that portrayal of gruesome suffering and inordinate suffering, Lawrence noticed the dark-haired girl look across the Theatre and meet the gaze of a pair of burning fanatical eyes, looking out of a face of purposeful malignity and terrible hate. The girl quickly whispered something to the lady, and both, for a moment betrayed some harassing perturbation. But with a hasty, searching glance at the light-haired girl, who was observing the play, the two, by a perceptibly desperate effort, effected a camouflage of composure as if to keep the other girl unaware of the situation. Lawrence followed the three with his eyes as they quickly moved down the aisle, and he noticed that the same affected composure was maintained.

Standing by his seat for a moment to let the crowded aisle empty itself he suddenly noticed a small hand-bag lying in the seat between the Russian girl's seat and his. One of the girl's must have left this. Interest aroused, he opened what he noticed as a rather expensive dark brown handbag. His eyes fell on a card bearing the following name and address: Natalie Alexyvitch, 1334 Bernard Avenue.

Russian. Her agitation and distress during the play. Now he could see the Slav in that face. He would deliver the handbag before combing some college dormitory for an unoccupied bed in which to spend the night.

But who was that short, stumpy, dark-headed man whose malevolent, sinister expression and burning eyes had so

palpably excited the girl and the lady? Lawrence himself had not been unobserved when picking up the handbag, for the same penetrating eyes were burning into his own back. On reaching the sidewalk, and while standing among the thronging theatre-goers, he felt a strange something drawing his eyes toward the theatre door. He looked. A crafty, cadaverous face, forming a sombre, murky background for two feverishly desperate eyes, the intensity of whose gaze revealed the seething hostility that lurked behind them, met his with a fixed stare.

"1334 Bernard Avenue," spoke Lawrence to an alert taxi driver at the curb.

"Pardon Sir, but are there any objection to my picking up another gentleman going to Bernard Avenue,?" asked the driver with professional deference.

"No," replied Lawrence, his mind already preoccupied with the singular incident now in the making.

They stopped before a modestly-attractive house. The taxi driver ran up the steps to meet what the street light revealed to be a medium sized, slightly-stooping, gray-haired man. His well-trimmed mustache and short goattee lent a well-borne air of distinction and quiet dignity to his face. Yes, it was the self-contained air of the scholar. Nothing else. A foreigner too. Lawrence did not hear the man's succinct directions to the driver and didn't get the accent.

When the car stopped at 1334 Bernard Avenue Lawrence started to get out of the taxi. The older man, taking his first notice of Lawrence, shot him a scrutinizing glance, his keen face wearing an expression of mingled surprise and inquiry.

Both men stepped upon the sidewalk, facing a shrubbery-covered yard and a beautiful yet unpretentious home.

"This is 1334 Bernard Avenue, isn't it,?" asked Lawrence.

"Why yes," came the foreignly accented reply.

Lawrence starting to produce the handbag, asked: "Docs Miss Natalie Alexyvitch live here?"

"Why yes," again came the answer.

Lawrence explained that he had found a handbag which apparently belonged to a young lady living here.

"Come in," replied the stranger, who, as Lawrence soon learned, was Dr. Ivan Alexyvitch, professor of Russian Literature in Brandon University.

Soon the two girls whom Lawrence had seen at the theatre came into the room. Russian and American he observed at a glance.

He was presented to the daughter and the Russian professor and to Miss Alice Nelson. The softly-speaking Russian girl received the handbag with an exclamation of surprise, for she had not yet missed it. Lawrence was scarcely aware of her expression of thanks. He found himself contrasting the Slavic solemnity and gravity of manner that pervaded the room and characterized the Russian man and girl with the lively vivacious spirit of Alice Nelson. He was about to go, when Professor Alexyvitch spoke with more than Russian eagerness: "Sit down, everybody! Now tell me about the play . . . Here, young friend, sit down—we must talk. What of the play, daughter?"

Her face paled. "Why—the acting was—was superb, but the play—oh, terrible. Father, I'm glad you didn't go to the theatre." The sincerity of her hastily spoken words was unmistakable to Lawrence, and with a well-hidden effort at composure she turned to the other girl, making some casual, inconsequential remark. She had said nothing about the dark, fanatical-looking figure that had so obviously frightened her. Lawrence wondered. Then suddenly asking her father to excuse her she left the room and was followed by Alice Nelson.

Lawrence lingered. What was the cause of the agitation of the girl and lady at the theatre? Who is Alice Nelson? Who was the man of the malevolent countenance and burning eyes of the theatre? While he kept asking himself these questions, suddenly he was aware that he was himself talking

with the professor about his desire to study medicine. He saw the older man's face light up strangely, while there was in his eyes an inscrutable look that he could not interpret. The mystic Slav soul seemed to respond with peculiar interest to every word the young man spoke.

Then Lawrence remarked: "The play at the theatre this evening was—was a tragic picture of the revolution in your country." And with sudden acquiescence to a growing impulse he continued: "As I sat near your wife and daughter I perceived that they were very much agitated and distressed at seeing the play."

"Yes, friend," answered the professor, in subdued tones and with a touch of ironic sadness, "Our family had many relatives and friends killed in the Revolution and that grief has never lost its poignancy."

A dark, cadaverous face and a sinister, fanatical expression flashed before Lawrence's imagination. But he asked with subtle nonchalance: "Does Miss Nelson live here?"

Lawrence learned that the professor had a friend, a famous English surgeon, Dr. Joseph Nelson. The professor and his friend had studied together in Germany and in France, one studying medicine and the other literature. They had come to America about the same time; and their parallel success had been a mutual happiness to them.

Dr. Nelson, a member of the faculty of a great medical college, was now on a leave of absence, studying for a year in Vienna and Paris. His wife being dead, he had left his daughter Alice in the home of his old friend, the Russian professor. Alice was a senior Coed at Brandon.

Pausing for a moment, as if uncertain of the propriety of the young man's interest, the professor continued his narrative, in tones of suppressed anxiety.

Dr. Nelson had some relatives and some dear friends killed in the Russian Revolution of 1917; and, with almost fanatical zeal and inexorable rancor, he had concentrated all

his powerful influence in unrelenting condemnation of the Soviet Government. Though this one man could do nothing toward effecting the disintegration of the revolutionary government, the doctor's writings, disseminated throughout Europe, had aroused the implacable hatred of a ring of Russian fanatics. The Russians, fearing international complications with near neighbors, had not attacked the doctor in Europe; but he was cognizant of their surreptitious actions toward silencing his protesting voice. His daughter Alice had been kept ignorant of this menacing hand over her father.

The professor's story and the peculiar incident of the theatre flung themselves into startling form in Hobart's thinking brain. A dark, cadaverous, sinister face impinged itself on his imagination. These dark facts were coalescing into a realization of the critical situation.

Lawrence saw that the man was wracked with nervousness. Knowledge of this strange character of the theatre would throw him into a fever of terrible apprehension. Should he divulge the suspicions in his own mind probably the professor would frantically inform the police station. And voluble old John Parker, chief of police, and his loquacious assistants were evidently not the men to act with discretion. The stranger of the theatre would hear of or sense the danger, drop out of sight, and appear later to do his deadly work. Thus Lawrence reflected, but he left without disclosing his thoughts.

Walking toward the university campus he rapidly came to the conclusion that he would see a certain competent plain clothes man early in the morning and get him to working on the ease. Situations of this nature had to be handled with extreme care. Nothing could be done tonight. He tried to dismiss the nervous strain that had a slight grip on him.

Strolling along the tree-lined avenue which fronts the university campus he passed several collegians whose hilarious laughter rang along the almost deserted street.

"Say Jack, that noted English doctor at Harvard, Dr. Joseph Nelson, who has been in Europe recently, is going to speak to the med class day after tomorrow," lazily called a fellow to his friend drifting down the street.

"How'd you get that," came the amiably sceptical reply.

"Happened to be in Dean Franklin's office this afternoon when he got a telegram saying that Dr. Nelson would be here day after tomorrow. Dean asked me to see Professor Alexyvitch—Lord, that's some cognomen—and tell him the news—he and the doc are old buddies they say. Thought I'd see the prof at the show tonight and tell him then, but he wasn't there. I had a date with Sylvia after the show. Guess I'll see him in the morning. No, by George, I won't 'cause Dr. Nelson is coming in on the two-thirty train this morning. Guess the prof is booked for a surprise."

The thought struck Lawrence like a torpedo. Dr. Nelson returning on the early morning train. The Russian plot. The Russian fanatic here to strike the blow when Dr. Nelson stepped off the train in the early morning hour.

The police. No. They would mobilize all the artillery in town and seare the would-be assassin under cover. The man must be caught now. The professor. Such news would throw him into a paroxysm of terror.

Lawrence, tingling with excitement, arrived at the railroad station, which dozed forlorn and deserted in the cool, midnight air. He concealed himself in the shadow of two large baggage trucks, and there awaited the coming of the train.

A dark, heavily-cloaked form partially revealed itself at a corner of the station building in the light of the approaching train. The locomotive groaned to a standstill. Lawrence, with one quick leap, was directly behind the gleaming-eyed foreigner, the noise of the train drowning out the sounds of his swift approach.

As two men appeared at the head of the car steps, Lawrence's catapulted toe struck the half-concealed pistol of the would-be assassin, sending it spinning into the smoke-

gray atmosphere. Two well-placed blows sent the Russian crashing against the train, the impact of his body against the ear knocking him unconscious.

"Hobart Lawrence, great Caesar, what's all this about?"

Throwing the tangled hair back out of his eyes, Hobart stared with unseeing eyes at the two men before him.

"Phil Ferguson," he finally stammered.

All eyes were forced to the dark, prostrate form near the train. The doctor's gray-bearded face, bending over the unconscious Slav, soon lost its expression of amazement. His keen mind saw in a moment that he had just missed being the victim of an assassin's bullet.

At that moment the law appeared in the heaving, panting, corpulent form of a suddenly-aroused policeman, who—strange to say—happened to be parked somewhere in the vicinity. The bovine placidity of his amorphous face was shattered by a ludicrous expression of pretensions inquiry. Lawrence, in a few jerky phrases, which he meant to be stolen from the ears of the doctor and Ferguson by the noise of the steaming train, told the policeman that this man had tried to attack his companions and him and they had casually ineapacitated him. The gullible custodian of the public interests never doubted the gentleman's veracity; and, gratified with the opportunity to exert his official authority, he gladly relieved Lawrence of the trouble of looking after the unconscious Russian. Lawrence would reveal the prisoner's purpose and intent tomorrow—or later.

"Hobart, meet my uncle, Dr. Joseph Nelson, who has just returned from Europe," suddenly spoke Ferguson, one of Lawrence's old army pals. "Met him in New York and thought I'd run down here with him for a day or so. Say, Hobe, what in the world are you doing here? Never dreamed of seeing your old physiognomy."

"You old cosmopolitan—so you're English too, are you, Phil?" said Lawrence to Ferguson, who then began to climb the family tree with great dexterity.

"Said in your last letter you were planning to study medicine, Hobe," said the loquacious Phil.

"Yes," answered Hobart reluctantly, for his pecuniary circumstances would not warrant his parading his intentions so forcefully. "The wall fell out of my Wall Street interests," he added, with a cheerless grin.

At this acknowledgement of Lawrence the great surgeon's face lighted up, but he said nothing.

On the following evening at the professor's home, Phil got Hobart out on the porch for a few minutes.

"Hobe, you know my company—well, you know I've become a partner in our old automobile concern," he said, with an expansive grin. "You know, old man, Marston, the man you recommended for the job, is a scintillating huminary in the old world of salesmanship. But here's what I want to tell you in no uncertain terms: go ahead and store that old head of yours with knowledge of the old Medica. I'm lending you the currency."

Old Cynthia looked as if she were higher in the star-sprinkled heavens tonight than she was last night as Lawrence, with peculiar eagerness, told Alice of his plans for the future. Moving upgrade. So was he.

ON STEALING WATERMELONS

BY A COUNTRYMAN

In the "Sunny South" summer time and watermelon time are almost synonymous terms. Of course we are accustomed to think of white fields of cotton as representative of the South, but one who knows the real South knows that it would not be complete without its abundance of watermelons—pulled and stowed away while the dew is on them. "Uncle Tom" will tell you something about the big "millions" he used to grow for "Massa John" and sometimes you may hear him droning:

Oh, see dat watermillion a-smilin' fro' de fence,
How I wish dat watermillion it was mine.
Oh, de white folks must be foolish,
Dey need a heap of sense,
Or dey'd nebber leave it dar upon de vine!
Oh, de ham-bone am sweet,
An' de bacon am good,
An' de 'possum fat am berry, berry fine;
But gib me, yes, gib me,
Oh, how I wish you would,
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine!

He who would know the real joy of eating a watermelon must steal his or eat one that has been stolen. I do not mean that one is to steal a watermelon from a store or from one who is selling them; that takes all the fun out of it, to say nothing of the ethics. To get the kind that really tastes good, go to a patch about midnight, roll out the melon marked "SEED;" cut this open, eat all the sweet juicy meat you want, and then put the seed back and put the melon as nearly as possible as it was before.

It is not etiquette to damage a melon patch; just take what you want and leave the others. A bunch of young

men were out hunting 'possums one night in early fall. They came to a fine melon patch. After they had eaten all they wanted, one of the party suggested, "Let's stack his vines." The others refused, but he was insistent, and so they helped him. It seems he didn't recognize where he was; he found the next morning that he had stacked his own patch.

The boy who has not helped cure tobacco and who has not been on the "watermelon committee" has missed a rightful part of his inheritance as a Southerner; he has been cheated. There is an indescribable thrill in taking a bag across your arm and going off to bring in a supply of the juicy sweets. You pray for darkness and fear the worst if the moon happens to break through the dark clouds that are hurrying along. You may have good luck or you may find the selected patch guarded. One night we found a guard on duty; he had dozed off to sleep. What a chance! We sneaked up and got his gun, and before he was thoroughly awake we had him blindfolded, gagged and tied. We got our melon, left the blindfold on our prisoner, left his hands tied and removed the gag. Before he could get free or summon help, we were back at the barn and all but one as fast asleep as 'possums.

One night it was my turn to go alone. I was making a short cut across a cotton patch when I stumbled. My, what a big melon, and there was another. Why go on? I pulled them and started to the barn. Gee, but they were heavy. When I arrived at the barn the fellows poured my "melons" out, and then they yelled. I had brought in two *citrons*.

GIFT NECKTIES

By ONE WHO WEARS THEM

Yuletide should be, I take it, essentially a period of joy, thanksgiving and the giving of gifts, and it is generally agreed that one should have some appreciation for what relatives and friends bestow out of the fullness of their hearts. But I am outside the pale, because I find it exceedingly hard even to express my thanks in bare words. The Christmas season has departed leaving upon my shoulders a sore task—that of wearing out, or getting rid of by hook or crook, an assortment of neckties of most impossible hues and most unspeakable designs.

Why do old maid aunts and other lady friends insist upon giving neckties for Christmas presents? And where under the canopy of heaven do they manage to discover such freakish embellishments? I can explain it in no other way than that they do this purchasing (if the accumulation of such oddities may be termed thus) by that mysterious craft known as “shopping.”

As a Christmas present the necktie has become almost as *staplized* as the carpet slipper. I wonder if every young man receives as many cervical outrages as I do? If so, then surely the haberdashers of the land have sufficient cause to lift up their voices and rejoice, thinking that they have been blessed with the Midas touch.

I suppose our well-meaning friends must reason somewhat after this manner: “Now, I have so many presents to look after this Christmas that I don’t have time to think about dear John’s present. I’ll just get him a nice tie, I remember I gave him one last Christmas; men can always use neckties to advantage. And, by the way, I saw the loveliest display of ties down at Isaac Finklebaum’s place; they seemed

quite reasonable too. I don't see why they're not just as good as that so-called exclusive Wilson Brothers' line."

So, gentle readers, that is why such characteristic phrases as these fall from men's lips on Christmas morn, amid the flurry and flutter of opening mail: "Another necktie!"—"O, ye gods!"—"This ought to be presented to a curio shop!"—"Where in the world did she find this rainbow?"

There is an old adage to the effect that one should never look a gift-horse in the mouth, but, like Laocœon of old, I fear the Greeks even when bringing gifts, and shy away at every flat, oblong, holly-wrapped box I see.

Of course, one must wear Aunt Lucy's or cousin Mary Jane's outrage to every aesthetic and artistic sense, or the family will notice it immediately and want to know the reason why. So, after spreading the collection out before me, and gazing with dazzled eyes at the gorgeous display, I finally muster up courage enough to knot one about my neck and sally forth before the public eye, in a veritable blaze of splendor—and Solomon in all his glory would look like a tramp beside me.

GUESTS

By DR. BENJAMIN SLEDD

(Printed by permission from Dr. Sledd's forthcoming volume *The Children*.)

Once more is here the holy Christmastide;
Alone I watch the Yule-log's dying brands,
While still the yearning heart one gift demands
Of Him who bade us ask nor be denied.
And midnight come, the door I open wide
And over my threshold stretch glad, welcoming hands,
As one who knows that in the darkness stands
A guest, longed-for, yet lingering there outside.

Come in, dear babes! Unchanged your chair and plate
Are kept, and flowers you loved, beside, are set—
Heart-leaf and fragrant winter violet,
And chance-found basil, dewy-cool and sweet,
This morning plucked where bank and brooklet meet;
And gifts for you, as for the living, wait.

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

V. R. BRANTLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. H. KEMP

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOVEY

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

H. J. OVERMAN AND DALLAS HOLLOMAN

CIRCULATION MANAGER

E. F. UPCHURCH

VOL. XLIV

DECEMBER, 1926

No. 3

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

V. R. BRANTLEY, *Editor*

Student Chapel
Talks

Those in authority are to be lauded for relieving even so slightly the boredom of chapel. They should be complimented for introducing a plan that should prove the salvation of chapel in general. Once a week a student appears before us; needless to say he gets undivided attention. On other days, unless the usual professor is one whom the lads call a *good fellow*, and

though he may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, he is suffered, tolerated, listened to—but not heard. The erring college chaps, pushed into reverie by his uncolorful utterances, turn their thoughts to anything but religion. Now, when a fellow student appears upon the scene (or rather, the stage), all eyes are focussed upon him. Even though these eyes are critical ones, taking stock of the speaker's dress, noting his subject matter, mentally arguing with him, perhaps sneering at him, yet the owners of the eyes are almost unanimously attentive, and that's as great a success as one may expect of chapel.

Church and State

It seems that some religious leaders of North Carolina brought their respective conferences to a mutual grand finale by "pulling a boner" that even laymen have noted and jibed. "The Near Iconoclast," screaming from his nest in Charlotte, made his column in the *N. & O.* ring with words to the effect that Methodists and Baptists united in an action which shattered their most cherished policy: namely, the separation of Church and State. A whole column in *The Independent* was devoted to the assumption that Al Smith should figure in the minds of voters on the basis of ability, regardless of his Catholicism. The writer's aim was evidently to show that discrimination against a man on account of his religion would result in the defeat of the very principle on which the nation was founded. This reminds us of another incident that happened recently, an added proof of the growing perversion of religious codes. In conversation with another student, a certain man emphatically asserted that he judged it a greater sin to curse or to fail to attend church regularly than to wound—possibly kill, a fellow man. There can be only one conclusion out of such a statement: self-centered people are making their religion a sort of fetish, rather than something fine, and noble, and brotherly.

The Exchange Editor seems to have punched a hornets' nest when he rapped the verse "Raleigh For Me," which appeared in the October issue of *THE STUDENT*. Complaints are coming in that the poem was too sharply and undeservedly criticized. A conference with the Exchange Editor has revealed the fact that the criticism indicated some degree of discretion. The galaxy of contributions in the various college publications impressed him as being below standard, and, not being a selfish man, he felt the necessity of taking a crack at his own magazine. Being in doubt as to which contribution should receive notice, he chose the verse mentioned above. Since he regarded the poem as one of the most delightful things in the collection, he was sure that his statements would meet with objection and result in highly increased appreciation of the poem and the magazine itself.

Some time ago a club on the campus was considering the election of new members. A list of those eligible was placed before the club, and the election was about to begin. Then the faculty member of the club rose to his feet and asked the privilege of saying a few words before the election should take place. His words were: "Measure these candidates on this basis: character, scholarship, and sociability." No further explanation was necessary; in one sentence he had encompassed all the specifications for desirability. Upon these depends the selection of a man for any part of college activities. These determine of what worth has been one's college education.

Well Said

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. E. POOVEY, *Editor*

The whole STUDENT staff has initiated a sudden spurt of activity and perused the various copies received for exchange. Each member has tried to get his individual opinion across. But this department has boiled down such a bulk of opinions and presents herein the results.

Notwithstanding the fact that N. C. State College is primarily a school of industrial arts with little emphasis upon the Fine Arts, the November Wataugan contains just a whit of disappointment. The poem, "Thanksgiving Day," was the only selection that received unanimous approval. The ditty, "A Student and His Clock," is amusing as a bit of whimsical plunder, but as poetry—nil. In "Love's Reverie," a pretty little love song, I find a sentence that puzzles me, and I would appreciate an explanation from the author as to its meaning. The line is, "I'll carry her image enthroned in my heart throughout all eternity."

It seems that the *Acorn* was more favorably received: first, naturally, because of the contributors, and, second, because of the several commendable contributions. Miss Potcat's "Autumn" is indeed worthy, showing the writer to be a close observer and lover of nature. The simple, clear style and the vivid, realistic suggestion gives one a feeling of the crispness and beauty of Autumn. There is no need for comment on the easy "The Celtic Spirit in Literature"; its worth is obvious. Miss Burns we like your humorous sketch in negro dialect and look forward to a sequel.

We must hand it to the ladies again; the *Coraddi* staff of N. C. C. W. deserves hearty commendation. They seem to have uncovered a few talented writers, to say the least. In her "Autumn" Miss Landon very skillfully supplements the

similar poem by Miss Poteat (in the *Acorn*) by artistically suggesting the beauty of Autumn. Also we place some value upon the story "The Unbridged Road," and the imaginative sketch, "The Woods." However, we suggest that the *Coraddi* insert a page of Exchange notes now and then.

The stories of the *Depauw Magazine* are fairly readable, and the "Book Nook" is very interesting and instructive. This publication shows a marked superiority over many of its contemporaries.

Ladies to the front again. The Coker College production, *The Bashaba* has the distinction of being the only magazine of feminine gender that comes to us from South Carolina. The stories in *The Bashaba*, especially "Twisted Twigs," are above par. The magazine itself is very well balanced and contains nothing that is absolutely worthless.

May the staffs of the *Winthrop Journal*, the *Carolinian*, the *Wofford Journal*, the *Duke Archive*, and the others rest in peace until the next issue of THE STUDENT. You may consider us as saving the best till the last.

For the benefit of our readers we are reprinting this excellent verse from *The Coraddi*:

I hope I never see the place called paradise.
I'd rather keep it as a goal that's never reached—
A place far above the highest
And far beneath the low.
Let it be a guiding light ahead,
Something that moves on
Leading us past places
It has been.

—Spiggett Fasset, '30.

THE SCRIBES' GALLERY

Feeling that some sort of identification beyond a mere name is due those who have contributed and compiled the contents of this publication, the staff offers the following:

Fleet Martin Howard, age very limited, hair of a darksome tint, bespectacled, height approaching abnormality; given to writing poems and far-fetched stories.

Henry Overman, well advanced in years, shape after the manner of Ex-Governor Morrison, neutral gray hair, literary glasses; very effeminate poetry and childish stories.

Bo McMillan, juvenile, noble upstanding hair of no particular color; writes anything with no success; given to saying "Condemn" with or without provocation.

Elmer Cloer, middle-aged, sometimes spees, rotund; gives the impression of having the usual ignorance of a literary man.

Gordon Black, debonair (whatever that is), tall, anemic, cloudy hair, cigarettes; *stories* about women.

Ves Brantley, slim, lightheaded, gives the appearance of being able to hear everything; writes editorials on the spur of the moment with great rapidity and senselessness.

Ed Kemp, short, fat, bristling coal-black hair; lets some one do his department for him.

Earl Poovey, a veritable Apollo, the hair of a Viking, the physique of Strongfort; can find fault with anything under the sun—or over it.

Eric Davis, a dapper little gentleman, affects a moustache, poetic hair; obsessed with a desire for anything radical or crazy.

Jo Hamrick, Aramaic nose, rubicund countenance, unruly locks, approaching old age; specializes in old jokes painted over.

There are included a few Alumni, but one mustn't speak ill of the departed, and so we hope them to make the most of their reward.

Let those who go unscathed this month raise no kick, for THE GALLERY will describe the rest next month.

ALUMNI NOTES

E. H. KEMP, *Editor*

In the list which was given in the November issue of *THE STUDENT*, of Wake Forest alumni who are college presidents, the following were omitted: W. L. Poteat, '77, Wake Forest College; Spright Dowell, '96, Alabama Polytechnic Institute; J. A. Campbell, '11, Campbell College; and J. B. Huff, '03, Wingate Junior College.

There are a number of Wake Forest men who are teaching in medical colleges. This group includes: Irving Hargesty, '92, Head of the Department of Anatomy, Tulane University; H. M. Vann, '15, Associate Professor of Anatomy, Tulane University; Tyre C. Wyatt, '20, Associate Professor of Pathology, Syracuse University; G. W. Holliday, '14, Professor of Dentistry, Medical College of Virginia.

A. T. Robertson, '83, is one of the foremost Greek scholars in the world. He is teaching at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. In the same college we find K. M. Yates, '10, Professor of Old Testament Interpretation, and J. M. Adams, '09, Professor of Biblical Introduction.

L. L. Carpenter, '13, is Professor of English and Bible at the University of South Carolina. W. W. Barnes, '04, is Professor of Church History at Southwestern Theological Seminary. R. E. Clark, '10, is teaching in the department of religion at Coker College.

We are printing the following letter, which was received a few days ago, because we feel that it expresses the sentiments held by all Wake Forest Alumni:

SEMINARY HILL, Texas, Dec. 10, 1926.

DR. W. L. POTEAT,
Wake Forest, N. C.

DEAR DR. POTEAT:

We, the undersigned, students in the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, and Wake Forest alumni, having learned, with genuine regret, of your resignation as president of Wake Forest College, do, herein, record our sincerest confidence in and deepest appreciation:

1. For your Christlike, devout Christian character; and unwavering, conquering faith in God, in His Word, His Son Jesus, and His purposes in Saving Grace;

2. For the faithful, unselfish, efficient services which you have rendered to Wake Forest College, with her ever increasing and widening sphere of usefulness;

3. For your lofty, far-visioned, scholarly contributions to the progress of Christian education in North Carolina, the South and the world;

4. And, for the personal, inspiring magnetism of your life, which touching, remoulds every earnest inquirer for truth, and sends him out in quest of the same, which, when found, he utilizes for the relief, uplift and redemption of humankind.

Cordially and affectionately,

J. B. DAVIS,
H. M. STROUP,
E. G. WILLIS.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo.

Cloyce Tew on Phil. V: Vic Sullivan certainly put John Pittard to sleep the other day.

Dr. Reid: That's nothing to brag about. John went to sleep on my class the other day.

Red: Why did your girl say I reminded her of a telescope?

Bill: Because you're so easy to see through and you magnify things so.

Sister: Johnny, go wash your face and neck.

Johnny: Neck who, Sis?

Sprock Duckett puts two doors in his rabbit boxes so he can get them going and coming.

From one who knows comes the following:

THE BARBERS IN REVEL: A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

By E. F. DAVIS

The chimes in the chapel toll twice: the melancholy echoes die away, and the deathlike silence which follows is broken only by the lonely distant shriek of the far away locomotive.

In the back room of one of the buildings on the campus two prominent members of the freshman class lie wrapped in slumber. The moon weaves ghostly shadows on the floor, casts an ethereal radiance over the silent sleepers, accentuates the shadows on the wall. Then

SEMINARY HILL, Texas, Dec. 10, 1926.

DR. W. L. POTEAT,
Wake Forest, N. C.

DEAR DR. POTEAT:

We, the undersigned, students in the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, and Wake Forest alumni, having learned, with genuine regret, of your resignation as president of Wake Forest College, do, herein, record our sincerest confidence in and deepest appreciation:

1. For your Christlike, devout Christian character; and unwavering, conquering faith in God, in His Word, His Son Jesus, and His purposes in Saving Grace;

2. For the faithful, unselfish, efficient services which you have rendered to Wake Forest College, with her ever increasing and widening sphere of usefulness;

3. For your lofty, far-visioned, scholarly contributions to the progress of Christian education in North Carolina, the South and the world;

4. And, for the personal, inspiring magnetism of your life, which touching, remoulds every earnest inquirer for truth, and sends him out in quest of the same, which, when found, he utilizes for the relief, uplift and redemption of humankind.

Cordially and affectionately,

J. B. DAVIS,
H. M. STROUP,
E. G. WILLIS.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo.

Cloyce Tew on Phil. V: Vic Sullivan certainly put John Pittard to sleep the other day.

Dr. Reid: That's nothing to brag about. John went to sleep on my class the other day.

Red: Why did your girl say I reminded her of a telescope?

Bill: Because you're so easy to see through and you magnify things so.

Sister: Johnny, go wash your face and neck.

Johnny: Neck who, Sis?

Sprock Duckett puts two doors in his rabbit boxes so he can get them going and coming.

From one who knows comes the following:

THE BARBERS IN REVEL: A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

By E. F. DAVIS

The chimes in the chapel toll twice: the melancholy echoes die away, and the deathlike silence which follows is broken only by the lonely distant shriek of the far away locomotive.

In the back room of one of the buildings on the campus two prominent members of the freshman class lie wrapped in slumber. The moon weaves ghostly shadows on the floor, casts an ethereal radiance over the silent sleepers, accentuates the shadows on the wall. Then

the traitorous moon slips behind a cloud; the room is plunged in Stygian blackness.

A creak from the stair betrays the stealthy ascension of sinister prowlers; a metallic click and a tiny blue flash of flame tell of an electric system discontinued.

The fast approaching train comes to a grinding halt, impatiently jerks forward again and gains momentum with a clanging rush and roar. Simultaneously the stout oaken door of the rear room shatters at the impact of a dozen shoulders, and a moment after the sleeping ones are covered with a veritable deluge of husky ruffians who seize them with a ferocious purposeness.

A sharp quick struggle and all is still, save the vicious clicking of rapidly manipulated shears. A few minutes later the task is done; there is a concentrated rush from the gaping doorway, then a triumphant clatter of heavy feet upon the deserted street.

Now the hypocrite moon bursts into view and streams sympathy upon the ragged remnants of two once magnificent heads of hair.

CORRECT

Found on the registration card of Freshman Watkins
(*ex* Winston-Salem):

Question: Give your parents' names.

Answer: Papa and Mama.

Where's a still, there's a sway.

Not all styles come from Paris; those now in vogue come from the Garden of Eden.

The love of money is the root of all "litterchoor."

Where there's a will, there are—relatives.

O, well, if the fish got away he probably strained his fins telling how big the hook was.

Salesman (College student representing magazine corp.)
to Mrs. Earnshaw: Pardon me, madam, but could I interest
you in the *World's Work*?

Mrs. Earnshaw: Young man, I already do it.

Now that the Christmas holidays are over, what did they mean to us? To some they meant only a time for gorging themselves with rich food; to others, seeing the folks at home and seeing the sweetheart. Then, too, about all some consider Christmas is a box of firecrackers and a half gallon of boot-leg whiskey. However, there are those who catch the real Christmas spirit: that of passing one's good fortune on to others, and making life beautiful to some who are not so fortunate. That is the Christlike spirit.

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON COMPANY

RALEIGH, N. C.

Personal Engraved Christmas Cards

Visiting Cards

Correspondence Stationery

See

WARREN DAVIS

Local Representative

ATTENTION ALUMNI:

Wouldn't you like to keep up with the growth and progress of your Alma Mater?

Send us your subscription today for the College Annual,

THE "HOWLER"

S. R. BYERLY
Business Manager

THE WAKE FOREST
STUDENT

The medium of literary expression for Wake Forest students and Alumni.

A wide circulation guarantees extensive advertising through its columns.

E. F. DAVIS
Business Manager

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
The Great Trek (Verse)..... <i>Henry J. Overman</i>	149
From Wake Forest to Florida on Five-Fifty (diary)	<i>Elbert A. McMillan</i> 150
Extraordinarily Commonplace (story)	<i>V. R. Brantley</i> 164
When Rockets Fly (story).....	<i>Henry J. Overman</i> 168
Rosalce (story)	<i>R. Otis Hedrick</i> 177
Reflections in a Library.....	<i>A. L. A.</i> 185
ALUMNI CONTRIBUTION:	
President Samuel Wait.....	<i>Dr. G. W. Paschal</i> 187
DEPARTMENTS:	
The Editor's Easy Chair....	<i>V. R. Brantley, Editor</i> 199
Exchange Department.....	<i>C. E. Poovey, Editor</i> 201
Alumni Notes	<i>E. H. Kemp, Editor</i> 202
The Apoplectic Alcove.....	<i>J. D. Hamrick, Editor</i> 206

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

JANUARY, 1927

No. 4

THE GREAT TREK

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

Let's go back to Nature—
Back to the haunts of Thought,
Where the pine boughs weep
And the brooklets leap,
And a vision of God is caught.

Let's go back to Nature—
Let's read from a book that's true;
Drink from a cup
Where Peace wells up,
And the World is square with you.

Let's go back to Nature—
Let's view the Pageant Wild;
Join in the Race
Where the Heart keeps pace
With the joys of Nature's Child.

Let's go back to Nature—
Forget the hectic Marts of Men;
Where Contentment is not
And Love is forgot,
In the Cesspools of Hurry and Sin.

Let's go back to Nature—
We cannot go too soon;
Where the Eagle greets
The Force that keeps
The Souls of Men in Tune.

FROM WAKE FOREST TO FLORIDA ON FIVE-FIFTY

BY ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, '29

Thursday, June 3, 1926.

Wake Forest, drowsing peacefully in the heat of an early summer day, lies behind me as the Nash in which I am riding speeds southward and on down the hot Raleigh road. The Nash is the property of a pleasant, if silent Hebrew, and I alone with its owner, am beginning my proposed "bumming" expedition to Florida.

The car speeds on to Raleigh where I catch a ramshackle Ford truck bound for the State Highway repair shop, three miles out of Raleigh. With the aid of a number of Fords of various and sundry sizes, ages, and conditions, together with several miles of walking, and ultimately a long lift in a Pontiac roadster, I at last arrive at Sanford.

I am hustled sometimes along for ten or fifteen more miles and am getting down in the dewberry region of the state when rides suddenly become far too scarce for comfort, and I am forced to walk for a time. The sun, golden in flaming cloud display, sets as I hobble through Vass. Two boys from N. C. State, with penants in gory glory on the rear of their stalled motoreycle, curse patiently and well as they patch a tire. My help, I see, is not needed, so I pass on, wondering if they too are Florida bound.

With the able assistance of a number of quite invaluable Fords, I find myself ultimately at the watery village of Lakeview. It is really dark now, and the bright stars overhead light the nearby lake with an eerie sort of diffused light. It is seven miles to Southern Pines, I learn from a passing motorist, and, no, they aren't going that way.

So I set out walking, determined now to reach my goal. The infrequent cars whizz by indifferently, and I continue to walk. Each mile post I scrutinize by the pale starlight seems the same, or one mile more than the previous one. Time drags on, and I walk, and walk, and *walk*.

It is nine-thirty by the hourly corrected Western Union clock in the hotel lobby that is reached by a footsore and dusty, but victorious bum. Being a bum, I will not stay at the hotel, but will impose upon its hospitality to the extent of a few pages of paper and two envelopes.

An hour later I wend my way down the highway to a clump of pines deemed sleepworthy by me, and having stuffed into my shoes the two tens and a five that comprise my bankroll, I rake together some pine needles for a pillow and, coatless, hatless, and blanketless, I lie down.

Friday, June 4.

I am up from my bed of pine needles early this morning—around five o'clock, I should judge by the sun—but at that not nearly so early as I was awakened by an intense and surprising cold. It is a shiver-producing, sleep-wrecking, and penetrating sort of cold and it does its best to completely rout me from my erstwhile comfortable bed. Somebody has said that the darkest hour comes just before dawn. I wish to add that the coldest hour accompanies it.

I arise, as I say, and having eaten some fragments of commencement cake and chicken left from the lunch with which I started yesterday, I take up my journey again and walk blithely down the highway. I have walked only a few minutes when, creaking through the half darkness behind me, as badly battered a specimen of Mr. Ford's handiwork as I have ever seen crawls up beside me and draws to a painful halt. Its driver, one-eyed, bearded, blending harmoniously with the fenderless, bedraggled wreck that he drives, asks in a croaking whisper if I would like to ride. Not being at all proud, as they say, and rather liking the unusual contraption and its owner for all their uncanny

aspect, I accept and clamber into the aged chariot. The "car," I learn after a few minutes conversation with the old man, had been procured at the unusually nominal sum of ten dollars, and was according to the driver, a rare bargain. True, the thing wasn't much to look at. Even the old man admitted that. But, oh, what an engine it had! How sweetly it ran. My companion waxes eloquent on the subject.

It is seven-thirty when we reach Rockingham, thirty miles from Southern Pines, and the destination of the chariot and its owner. A Nash touring car obliges me shortly and its lone occupant (I find that men alone will pick one up more often than cars with more than one occupant) is bound for Cheraw, South Carolina. The man (a Mr. Perrywinkle or Hoodwinker or something) is a fast driver and lets me out at Cheraw in just forty-five minutes from Rockingham, thirty miles behind.

Whatever may be said for or against Cheraw, and I have no doubt that there is a lot to be said on both sides, it is certainly not a town for hoboes. There were a few cars there—the average number, I suppose—but they were certainly not inclined to go down the Columbia road. The negligible number of vehicles that did take the road I wanted to take were either loaded or indifferent, and consequently I walked.

For miles and miles I walk, and through some of the most vacant, loneliest country I have ever seen. Miles and miles, acres and acres and acres of peaches. Here and there—but widely separated—a negro hut with its scrawny hound dogs and scrawnier negro children—the dogs growling suspiciously at me and the children staring vacantly. For five miles I do not see a car, and when finally I do hear the sound of a motor behind me and turn, expectantly to look, it is the same State College motorcycle, and save a warm feeling in my heart as they waved cordially in passing, I am no better off than before.

I have walked about eight miles, I think, when the first car since I left Cheraw appears behind me. It is a Ford coupe driven by a young gasoline salesman going to Columbia, seventy-five miles distant. I relax in the seat and watch the little towns slip by—Patrick, Middendorf, McBee, Bethune, Camden, Blaney, and a few others—and as the clock strikes twelve-thirty we roll into Columbia.

The salesman is very polite, even going so far as to ask me to dine with him at his hotel, but I, still coatless, decline his invitation to go to some sort of cafe a block or so down the street. The "special" lunch I order costs forty cents, the first expenditure since I left home, two hundred and fifty miles distant. One fifth of a cent a mile, I figure. Not such terribly expensive touring. Having pawed over the dinner for a few minutes, I go to a certain widely heralded Tourist's Aid Bureau and procure therefrom a map showing the best route south. My shortest road to Jacksonville, it appears, is by Savannah, and is through a rather sparsely settled section of the State. The road by Augusta, it seems, gives more promise for one traveling as I am, although a bit out of the way. So I decide to go by Augusta.

As I walk out to the outskirts of Columbia (bummers usually walk to the edge of towns, I learn) the same two youths from State College with whom I have now become really familiar, pass again and again wave. They are a little surprised to see me, it appears. Three times now they have roared past me, and each time I have been walking. I imagine they think me an unusual walker.

A lumber truck obliges me with a twelve mile lift that carries me to Lexington. I am scarcely out of town when a man in a Ford reacts to my hail for a lift by stopping his car and alighting. He strides toward me and hisses:

"Say you want to fight?"

"No, no," I answer quickly, "I only want to ride."

"Didn't you say something about fighting?" He was insistent.

After I assure him that my intentions were of the best and that he undoubtedly misunderstood me, he comes around and, shaking my hand eloquently, hands me politely into his vehicle. He has been drinking rather heavily, I soon learn, and the twenty-mile hop to Monetta is not one of the most pleasant of my experiences. The Ford is fast and its driver reckless, and more than once I hold my breath.

Other rides in all kinds of cars, buggies, wagons, and other modes of transportation gain ten or twelve miles for me, but at last I find myself stranded, a light rain beginning to fall, and Augusta thirty-eight miles distant. I am beginning to feel like casting about for a shelter when a man and his family save the day by picking me up and announcing their destination as Langley, a little town eight miles north of Augusta. Two little boys, of about three and five, are my company on the back seat and set about to entertain me quite royally. The three-year-old is somewhat of a songster, being encouraged in that art by his fond parents in the front seat. He insists that I join in the chorus ("Yes Sir, That's My Baby" being his favorite) and we stir up a racket that would have caused consternation had we been in a city or any place where the public peace is likely to be disturbed.

Catching a ride from Langley to Augusta is easy and at six-forty-five I am engulfed by Ty Cobb's home town. After a bite of supper and an unusually dumb movie I procure another map to assist me in my struggles of the morrow, and begin to cast about for a place to sleep. Augusta is unusually replete with cops; so there seems little chance of obtaining lodging anywhere nearer than "out in the country," wherever that may be. I study my map and find the street that leads to Waycross, my proposed route. I tramp down this street, planning to follow it until it leads me to a quiet spot where I may find rest, undisturbed by cops. I walk, and walk, and *walk* down this street without ever seeming to get any nearer the "country" than I was back in town. I have reached the slums by now. Block after

block, mile after mile of the same little houses, the same moss-laden oak trees shading these houses from the light of the arc lanterns in the street—breaking up this light into changing flecks of light on the porches of the cabins, and at regular intervals appears the inevitable park, with its density of shade and inviting benches.

It is in one of these parks that I finally succumb. Sheltered, warm, secluded, it seems that, hunt all night, I could not find a better place to stay than this. I seek out one of the benches and hurl my weary bones upon it.

Scarcely am I seated when close beside me—so close that I start in spite of myself—a voice, soft, clear, speaks:

“Frank.”

It is a girl. I see her at last through the darkness, seated beside me on the bench. I turn quickly, seeking a “Frank” in the dense shade behind me. But there is no Frank and the girl is speaking again.

“Frank, seems you could have been here on time this last time.”

I try to speak, but the girl silences me.

“Please let *me* talk this time,” she pleads, and I, nothing loath, comply. The man I am mistaken for, is, I gather, the erstwhile suitor of my companion, and this night and this bench have been designated as a time and place for one last meeting. The girl’s story is touching—so touching in fact that I finally become ashamed of myself for listening in on something so obviously not mine and blurt out the truth.

“Not Frank?” She looks at me aghast.

“No,” I answer, “I’m not Frank.”

She is indignant at first, rightly so of course, but she soon becomes placated and accepts my apology in good grace. I do not burden her with my tale of woe, and (with ideas of the next park in my sleepy head) bid her farewell. She rises as I leave, of slight figure she is, and makes an unforgettable picture, standing, a little weary it seems, in the shifting shadows.

The next park is two blocks distant, and I soon find myself on another bench much the same as the last and wonder if the whole strange affair is but a dream.

Suddenly a huge object trips over my outstretched feet and falls broadside on the ground before me. A flash of brass buttons and a fusilade of choice oaths inform me that the thing before me is another of the numerous and dreaded policemen that have been the bane of my existence for the past six hours. I slip over the back of my bench and vanish into the darkness, the cop still swearing volubly behind me. I skirt around two or three blocks out of the way and at last make my way back to the street on which I had started so long ago.

A light rain has begun to fall; and once more I cast about for a place to put up for the night. An old wooden church building finally strikes my eye as having possibilities. There is no porch; only a set of steps constitute the entrance. The rain has increased in volume and to escape further drenching I seek refuge beneath these steps. The dust underneath is awful, but I judge it to be the lesser of two evils; and consequently christen it my resting place for the night. (I am by now becoming accustomed to such christenings.) Scarcely have I become comfortable when I am rudely awakened and startled by the blinding glare of automobile headlights. They seem to search me out and penetrate me with their brilliance. The car is gone as quickly as it came, however, and I am soon stretched out again and ready for Morpheus. I am not destined to rest in peace, though, and shortly afterward the gleam of headlights again startles me. The car does not pass on this time, but comes to a grinding halt just as the lights are full upon me. As I start up one of the occupants of the vehicle whispers hoarsely: "See him."

That is all I wait for. What he, or any one else in that neighborhood has to say must fall on other ears than mine. I am *gone*.

I take for the woods, striking a path almost at right angles to the highway. Nobody seems inclined to take up the chase, so again I find shelter—under some sort of queer little out-house this time—and once more seek gentle sleep. (Oh, for my bed at home now!) With the rain has come cool weather—too cold for sleeping, I learn.

A hundred yards away I see three negroes huddled around a fire. I look longingly at them for a minute or so and promptly decide to go to that fire. I am, a few minutes afterward, casually accepted by the negroes, who are engaged in barbecuing a pig, and am provided with a number of cotton sheets and a place by the fire. The liver of the roasting pig which has been boiling is deemed done now by its Afro-American tender, and is removed from the pot. This same negro, in passing me a generous slice of this liver, completes my happiness. Having consumed the past-midnight lunch, I settle down among my cotton sheets and am lost to the world.

Saturday, June 5.

I am up before the sun this morning, and having thanked my dusky friends for their kindness, make my way back to the highway again. I catch a truck trailer as my first lift of the day and ride some eight or nine of the bumpiest miles I have ever traveled, before the driver's course veers from my own and I am set down on the road again. I am in a little doubt as to the most advisable route, having ideas of going around by Savannah instead of the more direct if less picturesque, Waycross road, when the question is automatically settled for me by the appearance of an empty Savannah-bound express truck which stops at my signal and into which I mount, post haste. For the first five or ten miles I sit in the big seat with the two men who are alternating at the wheel, but becoming sleepy, I crawl over into the empty body behind and make for myself a comfortable bed among the burlap sheets. Rain is falling again, so I pull up the heavy water-proof tarpaulin and fall asleep.

Hours later I am awakened by the driver with the information that we have reached Savannah. I have slept all the way and can scarcely realize that I am a hundred miles nearer my destination than I was such a seemingly short time ago. I am confidentially informed by my awakener that Savannah is no place for a tramp and that I would do well to move on as quickly as possible. I eat another of my "special" lunches and proceed to follow this advice.

Savannah bewilders me. Augusta was no one-horse town, but it didn't seem quite so big and powerful as the city in which I find myself now. I find the Jax road and busy myself with following it out of town with a view to further shortening the distance that separates me from my goal. I find the walking more pleasant than in Augusta in spite of the increasing drizzle of rain.

For hundreds of blocks, it seems, I tramp down the street that later becomes the Jacksonville road. At last I reach what seems to be the edge of town and a likely place to catch a ride. After a few minutes of waiting in the light rain that has evolved from the drizzle of an hour ago, a straggling Ford, brave with tattered curtains and entirely minus a windshield, heaves up and offers me a lift. He is southbound, and on the Jax road. So nothing else matters and shortly I am inside the contraption and our journey has commenced.

To my immense delight the driver, again a lone occupant, is on the way to Brunswick, seventy-seven miles south and only ninety-two miles from Jax.

We have gone about ten miles when suddenly the car sputters once or twice, caughs feebly, and comes to a slow stop.

"Out of gas," remarks the driver laconically. "Well, somebody'll be along before long."

And sure enough, it is not long before and obliging old gentleman responds to our earnest admonitions for aid. There is a can in the back of "our" car, and it has soon

transported enough gas to the tank of the Ford to set us off again. In fact it looks to me that my driver helps himself rather more freely than is necessary from the tank of our benefactor. When we are once more under way I remark to such effect.

"Kind of helped yourself, didn't you?"

"'Bout three quarts," he replies. "It may be a long time before we catch another as accomodatin' as him."

"But there are filling stations," I argue.

"Filling stations?" He is sarcastic. "And all these cars on the road. You're not the only hobo in this car. I've traveled three hundred miles in the last two days and I haven't bought a drop of gas yet."

Tramp that I am it is hard to conceive of this new type of bumming, but when we have given out of gas some three or four more times and have succeeded each time in procuring petrol from passing motorists I become accustomed to the novel procedure and fall in the game with all the pep of an old timer.

After ten borrowings and ten times ten drenchings of water splashing through the space where the windshield ought to be, we arrive at Brunswick. A dark, murky, place it seems to me, and cold. My only change of clothes (if the clothes in which I left Wake Forest two days ago may be termed such) is soaked with water, and I know for the first time the feeling of exposure, of homelessness.

I procure a ham omelet from one of the cafes, and having exulted in the friendly warmth of the interior of the building for as long time as seems advisable, I emerge once again into the weather. In poking about the back streets for a place to sleep, I come upon a vacant store building. It has possibilities for one desiring lodgings, I decide, and straightway attempt an entrance into the window that has long since lost its glass. My nose, being the most prominent part of my

anatomy, as well as the most foremost, is the first member of my body to learn that what the window has not in glass, it makes up for amply in the rigidity and hardness of its iron bars. Nursing a bleeding nose and resolving things about entering dark, unoccupied stores at night, I make my way toward some-nearby box cars on a siding behind the stores.

I come upon an empty one (empty except for pieces of automobile wrapping paper), remove my soaked shoes and socks, and turn in for the night. A policeman, checking up for the last time, comes by at about eleven-thirty and after flashing the beam of a flashlight around the car and *not* perceiving me crouching motionless under a pile of the wrapping paper, goes his way and leaves me rejoicing and alone. As I drift off to sleep the sad strains of "Just Around the Corner," as rendered by some distant phonograph, come to my ears. The song was popular at Wake Forest when I left, and hearing it now makes me feel for the first time how homesick I am and how far away "just around the corner" always is.

Sunday, June 6.

I oversleep this morning and have scarcely pulled on my sodden socks when some town clock or other strikes eight. I have but 110 more miles, though, and decide that my tardiness of arising is justified. I have walked a mile or so and have been carried as much farther by a mail truck when a Ford coupe (another lone occupant) picks me up and the friendly man inside informs me he is going to Jacksonville. Such luck is hard to comprehend. By twelve-thirty or one o'clock I will be in Jax and with an hour of Atlantic Beach, my ultimate destination. The driver of the Ford, a young lawyer from Perry, Florida, is returning home from some place up in Georgia, and has, he tells me, been driving almost

continuously for sixteen hours. I offered to drive for him and he accedes readily.

At twelve-thirty, just as I had figured, we reach Jacksonville—"The Gateway to Florida," the real estate man's paradise, and, as I suddenly realize, Florida itself. I alight from the car of the lawyer and find myself in the center of a seething mass of traffic and hurrying humanity.

After weathering the rush and procuring some sort of indigestible dinner, I set out to find the office of my uncle, who is connected with the Seaboard shops of Jacksonville. He has just been transferred to his new headquarters, and his name, I find, is not yet in the city directory. After weary hours of tramping about the hot streets, and having found ultimately and indirectly that he has gone to his beach cottage for the day, I set out to catch a ride to the beach.

The beach is finally reached, and I find myself as lost in the pleasure-mad throng as I was in the traffic of Jacksonville. My aunt and uncle, together with another aunt who lives with them, have moved to the beach only yesterday, and I find at once that it is going to be no easy task to seek them out from among the thousands of people and the hundreds of cottages on the beach.

I walk and inquire, and inquire and walk up and down the long streets of beach "joints" fruitlessly until I finally come to what I believe to be the only place left. It is a huge store, busy with the "holiday"—Sunday is a holiday in Florida—rush, and impatient with stragglers. The only unoccupied man I can see in the place is a fat, pudgy individual leaning against one of the counters and busying himself with seeing to it that every body else is busy. He is evidently the proprietor; so I approach him with my oft repeated question:

"Do you know a Mr. Gilleland here?"

He has been looking away from me until I speak and as he turns toward me I almost recoil at his gross ugliness. He peers at me through beady, pig-like eyes buried deep in

the coarse fat of his face. His greasy mop of dull gray hair is smeared back from a mottled, reddish forehead, with a gruesome effect that startles me.

"What do you want?" he snaps.

I repeat my question with some trepidation, adding, in spite of my uneasiness, that I am a boy from North Carolina come to work in some store on the beach (my aunt had procured the job for me before I left home), and asking if his might be the store that was expecting me.

His pig-eyes look me over for a minute before he turns away growling, "'M busy. Don't bother me now."

I depart from the store, a little rebuffed by his curtness, but rejoicing at the same time that he is *not* the man I am to work for.

Darkness falls and I make my bed in the scrubby growth on the beach and, with the faint tinkle of a ukelele and the angry hum of mosquitoes in my ears, I doze off.

Monday, June 7.

The warmth and pleasantness of a Florida day does not continue through the night, I find, after shivering, being chewed by mosquitoes, and rolling about on cactus nettles by turn through the night. So the rising sun is a pleasant sight to my sleepless eyes.

I arise and take my station at the entrance to the Jacksonville road, planning to catch my uncle as he starts the drive into town. And sure enough, it is not long before I see him (one of the happiest sights in my life) and after pounding him on the back for several minutes, am led by him to the cottage where my aunts are (my uncle tells me) "pawing and neighing" for me to come. We reach the cottage and I greet my aunts with a fervor well becoming one who has been homeless and peopleless for so long, and, as Beb (one of the aunts) says, "The prodigal son wasn't in it!"

I am out of the clothes that I have worn for the past three days and have bathed, and in thirty minutes am again with Uncle Guy and on the way to my job.

Two blocks away I perceive the store of the red-faced, pig-eyed man of the night before, and in front of it the man himself, looking even meaner, crosser than last night.

"Who in the world," I ask my uncle, "is that man?" indicating the ogre.

"The red-faced man?" he asks, "why that's your boss—the man you are going to work for."

EXTRAORDINARILY COMMONPLACE

By V. R. BRANTLEY, '27

"You're wanting a story, Peter?" asked Aunt Laura, as she poured him a second cup of coffee and watched him fondly while he mingled this with the rest of his supper. "Well, I don't know as I can give you any plot—or whatever it is they call it. Of course I always liked to read the things, but then I kind of imagined it was hard work to make one up."

"'S all right, Aunt Laura; that was only my way of telling you that I just had to write a story and couldn't think of a plot. Just go ahead and tell me everything that's happened since I've been gone."

"There hasn't much happened around here lately, only we had a little excitement next door last Wednesday. . . . You know how Jonah Debnam gets drunk now and then—but I'll start at the beginning and tell you the whole business. It was Wednesday just after dinner. I was cleaning up the dishes and was getting ready to carry Prince's dinner out to him, when I heard him bark once or twice. Just about that time I heard some one run up the steps leading to the side door of the dining room. When I opened the door to see who it was, Jonah's little girl fell against the screen door on the outside. She was crying as if she were hurt or mighty scared of something. Of course she frightened me, and I don't exactly know what I did or said. I only remember that she finally said something about a terrible fight down at her house and wanted Uncle to go down and keep somebody from getting killed. I started to go myself, but then I sort of felt that women folks ought not to mix in a fight, especially someone else's. So I sent her out to get Uncle.

"He was up at Williams, so it wasn't long before I saw him go by with Ruby in his arms. I just had to see what was

going on, so I eased out into the yard to look on. Jonah had cut the tobacco stalks in front of his house and I got a pretty good view. When Uncle and the child came into the yard Mary was holding Jonah by the back-straps of his overalls, and he didn't seem to be making much headway. Reminded me of some of your cartoons of a bulldog holding to the seat of a man's pants. 'T any rate Jonah soon gave up his efforts to do whatever he had intended, and the whole bunch got together for a parley. The conference lasted some minutes with much waving of hands and shaking of heads. Unc must have been dumfounded, because he wasn't saying anything for the first time in his life, and I know he was standing still, because I could see him quite plainly. Suddenly Jonah raised his hand and motioned one of the smaller boys to the wood pile. He was a little kid, and Uncle must have offered to cut the wood for him, for he too started toward the axe. Then he stopped, and I saw that Jonah was making signs and talking like he didn't want Uncle to meddle. My curiosity was giving me a pain to know what it was all about, but Uncle stayed on about half an hour longer."

Peter finished his steak and reached for a piece of pie. He must have distracted Aunt Laura's attention, for she left off telling her experience and moved the dishes around a bit. However, the narration evidently kept running on silently in her mind, for she began again some distance from where she had left off:

"—Wednesday just before dinner Archie had come in from rabbit hunting and found the stovewood box empty. He went into the room where Jonah was in a drunken doze before the fire and asked him about it. Jonah roused himself just long enough to tell him to go out and cut some. Archie is now about the independent age, and he told his pop that he wouldn't cut any wood, when Jonah and the other boys had been sitting about the fire all the morning. I believe he even cursed a little. That sort of woke Jonah up. He prob-

ably blinked his eyes once or twice, and the next thing Archie knew his dad had slapped his jaw. It's a wonder that he didn't try to fight Jonah, but he only stood quivering with the force of the injustice. Then he gritted out: 'I wouldn't stay here another day to save you from the Devil.' And he did walk out the door and leave the place. In a few minutes Roy Coley came over to investigate, saying that Archie had gone straight to his house and now refused to come home."

With this Aunt Laura concluded her long recital, and Peter, though intensely interested, was unable to question her further. It was at this instant that Uncle Bert came in and invited Peter to come into the sitting room and have a smoke. Over the mutual clouds of smoke, from Uncle Bert's pipe and Peter's cig, some little manly gossip took place. Uncle was as usual eager to learn the latest news from Peter's college, though he had never attended a college, and usually the collegiate jargon was quite meaningless to him. It was ever a source of interest to the young man to observe the air of avid concentration that possessed his Uncle when he, Peter, was telling about a campus experience of even the slightest import; for, strange to say, he found it hard to appear interested in Uncle's talk about cotton prices and breeding his hogs.

Presently the lady of the house joined them, and they all made ready for an intertaining exchange of confidence before the fire.

"Do you know, Aunt Laura," said Peter, "you gave me a dandy idea for that story I told you I must write, if it were not for one thing—or rather one circumstance: had the Debnam family been poverty-stricken, instead of owning a car, and all that sort of thing, I could have worked up a corking good human-interest story. Lord, how I could have made the tears roll with Archie's family about to be kicked out, and the baby sick, and all that. Now as it is, I don't see—."

"If that's what you want, this is your story, because, on the very same day that Jonah ran Archie away, Jim Griffin

came and took back the Chevrolet, and Jonah lost the two hundred dollars he paid on it. Then, to make matters worse, not only the baby but also two others of the children were confined to bed with bronchial trouble that threatened pneumonia. As for Jonah, he was tortured by pains in the stomach and a splitting headache. He hasn't left the house since Wednesday, and that was four days ago." This from Aunt Laura.

Then Uncle: "Well, Archie went home Thursday and cut about a cord of stovewood, and when I was down there this afternoon he and Mrs. Debnam had the bunch well in hand. But say, you can't make a story out of that mess; *that actually happened.*"

WHEN ROCKETS FLY

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

"Jumping Juniper, Gladys, look yonder!" The exclamation burst from a young woman who lay curled up in a window seat. She had lifted her eyes from a novel just in time to see a stream of fire go leaping heavenward. Gladys, who appeared to be a few years older, hastened to the window. She was in time to see another ball of fire shoot upward; shatter into gleaming sparks, and disappear as they floated downward in the inky blackness of the night that seemed more intense after the brief flare.

"They are skyrockets!" the older girl exclaimed as she bent above her sister in the window seat," and they are coming from the 'Alamance.' What can it mean? Why, no one has lived there in ten years. Mr. Gaylord and Nellie are in Europe."

As they watched, two other rockets went sailing upward through the murky night. The brief glare that followed each rocket showed the snow-covered roof of the "Alamance" as it reared itself above the great oaks around it. They leaned forward in eagerness, but no other gleam followed.

"Let's tell Dad," Thelma suggested as she rolled from the window seat.

"Wait a minute," advised her sister as she still looked from the window. "Let's tell brother. Dad is apt to laugh at us for seeing things. I'll go and get him while you wait and watch. We will then watch together." She was gone in an instant, and Thelma again turned to the window.

Hardly five minutes had passed when the door was flung open and Gladys rushed in. "Ralph is dressing," she cried. "He saw the rockets, too, and is going over. He doesn't want

us to tell Dad, but to watch here and listen for him to shoot. If he shoots, we are to tell dad and have him call some of the neighbors. He thinks that something is wrong over there, but does not want Dad to know if he 'cedar-birds.' He looked half wild, too, but said that he was all right. There's a nigger in the wood-pile's-o-m-e-where, and it's a big one, too."

An hour passed. The clock seemed to tick slower and slower; the hour hand crept to a quarter to one, and the silence was broken. Then two pistol shots rang out on the midnight stillness. A gleam of light appeared for a second in one of the windows of the "Alamance" and silence fell again. Gladys was already in the hall and running toward her father's room. Thelma followed.

Mr. Clayton sprang from his bed in response to the pounding and calls of his daughter. Gladys broke into his anxious inquiry with her story, and before she had finished, her mother was dragging a pair of leather boots from the closet and Mr. Clayton was at the telephone. It seemed but a moment until Mr. Clayton and the hired man were plowing their way through the snowdrifts toward the "Alamance."

When Ralph Clayton saw the first skyrocket start on its course, he was standing in the same position in which he had stood many times during the last ten years: he was gazing toward the "Alamance." He saw nothing material until the rocket went soaring upward from the object of his thought. His attitude was that of a dreamer, and his dreams were of happy days spent in the grove and meadows around the "Alamance." Those were the days when he and Nellie Gaylord were sweethearts: golden days broken into by the death of Nellie's mother, and the subsequent hasty decision of her father to drown his sorrows in the marts of the Old World. He had taken Nellie with him, and since then the "Alamance" had stood desolate and lonely in its solitude.

At first a regular correspondence was kept up between the two lovers, but as more remote sections of the world were visited, fewer and fewer letters passed between the two. Suddenly they ceased altogether. In the last year no word had passed between Ralph and Nellie, now the sudden revival of life at "Alamance" came like a thunderbolt to Ralph as he dreamed of former days. He determined to investigate.

The first thought to him was to go alone to the "Alamance" without telling any one, but Gladys proposed a better way. He would go alone, but would leave his sisters to keep watch and aid him should he need aid.

There was an uncanny feeling that worked its way up Ralph's spine as he approached the "Alamance." He hesitated in the grove when the outlines of the great house became visible against the snow and sky. Silence weighed heavily. He drew nearer. He caught his breath as he stopped again. A low "thump, thump, thump" came faintly to him. He finally decided that it must be in the basement, and seemed to be in the rear of the house.

Having become satisfied that there was some one in the house, and that this something was not superhuman, Ralph began to circle the house in an effort to find tracks that must have been made when the house was approached by those inside. He was afraid to use his flashlight and was forced to bend low in the darkness, that he might see the desired trail. Nearly a third of the distance around the house had been covered when a break appeared in the rolling drifts and the deep ruts of a heavy sleigh lost themselves each way in the darkness. He followed the ruts that led toward the house. He had taken hardly a dozen steps when he ran against the sleigh itself. The horses whinned at his approach, but no sound from the basement gave evidence that the whinny had been heard. The thumping continued.

Tracks led from the sleigh to the house, and Ralph became satisfied that not more than three persons had entered the house. Entrance had been made by the side door, but the

door was locked, and Ralph began a stealthy investigation at the windows. He passed three that were covered by iron lattice work. The heavy bars refused to yield to his grasp. He reached the fourth window and was feeling for the lock when a key grated in the lock from the inside. The lattice was slowly forced open. As Ralph crouched against the wall the noise of the movement was drowned by the grate of the heavy lattice. A man of medium build emerged and stood for a moment, breathing deeply, and then, as suddenly as he appeared, he re-entered the basement. He did not close the lattice after him, nor did he pay further attention to the window.

Ralph peered into the dark interior, but could see nothing. He could hear the retreating steps of his visitor, however, and a door soon opened on the opposite side of the room. The man stood for a moment, framed in the lighted doorway. Then the door closed, and the familiar "thump, thump" again was heard in the next room. Ralph hesitated a moment longer; then slipped into the basement. He slowly picked his way across the room toward the place where he had seen the door. Finally he detected a tiny beam of light issuing from a crevice in the side of the door, and to this opening he applied his eye.

The room into which he found himself peering was empty as to furniture, but at regular spaces around the walls were candles. The candles stood on the floor and near the walls, and the man who had opened the window and lattice knelt between the candles as he pecked methodically on the wall before him. The air that came through the crevice reeked with the smell of must, and Ralph surmised that it was for this reason that the workman on the inside had opened the window and taken the breathing exercise on the outside.

The thumping continued, and the inspection of the walls grew more rigid as the inspector moved from candle to candle. Ralph became so fascinated by the search that was going on before him that he was not aware of steps above him until a

door opened and the light step of a woman sounded on the steps leading into the basement. He pressed himself against the wall within a few feet of the door, and waited in suspense while the woman felt for the door. She finally found the knob, and entered. Ralph drew a breath of relief and slipped back to the crevice.

The man looked up as the woman entered, and frowned. She saw the frown and smiled.

"The dirty work will soon be over," she announced, "and I just wanted to know how you were getting along with your inspection of the catacombs. Real old fort, isn't it? The Gaylords must have been the real stuff when they lived here. And, by the way, Charles, that is some troublesome 'chicken' up stairs. It is a good thing that we influenced her to come back without notice to the neighbors around here. I noticed a light burning in a house across the field, and it has been burning all night, too. I wonder what it means?"

"Charles" paid little attention to the woman, but moved to another candle and continued his inspection. Apparently this was his last candle, for he dropped his tools and arose to his feet.

"Well, I have been around," he said, "and I can find no crevice or place that sounds hollow. We'll have to bring that catamount down and force her to talk. It's nearly one o'clock now, and I want the 'goods' out of here before morning. These curious country people are going to want to know what a sleigh was doing in this God-forsaken hole. The others should be here by now, too." And he finished speaking both of them left the lighted room and started up stairs, leaving Ralph sticking to the damp walls like a lichen. They had hardly reached the floor above when Ralph stole from his hiding place to the window.

A keen whinny echoed through the stillness just as Ralph reached the window and he drew back into the room. The creaking of heavy runners caught his attention, and the outline of two bobsleighs drew up where the first and smaller

sleigh had stopped earlier in the night. A number of men were talking in low tones. One of them called "Hello" from where he stood at the sleigh. Returning steps from above warned that the call had been heard. He again crouched against the wall and waited until Charles came down the stairs. Charles answered the call from the window and then stepped through the window into the snow. As he did so, Ralph jerked the lattice shut and snapped the lock; fired twice into the night, and jumped from before the window as a beam from a flashlight played on it.

Ralph hardly knew what his next move would be when he closed the lattice, but he did wish to kill time until his father and his party could arrive. Fortune favored him here, for he had known the "Alamance" nearly as well as he had known his own home. In the meantime, he wished to find the woman who had visited the basement. He heard steps on the stairs, and, after deciding that they were ascending, turned his flashlight in that direction. The spiteful bark of a twenty-two caliber answered the flash, but the bullet sailed harmlessly by. He cut the light off and crept up the stairs in the darkness. He judged that the retreating woman had fired the "twenty-two" and did not wish for her to get back to the prisoner, who, he believed, was helpless in some room of the house. He was halfway up the stairs when a short struggle took place at the top of the stairs; a woman screamed, and he heard the fall of a body. Again he turned the flashlight up the stairs. In the circle stood a woman who leaned against the balustrade for support as she gazed into the darkness below her. Ralph gasped.

"My God," he cried, "Nellie Gaylord!"

"Ralph!" came an answering cry.

In a moment she was in his arms, but for only a moment, for heavy steps sounded on the floor below.

"The men are coming," Ralph advised, "but who was that who fell? I heard the noise."

"Yes, I pushed one of my captors over the balustrade. I just had to do something, and I didn't think until I had pushed her," Nellie sobbed softly.

"Don't mind a little thing like that, dear; you had it to do, and she had just shot at me," chided Ralph gently.

"Well, then, I'm glad I did," she replied as she started on up the stairs. "I'd do it again for that."

"Good!" exclaimed Ralph as he watched for a shoulder to come between him and the big window at the foot of the stairs. A shoulder was not long in coming, and Ralph fired. The man fell, and three answering shots came from the darkness below. Ralph fell flat on the floor and waited. Silence lay heavy for a moment and then some one moved below. Another shadow came between the watcher at the top and the window at the bottom of the stairs. Ralph shot and another groan came from below. Heavy steps told of retreat, but Ralph, fearing a trap, held his point.

The creak of sleigh runners sounded in response to urgent commands to the horses, and the creaking faded into stillness.

Suddenly, shots rang out in the distance, Ralph surmised that his father's party had met the fleeing sleighs. A half hour later suspense ended when the sleighs were heard returning. Ralph risked a gleam of light, and in the circle at the foot of the stairs lay the two wounded men, apparently unconscious. No other person seemed to be in the hall, so he hastened to the door and shot back the heavy bolts. He called to his father from the front door, and the answer came at once. A few minutes later the house was being searched, and Ralph started up stairs. He met Nellie on the first flight, however, and brought her down to greet her old friends. The searchers soon returned from a fruitless chase and reported that all was clear.

"Well, well," began the sheriff, rubbing his hands, "I suppose that it is my legal duty to get the facts in the case, and then we must get these guys to a hospital. It's nearly three o'clock now. Mr. Clayton has told me how Ralph came

to be here, but all of us are anxious about you," he said, turning to Nellie as he spoke. "What does all this mean?"

"It's a short and unpleasant story," Nellie began. "I think that it began in Paris. Father and I had made friends with a party of tourists and were dining with them one day at a hotel. When the wine was served, a friend passed a joke on father about having to cross the Atlantic to get a drink. Well, father came back with the statement that he had more liquors in his cellar than any man in Europe could boast, and added that his whiskey and brandy had aged in wood for sixty years. One of the men was an American, and when father died this man became very attentive to me. His sister was also in Paris, and she became my constant companion. Thus when the time came for me to sail, they decided to come with me. In New York they announced their intention of seeing me settle in my old home before they deserted me. I took it all as a great kindness on their part, and allowed the man to make all arrangements for my home-coming. I suspected nothing until I reached home last night and found everything as we had left it, and no one here to welcome me. They then refused to allow me even a light in my room, and laughed when I threatened them. They then told me that they would let me do as I pleased when they had secured the valuable stores of liquors in the cellar. That is all I know, except that through some kind providence, you all are here and I am saved. I should like to know how you happen to be here."

Ralph answered the inquiry. "I have been thinking that the rockets which drew our attention were a signal to the party who was to carry the liquors away on the sleighs, but we have forgotten the woman in the case. Where do you suppose she is, Nellie?"

Nellie led the way back to where the body had fallen, but it was not there. They stared at the vacant floor for a moment. A low moan seemed to come from under it.

"I have it!" Nellie exclaimed. "She caught that stag's head that hangs on the wall there. It controls a trap-door that opens into the wine cellar. Ralph, pull down on the head."

Ralph did as directed, and an opening appeared in the floor. He turned the head loose and the door closed.

"That is the time, Ralph. Hold down the head and we will get the lady out."

"Just a minute, Sheriff," said Mr. Clayton. "Miss Gaylord has been through much excitement tonight, and I think that she had better be carried over to my wife. She ought to be in bed."

"That's right, Mr. Clayton, that's right," returned the Sheriff, "We can stage the party now that we have found the wine cellar. I hope that we don't forget that we have prohibition."

"Good morning, Miss Gaylord," he called to the lady. "Here is a sky rocket that you may keep as a souvenir of your lover's dreams of you. He heard their call from the heavens, and came to you."

ROSALEE

By R. OTIS HEDRICK, '29

Rosalee was polishing the tumblers at the kitchen window, outside of which Hue Smith was leaning among the vines. His arms were folded on the sill and his straw hat was pushed back from his flushed, eager face as he watched Rosalee's deft movements.

Beyond them, old Jim Jones was moving the grass in the orchard with a scythe and casting uneasy glances at the pair. Old Jim did not approve of Hue Smith as suitor for Rosalee. Hue was poor; and old Jim, although he was the wealthiest farmer in Davidson, was bent on Rosalee's making a good match. He looked upon Hue Smith as a mere fortune hunter, and it was a thorn in the flesh to see him talking to Rosalee while he, old Jim, was too far away to hear what they were saying. He had a good deal of confidence in Rosalee; she was a sensible, level-headed girl. Still, there was no knowing what freakish notion even a sensible girl might take into her head; and Rosalee was so determined when she did make up her mind. She was his own daughter in that.

However, old Jim need not have worried himself. It could not be said that Rosalee was helping Hue Smith on in his wooing at all. Instead, she was teasing and snubbing him by turns.

Rosalee was very pretty. Moreover, Rosalee was well aware of the fact. She knew that the way her dark hair curled around her ears and forehead was bewitching; that her complexion was the envy of every girl in Davidson, that her long lashes had a trick of dropping over very soft, dark eyes in a fashion calculated to turn masculine heads hopelessly. Hue Smith knew all this, too, to his cost. He had called to ask Rosalee to go with him to the Sunset Park picnic

the next day. At this request Rosalee dropped her eyes and murmured that she was sorry, but he was too late—she had promised to go with somebody else. There was no need of Rosalee's making such a mystery about it. The somebody else was her only cousin, Henry Brown, who had had a quarrel with his own girl; the latter lived at Sunset Park and Henry had coaxed Rosalee to go over with him and try her hand at patching matters up between him and his offended lady-love. And Rosalee, who was an amiable creature and tender hearted where anybody's lover except her own was concerned, had agreed to go.

But Hue Smith at once jumped to the conclusion—as Rosalee had very possibly meant him to do—that the mysterious somebody was Fred Shepherd, and the thought was gall and wormwood to him.

"Whom are you going with?" he asked.

"That would be telling," Rosalee said, with maddening indifference.

"Is it Fred Shepherd?" demanded Hue.

"It might be," said Rosalee reflectively, "and then, again, you know, it mightn't."

Hue was silent; he was no match for Rosalee when it came to a war of words. He scowled moodily at the shining tumblers.

"Rosalee, I'm going out West," he said finally.

Rosalee stared at him with her last tumbler poised in mid-air, very much as if he had announced his intention of going to the South Pole or North of Alaska.

"Hue Smith, are you crazy?"

"Not quite. And I'm in earnest, I can tell you that."

Rosalee set the glass down with a decided thud. Hue's curttness displeased her. He needn't suppose that it made any difference to her if he took into his stupid head to go to Venezuela.

"Oh!" she remarked carelessly. "Well, I suppose if you've got the Western fever your case is hopeless. Would it be impertinent to inquire why you are going?"

"There's nothing else for me to do, Rosalee," said Hue. "Fred Shepherd is going to foreclose the mortgage next month and I'll have to clear out. He says he can't wait any longer. I've worked hard enough and done my best to keep the old place, but it's been uphill work and I'm beaten at last."

Rosalee sat blankly down on the stool by the window. Her face was a study which Hue Smith, watching old Jim's movements, missed.

"Well, I never!" she gasped. "Hue Smith, do you mean to tell me that Fred Shepherd is going to do that? How did he come to get your mortgage?"

"Bought it from old Harveill," answered Hue briefly. "Oh, he's within his rights, I'll admit. I've even got behind with the interest this past year. I'll go out West and begin over again."

"It's a burning shame!" said Rosalee violently.

Hue looked around in time to see two very red spots on her cheeks.

"You don't care, though, Rosalee."

"I don't like to see any one unjustly treated," declared Rosalee, "and that is what you've been. You've never had half a chance. And after the way you've slaved, too!"

"If Shepherd would wait a little I might do something yet, now that Aunt Betsy is gone," said Hue bitterly. "I'm not afraid of work. But he won't; he means to take his spite out at last."

Rosalee hesitated.

"Surely, Fred isn't so mean as that," she stammered.

"Perhaps he'll change his mind if—if—"

Smith wheeled about with face aflame.

"Don't you say a word to him about it, Rosalee!" he cried. "Don't you go interceding with him for me. I've got

some pride left. He can take the farm from me, and he can take you, maybe, but he can't take my self-respect. I won't beg him for mercy. Don't you dare to say a word to him about it."

Rosalee's eyes flashed. She was offended to find her sympathy flung back in her face.

"Don't be alarmed," she said, tartly. "I sha'n't bother myself about your concerns. I've no doubt you're able to look out for them yourself."

Smith turned away. As he did so he saw Fred Shepherd driving up the lane. Perhaps Rosalee saw it, too. At any rate, she leaned out of the window.

"Hue! Hue!" Smith half turned. "You'll be up again soon, won't you?"

His face hardened. "I'll come to say good-bye before I go, of course," he answered shortly.

He came face to face with Shepherd at the gate, where the latter was tying his sleek chestnut to a poplar. He acknowledged his rival's condescending nod with a scowl. Shepherd looked after him with a satisfied smile.

"Poor beggar!" he muttered. "He feels pretty cheap, I reckon. I've spoiled his chances in this quarter. Old Jim doesn't want any poverty-stricken hangers-on about his place and Rosalee won't dream of taking him when she knows he hasn't a roof over his head."

He stopped for a chat with old Jim. Old Jim approved of Fred Shepherd. He was a son-in-law after old Jim's heart.

Meanwhile, Rosalee had seated herself at the window and was ostentatiously hemming towels in apparent oblivion of suitor No. 2. Nevertheless, when Shepherd came up she greeted him with an unusually sweet smile and at once plunged into an animated conversation. Shepherd had not come to ask her to go to the picnic—business prevented him from going. But he meant to find out if she were going with Hue Smith. As Rosalee was serenely impervious to all hints,

he was finally forced to ask her bluntly if she was going to the picnic.

Well, yes, she expected to go.

"Oh! Might I ask with whom?"

Rosalee didn't know that it was a question of public interest at all.

"It isn't with that Smith fellow, is it?" demanded Shepherd incautiously. Rosalee tossed her head. "Well, why not?" she asked.

"Look here, Rosalee," said Shepherd angrily. "If you're going to the picnic with Hue Smith I'm surprised at you. What do you mean by encouraging him so? He's as poor as Job's turkey. I suppose you've heard that I've been compelled to foreclose the mortgage on his farm."

Rosalee kept her temper sweetly—a dangerous sign, had Shepherd but known it.

"Yes; he was telling me this morning," she answered slowly.

"Oh, was he? I suppose he gave me my character?"

"No; he didn't say very much about it at all. He said of course you were within your rights. But do you really mean to do it, Shepherd?"

"Of course I do," said Shepherd, promptly. "I can't wait any longer for my money, and I'd never get it if I did. Smith can't even pay the interest."

"It isn't because he hasn't worked hard enough, then," said Rosalee. "He has just slaved on that place ever since he grew up."

"Well, yes, he has worked hard in a way. But he's kind of shiftless, for all that—no manager, you might say. Some folks would have been clear by now, but Smith is one of those men that are bound to get behind. He hasn't got any business faculty."

"He isn't shiftless," said Rosalee quickly, "and it isn't his fault if he has got behind. It's all because of his care for his aunt. He has had to spend more on her doctor's bills

than would have raised the mortgage. And now that she is dead and he might have a chance to pull up, you go and foreclose."

"A man must look out for Number One," said Shepherd easily, admiring Rosalee's downcast eyes and rosy cheeks. "I haven't any spite against Smith, but business is business you know."

Rosalee opened her lips to say something, but, remembering Smith's parting injunction, she shut them again. She shot a scornful glance at Shepherd as he stood with his arms folded on the sill beside her.

Shepherd lingered, talking small talk, until Rosalee announced that she must see about getting tea.

"And you won't tell me who is going to take you to the picnic?" he coaxed.

"Oh, it's Henry Brown," said Rosalee, indifferently.

Shepherd felt relieved. He unpinned the huge cluster of violets on his coat and laid them down on the sill beside her before he went. Rosalee flicked them off with her fingers as she watched him cross the lawn, his own self-satisfied smile upon his face.

A week later the Smith homestead had passed into Fred Shepherd's hands and Hue Smith was staying with his cousin at Westclair, pending his departure for the West. He had never been to see Rosalee since that last afternoon, but Fred Shepherd haunted the Jones place. One day he suddenly stopped coming, and, although Rosalee was discreetly silent, in due time it came to old Jim's ears by various dribbles of gossip that Rosalie had refused him.

Old Jim marched straightway home to Rosalee in a fury and demanded if this were true. Rosalee curtly admitted that it was. Old Jim was so much taken aback by her coolness that he asked almost meekly what was her reason for doing such a fool trick.

"Because he turned Hue Smith out of a house and home," returned Rosalee composedly. "If he hadn't done that there

is no telling what might have happened. I might even have married him, because I liked him very well and it would have pleased you. At any rate, I wouldn't have married Hue when you were against him. Now I mean to."

Old Jim stormed furiously at this, but Rosalee kept so provokingly cool that he was conscious of wasting breath. He went off in a rage, but Rosalee did not feel particularly anxious; now that the matter was over, he would cool down, she knew. Hue Smith worried her more. She didn't see clearly how she was to marry him unless he asked her, and he had studiously avoided her since the foreclosure.

But Rosalee did not mean to be baffled or let her lover slip through her fingers for want of a little courage. She was not old Jim Jones' daughter for nothing.

One day Henry Brown dropped in and said that Hue Smith would start for the West in three days. That evening Rosalee went up to her room and dressed herself in the prettiest dress she owned, combed her hair around her sparkling face in bewitching curls, pinned a cluster of pinks at her belt, and, thus equipped, strolled down in the golden sunset light to the Abbots Creek Bridge. Hue Smith, on his return from Westclair half an hour later, found her there leaning over the rail among the willows.

Rosalee started in well-assumed surprise and then asked him why he had not been to see her. Hue blushed—stammered—didn't know—had been busy—. Rosalee cut short his halting excuses by demanding to know if he were really going away, and what he intended to do.

"I'll go out on the prairies and take up a new start," said Smith sturdily. "Begin life over again free of debt. It'll be hard work, but I'm not afraid of that. I will succeed if it takes me years."

They walked on in silence. Rosalee came to the conclusion that Smith meant to hold his peace.

"Hue," she said tremulously, "won't—won't you find it very lonely out there?"

"Of course—I expect that. I shall have to get used to it."

Rosalee grew nervous. Proposing to a man was really very dreadful.

"Wouldn't it be—nicer for you—" she faltered—"that is—it wouldn't be so lonely for you—would it—if—if you had me out there with you?"

Hue Smith stopped squarely in the dusty road and looked at her. "Rosalee!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, if you can't take a hint!" said Rosalee in despair.

It was all of an hour later that a man drove past them as they loitered up the hill in the twilight. It was Fred Shepherd; he had taken house and land, but what did Smith care about a little thing like that?

REFLECTIONS IN A LIBRARY

By A. L. A., '26

I sat in the library, watching the students throng in and out and wondered just what the library meant to most of them. Is it for them a place where numerous books, magazines and daily papers are assembled and stored, or does it represent a treasury in which the literary treasures of the ages are stored? As they gaze at the rows of books and racks of magazines do they ask themselves why each of these books or magazines was published? What is the purpose back of it all? Ah, if one could be able to see a book as the author sees it, it would take on a new value and become more than just so much ink, paper and binding; it would become a living thing.

As the students came and went I began to think of the writers whose works were stored there. Could they but walk in, in person, what a gathering it would be. "Myriad-minded" Shakespeare, that peer of English writers, accompanied by Bacon, would be the first to come, for he would have most to do. When he had finished with the *Variorum*, Mr. Furness would have as much difficulty recognizing it as his work as Shakespeare would have in recognizing some of his plays with the elaborate and "scholarly" introductions and notes. Two shelves could easily hold all the "Shakespeare" left by this much-sinned-against man when he had relegated much of the "scholarly" material to the junk heap where it belongs, and he could return to his long disturbed rest.

While Shakespeare is righting a great wrong and Bacon is helping him, other notable figures enter. The blind Milton comes in, led by his friend and companion Dante. There follows a still stranger pair, for Cicero is with none other than

Daniel Webster. But who is this synical looking fellow with the jovial and good-natured Horace? Can it be—yes, it is none other than Voltaire discussing politics and Epicureanism. The “singing” Tennyson and the “buoyant and robust” Browning enter, followed by Hellen Keller who has won the sympathy and friendship of Mrs. Browning who accompanies her. As these go to the shelves upon which their respective works are placed, others come in. Lessing, having forgotten his hatred of the French, accompanies Victor Hugo. And who is this airy-like being coming with Goethe? Why, it is Apollo himself. And who can that be but Longfellow with Homer! Strange couples these, but they continue to come, groups of them: Ibsen, Irving, and even some of the more recent writers. And this stately, kingly figure? Truly it is the shepherd lad, David, “the sweet singer of Israel,” with his son Solomon. In vain they look for their shelves until they find two old copies of the Bible over in a corner. Commentaries and “scholarly” works about them are plentiful, but their own writing seems to have been forgotten. Others come in, but soon they grown faint and pass out until only Shakespeare is left. He approaches me with slow, measured steps and gazes at something on the floor at my feet. . . .

My copy of *Hamlet* has fallen; my reverie is broken, and I turn to find the library deserted and the librarian ready to close up.

PRESIDENT SAMUEL WAIT

By DR. G. W. PASCHAL, '92

Reverend Samuel Wait was the first President of Wake Forest Institute, 1834-1839, and when in 1839 the Institute became a college he continued as President until June, 1845.

He was born in Washington County, New York, on December 19, 1789. In 1806 his parents moved to Middletown, Vermont, where he was baptized and licensed to preach. He was ordained in June, 1818, and became pastor of the Baptist Church at Sharon, Massachusetts. In this place in June, 1818, he married Miss Sarah Merriam. With her help he obtained a college education, doing most of his work as a student in a branch of Columbian College of Washington. He served with great acceptance as tutor in Columbian College from 1822 to 1826.

At the end of this year he left Washington as assistant to Dr. William Staughton on a trip through the Southern States in the financial interest of Columbian College. Being detained for several weeks in New Bern, he learned much of the destitution in the Baptist Churches in eastern North Carolina, which destitution was owing primarily to the lack of an educated ministry. The hope of doing something to improve this situation influenced him to accept the call which the New Bern Baptist Church tendered to him to become its pastor.

Wait remained at New Bern for three years when the opportunity he had craved began to open up. For on March 26, 1830, the Baptist State Convention was formed at Greenville. For this occasion, Wait, whose views were already known, was chosen to preach the introductory sermon. His text was:

But when he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep

having no shepherd. Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest. *Matthew, 9:36-38.*

No outline of the sermon has been preserved, but we are safe, I think, in saying that its burden was the necessity of giving a vital gospel preached by trained ministers, to the people of North Carolina. At least his subject was fully in accord with the purposes of the Convention as stated in its short constitution, which were two: first, the education of young men called to preach the gospel, and, second, the support of missions, especially in North Carolina. This sermon also showed that Wait was the proper man to win acceptance for the Convention's program with the Baptists of North Carolina. In fact, it was evident that he was the only man who could do this. On this account the Convention made him its General Agent. For this work he was to have \$35 a month, while he himself was to provide for his traveling outfit and all expenses.

Intrusted with this important mission, Wait set about the work "with as little loss of time as possible." He provided himself with a covered, two-horse jersey wagon, which was the home of himself and his wife and his young daughter for the next three and one-half years. In it he zigzagged from the seashore to the western mountain ranges of North Carolina, preaching the gospel of the kingdom, telling of the work proposed by the Convention and winning the Baptist folk to the new and better order. The importance of his work will be the more evident when it is recalled that at that time there was no Baptist periodical in the State. Wait, as General Agent, was the almost sole means of informing the people of the denominational program. And well did he do his work, often with much encouragement from associations and churches, but often, after the first year, with pronounced and bitter opposition in consequence of pamphlets that had

been circulated throughout the State by those opposed to the Convention.

In his journeying up and down the State Wait did every kind of work that falls to the lot of a gospel minister. He preached and delivered addresses at church meetings and at Associations; he baptized; he administered the Lord's Supper; he distributed tracts, which were eagerly read in that day when newspapers were rarely found in North Carolina homes; he encouraged the formation of Sunday Schools. To consider only one of these lines of activity, his reports made to the annual meetings of the Baptist State Convention show that during the first year he preached 243 sermons, during the second 268, during the third, when he was on a sick bed for six weeks, 208. That is, he was preaching almost every day in the year. During this time he made three trips from the seashore to the mountain ridges, and back again, and took a census of the Baptist Associations of the State, the number of which he found to be fourteen, three of them partly in other States.

But as Agent, Wait's most important work was to enlist the interest and coöperation of the Baptists of the State in the program of the Convention, which at that time included the support of missions and education. In that day before the Baptists had a periodical he told them of one another and aroused their denominational pride. So wise was Wait, so conciliatory, so successful in winning favor, that he actually got a hearing and most kind consideration for his message at a meeting of an Association which at its meeting in 1926 refused a hearing to the Corresponding Secretary of the Convention. And most important of all Wait aroused an interest in Education among the Baptists of the State. With reference to this feature of his work an able historical writer, Dr. T. M. Pittman, has said that as it was the first it was also the most extensive and important educational campaign ever conducted in the State.

Directly out of the interest and enthusiasm aroused by the work of Wait in these years came our institution at Wake Forest. On this account he deserves the distinction his biographer has given him of being the founder of Wake Forest College. After Wait had been in the field as Agent for nearly three years its establishment was determined upon at the meeting of the Baptist State Convention at Rives' Chapel in Chatham County, in October, 1832. It was more than a year later when on February 2, 1834, its doors were opened for students. For the first five years it was a manual labor institution and was known as Wake Forest Institute. For the place of principal, Wait's qualifications were so much superior to those of any one else that he was unanimously chosen by the committee to which the choice was committed—unanimous with the exception of Wait himself who was on the committee.

In beginning the work at Wake Forest Wait labored under serious handicaps. For the manual labor there was the six-hundred-acre farm, which had not been under cultivation for two years and was washing into gullies; there was no school building, only the farm house standing on the present site of the Administration Building, but since removed to its present place across the street to the north of the College Hospital; there were no dormitories, except seven excellent negro cabins; no chapel, no dining room, no class rooms; no money, no provisions, very little help, but on the first day sixteen students to look after, teach, train in farm work, board, and shelter and bed. In six weeks the number of students had increased to forty, and before the end of the year, to seventy-two. In looking after the farm Wait had the assistance of his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles R. Merriam, but for the teaching of all these students, their housing, bedding, feeding, their discipline and religious instruction Wait alone was responsible.

But Wait met the responsibility. For recitation room, he used the largest room in the residence; for chapel he fitted

up the carriage house left by Dr. Jones; for a dining room, after a few weeks of setting the table nine times a day to accommodate three shifts of students, he used a large tent; for dormitories the negro cabins, some of which were new, and all of which were in good repair, were whitewashed and called into requisition; to provide beds Wait and his good wife turned mattress-makers when the increasing number of students made the supply on hand inadequate, and often they worked until midnight weaving shuck mattresses; to meet the lack of money to set the school in operation, Wait borrowed a hundred dollars and put it into the treasury of the Institute, which was to be paid when the Institute was able "and not before," and which was never paid. It may be said that Rev. Charles McAlister of Fayetteville and Mr. W. P. Biddle of New Bern also contributed each one hundred dollars at this time; to meet the deficiency of help in the dining room, after teaching all the forenoon Wait would hasten from his class to the tent and help with the table.

The mere teaching of all these students of every degree of preparation, some just beginning the study of English grammar, some beginning the first year of college work, was no slight task. After morning prayers by candle-light, and a Latin class also by candle light, came breakfast; then class after class until dinner time; and then, in the afternoon, work on the farm, with Wait leading one of the squads of fence-builders or rail-splitters, or grubbers, even like Father Aeneas, being first in such labors, as a member of his Virgil class said in the *Raleigh Register* of that day; then back to the house, and evening prayers, and supper, and two hours' supervision of students as they studied; and then seven hours allotted to rest, rest rendered sweet by the farm labors. Such was the day's routine.

And it was no mediocre instruction that Wait gave. This was proved by the results of the public examination that the young men and boys were subjected to at the end of July. For in that day teachers were not allowed to give examination

to their own students, the assumption probably being that the teachers were so convinced of the superiority of their own instruction that every student would have received a round hundred. Following the custom of the time the students at Wake Forest the first year were examined towards the close of July by a committee of ten appointed by the Board of Trustees. And this committee had the assistance of no less personages than Governor Swain and Judge William Gaston, he who wrote "The Old North State," at that time on the Supreme Court bench of North Carolina. After ascertaining that Wait had not drilled his students merely on a particular part of the subjects and taught them the answers to a set of question by rote, which seems to have been the custom in some schools, but that "the young gentlemen were prepared on any and every particular of the course embraced by the session," the committee "were highly gratified with the promptness and precision with which the students met the various questions propounded on the English studies and the correctness with which they construed Latin and Greek." The committee's satisfaction was shared by Governor Swain and Judge Gaston, who had assisted in the examination, the latter of whom declared that the young men had done exceedingly well, considering the opportunities they had had.

The subjects embraced in the examinations were "Geography, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Natural Philosophy, *Historiae Sacrae*, Caesar, Cicero's Orations, Greek Testament, etc., etc.;"—that is, Wait, single-handed, had conducted classes in all these subjects. Nor must we omit the fact that the young gentlemen were also examined on Manual Labor. Being asked to show their hands to indicate whether they bore the "marks of honor," they responded with as much pride as Marius exhibited in showing his scars to the wondering multitude.

Such was the routine work of Wait in the first year, and the years that followed, which in itself would be sufficient reason for the College to love and honor his name. But

there was in Wait's work a higher element, in that he knew how to enlist the youthful enthusiasm of those under his charge and to transmute it into the pure gold of worthy ideals and noble Christian character. He was an inspirational master. The students were not slow to mark his neatness of dress, his nobility of person, his dignity of bearing, his gentleness, piety and grace. Years after he had left Wake Forest one who had been with him there, Dr. H. L. Graves, had a dream in which he saw Wait in heroic proportions and majesty surrounded by students under the oaks on the Campus. While they were in school the students thought him the greatest of men, and, after more than sixty years one of them, in his reminiscences of his days at Wake Forest, said of him, "No purer, better man ever lived."

It would be a hopeless undertaking to try to tell just how a personality like that of Wait's quickens and transforms those among and for whom he works. The method of such a personality is as mysterious as the personality itself. We must be content with telling of some of the means Wait employed.

In the first place the young men soon found out that he liked to see them neat in person and dress, with well kept wardrobes. On Saturday afternoons they would assemble in the grove, all freshly bathed and in clean linen and their best clothes. This was only part of a program to inspire the young gentlemen with self-respect, under which, as one of them has said, "He taught us to think a great deal of ourselves, to set our mark high, to study hard and get our lessons well. He encouraged us to believe that we would eventually fill high offices and make great men." For the weak and timid, for the slow and awkward, as Matthew Tyson records, he had a word of encouragement.

A musician himself, Wait encouraged the young men in the development of their musical talent. After the study period was over at night, an hour was free for such as wished to take flute or violin or dulcimo or flageolet and soothe their

hearts, love-laden or homesick, with music sweet as love that overflowed all the plantation. On Saturday afternoons in fine weather they brought out flute and violin and banjo and guitar and played beneath the big oaks. Soon the young men had organized a regular band with Wait as leader, who as one recalls, "took his stand on the rostrum, marked time, and performed on the flute," seeming to enjoy the music as well as the boys.

Again, Wait encouraged the young men to organize a military company, having himself much of the military spirit and bearing, and sharing with the young men the patriotism of the days of 1776 and 1812 which events were still fresh in the memories of many living men. After sixty years one who had fought and attained distinction in both the Mexican War and the Civil War, Major Sanders M. Ingram, made record of the martial airs Wait played on the flute, and the speech he made, on the organization of the military company.

Tradition says, and it is a matter of record too, that Wait soon became convinced that he could dispense with the assistance of young ladies in teaching his young men high thought and noble deed, and courtesy and all that makes a man. These same young ladies early in the life of the school robbed him of some of his best and most promising. This was contrary to his purposes for them. Accordingly, it soon became noised abroad that Wait had said that he wished there was "a wall ten miles square and fifty feet high around the Campus and a young lady not allowed inside it." Although this atrocious saying is probably apochryphal, there is no doubt that Wait recognized the fact that love and learning is a no more desirable combination than vinegar and oil.

The Board of Trustees enacted a code of petty regulations which they expected Wait as their executive officer to enforce. Among them was a rule providing that no student should have any pocket change, another that none should

spend any money on his own account, but must have the Principal do his buying, while still another rule forbade the student's leaving the premises without permission. But soon under the cover of night negro peddlers were stealing to the cabins where the boys lodged, selling peanuts and apples, watermelons—sometimes substituting pumpkins in the dark on the unsuspecting youth—and chicken-pies. For all these things it does not appear that Wait cared very much. He knew boys better than the Board of Trustees. Though afterwards Wake Forest doubtless had her share of students who misbehaved, the first examining committee reported that:

“The Rev. Samuel Wait, Principal of the Institute, by his dignified manners and conciliatory conduct, commands the obedience and respect of the students, the happy influence which he exerts is perceived in the emulation of the students to please by their deportment, and to excel in their studies. Such indeed has been the disposition on the part of the young gentlemen to yield obedience to the mild and reasonable regulations of the Institute, that the session has passed without the occurrence of a solitary case of punishment.”

Not yet, when the examining committee was making this statement, had Wait's sweet and pervasive religious influence among the students become publicly manifest. It was late in August, 1834, when the first of four annual great revivals of religion came at Wake Forest. Of the students that first year the greater part were the sons of wealthy planters, young men who had more opportunity to know the life of the old Southern home than that of the church. Only eighteen of the seventy were, on coming to the Institute, professing Christians. But in a few weeks after, all, both saints and sinners, began to feel the quickening power of Wait's genial and warm religious precepts and admonitions in the chapel services, of his sermons from Sunday to Sunday, and the gentle, even tenor of his daily walk and conversation. In a few weeks many had become seriously concerned about religion. Their concern grew from week to

week, until it finally resulted in a great revival wherein no fewer than thirty-five of the students were converted. The next year, at the end of August, there was a similar revival, and on August 30, the organization of the Wake Forest Baptist Church occurred, with Wait as pastor, a position in which he served until 1846. During all this period and for many years thereafter the Wake Forest Church was for the most part a student church, with students serving as Clerk and Treasurer and Deacons, and as Delegates to associations and conventions, and where they were trained for Christian work. By it were licensed and ordained many preachers, especially in those early days, whose labors are known on both sides of the world. In all this work Wait was the leader.

Such is a brief account of Wait's great work for Wake Forest and its students in the first years. It was no little thing to have managed the institution in those days of poverty of equipment to the satisfaction of both students and Trustees. It was a much greater thing to have gained acceptance for the ideals of industry, scholarship, service to State and society, of nobility of character, of quiet self-respect, of high resolve, of devotion to truth and consecration of life, as Wait did with the young men who were students at Wake Forest during those first years. Well has one of them said of him, "I know of no man who has lived in North Carolina who has done more good to the world than he." This encomium will appear the more deserved when it is recognized that the ideals of these early years have come down to college of the present day.

We turn now to another side of Wait's work. At the beginning of the second year the Rev. John Armstrong came to Wake Forest as Professor of the Ancient Languages. During the previous year he had raised the money for the "College Building," as the present Administration Building was first known. He proved a valuable help, but with the increase in the number of students, two other tutors were

soon employed. After two years and a half, in July, 1837, Armstrong left on a two years' leave for study in Europe. At the end of this year, Henry Lee Graves, who has proved a valuable man as tutor, and Horace A. Wilcox, who had been rather unacceptable to the students, both left. Wait was under the necessity of getting other helpers. Unfortunately, he seems to have been reduced to the necessity of getting New Englanders. Two of them were graduates of Brown University, and both at Wake Forest and in their work after they had left the College proved able and good men. These were John B. White, who was later the third President of the College, and Stephen Morse. The third, Daniel Ford Richardson, after two years was asked by the Board of Trustees to resign. why?

On Armstrong's return from Europe in 1839 he found these New Englanders entrenched in their positions at the College, with Morse in the place that the Board of Trustees by formal action had led Armstrong to believe was still his. To relieve the situation Armstrong resigned and went to Mississippi. The result was almost fatal to the College, as the Institute had already become by act of the State Legislature. Armstrong's friends, who were many and among the most influential and wealthy Baptists of the State lost much of their ardor and zeal for the institution; they no longer supported it with their contributions in money but allowed it to stagger under a great burden of debt. The people generally had learned that New Englanders were teaching at Wake Forest, men who had been students of the great anti-slavery political economist, President Francis Wayland of Brown University. As sectional bitterness increased, so did the reluctance of North Carolina Baptists to send their sons to a school where they would be under the tutelage of these men. Richardson, as we have seen, was soon dismissed; after a few years Morse also left; White remained for ten years longer, when in spite of his worth as a man and teacher, he too left. It was this situation that led President Wait to

offer his resignation to take effect July 1, 1845. This was accepted by the Board of Trustees.

It is not our purpose to follow Wait through the other years of his life, in which he did useful and honorable service as President of Oxford Female College and as pastor of churches. But it remains to be said that on resigning the presidency he did not lose his interest in the College nor end his service of it.

He was immediately elected President of the Board of Trustees and served in that capacity until May, 1866. He spent his last days at Wake Forest. With advancing years his love for the College increased. He had the pride in it that a father has for a beloved son. The story goes that in his last feeble years he would almost every day totter through the campus supporting his steps with a cane, visit the College Building, and lay his hands affectionately against its walls. After the Civil War he had seen students again thronging its campus for a year and a half, when on July 28, 1867, his spirit saw the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. His body rests in the Wake Forest cemetery.

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

V. R. BRANTLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. H. KEMP

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOVEY

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

H. J. OVERMAN AND CHARLES ZIMMERMAN

CIRCULATION MANAGER

E. F. UPCHURCH

VOL. XLIV

JANUARY, 1927

No. 4

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

V. R. BRANTLEY, *Editor*

**More About
Chapel**

All this squabble about compulsory chapel attendance seems woefully unnecessary to me. Having duly decided that talks by the faculty are inspiring and not objectionable in the least, while talks by students furnish variety to combat any feeling of monotony that might arise, it stands to reason that precaution is justifiable which prevents any irresponsible ones from deny-

ing themselves this privilege. To make chapel attendance optional would be hardly more sane and practical than to leave attendance on 8:10 classes to the discretion of the students. The argument that religious creeds and precepts are forced upon one through chapel exercises is particularly weak; especially is the statement groundless at Wake Forest, where, though Baptist beliefs naturally prevail and predominate, religion is advanced by the most liberal minded of Christian faculties. It is an accepted fact that Baptists in Wake Forest College do not ask one to follow the regulations of their church or even become a member of it; they only ask one to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ.

For the SCRIBES' GALLERY reread that Department as it appeared in the December STUDENT.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. E. POOVEY, *Editor*

Exams and their baleful influence have been upon us for the last two weeks; so we are not qualified to pass judgment on exchange material sent us. We can only acknowledge receipt of the following:

Winthrop Journal, Carolinian, Wofford Journal, Archive, Wataugan, College Message, Corradi, Chronicle, U. of Okla. Magazine, Trinity University Review, Bashaba, Depauw Magazine, Acorn, Pine Branch.

Why not devote the Exchange Departments of North Carolina college magazines to determining the consensus of opinion as to the best poem, the best story, the best serious article or essay, that have appeared during the year? The most appropriate issue of the magazines is that of March, it seems to me. If all the Exchange Editors would give their selections of the best of these, the composite selection should be fairly definite and conclusive.

ALUMNI NOTES

E. H. KEMP, *Editor*

While we were lately in the midst of a jubilant celebration over an athletic victory, the thought came into my mind that perhaps another victory, gained by altogether different individuals, would be celebrated ten years from that memorable night. Then I immediately wondered the obverse of the matter. I wondered who had won the victory of ten years past—who the victory of twenty years ago. Out of this vague cogitation, came the idea that others might be thinking the same thoughts, and would appreciate it if I set their minds at rest by bringing back from the shadows of obscurity some of the heroes of past decades. Suiting action to intentions I strolled by the gym and broached the subject to Coach Phil Utley. Coach Phil, by the way, will go down in the athletic annals of the institution as a top-notch sport and one of the three or four best athletes ever on the hill.

The files in the Bursar's office contain words to the effect that one P. M. Utley attended the College from 1909 to 1913. The *Howler* for 1913 contains a picture of this man, accompanied with a list of activities that include four years of football, baseball, and basketball. In the same list is mildly mentioned that Coach was All-State halfback in '11 and '12. And though the *Howler* fails to note this fact, it is generally known that he played first-base on the baseball team that won the Southern Championship in '13. From '14 to '16 he was coaching football at Carson Newman. After three years of league baseball he was again in a coaching position, this time at Lenoir-Rhync. Here he remained until 1923, when he accepted the position of Director of Physical Education at Wake Forest. At present his name is a synonym at Wake Forest for clean, hard-fighting athletics.

Coach Phil likes to talk about that wonder baseball team of '13. He mentions especially two old team-mates, Mig Billings and Henry Faucette. Billings, he says, used to win games consistently with home runs in the ninth inning. Mr. Billings later became a medical man, and now practices his profession in Morganton. Henry Faucette, whom he describes as one of the "sweetest" outfielders he ever knew, is now indulging in real estate in Raleigh.

Then the Coach sometimes reminisces about Larry Woodall, another "pal of his cradle days." Larry played with him on the great champ team, and then signed with the Detroit Tigers; this contract still holds.

When asked if Bill Holding's regime coincided with his, Mr. Utley replied in the negative, but admitted that Bill played with the team in his (Phil's) last year. He thinks Bill was the best basketball shot he ever saw on a floor.

Jim Camp gains consideration by having played guard on the football team in his freshman and sophomore years, which corresponded to Coach Phil's junior and senior years. The Coach speaks of him as being a cracker-jack guard, and a popular member of the Glee Club in those darksome days. Probably he was a prototype of the Judy Morton of our own generation. Jim, who graduated with the class of '15, is in business in Norfolk.

Harry Rabenhorst was not intimately connected with Coach Phil, since the Coach was at Lenoir-Rhyne when Harry was kicking his way to fame against State, about 1920. Harry stood behind Wake Forest's goal line and booted the ball so heftily that it soared above the head of State's safety man and bounded across State's line. The punt was registered as something over 125 yards. The mighty kicker, according to the best information obtainable, is at present coaching at the University of Louisiana.

Jim Turner, whose name once more adorns the pages of the newspapers—though for a different reason from that of

yore—is well known to the Coach, for he spent two years in college with him. He graduated in 1912. In '04-'07 he was the idol of the undergraduates because of his great work in baseball and basketball. Now known as the Rev. James B. Turner he is the first pastor of the newly built Church at Hayes-Barton, Raleigh,

Big Boy Blanchard should be included in any Athletes' Hall of Fame selected at Wake Forest. For the last two or three years before his graduation in '19, he was the darling of the campus by virtue of his football prowess. A halo surrounded him, comparable to that of Fred Emerson in late years. He is Dr. Blanchard now, practicing at McColl.

When questioned as to the four outstanding athletes graduated in recent years, Coach Phil made the following selection:

Stanley Johnson, '24, should be given most honorable mention, for he pitched stellar baseball for the College when pitchers of any calibre were at a premium here.

George Heckman, '23, captained both the teams he played on; he was a football and basketball player *par excellence*. Men in College now still recount his glorious deeds on the gridiron and floor. He has physically obscured himself in the darkness of Medicine.

Murray Greason, '26, needs no comment; his name is synonymous with all collegiate athletics.

Van Stringfield, '23, reveled in baseball, basketball, and tennis. He is probably best known as a clever shortstop, entering professional baseball, as he did, after graduation.

When the eyes of North Carolina fans turned north during the summer months of last year, they tried to see as far as Canada; for there, on the Toronto club of the International League, Victor Sorrell was proving himself at his first big-time sport. Immediately after his phenomenal record in high school was finished, Sorrell was contracted by Detroit. He was persuaded to attend College, however, and his record at Wake Forest completely verified the predictions which had been made about him.

"Did most of you College guys know," Coach Utley asked as the scribe was leaving, "that not so many years ago, before it was definitely known that H. M. Poteat was to terrorize freshmen in a Latin Class, and before Elliott Earnshaw decided to handle the bills for Wake Forest, these two shieks made tennis a game for the strong, and death to the weak? They were peerless among North Carolina colleges, and almost matchless throughout the South." The lack of devotion to the game, and the lack of such wonderful aptitude since the undergraduate days of these men, have been the reason, according to Coach Phil, for the apparent lack of interest in the sport. For it is a fact that lately there has hardly been a tennis player worthy of even casual attention—apologies, of course, to Cap'n Jim and his crew.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo.

Heard on the State campus before the game two weeks ago:
"We've got a dandy coffin to take to Wake Forest when we beat them."

"Red" Haworth should exercise a little caution before giving yells, especially when ladies are present. It is generally known that he urges the boys to show there "Old Gold and Black Supporters."

Say, Fred, have you heard the latest Paddle song.
No, Carlyle, I haven't. What is it?
"My Sweetie Turned Me Down."

Ad in *Old Gold and Black*: "Wanted, one good man, single, who is familiar with farming in general"—Charles Matthews, Spring Hope, N. C., R.F.D. 7. Charles reports that so far he has only two aspirants. The candidates are C. C. Abernathy and Pop Simmons.

Carlton Jolly seems to be a Migratory Freshman. He's a fast baby. Watch his speed!

"Oh boy, what a girl!"

"Dr." Tom: Boze, how is yo' foah chilluns gittin' long?
Boze: But "Doc," I ain't got but two.

"Dr.": Yes, but dey has consumed green apples and doubled up."

Little boys with vivid imaginations occasionally unrecel some good stuff in analyzing the different animals, both wild and domestic. One little fellow outdid himself on geese in the following essay:

"Geese is a low, heavy-set bird which is mostly meat and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sits on the other. Geese can't sing much on account of dampness of the moisture. He ain't got no between-his-toes and he's got a little balloon in his stummick to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they gets big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't haff to sit and hatch but just eat and loaf and go swimming. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

Say, who are you working for now?
Same people; the wife and five kids.

Niggah, I's gwine to mash yo' nose all ovah yo' face!
I'se gwine to push does teeth down yo' throat and black both yo' eyes, et cetera.

Black man, you don't mean "et cetera," you means "vices versus."

It was her birthday. He promised her a rose for every year. Diplomatically he ordered but 20 roses.

When he had gone the florist said: "He is a good customer, I will add another 20 for luck."

Sign in Franklinton: "Spitting on the sidewalk, fine \$10; three offences, \$25."

Any further information on any subject will be promptly forwarded upon receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Sign in Millbrook, as seen from the highway:

TWO BOARDS TO LET

BARNES & HOLDING

*Interwoven Socks
Sure-Fit Caps
Exclusive Hats*

*Florsheim Shoes
Bradley Sweaters and
Lumber Jacks*

*College Belts and Jewelry,
Pennants and Other
Student Needs*

(Door below Postoffice)

T. E. HOLDING & COMPANY

DRUGGISTS

*Call on us for
Drugs, Stationery, Athletic
Goods, Fountain Pens,
Candies and Foun-
tain Drinks*

Prescriptions Our Specialty

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"The Vogue Suits Me"

The
Vogue
Shop For Men

RALEIGH, N. C.

"Always Something New"

THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK

Wake Forest College Weekly

Subscription \$1.50 the Year

J. S. PITTARD, *Business Manager*

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Tuition and room rent free. Scholarships available to approved students. Seminary within 13 miles of Philadelphia. Metropolitan advantages. Seminary's relations with University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:

1. REGULAR COURSES FOR PREACHERS AND PASTORS. Seminary. Degree of B.D. or Diploma.
2. TRAINING FOR COMMUNITY SERVICE. Seminary and University. Degrees of B.D. and A.M.
3. TRAINING FOR ADVANCED SCHOLARSHIP. Seminary and University. Degree of Th.M. at Seminary, or Ph.D. at University.

For information address

MILTON G. EVANS, LL.D., *President,*
Chester, Pa.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
To Mother (Verse) <i>Henry J. Overman</i>	211
The Weaker Sex (story)..... <i>Elbert A. MacMillan</i>	212
Cycle-Trees (verse)..... <i>V. R. Brantley</i>	220
A Passing Landmark (essay) <i>Henry J. Overman</i>	222
Tell de Lawd (verse)..... <i>Chas L. Gillespie</i>	225
Black Ghosts (sketch)..... <i>V. R. Brantley</i>	226
Life's Values (oration)..... <i>B. M. Squires</i>	230
FROM THE FACULTY:	
Sectioning of Students <i>Dr. D. B. Bryan</i>	235
DEPARTMENTS:	
The Editor's Easy Chair.... <i>V. R. Brantley, Editor</i>	241
Snobbery	241
The Honory System	242
Exchange Department..... <i>C. E. Poovey, Editor</i>	244
Alumni Notes <i>Elbert A. MacMillan Editor</i>	247
The Apoplectic Alcove	249

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 5

TO MOTHER

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

When the Tide of Life is running
And Youth is at the Helm,
The open seas are sought and kept,
Though breezes blow or storms o'erwhelm.

Before we clear the sheltered bay
To face the tempest wild,
A lighthouse—yea, a Mother's love—
Guards the restless child.

When seas are smooth and glassy,
Or lashed by maddening gale,
Its beacon light beams on our ship,
To guide us as we sail.

When far behind us, in the distance,
The beacon twinkles dim,
Another Light will guide us
In the final Voyage to Him.

THE WEAKER SEX

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, '29

Carlyle Craig Price, fifteen, clad in his best suit of brown tweed, and with his befreckled face flushed to a hue that matched admirably his scarlet hair, stumped haughtily down the shaded little "Main Street" of Mocksboro this sunny June morning. One who might have observed the hurrying youngster on this particular morning and at this particular moment would have concluded forthwith that all was not as well with the world—or at least with that part of it which had to do with the sorrell-topped youth—as the dewy brilliance of this early summer day would indicate. In fact, had one been of an observant nature, and had he studied with any degree of carefulness the visage of the fiery youngster, he would have scented at once some dire catastrophe.

But there was no one on Main Street on this morning to pay Carlyle Price more than his usual share of recognition. His few fellow-pedestrians seemed distant and vague to Carlyle on this eventful morning, in fact were seen by him only through a red haze. Old Judge Hudson, hobbling down to preside at his little recorder's court, did look a little longer than usual at his juvenile townsman, and wondered what "that Price kid had up his sleeve now," as young Price stumbled on, unmindful of the "Hello, sonny," offered by the old man. But beyond this Carlyle's passage down the street caused no more of a stir than it had been accustomed to cause in the thirteen summers that had seen the boy on the streets of Mocksboro.

To begin with, Carlyle was in love. That in itself is explanatory of many wild and otherwise inexplicable states of mind, actions, and deeds of youths over the world whose years approximate those boasted by the Price boy. Yes,

Carlyle was in love—deeply, passionately, soulfully in love—in love only as a red-headed boy of fifteen is capable of being in love. It had been fully four months ago that the demure little Julia Thomas had ensnared in her simple net the unsuspecting and hitherto unexposed Carlyle.

Carlyle, being at that time a member of the Mocksboro high school basketball team, and being, as high school basketball players are prone to be, rather susceptible to the charms of the female flatterer, had fallen hard for his attractive fifteen-year-old classmate. The basketball season had ultimately passed, and with it a large part of the glory that was Carlyle's. His election to captain the following year's team had kept his status, however, and his affair with Julia had retained its early romantic aspects and had continued to prosper, after a fashion. The pair had been duly teased and kidded through a series of embarrassing parties that had reigned supreme following the basketball season, and had finally sunk into the oblivion that invariably follows unusual publicity. Carlyle had at last largely overcome the devastating timidity that had beset him during the first days of his courtship—a courtship that was largely the work of Julia, with Carlyle a willing but backward pupil. He had overcome this bashfulness, and had learned to walk with his "girl" more like a proper young man than the stumbling, gangling person he had been at first.

During this time their affair had progressed smoothly and rapidly, and had weathered some two months of experience and learning. They had sat for hours in the Thomas living room and had uttered voluble discourses on love, and things like that, always with particular reference to their own case. Carlyle had racked out from hidden corners of his brain much romantic and foolish chatter having to do largely with, and being expressed principally in terms of, "always," "could not live without," "made for each other," and other senseless, but harmless patter, while Julia, having the happy faculty of being a good listener, drank it all in with bated breath

and with so grave an air as to make young Master Carlyle swell up with pride, under the delusion that he had said something new, and that he had really impressed Mistress Julia.

So they had gone on, little ups and downs coming from time to time, but with their affair for the most part moving along in the smoothest fashion. Baseball had come and gone and Carlyle had achieved further honors at his position as shortstop on the high school baseball team.

Their case had been rather an unusual one from the beginning. Carlyle, new in this game of love-making, had eyes only for Julia. His every thought, his every act, was definitely influenced by her. But now a powerful, biting jealousy had sprung up and was nurtured in his heart. At school he kept Julia under watchful eye at all times, and was ready to do anything for her or to smash the face of anyone who should even so much as take a second look at her. And Julia, who had skimmed lightly through the cream of Mocksboro's youth and tasted the wine of many and various puppy love affairs, had found it a little strange to possess anything so utterly, much less the red-headed Carlyle. She had been used to devotion, or seeming devotion, from any number of young swains, and never had much practical experience with the pleasant, or unpleasant, little business of "being true" to any one boy.

And so Carlyle's strange behavior had startled her. Carlyle, uninitiated as he was, had peculiar ideas as to the proper behavior of young women, and Julia's behavior did not at the beginning of their case always tally with these ideas. She could not, for instance, understand why she could not have dates with her "boy friends" as she had been used to for several months. But Carlyle's ideas had prevailed, and Julia's friends had met cool refusals when they signified a desire for a date.

And so it had gone. To Carlyle's certain knowledge, and he had every reason to be certain, Julia had had a date with

no one but him in fully four months following that memorable night back in basketball season.

But now as he walked down Main Street this brilliant June morning there was no happiness in the air for him. The fresh green on the trees that lined the street seemed as a curtain of red to him; the songs of the many small birds that twittered in these trees dinned like songs of hate in the ears of the fiery pedestrian; the billowy cloud of silvery steam-like smoke drifting lazily over the waiting freight engine on the switch at the end of the street seemed a bank of dismal fog. There was no happiness; nothing would ever again go right; all was darkness.

For hadn't he *seen* her, *spoken* to her, when she was with that ratty little collegian? Hadn't she breezed into the corner drug store last night with her arm tucked into the crook of the arm of this caky little shiek? She had had a date with him. The full import of the situation was dawning more and more on Carlyle as he pursued his way down the street. She had had a date. And she had promised him that she would let no one come to see her but Carlyle, and he, as she had said, "had a date *all* the time." To Carlyle, a date with another boy meant utter ruin. There was not in his conception the possibility of a date without a lot of slushy talk about love, and all that. "I bet she told him she loved him!" he exclaimed suddenly to himself. The thought was maddening. All came to him at once now; she had simply been "stringing" him, didn't think a thing of him, forgot him completely when some little freshman from State came to town. Carlyle's red face became redder still as he thought of the humiliation he had suffered when the pair walked into the drug store the night before, Julia, his Julia, smiling up into the face of the sleek youth who accompanied her there. She had smiled just as she was wont to smile at him, Carlyle ruminated bitterly. That same little way she had of turning her head down and looking up dreamily and worshipfully through her brown lashes. And Carlyle

had thought all that belonged to him. His heart thudded madly as he thought of it, the whole situation. The fact that she had broken her word seemed to be one of the lesser evils now.

But in spite of all Carlyle refused down deep in his heart to believe that Julia had forsaken him. She loved him yet, he thought now, in spite of the way she acted. And oh, how sweet it would be when he saw her again, how she would beg for forgiveness, how she would fall before him, entreat him not to be too hard on her, for she loved him *so*.

Carlyle pictured himself suddenly as a hero of the movies, another "Red" Grange. The world was paying him homage, he was the hero of the country, "a John Barrymore in mole-skins." All was his. Girls, women all clamored for him, entreated him for an autograph, or even a smile. Julia would be among the crowd that would meet him when he returned from Hollywood—oh yes, she would be right there. What a world of adoration, of worship, would be in her eyes when he picked her out from among the hundreds who would be there. He would not hold it against her, this awful indiscretion she had been guilty of so long ago. He would be very magnanimous, very noble and gracious, and would saunter through the gaping crowd to single out Julia from all the rest. He would brush away the tears from her face, tears of gladness they would be, and would crush her with his mighty arms. "Sure, I've forgiven you long ago, little girl," he would say as she buried her head on his shoulder and plead for forgiveness.

His reverie, sweeter than the ambrosia of the gods to him, was broken suddenly by the realization that he was only two doors from Julia's home. He would be there in a minute, and, oh, what a sweet time he would have! How he would glory in his advantage, how he would make her explain, and

cry, and beg forgiveness. Nothing she could say would touch him. None of her artful guiles would weaken his reserve. He would fold his arms, set his chin, and let her plead. After so long a time, when she was prostrated with grief before him, when her eyes were dim and blood-shot with tears, when she sat there exhausted, he would take her in his arms and say, "There, there, little girl, we all make mistakes. Don't you worry. Everything will be all right."

As he started down the gravel path that led to the house he reached down in his knickers pocket and extracted therefrom a glittering little silver class pin, Julia's. This would he hold carelessly in his hand as he was ushered into the door, and it would be noticed at once by Julia, thus adding materially to the roll he was to play. She would think he was there to return the pin, and would be even more frantic in her efforts to win him back. Yes, he decided, the pin would be a decided addition to the scene.

Slowly and methodically Carlyle made his way up the stone steps to the Thomas home. Slowly and deliberately he pushed the electric bell, and stepping back folded his arms and waited.

He had not long to wait. Julia herself answered in a moment, a bubbling, vivacious Julia that did not fit very appropriately into Carlyle's previously created picture. Not repentant enough, he thought. Well, she'd come to that soon enough.

"Oh, Carlyle, I've got more things to tell you," she bubbled. "Come right on in."

And Carlyle, arms still folded and still carrying himself slowly, meditatively, marched into the living room and sat down in a hard straight chair.

"Carlyle, I want to tell you all about what a lovely time I had last night," Julia was continuing.

Carlyle arranged himself even more pompously in his

chair, and was making preparations to add that he wanted to hear all about it, when Julia chimed on:

"I was with the cutest little freshman from State. He played on the freshman football and basketball teams there this year, and was pledged by the Alpha Sigma Epsilon fraternity."

Carlyle slitted his eyes, slumped down in his seat, and began to wonder when the opportunity would present itself for the beginning of the scene. Julia at present did not seem to be overly penitent.

"But what I want to tell you about is what he said about *you*," continued the irrepressible Julia. "You know when we were in the drug store last night. You were in there, but you left just's soon we came in. Well, when he saw you the first thing he did was to turn to me and say, 'Isn't that boy named Price?' I hadn't seen you till then, but when he said that don't think for a minute I didn't turn around in a hurry. I saw you as you were going out the door and told him that your name was Price, Carlyle Craig Price. And I'll bet you, Carlyle, you can't guess what he said then."

She paused dramatically, and Carlyle, awakened now somewhat from his Napoleonic mood, grunted that he couldn't and Julia continued:

"Well, I'll tell you what he said. He said that the Athletic Council at State had considered you and your record as an athlete in high school here and that they've decided to give you a scholarship at State whenever you get ready to go there."

Her face was radiant now, and Carlyle had almost completely lost his false pose.

"He said they heard he was going to be here and told him to look you up while he was here. Said he'd see you this morning."

And then, as there was a slight lull in the conversation, Julia glanced down at the little class pin dangling by its miniature chain from Carlyle's hand.

"Why aren't you wearing the pin, Carlyle?" she asked.

"Oh, this?" For a moment Carlyle fingered the bit of metal nervously, and a cloud of worry darkened his brow, but in a moment his fingers were at ease and his face brightened.

"The safety clasp came unhooked, and I was afraid I would lose it," he said.

CYCLE-TREES

By V. R. BRANTLEY, '27

The musing dreamer loses himself on the byways of reverie,
And, dreaming, wonders on the trend of progress of his
brother man.

Visions coming not as in the days of old,
His reason fancies pictures like the weird premonitions of
the bards who used to be.

On the hillside of the Ages grew the Tree-of-Life-Ancestral,
Glorious in its growth of wild and flowing ornament;
With vines of ignorance clinging in their hues of varied
splendor,

The Tree gave life to parasitic superstition.
The Tree caressed the floating clouds, so lofty did it tower;
And on its topmost plumage perched the fruit of human toil;
But few and far between those fruits that in their size and
beauty hung preeminent;

While crowding around, and in their midst, scrubby, stunted
things belied the name of fruits,
Yet offering a background for gigantic deeds and words that
are to live forever.

Yet farther up the incline of Eternity stood the arboreal
image of The-Life-that-Is,
Drab, uncolorful, uncolored, machine-like in its ordered rote
of way, computed to a nicety;
No beauteous clinging vines bedraped its thorny surface—
Only never healing sores where blows of greedy minds had
exposed the bleeding heart.
Not stately as the other Tree, it seemed contented with an
awkward, meagre stature;

Though one arm did try to reach the sky, and held in its
grasp a Fruit very like One
That nestled in the Tree of the past,
Strangely out of harmony with the sordid, seedless, hum-
drum fruits that did it company.
And all that made the first Tree human, not monotony, had
been pruned and burned with radical, wanton cruelty!
And so wanders the dreamer on, and loses himself eternally,
For he can fancy only dimly what is to be the Future-tree.

A PASSING LANDMARK

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

One of the most romantically pathetic figures in modern civilization is the village Constable as he stands like a buoy in the turbulently seething life about him. His is truly the lot of the remnant that is left in Israel. Nearly a thousand years ago he was installed in England; a prominent figure of the Conquest. How different must have been his life in those days of knightly glory! The word constable comes from the Latin *comes stabuli*, or Count of the Stable. This Count was also Seventh Officer of the Crown, and Lord High Constable of England. To him were given the offices of keeper of the nation's peace and Commander-in-Chief of the army. He was also Judge of the Court of Chivalry.

In France we found this ludicrously impotent officer as the First Officer of the Crown, and in chief command of the army. It was his duty to regulate all matters of Chivalry.

In several of the medieval monarchies, we found him an officer of high rank and imposing authority. In them all he has fallen from grace. In England, the attainder of Stafford, duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Henry VIII, saw him struck from the ranks of the King's Minions. In France, the officer was suppressed just three hundred years ago. What do we find in America today? Let's see.

Throughout America we find today myriads of hamlets and villages that would feel compromised if a stop—or parking-sign were introduced into their streets. They are gloriously efficient in their aloofness. See them. They nestle in every sort of location from the sheltered elbows of fertile valleys to the rugged points of the blast-riven mountain peaks; the islets of Florida to the cacti-peopled deserts of the west. In each instance we find them practically the same: reserved,

self-sufficient, condescending, all-wise, struggling with mediocre ambition for recognition—the nursery room of a society that, in its own estimation, causes that of Versailles, under Louis XIV, to dwindle into innocuous desuetude. On some corner of these village streets will be found the modern constable.

You will recognize the old “tradition” at once. He will be of medium height and—but wait: recall your earliest conception of Santa Claus, subtract the whiskers, in some instances only, and you have this constable in toto. The same huge stomach will be the first thing noticed. It still “shakes when he laughs, like a bowlful of jelly.” Next, the round, dimpled, red face with a “nose like a cherry.” The hair, as a rule, will be gray, verging on white, and will puff from under either a broad-brimmed black hat or the official cap. Now we are suddenly brought to a realization of the fact that the legs are better equipped for deep sea fishing than for races with rangy crooks of the “Slippery Slim” variety. The feet will be incased in the latest style of comfortable gaiters, unless the time happens to be December or February, at which times rubber boots replace them. The uniform is often of the official color, and fits strikingly like a wet tent. From an airplane, the constable would look like an enlarged rolly-polly; a child, seated between his feet and looking upward at the overhanging stomach, would be reminded of Chinney Rock; otherwise, he looks like a Santy. The badge of authority is worn in much the same manner that a new father carries his first male offspring.

The character and disposition of this ex-Lord High Constable is even more interesting. His chief distinction is inefficiency, and his people love him for it and enjoy the joke. The modern village would have no other representative of the law within its limits. He is a part of the old tradition, like some of our governors, for example. Parents are pleased when their children mimic him, for it gives promise that the law will be observed. They are glad when he alternately pulls

their ears and noses, and delighted when they chase off with his "billy" dangling from a chubby hand. They roar when he pursues, emitting threats of a vengeance replete with horrors that would make "Black Beard" cringe. The penalty is a rosy apple; the parent is satisfied, and the Constable is sure of another supporter.

Truly there is an official duty performed; the public is satisfied that it is protected by the *law*. It little matters if the back end of the bank is blown out and the safe carried away on a two-ton truck. If the robbery happens during the noon hour of a holiday, so much the better. The town goes down in the daily papers as having a bank, a constable, and a *robbery*. Yes, Sir; a real honest-to-goodness robbery. "The policeman covering that section of the town was on the other end of his beat," etc., and the town is satisfied. To be sure there is a hesitant ripple of blame, but the same ripple would have occurred if, at the Sunday morning service, the pastor had worn a red Sweet Pea in his buttonhole instead of a white one. And why not? The town has received more publicity than a dozen chambers of commerce could have secured at twice the cost.

Thus it is, the constable's office "has existed from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and, like the minds of women, has changed many times. Also like these minds of women, it has been modified, evaded, and half abolished, but always pops up at unexpected places and times, still existing in the stronger order of things.

TELL DE LAWD

By CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '27

When yo' hab a lot o' care—
Sometime when nobody's near—
An' yo' think yo's bound to swear,
Tell de Lawd.

When yo' wake up way 'fo' day
An' yo' wife begin' t'say:
"Dey ain't a bite to eat today,"
Tell de Lawd.

When yo' chillens all git ill,—
Make a mighty doctor's bill,
An' yo' business stands stock still,
Tell de Lawd.

When de neighbors 'gin to talk,
Bout de way yo' gotta walk,
And yo' think yo's gwine to balk,
Tell de Lawd.

When yo' falls along de way,
An' others thinks yo' gwine ter stay,
Rise right up an' 'gin t' pray;
Tell de Lawd.

When yo's spent yo' life below
Tryin' t' do de bes' yo' know,
An' yo' knows yo' got t' go,
Den, tell de Lawd.

BLACK GHOSTS

By V. R. BRANTLEY, '27

I was a freshman, sublimely happy in my ignorance that was all-embracing and satisfying. No troubling thoughts of universal truths eluded my youthful brow. Now I am something worse; I have lived to tell this awful tale. Why I have never told it before is beyond my reason, but possibly I have at last gained a taut-drawn courage which will allow me to pass it on to others. Maybe it is because nothing has reminded me so much of the affair as a certain night, not long ago.

When three young students roomed in the basement of a gloomy old house, there was little enough hilarity at any time; when two of these finished their work in late spring and left the other as sole tenant—the result is obvious. The one left alone kept company with a speaking silence, broken only at intervals by a faint murmur of voices from the third-story dwellers. Passers-by on the near-by footpath informed the lonely occupant of their passing by the sound of their footsteps; and this sound recalled the tramp of sinister feet in dime-novels read not long before. Truly, the general situation was fitted to anything ghostly: murders, conspiracies, robberies.

I could have rested easy on that first night of loneliness had it not been for an object in the room that radiated notice of its presence as forcefully as a glistening metal. Yet it did not glisten; it was a greyish, grewsome thing.

Some time before this, when the campus and houses had been overflowing with energetic youth, I had been the proud recipient of a gorgeous specimen of human anatomy. The gift had been an arm, which formerly belonged to an alleged negro murderer. The donor was a member of that care free

body known as the medical class. The thing was actually a skeleton structure, with all the flesh removed save a few tendons and muscles on the fingers. The sepulchral aspect of the arm provided me many an hour's fun with timorous fellow-frosh, and I even ferried it home one week-end and exhibited it with much enjoyment. Especially did I experience keen delight in the little squeals of fear from certain young ladies.

This night of all nights, however, was to provide anything but entertainment from the parcel of bones. When I sat at my table and attempted to compose my mind for the absorption of mathematics, my thoughts were occupied in contemplation of the awful thing that hung just inside the closet. Now and then in that direction a rattling sound could be heard that brought my heart into my throat. For I had heard, and now I firmly believed that whenever one retained some part of the body of a deceased person he was tormented by the ghost of the dead one until he either buried the member, or gave it to some one else. Oh, how I wished that night that I had long since passed the thing on to some one else! You see, my uncle had told me that the only way to circumvent a ghost was to shoot it with a muzzle-loading gun, using a plugged dime for shot and turpentine and corn liquor mixed for powder. Having none of these articles on hand I was at my wits end, because I felt beyond the shadow of a doubt that the original possessor of the arm would come at the midnight hour to reclaim his own.

Thus raced my mind along various channels, considering whether it would be advisable to leave the room and pass the night elsewhere. No, thought I, that would never do; I would be made fun of for time everlasting. How should I meet the spirit of the departed, then, if meet it I must? This question is only one of myriads which tortured my senses until I was on the verge of nervous prostration. Soon it would be time to retire, and sleep could hardly be expected.

At last, in my desperation, I took a step that pronounced me a hero, or otherwise the most hopeless fool alive.

I took the skeleton arm from its position in the closet, hung it on a nail directly above my pillow, and took my place between the bedcovers.

The moon sifted through the screen before my south window and fell across my bed. As it happened, the angle was such that the bed offered an excellent reflector for the moonlight, and the reflected illumination threw the arm out in clear relief against the yellow wall. There it hung, making a crooked, motionless, beckoning to the land of Shades, and calling its erstwhile lord and master to the rescue. I could fancy the ghost's coming. I could see it flying over hill and dale, mountain and sea, rapidly approaching its duty. It would appear in a black shroud, matching perfectly the inky shade of its earthly body. And so I lay in fear and trembling, barely dozing, until the midnight train shrieked its way by. Then I relaxed and fell into a fitful sleep, believing that the witching hour had passed, and nothing was to happen that night.

My sleep was filled with dreams in which dark shapes reached about toward me and sought to tear off my arms, my legs—some even tried to wring my neck from my body. Then there came on the scene the gloomy form which I immediately suspected to be the killer, because his right arm was lacking. He seemed to be the leader of the ghosts, and they all fell back before him. Then at a sign from him they grasped me and held me tightly. I could not feel their elasp, but I felt incapable of movement. Now the killer advanced and seized my right arm, uttering a low growling sound in so doing. He began to twist the arm, holding it strongly with his single hand. As he twisted, he pulled my arm and it was ready to leave the socket, when suddenly I awoke. And outside my door I heard the same sound that the killer had made in my dream. Too there was a scratch-

ing at the screen beyond the door, as of someone feeling for the knob. My God, there was the ghost! Should I sail out the window on the opposite side of the room and leave for parts unknown? No; I couldn't have run far with my nerves and muscles paralyzed as they were. I seized the arm from its position on the wall and dashed for the door with the intention of throwing the thing at the ghost.

What I saw when I opened the door was my friend, the greyhound, begging for a bone—or maybe a piece of bread.

LIFE'S VALUES

[Oration Delivered on Anniversary Day, February 1, 1927]

By B. M. SQUIRES, '27

Brief is that span of existence called LIFE which intervenes between the infant's first wail and the thump of the clod on Death's inevitable victim. The brevity of this temporal stay does not in any way lessen the gigantic task which each individual may perform. The realization of duty well-done is an incomparable solace when the evening star of life's mortality gradually loses its brilliancy. Time is inexorable and ever demands that the achievements of life respond to and attend his ceaseless march.

Life, from one point of view, is conscious and intelligent existence, the state of being which tends toward development and progress. And in our most liberal reasoning we are led to the ultimate conclusion that value, in its elementary analysis and stripped of all false pretense, is an eternally changeless thing, a universal, unalterably existing as the infinite pattern of all particulars. Life and value are essential aspects of all fundamental good. They are inseparable, since life would not be deemed good were it not of value, and value, in determining a pleasant environment, signifies a successful or well-adapted life.

The meaning of life is intangibly wrapped up in that one word Service, of whatever sort, but ever looking toward the goal of infinite good. Its purpose is the conscious and applicable recognition of a supernal power, to be guided by a Divine influence, and to render acceptable every requirement imposed upon it. Life and value may appear abstract, but their abstraction does not lessen their reality; for what is more abstract than virtue and what is more vitally real? From the lowest degradation of a savage Caliban to the most

exalted aspiration of a Christian apostle, life and value are known and recognized as emanating from a higher and more excellent power.

Before life can ever o'erpeep the eastern dimness there must be a purpose involved and a relative valuation considered. As the little systems develop, past influences and present environment form two unbreakable links in nature's wonderful completeness. This temple of a divine spark of immortality houses the dynamo of character and the substation of memory and imagination. As the great light-giver gradually ascends to the zenith of manhood's greatest possibilities, the robes of a higher purpose are donned and infancy's illusions are put into the background of an erstwhile existence. But at the same time the individual recognizes values and performs acts which were inherently moulded during that process of becoming.

At this hour in Life's continuity, ambition's lamp is trimmed and brightly burning. Memories are now a slanting silver veil between yesterday and today. Purpose, with all its sincerity, is enthroned, and a worthwhile end becomes the goal of final accomplishment. Now, man must make life a hallowed reality. To do so, there must be a *conscious, determining force of will; a deeply thought-out and honestly applied philosophy; and a religion based on the fundamental conviction of a Supreme God*. The existence of other values is neither denied nor unrecognized. But these three governing principles must ever remain unquestioned.

Without a personal autonomy there can be no worthy goal of accomplishment. And this force of will, attended by strength and health coördinating in perfect harmony with mental equilibrium, enhance the value of life's fitness and better prepare the body for the assertion of the spirit's mastery. The spineless fish has a life whose level is measured by night's own negative value; the man of determination may measure his life by the positive brilliancy of the noonday sun. His resolution is to live the real life, "to know the

signal, and to step on over men's pity," manfully grappling with the world bent on escaping.

As a man thinks so is his Philosophy. Rather than a body of conclusions about experience, Philosophy is essentially a spirit or method of approaching experience. It is coherently and rationally wrapped up in life itself and gives the inner nature of man that reflective, contemplative standard of existence which distinguishes him from the brute. What man's life is wholly complete when he fails to experience any love of wisdom and a knowledge of eternal principles. The law which governs all existence from the microscopic ameba to the most exalted thoughts of infinite mind also gives philosophy a purpose. By living on the plane of thoughtful speculation, by associating with ideals of divine worth, and by calmly living the life of recognized completeness, one consciously desires to lend his best in service, brotherhood, and worship. Philosophy is individual, but its very individuality lends one of the primary colors to the canvas of arts genius, portraying to the mind's eye a picture of infinite loveliness and beauty, in which the inseparable units of fellowship and knowledge are linked over the altar of human service. Vitally real and ineffably good is that status on which the mind and soul of finite man mingle with Him who is the creator of reality and truth. Our love of truth impels us to rise above senseperception and to come in contact with that realm of unchangeable and universal existence. It is the corner-stone or ultimate source of all concrete existence and the eternally real Ideal of all excellence.

Religion is a man's expression of a faith in and a love and reverence for a supernal God of sympathetic understanding, who can assuage his every need. The idea of God is primarily a value-idea and this idea, together with man's moral obedience, points toward immortality. His moral experience commands perfect obedience to duty, perfect development of all values. And an infinite value in the recognition of God's influence and power is the realization that He is

vitality a personal God. The means of determining contact with God are religion and its concomitant attendants. Religion, from one point of view, is man's total attitude toward his ideal of worship, devotion, and reverence; from another, a feeling of dependence on a personal God and a cooperation in the conservation and increase of values.

In man's persistent search for truth and good, his reach always exceeds his grasp, but this makes heaven the more worthy when finally attained. Wicked things pass when a pure life feels no sympathetic chord of fellowship; but the life spent in the hovels of sin's own construction responds to evil's incessant call. For each wicked thought there is a marked decrease in manhood's strength. A transition to the better life may appear superhuman to the victim lying in the stagnant mire of sin, but what an incomparable amount of good might be ultimately accomplished through the effort. For, however much we may "look before and after and pine for what is not," there is the ever present reality of a religion which defies all time and change.

Such are life and its values, intangibly linked together; a determining will, philosophy, and religion, each coordinating into one motivating, active whole. When strength, health, and general physique or personal autonomy are analyzed to their lowest degree, there is yet something beyond; the atom, the electron and proton, then what? Materialism, naturalism, mechanism, teleology, pragmatism, or idealism may be some form of philosophy, but what is behind each of them? Religion expresses itself in a multiplicity of external forms, but what is its fundamental character? We seem to be groping blindly on the dark strand of human doubt, hearing no sound of a whispered hope which might guide us on, unless we go further than empirical thought. Then we may see a reflection of that clearer and inner light which is called faith; a faith which is an absolute conviction of pure existence; and a faith without which personal autonomy is utterly incomplete; speculative reasoning rebounds

from an insurmountable wall, and a living religion is a matter of mere form. Faith is that other link in the chain of life's entirety, the bridge across that fathomless abyss separating mortal man from infinite God.

As we have seen, the sun of prosperity rises on youth's illimitable hopes and ambitions and dissipates those clouds of depression which might obscure his otherwise clear horizon. Now the great orb of light is gradually sinking toward the western rim of life's transitory existence. "In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit." The power of the night, the press of the storm, the post of the foe denote that the grey remainder of the evening has become short indeed. Life's November closes over hoary old age and bears in triumphal march the form of what was seemingly, on yesterday's moon, youth's immortal heritage.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

But this brevity of a material existence is infinitely overbalanced by that faith which is the eternally spiritual element in life's values.

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

SECTIONING OF STUDENTS ON THE BASIS OF ABILITY

[A Paper Presented to the North Carolina College Conference
At Durham, N. C., November, 1926]

By DEAN D. B. BRYAN

Sectioning students on the basis of ability to progress assumes that a large number of students in any one class, as ordinarily composed, will exhibit so wide a range of abilities that they can be taught more advantageously by grading them into best, medium, and poorest groups. A tabulation of the scores of four hundred and sixty-five high school graduates on the Thorndike test last spring reveals the fact that a test given and graded uniformly showed that the lowest fourth, or 165, made a grade of 60 and less, the highest fourth made a grade of 80 and above, leaving the two middle fourths, or quartiles, ranging between 61 and 79 inclusive. The findings here conform regularly to the normal curve of frequency distribution. Aside from the predictive value of the Thorndike test, here was a uniform mental task which shows the average of the highest quartile able to double the output of the average in the lowest. Many careful studies have been made which show that in any large group of unselected students of like academic advancement there will be variations in product ranging from two to five fold or more between the best and the poorest. The more abstract the type of task the greater will be the difference.

We are face to face with conditions in our institutions of higher learning which demand increasing attention. A little while ago all of our institutions were regarded as small ones; now many of them have become large institutions with incoming classes ranging in numbers from a few hundred to a thousand. Without care the individual will tend to become

smaller as the total number grows larger. Such devices as may help us to discover the individual and administer to his needs is our immediate need. The heavy mortality in our lower classes brings home to us at once our duty and responsibility in this matter. The sons of democracy are giving various answers to this problem. Sectioning on the basis of ability is a solution now being offered in some departments, at least, in nearly fifty per cent of the leading institutions of the country.

It is my purpose in this paper to review briefly the literature bearing on this problem. I can report only a very limited observation on this device. We are sectioning some groups in English on the basis of the high school examinations given last spring. I am able, however, to bring to you summaries of a very careful study made by Committee G of the American Association of University Professors, and reported in Bulletin 3, February-March of this year. This committee canvassed one hundred and twenty of the leading institutions of the country and asked for their practice and experience with classes sectioned on the basis of ability. One hundred and three institutions responded and fifty-five gave detailed accounts of their experience. In these institutions reporting, ninety-six professors more or less fully, eighty-three professors favor sectioning on the basis of ability and thirteen do not favor it.

Among the departments of these institutions the method and extent of sectioning vary rather widely. The most frequent practice is that of sectioning freshmen classes. A few practice sectioning in the upper classes as well. Some select only the brightest students or "leading students." Others section only the dullest. Some section both the best and the poorest students and others section the best, the medium, and the poorest.

The basis of classification also varies. The following practices are reported: Students are grouped on the basis of high school averages, entrance examination averages, high school

grades combined with mental tests, preliminary tests in the departments, placement tests, placement tests plus mental tests, placement tests plus high school averages, mental tests alone, mental ability and vocational need; in advanced work, prerequisite courses and previous semester grades in the same subject. The placement examination is advocated by Dean C. E. Seashore, who is one of the foremost advocates in this matter. It is argued, for instance, that a placement or preliminary test in English is more predictive of one's success in English courses than is the general I.Q.

The problems pointed out are chiefly administrative. Schedule difficulties are most frequently mentioned. The solution in the large institutions seems to be that of assigning several sections at the same hour and then classifying them. In smaller institutions placement should be made before registration in order to avoid schedule difficulties. Shifting from section to section during the term could be made easily where there are several sections meeting at the same hour. The problem of standards and credits also arises; likewise the adaptation of the instructor to the varying groups.

The following is a summary of arguments for and against sectioning on the basis of ability, as gathered from the detailed discussion of the ninety-six professors reported above.

A. Advantages in sectioning claimed by those who have had experience.

1. The work may be differentiated in both kind and quality so as to meet the varying needs of students.
2. Good students may be allowed to make progress commensurate with their ability.
3. Poor students are happier among students of like ability.
4. Sectioning is better for instructors.
5. Sectioning reduces failures.

6. The very good and the very poor profit most by sectioning.
7. Standards may be set by the ability of the section and not by the poorest men.
8. Sectioning makes possible more work—differentiated credit.
9. Instructors may be assigned for certain groups according to their fitness.
10. Poorly prepared students have a fair chance.
11. The disadvantage of poor students' securing help and taking the time of good students in the laboratory may be avoided.
12. The poor students are not discouraged by the work of the good students. (Good students do not stimulate the poor ones.)
13. Students are stimulated to get into or remain in the higher sections.
14. The scholarship of all may be improved.
15. Several institutions stated that they would not return to the ungraded sections. Several stated also that they were planning to extend the system.

B. Disadvantages in Sectioning pointed out by those who have had experience.

1. There is no satisfactory basis of sectioning students.
2. The mingling of the good and the poor students in a single section proves stimulating to all.
3. Both the instructors and students resent being assigned to the poorer sections.
4. It is very unsatisfactory to shift students from section to section during the session.
5. It is difficult to secure the coöperation of instructors in the scheme.
6. Sectioning is not satisfactory in developing the poorer students.
7. The difficulty of schedule is too great.
8. There are insurmountable laboratory difficulties.
9. Student careers are blighted because of assignment to the poorer sections.

10. Too much coddling in the system.
11. Sectioning is a good scheme in the compulsory age.
In college the unfit should be excluded.
12. In lecture courses there is no need of sectioning. Each student appropriates the lecture according to his ability.
13. Teachers of poorer sections have no superior work to hold up as models.
14. Character is of more importance than ability.
15. The good students will not become sufficiently familiar with the fundamentals in a course.

Because of the fact that a great majority of institutions favor sectioning, I should like to give in conclusion a number of quotations from them. Brown University: "We would not return to teaching ungraded divisions." Carnegie Institute of Technology: "I am thoroughly convinced that great benefit comes to those who are ambitious. I have not observed a depressing effect on the slow ones." University of California: "I would rather have an entire section of dull students than a few of them scattered in with the bright ones." Dartmouth College: "We have been experimenting for several years. The present practice is to section all students in freshman courses." University of Minnesota: "We have been sectioning freshman classes on the basis of ability for five years, and we have no inclination to go back to the old haphazard sectioning." Our per cent of failures last quarter was slightly over 3 per cent. I do not recall that we have had failures to exceed 10 per cent since we introduced the system; whereas, by the old method we found that in spite of our best efforts there was a tendency for some 35 per cent to 40 per cent of the class to fail to make a passing grade." University of Missouri: "I favor sectioning to the extent of selecting the better students, say 25 per cent of the total number in the language courses. The residuum I would not section." University of North Carolina: "The better sections were able to interest more men in going for mathe-

matics as major. In the slower ones there were fewer fatalities. We approve the principle." University of Pennsylvania: "After three years trial we decidedly approve of segregation of one-third to one-fifth of the best, but we do not approve of the segregation of one-third to one-fifth of the poorest. . . . We take absolutely no stock in the statement sometimes made that the bright student is a stimulus to his fellows." West Point Military Academy: "It has always operated and still operates so satisfactorily that no valid objections to it are now recognized. It is as much a fixed part of our system as is military training."

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

V. R. BRANTLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. H. KEMP

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOVEY

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

H. J. OVERMAN AND CHARLES ZIMMERMAN

CIRCULATION MANAGER

E. F. UPCHURCH

VOL. XLIV

FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 5

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

V. R. BRANTLEY, *Editor*

It was my good fortune once to hear a beloved preceptor say that "he would consider it an act of greatest personal delight to plant his toe forcibly on the psychological portion of certain anatomies that polluted the campus with their presence." Said anatomies were those housing the most conceited, snobbish minds that ever evolved from nothingness. These

snobs had the overwhelming conviction that there were only about ten men in the neighborhood worthy of their notice. To address one of these "high-and-mighty" in passing was an inexcusable waste of energy and precious breath—that is, unless one considered his trouble repaid in being completely ignored or else the recipient of cold, glassy stare. Well, taking it all in all, the act contemplated by the gentleman quoted above would profit the recipient of his charity by starting an efflux of blood from an already swelling conspicuous cranium.

A snob is a fool for two reasons: he gains nothing by his "high-hattedness," and he loses a universal comradeship which he might "cash in" some time; he shows his ignorance of the obvious scheme of human individual differences. Nobody is going to extra discomfort to assist a man who repulses friendly advances; certainly the exception will be a martyr of the rarest type or a shadowy hero of fiction. Furthermore, when I chance to observe one who deifies himself and the exalted position that diversifying Fate has assigned him, my soul responds in absolute agreement with the bard, and I say to myself: "If I had dwelt where this Israfel hath dwelt, and he where I' he'd hardly have anything to crow about."

The Honor System Percy Marks, the author-idol of the undergraduate, lately turned his thoughts and actions to a dissertation on the philosophy of his hobby, "Undergraduates." In the midst of framing solutions to every problem encountered in that important field, he presented his ideal honor system. To pave the way to the presentation of his own idea, he discussed at some length the general type of honor system now in vogue. According to him, "a system such as ours makes every man a spy on his neighbor." No man with the inclination to cheat is going to report himself after the deed is done. Hence, the sole means of revealing a matter of this sort is through detection by others. Some few cases are discovered by astute

readers who discern incriminating similarity of papers turned in, but these cases, but virtue of their nature, have no connection with the honor system. "The honor system functions when a man reports his classmate's indiscretion." We must admit that there is some truth in this contention. The writer explains further. The initiation of honor systems was the result of "a desire to create and stimulate the habit of honesty." It was felt that enforced honesty would have no lasting effect, and so the present honor systems were installed in the hope that *laissez-faire* would turn the trick. Now, in the average student body, according to Marks, the per cent is small of those men who will report unfair dealing on examinations. Thus he draws the conclusion that the new system has magnified the fault of the old by merely enlarging the police force.

And he may be right.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. E. POOVEY, *Editor*

As you remember from our Exchange in the December number of the *STUDENT* we withheld comment upon several deserving publications. While reviewing these magazines for sources of comment I was amused to note how the various editors avoided publishing a page of exchange notes. The *Carolinian*, the *Archive*, the *Wofford Journal*, and the *College Message* treat their exchanges in the same manner: they overlook them. The *Emory Phoenix*, however, did manage to insert nearly half a page about a couple of strange publications. It is very discouraging to us, after spending hours mailing out *STUDENTS* and passing out compliments upon the magazines, to hear nothing of our work. We have rubbed the fur of contemporary staffs both ways and have hardly heard a purr, much less a healthy growl.

Not forgetting the lack of encouragement, we offer a few remarks concerning the contents of the above-mentioned Exchanges. We heartily second Miss Hardy when she says in the *Carolinian* that the editorial departments of the college literary magazines show a considerable lack of worth. No doubt many of the college editors would profit by following some of her practical suggestions. Although the story, "Sacrifice," in the same magazine, depends to some extent upon sentiment for its appeal it is nevertheless well written, in that the line of thought adheres unwaveringly to the central theme. The style is direct, slightly brief, but pleasant, and the delayed climax is admirably employed to cause suspense. Apparently "Sir John Mandeville" has read Munchausen and is a devoted disciple of Edgar Rice Burroughs. The poem, "After Summer," by "G. G." shows not a little of the *genius* that should be developed. The author has partially

succeeded, whether consciously or not, in his lyric by injecting a melancholy tone which greatly adds to the force of its message of loneliness and lost love.

"Out of the Night," in the *Phoenix*, is one of the few good stories that have been published in the magazines this year. The *Phoenix* has other deserving selections, among which the poem, "Twilight," is outstanding.

The November issue of the *Archive* measures up to its usual high standard. It is perhaps the most perfectly balanced magazine on our list this month. In addition to the poetry, essays, stories, and sketches, the *Archive* presents a lively play, "Apple Blossoms," and three unique sections: "Better Said," devoted to quotations from famous characters; "Read and Reviewed"; and "Bookmark Memories," devoted to abstracts from noted writers.

And now for a good ending—The *College Message*. The January issue is composed of extracts from ancient copies of this publication. The essay, "The Solitude of Great Souls," from the *Message* of 1888, smacks of culture and understanding.

The March issue is the date suggested by our staff for the selection of the best poem, story, etc., that have appeared in North Carolina College magazines this year. So in the next number this magazine will pass judgment as to the best contributions, and if other magazines are willing to enter into the spirit of the matter, we would be able to grasp some idea concerning the quality of work done in the field during the season. If magazines outside the State should feel disposed to assist in the calculation, their sentiments will be duly considered and recognized.

ALUMNI NOTES

ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, *Editor*

Four hundred and thirty-eight volumes by alumni of Wake Forest College are contained in the College library, according to a recently revised file. This list of volumes, according to the Librarian, is not at present complete, and will certainly reach a total of five hundred or more volumes when the works that are not yet in the file are added. The books deal with a widely differentiated field of subjects, from Dr. Collier Cobb's "The Landes and Dunes of Gascony," and "Pocket Dictionary of Common Rocks and Metals," to the profound religious documents and commentaries by Dr. A. T. Robertson, and including a wide and popular field of fiction and research work.

About twenty volumes in the list are by present members of the Wake Forest College faculty. These works are chiefly concerned with popular phases of the specific subject which is taught by each professor, although a number of the volumes are concerned with research work diverging from the subject treated by the teachers in their classes. No present members of the faculty have contributed any fiction to the library.

President William Louis Poteat, with nine volumes, has a larger number of books on the list than any other member of the present faculty. Dr. C. C. Pearson, Professor of Social Science, falls next to Dr. Poteat in quantity production of volumes, having five books in the list. Other professors have contributed from one to three books, or pamphlets.

President Poteat's books dealing with religious and scientific topics, are as follows: *Religion in Education; The People's Bible; The New Peace* (1915); *Can a Man be a Christian Today?* (1925; second edition with preface,

1926); *The Standard Man*; *The Enrichment of Country Life*; *Laboratory and Pulpit*; *Christianity and Enlightenment*; *Putting the Kingdom First* (1915). Another volume by President Poteat to be entitled *Youth and Culture* is in the hands of publishers.

Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd, for many years head of the Wake Forest College English Department, with his three books of poetry, has achieved south-wide fame. Dr. Sledd's books are as follows: *From Clif and Scaur* (1898); *The Watchers of the Hearth* (1902); *Margaret and Miriam* (1908). Dr. Sledd has now in the hands of the printers a fourth volume of poetry.

Dr. Pearson's works, most of which are relative to current governmental problems, follow: *The Present Status of Tax Reform in North Carolina*; *Virginia-Politics and Government*; *William Henry Ruffner: Reconstruction of Virginia*; *Readjuster Movement in Virginia*."

Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin and Prof. W. F. Taylor, members of the Medical faculty, have each written books dealing with medical problems and the result of years of research. *The Pituitary Extract in Management of Labor*, is Dr. Kitchin's contribution to the library. Prof. Taylor's *The Occurrence in North Carolina of Bacillus of Colombensis*, is recognized over the country as one of the most helpful and original products of research work done in North Carolina in many years.

Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, Professor of Latin and a widely recognized musician and critic of music, has written books in the fields both of Latin and music. His *Selected Letters of Cicero*, is used as a textbook in Wake Forest College and in many other schools and Universities. *Repetition in Latin Poetry*, another book of Dr. Poteat's, has also gained popularity. *Practical Hymnology*, Dr. Poteat treatise on church music, is his third contribution to the library.

The Unwritten Law, by Prof. E. W. Timberlake, is the contribution in the list from the Wake Forest Law School.

Dr. G. W. Paschal, who is now preparing volumes relative to the histories of Wake Forest College and the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, has in the library a thesis, *Quintus of Smyrna*, prepared by him for his doctor's degree at the University of Chicago.

The material from Wake Forest professors, while not superabundant in quantity, is of a high literary order. The fact that the College is unable to grant the usual sabbatical years makes extensive writing on the part of the faculty virtually an impossibility. A nine-month session, followed frequently by a full summer of teaching, causes the Wake Forest professors to be sorely pushed for time.

Other Wake Forest-produced authors will be discussed in this department in the March STUDENT.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost than to have wed and been bossed."

HEARD ON THE BASKETBALL TRIP

Monk (in the O. Henry breakfast room): Wonder why Frank doesn't come on down to breakfast?

George P.: Oh, he's upstairs making up his bed.

"Gee, you must have a big mouth."

"How come?"

"Ed's using your toothbrush to paint his car."

She: Do you go to college, Mister?

He (proudly): Yes, indeed.

She: Well, would you mind thinking up a good name for my dog?

MR. FORD'S WORLD IS DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS: THOSE WHO RIDE, AND THOSE WHO DERIDE.

Charles Matthews reports that his ad in the last issue yielded fine results—though C. C. Abernathy claims that he is a city slicker.

It is generally understood that Ves Brantley has been ostracized from his home town for going to college. (He goes home only twice a week now.)

"Why are you all wet?"
 "I fell into a barrel of cider."
 "Did you get hurt?"
 "No; it wasn't hard cider."

Uncle Ed says: THESE MOTHER-IN-LAW SEATS
 ON ROADSTERS ARE A BLESSING TO MANKIND.

PHONOGRAPH AD: CLASSICAL RECORDS BY
 THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS—ALL DOU-
 BLE-FACED.

ARM'S LENGTH

Barber: Shall I cut your hair close?
 Co-ed: No, freshie, stand off as far as possible.

POETICAL SYMPATHY

A son at college wrote to his father:

"No mon, no fun.
 Your son."

The father answered:

"How sad; too bad.
 Your dad."

CROWDED OUT

"I will not use tobacco,"
 Said little Robert Reed,
 "My mother and my sisters now
 Monopolize the weed."

Tom Carraway says: It won't be long now—before I'll be
 an alumnus.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
Largo (story) <i>Julian H. King</i>	253
Green Eyes (translation) <i>E. P. Thorne</i>	262
The Lover's Complaint (verse) <i>Gordon Black</i>	271
Behaviorism: Its Deevlopment and Theory (essay) <i>V. R. Brantley</i>	273
Idealism in a Mechanistic Age (essay) <i>J. B. Usry</i>	281
FROM THE FACULTY:	
Specialization and Animal Succession (essay) <i>Dr. O. C. Bradbury</i>	286
MISCELLANEOUS:	
Life's Short Song (verse)	292
DEPARTMENTS:	
The Editor's Easy Chair.... <i>V. R. Brantley, Editor</i>	294
Exchange Department <i>C. F. Poovey, Editor</i>	297
Apoplectic Alcove <i>Joe D. Hamrick, Editor</i>	299

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

MARCH, 1927

No. 6

LARGO

By JULIAN H. KING, '30

The affair had its beginning with a little incident which happened on an I. R. T. Express somewhere between South Ferry and Bronx Park. The girl had scrambled on at the very last second before the doors shut, and in her haste she dropped a package. Any of the men standing in the vestibule would have gladly picked up a package for such a charming girl as she. One glance into her pretty blue eyes would win the admiration of any one. There was not a man who failed to see, and there were few who did not start, but Larry was the fortunate one. With Larry it was a matter of courtesy; with many it would have been an opportunity for a possible flirtation. Larry was thoroughly a gentleman—but he did not fail to see the beautiful blue eyes or the genuine smile of true appreciation which she gave him.

And the few words she said to him were as true and expressive as were her eyes and smile. "I'm sure she must have a beautiful soul back of those eyes," thought Larry. "I would love to know her just to see if it's not true. Are not the eyes the windows of the soul?" He felt that he could not be mistaken. Larry meditated. "Are not all things of beauty things that are genuine and true? Are they not in some way related? Is there not an affinity between beautiful character and beautiful music and a beautiful poem?"

His mind went back to the glorious piece of music he had heard at the Metropolitan two evenings before. He had

purchased a copy of the music so that he might play it on his violin. It was Saturday and, since there were no classes to meet, he spent the forenoon trying the new piece of music. Music to Larry was something inexpressible by mere words. "It is by music," he thought, "that the tenderest emotions of the soul are expressed, its depth and its breadth."

His thoughts returned to the music he had heard at the Metropolitan. "Oh what a soul the composer of 'Largo' must have had!" He was thrilled; for again, in his mind, he could hear the grand, yet sweet and soft music from the organ, but to his ears came the tune itself, not from an organ, though soft and sweet. It was a feminine voice, humming. Larry started! It was she—the girl. She was humming "Largo." Could she have known his mind? No, she had entirely forgotten him, for she was standing with her back turned almost toward him. The crowd in the vestibule had increased. There had been no room even to stand inside the coach. Now there was little room for standing in the vestibule. She was now standing near a corner, facing the glass window of the door, through which she seemed to be peering into the darkness of the subway. Her back was turned toward the other passengers. Larry was standing very near or else he could not have heard her voice above the noise of the cars.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you carry that tune perfectly. I have been trying to play it on my violin all the morning and I find it extremely difficult. It is wonderful music."

"O, could you hear me? I love it too. But I am sure I must have made a great many mistakes. I was not aware of being heard." It was said with the same degree of frankness, with a touch of shyness which appealed to Larry even more than her former speech. Indeed, he was sure she was the girl for whom the music must have been written.

"I have been thinking," he said, "that the composer of a piece of music like that must have had a wonderful soul."

"I have often wondered what the composer's inspiration could have been. Don't you believe one must be inspired

before he can produce music that is real and wonderful like that? For instance Shubert in his 'Serenade' and Mendelssohn in 'Songs without Words,' and Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstance.'" Larry added, "Indeed I do."

"My uncle, who is a musician, says Shubert's inspiration was a lovely high-born lady. I hope some day to know more about the composers, especially Shubert, Mendelssohn, and Handel. They are my uncle's favorites and I think they are mine too."

"Handel is my choice," said Larry, "and I think his 'Largo' is sublime."

"'Largo' is in my score this evening," the girl said. "In fact it is the theme."

"You are professional?" asked Larry in surprise, for she looked to be not more than eighteen.

"Yes, in small way" replied the girl. "I am a relief organist—just three hours a day. You see I am still in high school."

"At a theater in the city?"

"Yes, in the Bronx, one of Loew's."

"What a coincidence! I am a member of the orchestra at Loew's Strand on 125th near Fifth Avenue."

They had come out from the subway long ago and were now on the elevated. They were in the Bronx. Neither had noticed the stops for several minutes. Suddenly the girl became aware that she had passed her station.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she exclaimed nervously. "Why didn't I notice? I shall surely be late."

Larry looked at his watch. "It is twenty minutes to four. What time must you be there?"

"At four," she answered.

"That can easily be done. You can cross over at the next stop, and in a few minutes find yourself back at your station. May I see you over?"

"I should be grateful," she said.

The girl seemed relieved, and Larry was glad he had offered his assistance. "I wonder what her name is," he

thought. Then suddenly he heard himself speaking as if in a dream: "May I ask your name? Mine is Larry Moore, and my home is Cleveland."

"And mine is Tillie McBride—Pittsburgh."

"Won't you let me listen to you play, Miss McBride? It would be thrilling to hear you play my favorite piece of music."

"I do not wish to spoil your impression of the piece. I fear I should only butcher it for you and that would be horrible."

"You could never do that. You hummed it so beautifully, you could never butcher it on the organ."

"Well, if you wish."

At the theater Larry set on the first row near the pit where the console was. He could see the girl, and every movement of her slender white fingers upon the keys—every movement with the greatest ease and precision. He was impressed with her technique and splendid self-confidence. "As though it were a joyful game to her," he thought. Then came the theme, beautiful "Largo." Larry was thrilled. The musician at the Metropolitan could not have excelled this young girl, though he had had years of experience.

When it was time to go, Larry leaned over the railing which separated the pit from the orchestra and said, "It was exquisite, perfectly wonderful. I enjoyed every minute of it. Won't you say I may come again?"

The girl smiled "I'm glad you enjoyed it," was all she said, but Larry knew from the smile she gave him that her reply was in the affirmative.

When Larry returned to his room in Wentworth Hall, a dormitory of Columbia University on Amsterdam Avenue near 115th Street, he found a letter awaiting him. It was from his father. He quickly tore it open and read: "Dear Larry, I will be in New York on a business trip the week of November first to sixth, but in order to have some time with you, I shall arrive the Saturday before."

"That is exactly two weeks" reflected Larry, "and what will he say when he finds I am playing in an orchestra?"

Larry's father was a lawyer, a member of the most prominent law firm in Cleveland. He had, since Larry came into the world, aspired that his son should follow in his footsteps. But Larry, though he wished to please his father, longed to develop his talent for music. He had come to Columbia because his father wished it. In truth Larry himself had never made an important decision.

He lay awake in his bed wondering what he should tell his father. His mind returned to Tillie. He wished she were his friend, a real chum so that he might ask her advice. He resolved to return to the theater the following afternoon, Sunday, and ask her for an engagement to go for a stroll in the park. Bronx Park is a lovely place to stroll on Sunday afternoon. How should he ask her? Would she accept? With these thoughts Larry went to sleep.

.....

Near midnight on the evening of the arrival of his father, Larry stood on the high bank, near Grant's Tomb, overlooking the Hudson River. During the afternoon he had told his father of his position in the orchestra. His father, a stern man, had given him until the following morning to decide between two alternatives, either to give up the music altogether, and give his undivided attention to the preparation of becoming a lawyer, or to make ready to return home.

The words which Tillie had spoken at the end of the stroll in Bronx Park were again running through his mind: "Just tell your father the truth. Do you really want to be a lawyer, or is it music? You must decide that you know."

Larry was now sitting on the bench trying to think. He could see the lights across the river, the Jersey side. He watched the ferry boats plying their way back and forth. He read in brilliant letters made of many electric lights the words "Pallasades Park," but no sooner had he read them than the lights vanished. "It must be late," he thought. "Pallasades Park closes at one o'clock."

He must decide before he slept that night. And so he did—Larry made a decision.

Next morning he told his father that he would be ready to go with him home. The father, though disappointed with his son's decision, held to his word, nor would he discuss a musical education with him.

Larry went early to the station where Tillie should be. He must tell her good-bye. Tillie came, but not alone. A young man stepped off the train for a moment with her, and when he left her to take the same train, he kissed Tillie. "I should have known it," Larry said aloud to himself. "What am I to her anyway?"

"How do you do, Mr. Moore?" she said. "It is good to see you. Now tell me how the affair with your father came out."

Larry explained to her that he had made his decision in favor of music, though with no encouragement from his father. He had now come to say good-bye.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Moore," she said, and Larry could see that she meant it. "I am glad, however, that you have really made a decision. I am sure you will find a way of realizing your ambition. I wish you well." And then hesitatingly she added, "Mr. Moore, I have faith in you."

Larry walked with her to the door of the theater. As he was about to leave her there she called him back, "Stick to your decision, Larry! you will make good!"

Before Larry could reply she was gone out of his sight. But why should he follow?

Four years later in a college of music in Cincinnati, Ohio, Larry Moore was chosen among four to represent the college on an eastern tour. It was acknowledged by all that Larry merited this choice. He had been throughout his senior year the outstanding violinist of the college. It had long been foreseen that this honor would be his.

At an appointed time in the office of the director, a card was handed to Larry with the name of his accompanist upon

it. He read it over the second time. "It is familiar," he reflected. "Miss Tillie McBride!" he repeated aloud.

"A very talented young lady from New York," said the director. "Have you not met her?"

"It seems that I have, though I am not sure. I am hoping it is the girl I think it is."

"Come with me, and I will make you acquainted."

Larry followed the director to the practice hall of the piano department. They stopped before a door at the end of the hall. Larry heard soft music from within—music which could come from none other than talented fingers.

The director knocked lightly upon the door, and a soft musical voice said "Come."

There, before Larry's eyes, seated at the piano at the far end of the little room, the soft light from the window illuminating her soft fair hair, was the girl, the same Tillie McBride, and more beautiful than he had ever seen her.

She sprang to her feet. "How do you do, Mr. Moore?" she asked composedly. "Are you disappointed that I am to serve as your accompanist? You see," she said without giving him a chance to tell her how delighted he was, "My uncle sent me here the year after I finished high school. This is where he went to school years ago. It was he that you heard at the Metropolitan, and, Mr. Moore, this is the very room that he practiced in years ago."

"Indeed I am delighted," he said. "I am told we shall practice together every afternoon for two weeks and then a final rehearsal before college."

"Yes," she said, "I believe that is the plan." And she added, "I am glad you approve of me. I have been exceedingly worried."

The last afternoon of their practice together had come. Every piece had been mastered, even to the smallest detail. This afternoon they would run through, only to be sure of arrangement.

At the close of the last piece Larry began softly to play Largo. He looked into her eyes as he played. She followed, but suddenly the music stopped. Each was looking into the eyes of the other. How it happened neither Tillie nor Larry knew, nor did they try to explain. They only knew that for days each had longed to stop—to stop and look—and see, for only through the eyes, the windows of the soul can two souls know and be known. The music had long since ceased to be just a “product of fingers.” It had become a sublime thing. Each seemed to realize the other, forgetting self. Today it had become very tense, a feeling of exquisite rapture, a mighty power, an intense admiration. And now the two stood looking long into each other’s eyes. Larry could see that her cheeks were flushed, and her hands quivered. Suddenly he realized that his hands were shaking too. Then, again, as four years ago, Larry heard himself speaking as if in a dream. And suddenly the full truth flashed upon him—his dreams had all come true.

They were talking it all over one afternoon later, seated on the moss covered bank of the Ohio. The sun was setting and streams of gorgeous coloring from the western sky reflected in the glassy water beneath them. There was one thing that troubled Larry. “Why didn’t you let me know you were here?” he asked.

Tillie hesitated, she longed to tell him all that was in her heart—how hard she had worked, that one day she might be chosen to be his accompanist; for she was sure he would be chosen for the tour. She longed to tell him that upon every occasion he had played, those last two years, she had heard—the recitals in the college and twice in the city. She wished that she might tell him how her heart throbbed with admiration and pride when he played. But she asked shyly, as if unconscious of his question, “Why, Larry, didn’t you write to me after you left New York?”

"I will tell you if you will tell me who it was that kissed you that afternoon at the station when I came to tell you good-bye."

"Why, that was my brother! He was leaving for Pittsburgh."

"That is why," Larry said "Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, you jealous boy," Tillie replied as she kissed him. Then she added, "Oh Larry, just think! Our first week-end will be spent in my home town. Mother and Father can see you."

GREEN EYES

(A story translated from the Spanish of Gustavo A. Becquer)

By E. P. THORNE, '28

[The author of this story, Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, was born at Seville, Spain, February 17, 1836. He died at Madrid, December 22, 1870, three years before the publication of the first edition of his short stories and poems.

The style of Becquer is episodical. He skips from one main event to another, flattering the reader's vanity by leaving him to infer what happens between the episodes of most interest.

In a sketch of Becquer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* appears the following statement:

"Becquer dwells in a fairy-land of his own, crooning a weird elfin music which has no parallel in Spanish. His work is unfinished and unequal, but is singularly free from the rhetoric characteristic of his native Andalusia, and its lyrical ardour is of a beautiful sweetness and sincerity."

He is variously compared to the German writers, Hoffman and Heine, to the French Alfred de Musset, and to our own Edgar Allan Poe.]

I have long had a desire to write something by this title. Today the occasion has presented itself to me. I have written it (the title) in large letters on the first sheet of paper and have let my pen wander whither it would.

I think I have seen eyes like those which I describe here—I know not whether in dreams, but I have seen them somewhere. Certainly I shall not be able to paint them as they were—lucid, shimmering as drops of rain on the leaves of trees after a summer storm.

I

"Wounded flees the deer! Wounded! There's no doubt about it! You see the traces of blood among the brambles of this mountain. In leaping over them he stains the thorny shrubs with his life blood. . . . Our young hero begins where others leave off. . . . During forty years of hunting I have never seen a man with such deadly bowshot. . . . But by Saint Saturio, head him off! Hark on the dogs! Blow the horns with all your might, and bury the spurs in the flanks of your steeds! Don't you see that he is making his way towards the 'Black Poplar Pool,' and if he reaches it we shall have to give him up as forever lost?"

The hills of Moncayo reverberated with echo after echo from the blasting horns; the yelping of the unloosed pack of hounds and the voices of the pages sounded again with new fury, as the confused bustle of men, horses and dogs was driven by Ignatius, the best hunter of the Marquis of Almenar, who was trying hardest to intercept the flight of the deer.

It was useless. When the most agile of the panting greyhounds, with foam-lashed jaw, reached the shrubbery, already the deer, swift as an arrow, had saved himself at a single leap—losing himself in the thicket, down a narrow path that led to the Pool of Alamos.

"Stop, stop! Everybody!" cried Ignatius. "In approaching you pool, you flee from the presence of God!" The party halted. The horns were sounded no more. The dogs, at the call of the hunters, left the trail of the fleeing deer.

At this time the hero of the chase came riding up, Don Fernando of Argensola, scion of the house of Almenar. "What are you doing?" he exclaimed approaching the hunters, astonishment on his countenance and anger in his eyes. "What are you doing, fools? You see that the deer is wounded—the first deer to fall at my hands—and you abandon the chase and leave it to die in the dark recesses

of the forest? Do you think I have come to kill stags to give the wolves a feast?"

"Sir," murmured Ignatius between his teeth, "it is impossible to go beyond this point."

"Impossible? And why?"

"Because this pathway leads to the Pool of Alamos, the Black Poplar Pool, in whose waters dwells a spirit of evil. Who dares disturb its water pays dearly for his boldness. The animal has already leapt over into the water. How do you think to save it without bringing down upon your head some dread calamity? . . . We hunters are kings of Moncayo—but kings that pay a tribute. . . . The prey that takes refuge in that mysterious pool is lost prey!"

"Lost prey! I'd rather lose my family estate, I'd rather lose my soul to the devil, than permit this deer to escape—the only deer that my spear has wounded—the first fruits of my hunting expedition. See it? See it? . . . It can still be seen from here . . . its strength is failing . . . its leaps are shorter. . . . Let me go! . . . Let me go! . . . loose that bridle, or I'll wallow you in the dust! Who knows whether I'll not be able to overtake him before he reaches the pool? And even if he does reach it, to the devil with it and its clearness . . . and with its evil spirit! Ho, Relàmpago! Good old horse! If you catch it I'll have your head-stall studded with diamonds."

Horse and rider departed like a hurricane. Ignatius gazed at the lone pursuer till he had lost himself in the thicket. Then he glanced round and noticed that everybody, like him, remained petrified with consternation. Finally the huntsman exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you have seen for yourselves. I have risked being trampled to death under his horse's feet trying to stop him. I have fulfilled my duty. He can't bluff the devil. Up to this point one may be safe with his crossbow; beyond this he has need of a chaplain with holy water to accompany him. . . ."

II

"You are ghastly pale; you walk around, pensive and gloomy; what has happened to you? Ever since that day, that I shall always look upon as fatal, on which you went to the pool of Alamos in pursuit of the wounded deer, it might be said that an evil witch has enchanted you with her sorcery. You no longer go to the mountains preceded by the clamorous pack. No longer does the noise from your horn awaken its rolling echoes. Alone with your broodings which persecute you, each morning you take your crossbow and plunge into the dark forest and remain there until the setting of the sun. When in the deepening dusk you return, pale and worn, to the castle, in vain I look into the hunting bag for the remains of the chase. What keeps you such long hours away from those who love you most?"

While Ignatius was talking, Fernando, absorbed in his own ideas was shaving splinters from his ebony chair. After a long silence, broken only by the squeak of the knife blade cleaving the polished wood, the young man exclaimed, addressing his servant as though he had not heard a word that was said, "Ignatius, you who are old, you who know all the strongholds of Moncayo, you who have lived among its slopes pursuing the wild beasts, you who in your wandering expeditions have climbed more than once to its summit; tell me, have you ever by chance met a woman who lives among those cliffs?"

"A woman!" exclaimed the hunter, staring at him from head to foot.

"Yes," said the young man, "a strange thing has happened to me . . . very strange . . . I once thought myself able to keep this secret eternally, but it is no longer possible; it overflows my heart and shows in my face. Now I am going to reveal it to you. Perhaps you will help me solve the mystery that surrounds this creature, who seemingly exists only for me since no one else knows her, nor has seen her, nor can give me news of her."

The huntsman, without parting his lips, drew his stool up to sit closer by the side of his master, from whom he did not for a moment separate his astonished eyes. After collecting his thoughts, the young man continued his story thus: "Since that day on which, in spite of your baleful prophecy, I went to the Pool of Alamos and, traversing its water recovered the deer that your superstition would have left to escape, a desire for solitude has obsessed my soul.

"You do not know that place. Why, the fountain gushes from the hidden bosom of the cliff and glides, drop by drop, through the green, waving leaves of the plants that grow on the edge of its cradle. Those drops trickle down lustrous as bits of gold, harmonious as notes of music; they seep through the tufts of grass, whispering, murmuring, like the hum of bees pillaging flowers; flowing over sand and forming a tiny stream, they strive with obstacles that oppose their course; they wind on this way, leaping, fleeing, running, now with laughter, now with a sigh until they reach the lake. Into the lake they fall with an indescribable noise. Plaintive words, mournful songs—I know not what I have heard in their murmuring, while I have sat there alone and feverish on the boulder at whose foot the waters from the mysterious fountain fall headlong into the deep pool, whose motionless surface is barely curled by the evening breeze.

"There all is sublime. Solitude reigns in that place, and with a thousand strange whisperings, wraps the soul in ineffable melancholy. The pale silvery leaves of the poplars, the caverns of the cliffs, the waves of the waters seem to speak of the invisible spirits of Nature, which recognize a brother in the immortal spirit of Man.

"When, at the coming of dawn, you saw me take my cross-bow and set out for the mountain, it was never to be lost among the brambles following the chase, no; I was seated on the banks of the pool, looking at its waves. . . . I don't know what—a madness! That day on which I rode up to it on my horse, Relampago, I fancied having seen

gleaming in the depths a strange thing. . . . Very strange. . . . the eyes of a woman!

"Perhaps it was a fugitive ray of sunshine reflected from the foam; perhaps it was one of those flowers that grow among the seaweed that floats on the bosom of the lake, and whose calyces seem like emeralds. . . . I don't know! I fancied seeing a glance which fixed itself on mine; a glance that kindled in my breast an absurd desire, impossible to realize: the desire to meet a person with eyes like those.

"In search of her I went day after day to that spot.

"Finally one evening. . . . I thought myself the toy of a dream. . . . but, no, it is true, I have already talked to it many a time just as I talk to you now. . . . one evening I encountered, seated in my place, clothed in garments that reached down to the water and floated upon the surface, a woman beautiful above all exaggeration. Her hair was like gold; her eyelashes shone like rays of light, and between those lashes flashed the eyes that I had seen. . . . yes; because the eyes of that woman were the eyes that I had stamped in my memory; eyes of an impossible color; eyes—"

"Green!" Ignatius exclaimed, straightening up convulsively, with an accent of deep terror.

Fernando looked at him as if astonished that the hunter should conclude what he had started to say, and he asked him in a mixture of anxiety and joy.

"You know her?"

"Oh, no! God deliver me from knowing her! But my parents, forbidding my going to those lakes, told me a thousand times that the spirit, goblin, demon, or woman who dwells in the waters of that pool has eyes of that color. I beseech you by all that you love most on earth not to return to that place. Sooner or later it will take vengeance on you and you will expiate in death the crime of having disturbed its peace."

"By all that I love most!" repeated the young man with a sad smile.

"Yes," continued the old man, "in the name of your parents, in the name of your kinsmen, in the name of her whom Heaven has destined to be your wife, in the name of the servant who watched your birth."

"Do you know what I love most in all the world? Do you know the thing for which I would give the love of my father? the kisses of her who gave me life? the affection that all the women on earth can treasure up? For one look, for a single glance from those eyes . . . how can I stop looking for them!"

Fernando spoke these words with such an accent that a tear which trembled under the eyelids of Ignatius, rolled silently down his cheek, while he exclaimed in a sombre voice, "Heaven's will be done."

III

"Who are you? What is your country? Where do you live? I come day after day looking for you, and I see neither the horse that brings you here nor the servants of your train. Tear once for all the veil of mystery which surrounds you like impenetrable night. I love you, and noble or low-born, I will be yours, yours forever. . . ."

The sun had disappeared behind the mountains; darkness was beginning to fall along the slope; the breeze sighed in the poplars around the pool; the mist, rising little by little from the surface of the lake, was beginning to envelope the rocks on its margin.

On one of these rocks, on one which seemed near to plunging into the depths of the waters, on whose surface was reflected the trembling figure of the first born of Almenar, kneeling at the feet of the mysterious object of his love, trying in vain to wrest from her the secret of her existence.

She was beautiful, beautiful and pale like a statue of alabaster. One of her curls fell over her shoulder mingling itself with the folds of the veil, like a ray of sunshine travers-

ing a rift in the clouds and in the circle of her blond eyelashes her eyes gleamed like emeralds set in a brooch of gold.

When the young man finished talking her lips moved as if to pronouncing words, but they only exhaled a sigh, a feeble sigh, sorrowful, like a light wave which a breeze drives to die out in the reeds.

"You don't answer me!" exclaimed Fernando on seeing his hope mocked. "Do you wish me to believe what they have told me of you? Oh, no! . . . Speak to me: I want to know if you love me; I want to know if I can love you, if you are a woman—"

"Or a demon . . . and if I were?"

The young man hesitated a moment; a cold sweat was running from his limbs; his eyes dilated on fixing them with greater intensity on those of that woman, and fascinated by her brilliant phosphorescence, almost mad, he exclaimed in a wild ecstasy of love:

"If you were—I would love you . . . as I love you now . . . as it is my destiny to love you even beyond this life, if there be anything beyond."

"Fernando," said the woman then with a voice like music, "I love you even more than you love me; I who, being a pure spirit, descend to be a mortal. I am not a woman like those who live on earth; I am a woman worthy of you, you who are superior to other men. I live on the breast of these waters, incorporeal as they, fleeting and transparent, I speak with their sounds, I ripple with undulations of their waves, I do not punish him who dares disturb the pool where I live; rather, I reward him with my love, as a mortal superior to the vulgar superstitions, as a lover capable of understanding my strange and mysterious affection."

While she spoke thus, the young man, absorbed in the contemplation of her fantastic beauty, attracted as by a supernatural force, approached nearer and nearer to the edge of the rock. The woman with the green eyes continued:

"Do you see the limpid recesses of this lake? Do you see those plants with long green leaves that move in the

depths? These will make for us a couch of emerald and coral . . . and I . . . I shall give you bliss without compare, that bliss of which you have dreamed in your hours of abstraction and which no one can offer you. . . . Come . . . the mists of the lake float over our foreheads like a linen canopy . . . the waves are calling us with their incomprehensible voices, the wind is beginning to chant among the poplars its love-songs; come . . . come. . . ."

The night was beginning to extend its shadows, the moon glistened on the surface of the lake, the mist bank heaped itself up as breath of the breeze, and those green eyes gleamed in the darkness like the will o' the wisp that flickers on the face of the marshes . . . Come . . . come

. . . these words hummed in Fernando's ears like an incantation. Come . . . and the mysterious woman called him to the edge of the abyss, where she was suspended, and appeared to be offering him a kiss . . .

Fernando took a step towards her . . . another . . . and felt her slender flexible arms clasp about his neck, and a cool impression on his burning lips, a kiss of snow . . . he wavered . . . lost his footing and fell into the water with a doleful lugubrious sound. The waters leaped upward like sparks of light, then closed over his body, and the silvery circles slowly distended dying in ripples against the shore.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

By GORDON BLACK, '29

Stars twinkling,
Filled with glee,
Their brilliance lights
The canopy of heaven;
Suddenly a cloud passing o'er,
Hides them from view.
I wonder why.

The rose's petals,
Enclasped with sleep,
Aroused with early morn's dew kisses,
Lend their fragrance;
Only for a while—
Then beneath a sun's scorching rays
They fade, and wither, and die.
I wonder why.

Song birds singing,
Gloriously eloquent,
Share their joys
With mere mortals;
A beckoning voice
Bids them depart—
Then only silence.
I wonder why.

Autumn's beauty,
Arrayed in a myriad of colors,
Sheds enchantment o'er vale and hill;

Only to fade and flee
Before the approach
Of stern Winter.

I wonder why.

Your eyes,
Hinting of Paradise—
Speaking of other worlds;
Thy cheeks, by a Psyche coveted;
Thy airs, by a Cupid captured,
And now you wander in Elysian fields
While I—

I wonder why.

BEHAVIORISM: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND THEORY

By V. B. BRANTLEY, '27

The first historically noted occurrence of radical, skeptical thought occurred nearly five hundred years before the birth of Christ. It occurred in a period when man had limited empirical advantage and precedent. Jupiter and his Olympian companions had ruled untroubled in the hearts of men. Heraclitus, Xenophanes, Empedocles and others questioned the existence of the old gods, and meditated on the realities of life. Each one of these men presented his theory of the ultimate nature of substance. One established fire as the basal constituent of matter; another, water; another, unity. For a while thought ran comparatively smoothly.

Just at this juncture, was born the germ of a tendency that has broken the monotony that might have been in the thought of man. A group sprang up which Plato called *Sophists*, ridiculing them because they professed to know anything under the sun—or at least as well as it was humanly possible for a thing to be known. Durant calls them “travelling teachers of wisdom, who looked within upon their own thought and nature, rather than out upon the world of things.” Beginning with an assumed ability to argue both sides of any question that might arise, they arrived at the conclusion that one can be certain about nothing. So they questioned every creed, maximum, and institution that existed. Their contentions revolved around the statement of Protagoras that “Man is the measure of all things.” In other words, the source of all knowledge was held to be sense perception. In this statement we recognize the origin of the mechanistic conception. And the incredibility of the matter

is that the origin should have occurred before the birth of experimental psychology or human anatomical study.

From the Sophists we pass over two and a quarter thousand of years to William James. In so doing we bear in mind that the idea whose initiation we have just discussed was carried along through the centuries with an occasional tendency to appear.

In 1878, the American, William James, in a whole-souled reaction to the Hegelianism which was being imported by Harris and others, set himself the task of proving the unreality of their problems. The result of his labor was the birth of a philosophy, which, by nature of its objectives, he called *Pragmatism*. The idea underlying the philosophy was not original, as we have seen; it was in the peculiar organization of the subject that the originality lay. He considered useless the never-ending study of first things and of beginnings. "Darwinism asked, 'What is life's origin?'—and lost itself in nebulas (Durant)." So James turned the face of thought toward action and the future. Acting on the lead that his contemporary, Charles Pierce, set his essay "How to Make Our Ideas Clear," James tore at the precepts set by the despised Metaphysicists and laid the cornerstone of his own philosophy. Pierce had said: "To find the meaning of an idea we must examine the consequences to which it leads in action; otherwise dispute about it may be without end, and will surely be without fruit." Thus we have before us the conclusion that we wished to express from James: his was a philosophy after gain in the sense of practical usefulness. All thought and action that have pragmatic merit are commendable; all labor without such an aim is for nought, and surely lacking philosophical basis. Not that James disclaimed the existence of Deity, or of things spiritual; nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, he was a convinced believer in a spirit world. One would rather call him the Roosevelt of Philosophy, and a seeker after progress—unafraid of realities. Never a destructive

materialist, he could better be termed a benevolent one, with the prime motive of his toil a desire to unite religion and science on a common ground. Durant says of him: "He was 'tough-minded' in his addiction to facts and in their reliance on the senses, and yet tender-minded in his horror of determinism and his need for religious belief." But what I would have you notice is his concept of the pragmatic end of human endeavor.

Closely allied with William James and his philosophy of pragmatism is John Dewey. Little discussion is needed to present his elusive views. I shall again borrow from Dr. Durant who says: "John Dewey, product of East and West (America) alike, has given philosophic form to the realistic and democratic temper." And these words express the content of Dewey's philosophy. Like James, possibly out of James, he holds the valuation of labor to be in terms of the usefulness of its product. Education, according to Dewey (and he is primarily an educator), should come out of practical experience. Liberal education he scorns; liberal training originally meant that of a "free man," one who was not a slave, not a laborer. All men labor today; the education of a non-laborer is a luxury, without value.

And so we ascend another step of the ladder. Behaviorism is easily the next rung.

Behaviorism is not a philosophy, as are teachings of James and Dewey. It has been called psychology. Although, according to Watson's doctrine, there can be no science of *pure psychology*, we shall disregard that point just now, and, for the sake of convenience, term Behaviorism a psychology. The peculiar relation of James' and Dewey's philosophy to this school of psychology can easily be seen. The practical *end* of human endeavor that these philosophers sought as a background is obvious in Watson's search for material *causes* of human behavior.

John Broadus Watson, a South Carolinian by birth, received his A.M. degree from Furman University in 1900.

After two years of teaching in secondary schools, he entered the University of Chicago, from which he obtained the degree of Ph.D. in psychology. In 1908 he joined the faculty of Johns Hopkins University in the capacity of Professor of Psychology and Director of the Laboratory of Psychological Experimentation. It was in this latter department that he became imbued with the conviction that gave rise to his support of the theory of Behaviorism.

In conducting experiments in animal psychology Watson was faced day after day with facts of stimulus and response in the actions of animals. Under the carefully controlled conditions which prevailed in the laboratory, he saw, vividly expressed, a mechanistic principle governing lower creatures. It is not strange that he began to see possibilities of extending the theory of stimulus and response to the field of human activity. Once impelled to delve into this possibility, he connected himself with maternity hospitals, believing that in infants lay the best opportunity for studying human nature. In 1919, he considered his preparation sufficient to warrant an organized exposition. His work, *Psychology, from the Standpoint of Behaviorist*, issued late in that year, presents the results of his research in the shape of a new system of psychology. He recently published a collection of lectures delivered in his position as Lecturer in the New School for Social Research. This volume dogmatically eulogizes Behaviorism.

Then what is "behaviorism?" What is its significance?

Watson says: "Possibly the easiest way to bring out the contrast between the old psychology and the new is to say that all schools of psychology except that of behaviorism claim that "*consciousness*" is the subject matter of psychology. Behaviorism, on the contrary, holds that the subject matter of human psychology is the *behavior or activities of the human being*. Behaviorism claims that "*consciousness*" is neither a definable nor a usable concept; that it is merely another word for the "*soul*" of more ancient times. The

old psychology is thus dominated by a kind of subtle religious philosophy." By "older psychology" Watson means the predecessor of behaviorism *introspective* psychology, supported by Titchener, James, Wundt, MacDougall, and Judd. And he hastens to add to this explanation, which I have practically quoted from Watson, that he does not wish to be understood as claiming that behaviorism has replaced introspective psychology but that it will replace the old psychology, philosophy, sociology, and religion. An even more nontechnical definition of the difference between the "old" the "new" psychology would be: Introspective psychology holds man to have a mental life separate and distinct from external stimuli to the extent that mental action may occur without stimulation or cause other than its own train of movement. Behaviorism claims that every so-called thought and action may be traced to some external stimulus, and is merely activity of sense-organs, nerves, muscles, and glands. In other words, one would refrain from committing a theft, not through a repugnance to such due to any process of consciousness, but because of the fact that a "stimulus" situation calls up a punishment reflex, or some other negative impression. One's thoughts of his distant sweetheart are only neuro-muscular activity caused by a visual stimulus of her photograph on the table, or maybe of some other woman as she passed one's window.

This ruling out, as it were, of mind constitutes the chief ground for objection on the part of introspective psychologists. Any psychologist recognizes the existence of negative or positive responses to simple stimuli; i.e., a withdrawal of the hand or the foot when pricked by a sharp instrument needs no volition or voluntary nerve control for execution. But, an introspective psychologist would ask, what stimulation may there be which would initiate and support a long and uninterrupted train of thought, while the individual may be lying at full repose? The first answer of the behaviorist would be that there is no such thing as pure think-

ing: "thinking" is nerve-muscle talking to oneself without the word-forming process completing itself to the point of uttering the words. He would add a few remarks in substantiation of this theory: one has met in his experience individuals who, when alone, and when concentrated on a troubling problem, "talk to themselves." That is, they have such a vivid train running through their nervous system that they utter the words. Then, too, one has often seen small children when playing with some toy carry on a steady stream of childish prattle; the child's neuro-muscular-glandular "thoughts" were so spontaneous and forceful that they burst forth. These are only two among many observations which the behaviorist might cite in defense of his theory of sub-vocal speech. With this premise the behaviorist would show how words are called forth by stimuli. He would take one to the nursery-laboratory where he would retain one for several days. He would hold a bottle of milk before a baby; the baby might react by any of a number of well known baby-words: "Da-da," or "Blub," or "Boo-boo." Each experiment, over a number of days, would call forth practically the same expression from the baby. Such might be held as sufficient evidence that the bottle, by way of vision, stimulated the baby habitually to react by this particular sound on every occasion. And numerous experiments have reasonably verified this contention. Working on this elementary basis, the behaviorist would point out that the principle employed in the baby-organism will hold all the way through the adult scale—through philosophy, love, religion, and all. Having allowed, then, that "thinking" is merely talking to oneself, and that talk is regulated and stimulated by external stimuli, the conclusion must be: "thought" (one's synonym for "brain activity") is totally involuntary; its nature, duration, and intensity are dependent upon conditions and objects outside and apart from the individual.

Granting Behaviorism its dues, there remains yet the consideration of the embracing destructiveness of the doctrine. Man, fashioned after the Image, is rendered no more

than a complex and refined aggregation of matter. The purely materialistic behaviorist holds him not different, except in structure and delicacy of response, from a stone, a tree, or plant, or lifeless electrified mass. When one once believes this all incentive to progress is lost; for who would indulge in the useless child's-play of endeavor to gain a moss to cover his stony being, when he felt himself an irresponsible aggregation of atoms? Or who would spend years after the search for knowledge and culture, when he "knew" he was only dredging a response-channel, and when it would function as well sans culture, "sans everything?" For Watson says dogmatically that one is fanatically religious who even hints at the possession of a mind; that contemporaneous psychologists are hampered by a "subtle religious philosophy." Brightman defines behaviorism cuttingly when he states: "It is the view which asserts that consciousness is behavior; that our sensations, our thoughts, our feelings and all that we have called our conscious life are (in so far as they are at all) simply psychological reactions of our organism, adjustments to environment; or, to put it bluntly, consciousness is the motion of matter in space." Thus man is only the Super-animal, and is this merely by virtue of his highly developed nervous system. Ask what separates man from the animal, and the behaviorist laughs in your face, and asks what separates the hand loom from the cotton mill.

Without mind man is without a soul. If there is no mind why be further deluded? For unless man has a soul, religion is a delusion, a fake; and things sacred are so much trash to be burned and scattered to the four winds. The destruction utter and complete of these conceptions that we have held dear and essential means a complete cataclysm in the order of life. What use of life, if we live and have our being unconsciously, and wander in a trance over the world? Unless a God has ordained that we be John Doe with the capacity and talent to till the soil, then we are so because a trickling stream of incidents and situations has

run down the mountain of eternity and pushed our small pebble of being thus, and we are powerless to change our destined course. We may not be held accountable for our errors; our "sins," too, are forced upon us. What is good? What is evil? There is neither, says Watson; they are terms applied to the obnoxious objections that one man accidentally raises in the path of another. Why should a man take care lest he break the laws of God, when he is shortly to be ground again to atoms, immortal only in the indestructibility of matter? A well-ordered scheme of things would admit no earthly punishment, and a future punishment is out of the question. With the lack of moral restraint resulting from a wholesale acceptance of Watson's precepts all would become an infernal chaos.

One last comment: Mr. Watson has by no means proved his position. Experimental work in his field is both inadequate and unreliable, with reference to existence. Complexity of life renders a complete examination from his point of view practically beyond realization, and scientists give him no credit beyond admitting him an audacious adventurer, omniscient—beyond all saints and sages! Solver of the riddle of the Sphinx! His very cocksurety arouses a feeling of antagonism on the part of many who might otherwise lend an attentive ear.

IDEALISM IN A MECHANISTIC AGE

By J. B. USRY, '27

All philosophical thought seems ultimately to resolve itself into one of two systems, one of which is materialism, which asserts that all mind is the product of matter, while the other system holds that matter is the product of mind. The conflict between these two systems had its beginning ages ago when a highly-developed but outworn materialism receded to give rise to the highest type of philosophy the world has ever known. Although notions about matter have changed during the last three thousand years, the historic position of materialism is that everything, including mind, can be analyzed into material substance. This point of view finds a modern expression in that school of thought known as Pragmatism, and also in behavioristic psychology, which reduces man to purely mechanical organism. All idealists, ancient and modern, have made spiritual life the universal goal, while non-idealistic philosophers have neither emphasized, nor apparently recognized the reality of anything spiritual.

To those who, either through apathy or passive indifference have no interest in the profound, the issue is no more than a mere battle of wits, vague and meaningless, whose purpose is nil, "full of sound and fury, signifying, nothing." On the other hand, there are those to whom the issue is as deep as life itself, for upon it depend the status of values, the immortality of the soul, and the ultimate survival of all that makes life worth living, and all that is beautiful, good true, or just. All hopes of humanity are inseparably linked with this question. If materialism, which teaches that everything is but the working of blind force on inanimate matter, is true, then we are worthless beings in a meaningless universe.

In modern times a materialistic philosophy has gained the ascendancy, and the result has been a general tendency of our institutions of higher learning to get away from spiritual values in education, and to emphasize only the things that are practical. If it be true that the ideals of a nation are determined by its philosophy, one would be led to the belief that an individual, a nation, or a generation which measures success in terms of material progress and makes pleasure the measure of happiness must be the direct result of a materialistic philosophy. This materialistic philosophy has manifested itself in many different ways, but there are three main points which distinguish it from idealism: first, mind is the product of matter, for it has been developed by material stimuli; second, the universe, including the development of life and mind, has no purpose in existing, and is merely the outcome of the law of cause and effect; third, there is no such thing as absolute value, for all value is subjective and transitory. In short, the universe has no purpose, there is no Supreme Mind, and everything is only a happening of chance. Is such a conclusion in accord with the facts of our deepest experiences?

No unprejudiced thinker of our age would be so blind as to deny the appeal of materialism to the mind. The subtle arguments of brilliant minds at first thought seem invincible, and we unconsciously find ourselves standing blindly fascinated in their sheer brilliancy. The statement was made in one of the leading pulpits of our country the other day that all morals are dependent upon taste. What escape is there from this type of argument? Although certain moral standards are sometimes measured by taste, to say that all morals are dependent upon taste is to say that there is nothing moral or immoral within itself, that all is relation and nothing is absolute.

The idealist holds that idealism rather than materialism, explains the facts of experience and observation, interprets the meaning of cosmic principles, and accounts for and in-

terprets the existence of spiritual life. There is a tendency among a certain group of modern thinkers to laugh at idealism as an outworn doctrine full of vain imaginings of dreamers caused by a desire to find truth in idealism. An adequate conception, however, of the meaning of idealism could not warrant such an assertion, for this type of argument could be brought against any system of thinking, whether it be religious, philosophic, or scientific. Reason itself is purposive, and must, of necessity, be present in all thinking. The pure idealist is willing to face all the facts that the materialist may be able to display, and appropriate such truths as may be found. The idealist recognizes that there are two perils which the honest seeker after truth should avert, namely: the error of slipping into Romanticism, and thereby losing our grip on rational thinking, and the peril of being led astray by some narrow, fascinating, easily accepted system of philosophy and accepting it for full truth.

It is an indisputable fact that idealism presupposes faith. If materialism is correct, that faith upon which all idealists have built their belief is in vain. This, however, does not change the issue, for the universe remains eternally as it is, regardless of what any one's faith may be. As Thomas Carlyle once said, "We had better accept the universe just as it is." Faith has been defined by some one as the absolute conviction of pure existence. If there is no such thing as pure existence the greatest values of life lose their significance; for example, if the principle of justice has no existence apart from particular deeds in which an element of justice may occur, there is no such thing as perfect justice. Can the fact that idealism involves faith in any sense discredit idealism? If it does, all knowledge is discredited, for all knowledge is dependent upon assumptions which imply faith.

The ultimate descriptive nature of mind is entirely philosophical in its nature, for it is hidden from the psychologist in the depths of nature. The behaviorist would say that there is no such thing as mind, but he thinks of mind

as only a bundle of sensations which spontaneously and naturally fall into cluster and so become perception. This explanation seems to the idealist to evade the issue, for back of all sensations there is an agent of coördination—a power that takes the many sensations that we have and molds them into sense. Without this agent of coördination there could be no such thing as knowledge as we understand it, and the ceaseless influx of sensations of which our concepts are made would have no more meaning than the unbroken succession of waves upon the seashore. If the explanation of the behaviorist is accepted, the logical conclusion is that every individual is the victim of stimulus, and the criminal is only a puppet in the hands of external stimuli.

If, as some believe, coherence is the criterion of truth, all reality is one coherent system. Personal or objective idealism asserts that all reality is to be found in one mind, the Absolute, and that finite minds are only a part of the Absolute, and will finally become one with it. This has certain objections, for how can the finite mind exist as a part of the infinite? Is not this idea contradictory to the nature of selfhood?

All idealists have believed that the universe is not the inevitable effect of some blind cause, but that all of it is working harmoniously toward ultimate ends. At this point idealism and practicality are almost coincident, for all practical things lose their value unless they serve the purpose of achieving ends. The mechanist must admit that purpose exists in some things, for what is purpose if it is not the striving for some final goal? It is true that there are many evils in the universe that seem to have no purpose, but if man meets these evils with the best there is in him he may be able to make all things work together for good. Although the idealist may not be satisfied with the universe as it seems, he is confident that "we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

The idealist contends that values are objective. The beauty of an Italian sunset, the love of a mother for her babe, and

the Christian assurance of an everlasting life are not dependent for their existence upon the individual who experiences them, but they are co-eternal with the Absolute. With the idea of the objectivity of values there is always associated the idea of Deity. In Deity there is the realization of the eternal values, such as perfect goodness, perfect knowledge, and perfect love. Our human judgments or concepts of values may be false, but this does not alter the truth of the objectivity of values any more than a false sense perception alters the fact of sense perceptions. The belief that value is merely the demand of the human mind for pleasure does not accord with experience, for the pleasure derived from value experience may not always be the satisfying of a desire for pleasure.

If materialism can explain the facts of physical nature, it cannot account for the facts of value experience. Despite the subtle arguments made by the materialists that all value is dependent upon the subject for its existence and that no value is eternal the fact that ideals of value exist in the mind is indisputable, and no one can say that materialism has all the facts while the idealist looks in vain upon the heights of unattainable bliss, that can be scaled only by the airy flights of imagination. If realism is right, "there's nothing good but thinking makes it so"; there's nothing beautiful but human appreciation makes it so; there's nothing moral unless the oracle of taste is first consulted; as the Pragmatist would think, there's nothing valuable unless it can stand the test of practicality. Does this account for the facts of our deepest experiences?

. . . And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man. . . .

SPECIALIZATION AND ANIMAL SUCCESSION

By DR. O. C. BRADBURY

One who has studied biology widely and has obtained a broad view of the science as a whole, is impressed with the fact that "the old order changeth." He is impressed with the instability of living forms and also by their impermanence. Forms of life come and go. One form of life occupies the center of the stage at one period, to be followed by another, which in turn gives way to a third, and so on throughout time. This succession of forms of life shows a gradual rise in complexity and an apparent tendency toward perfection as the word is commonly understood. The several forms of life that finally occupy the center of the stage go through a series of steps to attain their goal. They appear out of obscurity, increase in number, become specialized (that is adapted) for the particular set of environmental conditions then existing, become the dominant form of life due to their specialization and finally disappear in part or altogether.

Some of the principal causes back of the increase in number of those animals that eventually become dominant are an abundant food supply, no or few natural enemies, and an ability to fit into their environment in a general way. The ability to reproduce itself at an exceptionally high rate is not necessarily an advantage to an animal. The rate of reproduction is high enough in practically all animals to insure a rapid increase providing that the other favorable factors are present. The food supply is the greatest check upon the increase in number of any animal, the struggle for food being the outstanding problem that confronts all living things.

The ability possessed by an animal to fit into existing environmental conditions in a general way makes specialization possible. Not all animals become specialized but those that

do so must have a foundation on which to build. This foundation consists in a general fitness to the particular environment and particularly in the ability that such animals possess to further adapt themselves to a special set of conditions. Hence, adaptability is the forerunner of all specialization. However, this does not mean that adaptability is restricted to those forms of life that later become specialized. The fact that some animals become specialized is not a mysterious thing. The thing that is difficult to understand is that certain animals which possess a high degree of adaptability remain unspecialized. It is possible that the ability to become specialized is a hereditary factor possessed by certain animals just as the ability to vary is a hereditary factor. Or it may be that specialization is a product of the factor of variability.

Dominance of a given animal depends in part upon factors favorable to its establishment and in part upon its adaptation to definite environmental conditions. The degree of specialization of an animal if it happens to fit into the environment is an index to the degree of dominance attained by that animal. Consequently the animal possessing the highest and most effective type of specialization in relation to its environment is likely to be an outstanding dominant form so long as the environmental conditions under which it became specialized remain unchanged.

The unfortunate part about specialization is that it is good only under a peculiar set of conditions. Whenever the environment changes to any great extent it becomes exceedingly difficult for an animal specialized for different conditions to continue to live. As a consequence many specialized forms of life become extinct in whole or in part and are represented only by fossil remains. In such cases the specialization which was an outstanding factor in making a particular kind of animal a dominant form of life has become the principal factor in the extinction of this same kind of animal. The reason for this is clear when it is understood that

specialization of a living thing is a process of fixation of that form of life. Having become fixed, that is to say, specialized, the kind of animal in question can not undo the process of specialization through which it has gone, nor can it specialize again; that is, re-adapt itself to a new change in its environment. In other words the hereditary factors of the animal have become fixed in the process of becoming specialized and new combinations of characters are not likely to appear. Hence the animal remains unchanged. In general the more highly adapted to its environment an animal may be, the greater the probability of its extinction following an important change in its environment. It is difficult to understand how a great advantage may become just as great a disadvantage. Still this is a condition to which all things are subject.

Let us turn our attention now to some specific examples to illustrate the previous discussion. As has already been indicated, the forms of animal life that have been dominant at different times show a gradual rise in complexity. The first group of animals that became dominant forms were single-celled animals, called the Foraminifera. They were distinguished from other single-celled forms by the presence of a heavy shell. Presumably this shell was a protection from natural enemies and hence enabled this group to survive in larger numbers. In any case they did become the most numerous of all animals at that time. Later this advantage became a disadvantage. On several occasions in early geological history silt flowed into the sea, because of changes in the height of the earth's surface at certain points. This silt covered the sea floor and also the forms of life which were living on it. The Foraminifera, being hindered by their shells, could not escape as many of the single celled animals without shells did. Consequently the Foraminifera became extinct while other single celled animals escaped and continued to live.

The second group of animals that were outstanding dominant forms are called trilobites. They are classified in the same general group with the crayfish and lobster. It appears that they developed exceptionally heavy armor, which surely was an advantage up to a certain point. However this particular specialization went too far. It not only made them unwieldy and slow of movement but it also deprived their vital organs of necessary food. As this armor increased in quantity the time came eventually when the trilobites could not move around with sufficient speed to compete with their unarmored relatives in the race for food. Consequently the armored trilobites are represented by fossil remains now, while their unarmored relatives are represented by modern forms of life.

The third outstanding dominant form of animals was the shark group. They were specialized at first along the line of speed, and for a time dominated absolutely all marine life. Later some forms developed a heavy armor which aided in their extinction. Others became quite large but not unwieldy. It is not known just why most of this latter group of sharks became extinct. Possibly it was due to an overbalance of some of their internal organs. In any case no record could be left of such factors. It should be remembered, however, that there are many kinds of sharks still in existence, while all of the trilobite group are extinct.

The ancient reptiles were the dominant forms after the sharks. These reptiles dominated the land, air and water to almost an absolute degree. Some were specialized along the line of size and others became armored forms. Those that developed armor became extinct for the same reason that the trilobites did. Those that became unusually large were forced out, partly because they could not move around enough to get sufficient food to keep their immense bodies alive. Their extinction was also due in part to a change from a warm moist climate to a cold dry climate. Being so large they could not migrate as rapidly as other animals. Those ancient reptiles that did not become specialized partic-

ularly are represented at present by modern reptiles. Here again it should be noted that the specializations were advantageous up to a certain point but eventually became the cause of their possessor's extinction.

Following the dominance of the reptiles the mammals became dominant. Very few of the mammals have become extinct. In almost every case the extinct forms attained great size and presumably were forced out by the smaller mammals in a competition for food. Probably the unusual size of certain of the extinct forms produced too great a strain upon their internal organs, which aided in their extinction.

In all of the examples cited it should be noticed that the particular specialization of a group of animals was the principal factor in the extinction of representatives of that group. It should also be noted that the particular specialization of one group aided another group in establishing itself. For example, the earliest mammals were small and could crawl into crevices where the larger animal could not follow. Also in most cases they possessed sufficient speed to keep out of the way of the larger reptiles. A third thing that should be noted is that this series of dominant forms showed a gradual increase in intelligence. Intelligence became a definite factor in dominance in the mammalian age.

The dominant form of life at the present time is the human being. The human being is a strange mixture of unspecialized and specialized structures. The fact that the human body as a whole is relatively unspecialized explains in part man's present position. The fact that the nervous system of the human is more highly specialized than it is in other mammals completes the explanation of human dominance. It was not by brute force that the human being established itself as a dominant form, but it did so by the use of its brain power. It is interesting to note that intelligence is a far more effective factor in dominance than brute strength, armor and so on. Intelligence not only insures a more cer-

tain dominance but it also makes possible a dominance over a wider range of conditions.

We are not concerned particularly with the past history of the human being, for he is still in his ascendant period. We are vitally concerned with the future of the human race. Since the history of all extinct forms of life shows that specializations are among the most important of the causes of extinction and since the specialization of the human being is its nervous system, we should expect that the danger of extinction of the human being rests largely in the continued specialization of the nervous system. In the light of the history of extinct forms it is apparent that the chief danger in specialization lies either in the continuance of that specialization beyond a natural point, or in an overbalance of the organism as a whole. If the human race should continue to develop its nervous system at the expense of the rest of the body then extinction certainly would occur. We have individual examples of such a condition now. On the other hand if the nervous mechanism is not placed under too great strain and if the remainder of the body is cared for properly, then there is no immediate danger of human extinction.

In spite of all that has been said there is no reason why we should worry about the future of the human race. For the Creator in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to make us a link in an infinite chain to play our part in the great scheme of things, as the other forms of creation have played their part. We, being the highest type of creation, bear as a consequence the greatest responsibilities. Indeed since we represent the highest type of creation, the bearing of responsibilities may be considered our ultimate specialization. Let us therefore carry it on.

LIFE'S SHORT SONG

[In memory of Leslie M. Humber, a student of Wake Forest College, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Humber of Greenville, N. C., who died in Rex Hospital, Raleigh, October 19, 1925, aged eighteen years.]

By His Grandmother, MRS. NARCISSA WEBB DAVIS
KINSTON, N. C.

Lad of the laughing eyes,
So suddenly
You met the great surprise
Of death's mystery.
For a messenger of light
Whispered "Come,"
And thy spirit took its flight
And hastened home.

Lad of the winning ways,
Life was so fair,
Hope and love filled the days
When you were here.
Now shadows hover o'er
Your once bright home,
For we know you nevermore
To us will come.

Lad of the loving heart,
Loyal and true,
Faithfully you did the part
Assigned to you.
But God had need of thee
In his bright throng,
And there complete will be
Thy life's short song.

Lad of the sunny smile,
Joyous and gay,
In such a little while
You went away,
Evermore with God to dwell
Safe from all wrong.
Farewell, dear lad, farewell,
But not for long.

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

V. R. BRANTLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. A. McMILLAN

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOYET

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

H. J. OVERMAN AND CHARLES ZIMMERMAN

CIRCULATION MANAGER

E. F. UPCHURCH

VOL. XLIV

MARCH, 1927

No. 6

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

V. R. BRANTLEY, *Editor*

**The Collegiate
Limelight**

It's strange how presumptuous we sometimes get in seminar discussions in advanced work on the college campus. And it is an admirable spirit of courage that characterizes these discussions. Now we hardly hope to shape the destiny of racial progress through the words of wisdom we utter on such oc-

casions, but we do hope to foster a zeal for rationality on the part our small group. We feel a possibility of disseminating from this or that informal talk an idea which may spread forth an eventual benefit. Once I heard this problem dissected and examined:

One gentleman asks for opinion as to the per cent of students who study out of pure love of it. The answer proposed is one-half of one per cent,—in other words, about twelve such students here. A graduate member of the group suggests that there were fifty or seventy-five scholars among his classmates of some ten years back. Explanation follows that study is comparatively unattractive now. And so the discussion goes, arriving at the conclusion that collegiate ends and aims center around success in some spectacular field, preferably athletics. In other words, college merely gives respectability to a tendency that would otherwise be termed professional and selfish. Where the college of a decade ago still retained characteristics that justified its being styled an institution of learning, the college of today earns the name of a custom that presents the *danger* of learning. Not long ago a petition was given to the president of a certain college asking him to resign because he had declared that athletes would receive no consideration above non-athletes.

Ask a man why he came to college and his answer will be one of three: "the Old Man sent me"; or, "I came to kill time"; or, "I want to learn to make a living." Now and then you will find one who says: "I am here to play football, etc." But the first three reasons are applicable in the majority of instances. What has become of the old theory of "cultural, humanitarian, intellectual value of education?" The sophomoric answer of our seminar is that old ideals and aims are irretrievably lost in a wild modern sentiment, hysterically seeking after present advantage, utterly inconsiderate of the next hour or tomorrow.

But what do we gain from such a resumé of prevailing trends and tides in our circle? for surely we must not content ourselves with a mere passive speculation. If this discussion should accomplish anything at all in the minds of its readers, it would be the implanting of this one plea: be tolerant, for tolerance is the beginning of progress, but do not accept any and every movement, whose only excuse is modernity, and its only recommendation popularity!

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. E. POOVEY, *Editor*

Notice that we are not publishing in this issue the proposed list of the best examples of each form of literature that have appeared in the college magazines we have reviewed. The decision has been withheld until the issuance of the April *STUDENT* for two reasons: First, because we need more time to solicit the aid of other staffs in making the selections; and, secondly, because by then there will be more material on hand to select from. Again we ask the various magazines of this State and others to prepare a similar list to be published not later than April.

The *Bashaba* is indeed at its best in the February number, both in content arrangement, and quality. It contains four sketches, three stories, three poems, two familiar essays, a play, a translation, a review, and (praise be!) an exchange department. However, the absence of the editorials is noticed. Of the sketches "Reflections" seems to be the best. It is beautiful, compact, and stirring; and shows promising imaginative power. "The Song of an Idle Dreamer" comes dangerously near being real literature in that it interprets vividly and pleasantly something that we all have felt. "Ernestine" is the most deserving of the stories; in fact it is fascinating. Not only is the plot interesting, skillfully developed, but the simple, easy style of the writer makes the reading easy. The review, "Harvest of Youth," is highly commended. Perhaps an audience of "flappers" would enjoy "Vanishing Cold Cream," but I can find little worth in it. It is merely a sequence of similar events without any noticeable complications.

The content of the *Pine Branch* is sadly in need of expansion. Three stories of questionable merit comprise the bulk of selections, while a fairly good essay, "Why is Summer School?" and a single sketch and two poems strive in vain to make amends. The remaining pages of the magazines are taken up with Y.M.C.A. notes, Society notes, Socials, Jokes, etc. For goodness' sake, Miss Mandeville, fan the fire a bit.

The make-up of the February *Carolinian* is excellent. There is an abundance of both prose and poetry. The editorials and comments on exchanges are unusually instructive and to the point. "Earthbound" by Egbert in this issue of the *Carolinian* strikes me as being an essay of rare thought and construction. In a spirited and intensely vivid style the writer sets forth the real, everyday things of life as a source of Truth over against the attempts of Philosophers to lead us toward Truth.

Both stories in the *Wofford Journal*, "Scar" and "A Coat of Leopard-skin," are too long drawn out for the amount of rising action they contain. I dare say that either of them could be more effectively told in little more than half the space they occupy. It is best not to burden the reader with incidents that have no direct bearing on the story. A poem, "The Violet," shows excellent technique and at the same time conveys a tender morsel of food for thought. "Songs at Twilight" is another good poem that is melodious and rhythmical, and well adapted to music.

The *Winthrop Journal* and other exchanges will suffer treatment in our next number.

It is interesting to note that some college magazines publish jokes while others do not. I wonder if custom and demand justify the publication of jokes in our literary magazine; or should a college literary magazine in the light of its primary aims and standards refrain from publishing a section of jokes?

Mr. C. Alfonso Smith in his wonderful little book, *What Literature Can Do for Me?* makes the following points: 1. Literature can give one an outlet. 2. It can keep before one a vision of the ideal. 3. It can restore the past. 4. Literature can glorify the commonplace. 5. It can give one an insight to human nature. 6. Literature can teach one the power of his language.

Now in the light of these points, judge the worth of the average college production.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Of all sad words
A man to jar:
"Another note
Due on your car."

The much-heralded season of the year has come again, and now a young man's thoughts turn lightly (or otherwise) to love. Many volumes of unpublished poetry have been mailed out within the past few days, inspired perhaps by the soft rays of the moon as they filter gently through the quivering magnolia leaves. But that's life, and a *great* one!

HAPPY CONTRAST

Any Student: I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite.

His Roommate: Well, Old Lady, there are a number of intelligent girls around here.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

"Oh, I notice my friend gave you a black eye, Jones."

"Why, you never saw the person who gave me the black eye."

"Anyway, he's my friend."

ROUGH WORK

Man shot in his own backyard. Not expected to live.
(Clipped from *The Scream*.)

The faculty should provide sleeping quarters on class for men who were up late the night before. The nights are getting shorter.

CRIMINAL ACT

Three boys were caught shooting crap last week.—Yes, the world is getting worse. It'll soon be dangerous to go out alone.

The big question which confronts college men at present is whether to get married or commit suicide. The race is about equal.

CONTENTS

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
To—(verse).....	<i>Wendell H. Moore</i> 303
The Provider (story).....	<i>Fleet Martin Howard</i> 304
Love—As It Is (verse).....	<i>H. J. Overman</i> 308
Walt Whitman's Belief in God (essay)	<i>J. C. Covington</i> 310
Mose: Observations (verse)	<i>Chas. L. Gillespie</i> 320
The Gems of Kuda (story).....	<i>H. J. Overman</i> 322
Our Sweetest Foe (verse).....	<i>Chas. L. Gillespie</i> 333
The Biology of Mind (essay).....	<i>C. E. Poovey</i> 334
 FACULTY CONTRIBUTIONS:	
The Torch (verse).....	<i>Dr. Benjamin Sledd</i> 341
“In My Father's House are Many Mansions”	<i>Prof. P. W. Wilson</i> 343
 DEPARTMENTS:	
The Editor's Easy Chair....	<i>V. R. Brantley, Editor</i> 348
Alumni Notes.....	<i>Elbert A. MacMillan, Editor</i> 350
Apoplectic Alcove.....	<i>J. D. Hamrick, Editor</i> 353

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

APRIL, 1927

No. 7

TO—

By WENDELL H. MOORE, '28

Night—oh, never a night comes 'round
But I cover the weary miles,
Wanting your voice's silvery sound,
Wanting you—and your smiles.

Night—and the stars above,
Out on a silvery sea,
Watching the moon in the arch above,
A canoe—and you and me.

Argent stars and a bright round moon,
The gaze of your loving eyes,
And daylight hastening on too soon—
Just you—and the dawning skies.

THE PROVIDER

By FLEET MARTIN HOWARD, '29

In her dormitory room Norwinia Carlton, clad in clinging silk negligee, laughed deliciously a laugh born of a warm cheerfulness and a wholesome glowing in the vibrant young woman-heart of her—and chatted with her roommate in a carelessly superficial manner, the manner careless and superficial because of a light heart, not because of a light head. Tomorrow would be graduation day at her college—with the presenting of diplomas and the conferring of various degrees. Norwinia was a senior. She would complete her schooling with the exercises on tomorrow.

“ . . . My good old bud!” she was saying chummily to her companion. “I do hope he will get here for tomorrow! I’m awfully anxious to know what it is I’m to be told—or written—or informed in *some* way tomorrow; and I’ll be exceedingly glad to see him. . . . He’s been away ’most three years now, you know. . . . I don’t see why he couldn’t have left that uncivilized South American continent just once during all this time he’s been down there. . . .”

Norwinia, twenty-two, was very devoted to her brother. Norman, nine years her senior, would be thirty-one now, reflected Norwinia. At his prime age, assumed the girl, three years probably would not have wrought a great difference in him, even in South America. Of course he would be awfully sun-tanned.

Comfortably at her ease, cuddled up as she was on her bed, Norwinia felt decidedly happy; and the anticipatory uncertainty of just what tomorrow would bring added zest and color to her gladness. Her mind, conveyed piece-meal and in a vague fashion to her roommate by her sparkling yet dreamy eyes, ran a snatchy criss-cross from her graduation on

the following day to her brother in the Argentine, back again to her imminent completion of college work—and flashing again then back to her buddy; and, most pleasantly uncertain of all, to the secret she was to learn tomorrow relative to her brother.

Norwinia remembered well the dark eyes of her brother. There were a flash and color to them that bespoke the temperament of the father of the man and her. There was a flare, too, to his entire make-up that hinted at the inherent capriciousness which could sprinkle his head with gray while he was even yet in his twenties. Never had any one known Norman Carlton to be at peace with himself. He was ever restless; the points of light in his fine eyes were ever shifting moodily.

Of his own meditations Norman never spoke. But his whimsical actions—the mad rides on horse-back which he often took, or the notional fancy for speeding in an automobile in the teeth of a gale—were eloquent of his restless spirit. Despite his irresponsibility, he had pledged, unsolicited, to finance his one sister until she should complete her college work; for she and he were the only descendants of their father of Spanish extraction. This he had done: even during the first year of Norwinia's college career, with the Carlton resources even then exhausted, he had, in some manner, provided her with moderate luxuries. Shortly thereafter Norman enshipped for the will-o'-the-wisp glamour of South America, finally settling in the oil fields in the Argentine. No one in the States had seen him since; he had not returned. But Norwinia was still supplied with plenty.

The only news received of him, in fact, were the checks which Norwinia received from him at regular intervals, always accompanied by a short letter, more or less in her brother's old familiar handwriting. Many times in her letters back to him she reproved him for not writing more in detail of his work and environs. If, in the letters to her, there were any allusion at all to such rebukes, it was merely

a casually joking reference. For the most part, the substance of all communications from South America to her was to the effect that he hoped she was faring comfortably in her school work. In one letter only there had been a brief statement that upon her completion of college she would be given certain information of importance to her. No clarification or elaboration of this statement had ever been forthcoming.

Norwinia, incidentally, admitted to herself that she was more or less expensive. She had accepted the checks coming regularly from the Argentine with sincere good will, and she had spent the money in high good nature. But she loved her buddy; and she was very grateful for his care.

Late on the night preceding her graduation, hopefully desirous of seeing her brother the following day, and musing wonderingly of the secret she was to learn, Norwinia passed into slumber.

Blamman Satirpo, by birth of the Argentine, but American-educated, was speaking with carefully chosen words, his dark eyes grave, to the telegraph operator. ". . . He was a man of exceeding personality; but he was always wild and reckless. . . . I was not surprised at what befell him. . . . The arrangements for keeping his sister in college in the United States is only an example of the heart of the man, however."

It was all spoken simply, the sincerity inspiring it evident and eloquent. There was unmistakable moisture in Satirpo's eyes as he spoke. Paying the operator for the cablegram he had ordered to be sent, he strode out of the office.

The telegraph operator, wondering, transmitted in combinations of dots and dashes:

MISS NORWINIA ALICE CARLTON
Claymore College for Girls
Frances City Virginia

You become woman today stop My unhappy duty to give information only woman can understand and withstand stop Regret exceedingly to advise your brother Norman Frank Carlton was killed in accident two years seven months ago stop At his request have administered his insurance estate to you imitating his handwriting at regular intervals since stop Balance of estate five thousand five hundred dollars with letter details being sent today stop

BLAMMAN SATIHO
Supt. Foreign Oil Commerce
Company

LOVE—AS IT IS

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

"I'm in love," the mad youth whispered
As he kissed her burning cheek,
And he wrapped his arms around her
While their eyes played hide and seek.

The maiden's head, with bonny ringlets,
Lay enraptured on his breast,
And she listened to the message
His convulsive lips exprest.

Oh, his heart, it beat a tattoo,
And in harmony with hers,
Left the sordid things of matter,
And soared aloft among the stars.

Wonderous word, that of love—
Rightly called "Fool's Paradise,"
It's like a ship in the frozen Arctic—
Narrowly escaping fatal ice.

Yet the little bark floats onward
Rowed by youthful passion, wild,
Until Cupid's coils and meshes
Have entwined, and the knot is tied.

Then there comes a year of doubting,
And a jealous jab or two,
And a million silly nothings—
Just to prove that love is true.

They even kiss across the table—
Across the fat-back, newly fried,
If the gravy proves too salty,
Or the meat is darkified.

He hopes that dinner will be different
And, in fact, it is this wise,
For the beans are burned a little
And the bread refused to rise.

Bye and bye, there comes a baby—
Such a squint-eyed, red-faced thing,
Squawking mass of obsessed fury,
All night long the rafters ring.

When the morning dawns, the father
Rushes forth to meet the dawn,
As a prisoner leaves his torture,
With sleepless eyes and features drawn.

To the public, he's a father;
To himself, he is a fool;
He's a freshman in experience,
He doesn't know the simplest rule.

He's become the sober-minded,
The man-of-family sort of boy;
He's the guy that married early
To reap life's fullest sort of joy.

And he found it; yes, he found it—
Happenings, events, chronic hours;
Love-sick, heart-sick, then the baby—
Where are now life's fairest flowers?

Such is life, and such is loving—
Fools rush in where Angels fear,
Blinded by a silly passion
While sacred things are held less dear.

WALT WHITMAN'S BELIEF IN GOD

By J. C. COVINGTON, M. A., '27

In popular conception, Whitman, one of the nine chief American poets, was, of all the American writers who ever penned a line of prose or verse, the most irreligious of men, a man who never believed in the Supreme Being. This erroneous conception has been challenged by the poet's faithful and reasonable admirers, who have given him deserving praise rather than unjust appraisal. On the other hand the majority of the people have irreverently and unreasonably mangled and dissected the good name of the poet for the very and only reason that they have not studied carefully and without prejudice the works of the writer. Whitman was a man of religious conviction. It is true that his religion cannot be measured by any creedal tape-line; it is too comprehensive in height, in breadth, and in depth for any such measurement. But his religion included a faith and belief in God, along with many other religious beliefs and principles, imbedded deeply and picturesquely in his work.

In this connection M. J. Savage says: "He is not, then, Christian, in the popular acceptance of any of the theologies that claim the title. Of Jesus he everywhere speaks with insight, with tenderness, with admiration; and the substance of his teaching is in wonderful accord with the chief doctrine of the man of Nazareth. Indeed, he is more profoundly His disciple than are most of the churches who so strenuously insist on our saying, 'Lord, Lord.' Of the imminent God, the essential Spirit, the eternal life of all worlds, he is a profound and reverent worshiper. He is 'not curious about God'—does not argue about Him, but he feels everywhere in His presence. . . ."¹

¹ Savage, M. J., *The Arena*, September, 1894, pp. 433-52.

As to how Whitman lived according to the message revealed in his works, Savage speaks in these terms: "I think it may truthfully be said that no historical character, of whom we have any adequate account, ever more completely *was* his message."² The opinion has been advanced that Whitman "holds fast to the doctrine of Christianity as laid down in the New Testament."³ And that Whitman was strongly religious is shown by one of his statements in his journals: "I claim everything for religion: after the claims of my religion are satisfied nothing else is left for anything else. . . ." On this point Stevenson adds: "For he believes in God. . . . There never was a prophet who carried things with a higher hand; he gives us less a body of dogmas than a series of proclamations by the grace of God. . . ."⁵

In this study I shall give evidence of Whitman's belief in God as revealed in his journals and poems.

Whitman's faith in God made him a strong devotee to the Bible. Many times his friends would walk into his room and discover him reading the Holy Book; or they would sometimes find the Bible turned face down on his table near his bed. Mr. Traubel, one day noticing Whitman's Bible in his hands, asked him: "Do you find the Bible worth while for a steady companion?" "Yes—it lasts—comes back to me. I have had this particular book about me now for twenty years—always have it by me to read—even lately have had constant inclinations towards it."⁶ Stevenson corroborates the statement that Whitman was a devotee to his Bible. He says that Whitman read the Bible to the soldiers while he was a nurse in the hospitals during the Civil War: "Above all," says he, "he walked the hospitals, reading the Bible."⁷ Not only did Whitman study the Scriptures in his room, but

² *Ibid.*

³ Editorial, *Current Opinion*, Oct. 1919, p. 246.

⁴ *Journals*, edited by Horace Traubel under the title, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, 3 vols., New York, 1914, Vol. I, p. 10.

⁵ Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Familiar Studies of Men and Letters*, New York, 1887, p. 118.

⁶ *Journals*, II, 514.

⁷ Stevenson, *op. cit.*, p. 120.

he also made a study of the Testaments outdoors, where he could come nearer reasoning out the mystery of God. He makes this statement: "Later, at intervals, summers and falls, I used to go off, sometimes for a week at a stretch, down in the country, or to Long Island's seashores—there, in the presence of outdoor influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments."⁸ Thomas Tylston Greg has said that from twenty to thirty years of age Whitman read few books aside from Shakespeare and the Bible.⁹ We have evidence also that the poet in his old age and infirmity was a constant reader of that part of the Scriptures which should give consolation and hope to the afflicted: the Book of Job.¹⁰

Whitman's belief in God, is not hedged about with reservations. Nothing is to prevent him from believing that God is a Spirit and that this Spirit is a guide to human beings. This Spirit or Personality is a great mystery to Whitman, but this fact does not bother him. This is his conviction:

Ah more than any priest O soul we too believe in God,
But with the mystery of God we dare not dally.¹¹

Though Whitman assures us of his belief in God, he says that he is not "curious about God." Perhaps this statement wants explanation, for it is rather an indefinite expression. What Whitman really meant is that he has no disposition to formulate any creed—at least in any exact form. He does not wish to advertise his belief in its credal form. He advises mankind to follow him in his belief about God and death, and in his belief that one should remain reticent about creeds:

And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
For I who am curious about each am not curious about God,
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God
and about death.)¹²

⁸ *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman's Poems, edited by Emory Holloway, New York, 1925, p. 530.

⁹ *Journals*, III, 441.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, I, 165.

¹¹ *Leaves of Grass*, p. 349.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 73.

From this verse Dowden gets this impression: "And with Whitman as with the Pedagogic company perfect reverence casts out fear. But he is not anxious to give his creed a precise form. . . ." ¹³ Whitman's statement that he is "not curious about God" means that to him God is a mystery. To him those who do not accept God as a mystery are superstitious. Mystery is not the denial of reason; it is confirmation. Reason leads to mystery. Speaking of the mystery of God, one of Whitman's friends asked him: "But can you get rid of mystery?" "No—nor get rid of reason: the two belong together—each is necessary to the other."¹⁴

Now Whitman's reasoning and recognition of the mystery of God causes him to comment on the genesis of the earth.

The creation of heaven and earth is no small matter for him to think about. He does not take the view of a Fundamentalist in discussing the time in which the Creator created the earth and heaven. He does not believe in any solar-system theory:

It is no small matter, this round and delicious globe, moving so exactly in its orbit for ever and ever, without one jolt or the untruth of a single second. . . .¹⁵

And he further says that he believes in the story of Adam and Eve:

Great are Adam and Eve—I too look back and accept them. . . .¹⁶

Whitman traces carefully and reverently these Biblical events that have taken place since the beginning of the world. Now he develops his thought on the subject of Christ and His crucifixion. It is evident that Whitman believed in the great Biblical and historical happening, for he dedicated one of his poems "To Him That Was Crucified." He ventures into the foggy depths of mysticism in order to write

¹³ Dowden, Edward, *Studies in Literature (1789-1877)*, London, 1909, p. 519.

¹⁴ *Journals*, I, 468.

¹⁵ *Leaves of Grass*, p. 330.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 465.

such a divine poem, and comes out of the depth of the mist a prophetic character. Whitman feels that the spirit of Christ has influenced his spirit and that there is harmony between the two. This spirit of Christ is a Comrade to his. The poem follows:

TO HIM THAT WAS CRUCIFIED¹⁷

My Spirit to yours dear brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand
you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and to salute
those who are with you, before and since, and those to come also,
That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and suc-
cession,
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the
disputers nor any thing that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions,
jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole world over, journeying up and
down till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the
diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races,
ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are.

Whitman next approaches the subject of the Incarnation of Christ:

I see the place of the Idea of the Deity Incarnated by avatars in
human forms. . . .¹⁸

Here he believes that there is a divine and miraculous Power which regenerates men. He believes that he interprets this Power as Christ. This principle of Incarnation is a true thought of God's life and activity.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 322-23.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 118.

Another belief of Whitman's is in the resurrection of Christ. For him Christ accomplished His mission while on earth, died on the Cross, and arose. He says:

The Lord is not dead, he is risen again. . . .¹⁹

Christ is with us; His Spirit is present in the world for which He died to free. He is closer to us than he was when He ate the Last Supper. Just how near He is to us, Whitman illustrates as follows. While a nurse in a hospital during the war he approached a dying soldier boy and lovingly laid his hands on the poor youth's forehead, saying:

Young man I think I know you—I think this face is the face of the Christ Himself.

Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again He lies.²⁰

What Christ-like sympathy and love and reverence! This Christian spirit is little possessed and much less shown by men today. Modern religion may have its creeds, but this man Whitman had his deeds.

It was a great delight for the poet to meditate on the thought of Christ. A man without faith can not do this with the spirit in which Whitman did. Alone he would walk at night, forget all other thought, and imagine Christ at his side. This was a genuine concentration on the subject; furthermore, this depth of thought leads to reasoning and this reasoning leads to absolute belief. The following lines show that Whitman reasoned out the story of Christ:

Solitary at midnight in my backyard, my thought gone from me a long while,
Walking the old hills of Judæa with the beautiful God by my side. . . .²¹

It is natural that some critics challenge this spirit of mysticism with which Whitman is gifted. Santayana, for instance, calls Whitman a "loafer" in religion.²²

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 308.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 259.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 54.

²² Santayana, George, *Poetry and Religion*, New York, 1900, p. 180, insinuates that all mysticism is a form of spiritual loafing. He seeks to do Whitman justice, but his lack of sympathy makes Whitman inevitably his victim.

The principle of redemption is next treated by the poet. He shows in the following verses that the Lord will help and guide a man's soul. He is speaking to the prisoners in their confinement. He compares the convict and a convict soul. The convict has a term in prison to serve, but a convict soul has an eternal sentence to serve. Whitman suggests that our soul depart from the body "a God-enfranchised soul." He intimates that death will cease the humdrum of sin, but warns that the soul should become acquainted with God. Death will end the past, but the future will account for it. Some abstracts from "The Singer in the Prison" follow:

A soul confined by bars and bands,
Cries, help! O help! and springs her hands,
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of vest.

.
Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
O heart-sick days! O nights of woe!
Nor hand of friends, nor loving face,
Nor favor comes, nor word of grace.

.
Dear prison'd soul bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace;
To set thee free and bear thee home,
The heavenly pardoner death shall come.

Convict no more nor shame, nor dole!
Depart—a God-enfranchis'd soul!²³

Of these words the critic, Strong, usually unsympathetic and unreasonable, says: "I find in all Whitman's verses only one poem which indicates that he had grasped the idea of a righteous God and of a righteous administration of the universe."²⁴

Whitman next brings up the question of infidels. He does not tolerate an infidel. Savage makes this remark about the poet: "So 'God-intoxicated' is he, like Spinoza, that he sees almost nothing but God, and wonders any man can be

²³ *Leaves of Grass*, p. 316, 317.

²⁴ Strong, Augustus Hopkins, *American Poets and Their Theology*, Philadelphia, 1916, p. 466.

mean or an infidel."²⁵ Whitman's imagination and depth of thought are strictly poetic possessions. He sees, even in a mouse, a miracle-working world, but he still wonders how there can be such a thing as an infidel:

What behaved well in the past or behaves well today is not such
a wonder,
The wonder is always and always how there can be a mean man
or an infidel.²⁶

And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.²⁷

For Whitman there is no such thing as blind force predominating over the individual in his life and work. The personality of God through His Spirit is behind every one. The result of life should be a great harvest. Whitman compares the harvest of life and the reaping of grain. God is behind both:

All gather and all harvest,
Yet but for thee, O Powerful, not a scythe might swing as now in
security,
Not a maize-stalk dangle as now its silken tassels in peace.²⁸

And elsewhere he adds:

And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own. . . .²⁹

And later Whitman's words take on a tone similar to that of Rabbi Ben Ezra. Among human experiences there yet remained one which he had not sounded by living it: that of physical suffering and sorrow. For almost a score of years before his death he was an invalid. But this invalidism did not prevent him from realizing the beauty of old age. Optimism came to him overflowing. "One of the most remarkable characteristics of the poet," says Savage, "is the god-like serenity with which he faces old age and the confidence with which he fronts the future, certain that the universe will not

²⁵ Savage, *op. cit.*, p. 436.

²⁶ *Leaves of Grass*, p. 50.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 43.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 305.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

be complete without him."³⁰ But with this optimism in view the poet looks back over his past life; he admits his convictions—he is no hypocrite. He acknowledges that he had been, like every other man, guilty of sin:

Full of wickedness, I—of many a snatch'd deed reminiscent—of
worse deeds capable,
Yet I look composedly upon nature, drink day and night the joys of
life, and await death with perfect equanimity.³¹
O culpable! acknowledge—I expose!
(O admirers, praise not me—compliment not me—you make me
wince,
I see what you do not—I know what you do not.)³²

And we next find him

Accepting the Gospels,

And Christ:

accepting Him that was crucified, knowing assuredly
that He is Divine. . . .³³

In the poem "Prayer of Columbus" Whitman is seen going to the Lord as a penitent, offering himself up to Him and thanking Him for the care and guidance received. He appears in the historical disguise of Columbus, who made his journey on the ocean. Columbus offered a prayer of thanksgiving on reaching the end of his journey: America. Whitman offers his thanks to the Almighty on reaching the approximate end of his journey: old age. Part of the poem follows:

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

³⁰ Savage, *op. cit.*, pp. 433-52.

³¹ *Leaves of Grass*, p. 461.

³² *Ibid.*, p. 323.

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

Thou knowest in age ratified all those vows and strictly kept them,
 Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in
 Thee. . . .

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
 That Thou O GOD my life hast lightest lighted,
 With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsaf'd of Thee,

For that O God, be it my latest word here on my knees,
 Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.³⁴

Whitman has put forth an unquestionable faith in the Lord, a faith which holds not merely that God in His mercy guides the individual and is behind all things, but a faith which recognizes that the Lord has a higher place appointed, where one must account for himself. This eternal place is spoken of by Whitman when he says,

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
 The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms. . . .³⁵

A summing up of all the facts and inferences revealed in the preceding shows clearly that Walt Whitman believed in God. It is seen that he believed that God had a Personality revealed through His Spirit which ruled the universe and inspired men. Furthermore we see that the poet accepted the theory of Immortality.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 352-53.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 70.

MOSE: OBSERVATIONS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By CHARLES L. GILLESPIE, '27

"Don't tell me folks aint crazy
De way dey's doin' roun',
Buyin' stuff on credit
An' payin' fur nuthin' down.

You aint gwine tell me sholy,
Dat people stop an' think?
Fur dey's gwine ter hab dere frolic
An' dey's gwine ter hab dere drink—

Dey's gwine ter hab a dozen things
Dey ought ter do widout,
Jist 'case dey's Christmas crazy
An' don't know what dey's bout.

But bless yo' life, dey's gwine ter see
'Fo' Christmas come' agin
How doggone bad dey need dere change—
How foolish dey done been!

'Case till pay-day come' again
Dey gwine ter still be broke;
An' when dey tries to raise de mon',
'T aint gwine ter be no joke.

Den de grocer's gwine ter grumble
An' de merchant's gwine ter cuss—
Ev'ybody's gwineter swear
Dat his business 'bout ter bust

'Bout ter bust? Yas, sah!
Gwine ter fall slam th'ough,
Jist 'case de honest merchant
Puts some confidence in you.

Den Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
How yo' hair am gwine ter stan'!
When de sheriff come' a-lookin'
Wid a paper in his han'.

Better stop right now, bud—
Save yo' credit while yo' can.
Run on home an' thank de Lawd
Dat you's still a' honest man.

THE GEMS OF KUDA

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

Harold Augustus Livingsworth was not exactly pleased with the general trend of his fortunes. For a week he had counted the ties of the Southern Atlantic Railroad; during this time he had misjudged eight prospects for a lunch, and had been forced to let his dignity suffer while he saved his ragged figure from watchful dogs. Thoroughly disgusted with himself, he shambled down the tracks while he mumbled to himself:

"This is getting to be quite beyond the powers of a decent wayfarer's comprehension. Here I am, an honored knight of the road, versed in all the ways of the sons of the long trail, and I've lost the art that foots the bill for the satisfaction of the inner man. I don't understand. Something has split a switch. Old dame Fortune is queered with me. She's a wonderful old hag, she is, when a man's in a sporting mood, but not much of a partner when one's 'bones' roll stunted faces. No, she's not strong on favors when a man needs a little sip from the stronger wine of life." The tramp's soliloquy ended with an emphatic negative shake of his unkempt, but well-shaped head, and his shoulders slouched a little lower in his shambling march.

For two days Livingsworth had drifted farther and farther from the easy gait of the profession. He even began to notice that his elbows projected through the frayed sleeves of his Norfolk coat. The flower in his buttonhole had not been changed in three days; the soiled polka-dot bow perched diagonally across the opening of his dirty and unbuttoned collar, and the care that he had given these had won for him the name of "Gentleman Gus."

Gentleman Gus took his eyes from the silver threads that glistened in the sun before him, and estimated the length of

time that would elapse before his knees, too, would be jutting through his trouser legs. This would be the last straw, and the inspection convinced him that the time was short. While he noted the parting threads of his trousers, his foot caught in a brier that spread itself on the right-of-way and he lurched forward on his stomach. He sat up and looked around him, but seeing no one, he turned his inspection to his shoes, from which his toes poked in even order. The brier had dragged across the ends of the toes and blood oozed from the wounds.

"This is an outrage!" he spit out. "Why didn't I stay with the gang instead of coming off on this southern tour? Now here I am; no friends, no funds, and no grub. By the immaculate and well-pared toe of the Pope, this is luck!" He stretched out his hand to pry himself up, but settled back when the hand came in contact with an envelope that lay white against the cinders of the roadbed. He picked up the letter and, in a half interested manner, peeped into the envelope, pulled a folded sheet out and unfolded it. He read the letter in much the same careless curiosity with which one looks through a book of an unpopular author; interested because there is nothing else to do. Having finished it, he read it again, and his face showed signs of genuine interest. Then, as though to better get the meaning, he read it aloud.

COLTRANE, N. C., June 2, 1926.

DEAR LATHAM:

The time is ripe. Fortune favors us again. Bid the tenements a glad farewell, for we shall roost among the elite, and that at no distant date. The Gems of Kuda are here, and I believe that we can find them, for there is no one here to interfere with us. Inform your oriental friend that he will soon be on his way home, and to the honors that await him.

Wire when you expect to arrive in Coltrane.

For better days,

LUELLA.

"Well, now, I just wonder how much that means," he soliloquized. "Sounds like something fishy might be in order. Wonder where 'Coltrane' is." Gentleman Gus reached in his budgy breast pocket and pulled out a greasy map, which he unfolded on the ground beside him. He judged that the letter had fallen from a train, and that Coltrane would accordingly be on the Southern Atlantic: Therefore, his finger followed the course of the railroad that he was then following. It came down by the station that he remembered having passed that morning and the next station was Coltrane. "Well, well; times may not be so dull, after all. I wonder if some of the money that means so much to those birds wouldn't mean equally as much to a gentleman tramp, and the excitement would surely be welcome. Here's where I start in as expert detective."

The tramp shook himself, brushed the clinging trash from his threadbare clothes, and again started down the track. The shamle was thrown aside, however, and in its place was the steady methodical pace of the professional tramp who tramps for the joy of tramping, or of any tramp who sees a "prospect" just ahead when his stomach calls for "fodder."

The sun had reached the tree tops when Gentleman Gus reached the next farmhouse. The house was a big Dutch colonial building, but the hand of Time had fallen heavily upon it. Here and there repairs were needed. The brick walls were covered with ivy, and, here and there, a blotch of wistaria showed bright against the green background. The heavy blinds of faded and weather-stained green harmonized with the clinging vines. The grove surrounding the house was well kept and showed signs of a vanishing splendor.

"Whew! Old Southern hospitality here" approved Gentleman Gus. "Money lacking, but I'll take a wager on the sideboard. My instinct tells me that I have a pitcher of milk and some real grub all ready for my arrival. In we go, Gentleman Gus."

No lights showed in the front of the house, but front lights meant little to this visitor. He was better pleased when he saw lights reflected from shiny dishes. Rear lights were his delight. So he wrinkled his lips into a merry whistle and sallied up the winding walk to the back door. The glow of a light came dimly through the drawn shade of a back window, and as he approached, he heard movements inside. He stepped up to the screen and knocked. Movements followed the knock, but no one appeared. Gentleman Gus knocked again, and a door swung open at what appeared to be the back of an inclosed porch. A woman stepped into the porch, and, without question, invited the visitor in. To the tramp this was something new, and for a moment he stood wondering, but the woman turned to enter the door and he followed. As he stepped through the door he felt a heavy blow upon his head, and realized that he was sinking.

When Gentleman Gus regained consciousness he was stretched out in one corner of the room and both feet and hands were securely bound, and his head throbbed with pain. The room was empty except for the heavy dining room furniture, and the light no longer burned where he could see it. Only the moonlight streaming in through the broad French windows revealed his surroundings. For a few moments he tried to recall what had happened, but he could remember nothing that had happened after the blow had been received when he had entered. He listened for some sound of his assailants, but nothing could be heard. Directly, however, he heard footfalls approaching, and he closed his eyes in feigned unconsciousness. His visitor bent above him for only a minute and then left. He raised himself upon his elbows and listened to the retreating steps of his captor. They led upstairs, and finally died away and silence again settled, except for an occasional thump, thump that appeared to come from somewhere on the second floor of the building.

The captive looked about him for some means of escape. He had been bound, apparently, with curtains hastily

snatched from the windows, and they made a clumsy, but effective binding. Movement of the hands or feet did not appear to loosen the bonds, and he turned his attention in quest of some method by which he could cut them. His eyes circled the room twice before they finally rested on the heavy wrought-iron fender that surrounded the big fireplace. The usual spearhead picketing surrounding the top held his attention. If he could get the soft curtain material with which he was bound caught over the spearheads it could be gradually torn away. His first task was to get in such a position that his bonds could be lifted and drawn across the picketing. He found that he could roll with comparative ease and silence, and so the roll around the end of the big table began. Luckily the chairs were drawn back in order, and the passage was made without sufficient noise to attract attention from above. Next he placed his feet against the fender and found that it was too heavy to be moved by an ordinary pull; then, rolling upon his back, he began drawing the bonds across the picketing. The old curtains offered little resistance to the wrought iron spearheads, and one foot soon dropped free. He then turned his back to the fender and began tearing at the bandage on his hands, which were tied behind him. This was more painful, but also more quickly done. With the free hand he tore the curtains from the other, and then cleared his foot from the remaining rags.

Until this time Gentleman Gus had been principally concerned with getting free, but now that he was free, the spirit of adventure ran through him, and he began wondering if his strange reception had not something to do with the letter he had found on the right-of-way, and the Gems of Kuda. Suddenly he decided that he would find out. His presence in the dining-room, however, reminded him of his intense hunger, and he looked about him for something to eat. An old decanter stood on the sideboard, and when he lifted the lid, the scent of old wine struck his nostrils. By the decanter, on an old stained glass stand, was half of a

cake that shone rich brown in the mellow moonlight. A glass of the wine, just as mellow as the moonlight, followed a huge slice of the cake; then another slice and another glass of wine, and Gentleman Gus was ready for his adventure.

Having removed his shoes, the tramp-detective started out on his first case. The ground floor was searched first and found empty. The occupants must be on the second floor, or, probably, in the garret, so up the stairs he crept. They were too solid to creak, and the bare feet made no noise. The second floor was likewise vacant, but the sound of irregular movements above could be distinctly heard. The stairs to the garret were less substantial than the main stairway, but Gentleman Gus slowly ascended and only a creak now and then caused him to halt and hold his breath. At last he stood on the garret floor. The low timbers of the roof arched about him; on either side of the narrow hall, doors opened into what must be storage rooms. Light came from under two of the doors, but as the beams were not stationary, he judged that the light must be from either dark-lanterns or flashlights. The irregular footfalls of the inmates convinced the listener that a search was in progress on the inside, or that something was being selected and packed. The new detective had long since decided that a man had dealt the blow that had put him to sleep, and if he was correct in his assumption that his captors were the persons interested in the letter that he had found, there were only two people in the house, or, possibly an inconsiderable third, against whom the other two were pitted. He was concerned most acutely with the man who had struck him, for in him the greatest danger lay. Nothing could be seen through the keyholes, but the light, quick tread in one room, and the heavier tread in the other, enabled him to tell in which room the man was operating. It was toward this room that he turned his attention.

An hour passed, but the search continued on the inside and the watcher on the outside grew more impatient. He was

used to waiting, however, and curbed his impatience, knowing well that a chance would come that would enable him to get at his prey. His tramp experience served him well, and resentment held him steadily to his purpose. Steps approached and the door was opened. A man of medium build emerged with a flashlight in his hand. Only an outline was visible in the reflected light from the flashlight, but when the opposite door was opened by him, another light was turned upon him and Gentleman Gus caught a glimpse of a dark peaked face, framed in a heavy mop of greasy black hair, and a head set well forward on stooping shoulders. The eyes were not visible, but the tramp would have sworn that they were small and shiftily. The man entered the room and closed the door.

When the door had closed behind the stooped prowler, Gentleman Gus slipped into the room that had been vacated. By the moonlight, he saw discarded wearing apparel scattered here and there over the floor and furniture. He chose a heavy scarf from the floor and a croquet mallet from the corner, and took up his picket duty at the door. He had judged that the man would return, and he had not long to wait until he was convinced that he had guessed right. He waited until the stooped shoulders were turned to him while the door was closed, and then the mallet descended with all the force that he could put behind the blow. The victim sank to the floor without a groan, and the mallet head followed, broken from the handle. With the handle in his hand, Gentleman Gus listened for an approach from the other room. Silence reigned, and the search continued in the room across the hall. So he felt for the searchlight and found it. He inspected the back of his victim's head and, finding no cut, began binding his hands and feet. Cord was plentiful in the room, and the binding was well done; he made a gag of the scarf, and then turned his attention to the other room and its occupant. He had found a small colt's automatic in the unconscious man's pocket, and with it he could handle the woman. He

opened the door and stood in the opening watching the woman who had admitted him that evening. She was too deeply engaged in unpacking a huge chest to notice him. So he stole upon her from behind and dropped a heavy quilt over her head and shoulders. Her scream was muffled in the quilt, and her body was helpless in the heavy wrapping. An old tennis net lay at his feet, and he wrapped her securely in it and laid her upon the floor while he cut a hole in the quilt that she might breathe freely. She made a helpless bundle as she lay there, and Gentleman Gus enjoyed the situation, while she flung unpleasant adjectives and unpopular nouns at him.

The next half hour convinced the tramp-detective that the house held no other occupant, and he returned to his charges. The man was still unconscious, and the woman was still talking and harmless. He placed each of them in a separate closet, however, and began to look for some evidence that would lead him to a conclusion concerning just what was at hand. To this end he sought the personal belongings of the two prisoners upstairs, for he was convinced that they were the chief actors in some plot, either theft or something worse. Through the whole experience the Gems of Kuda had been continually in his mind, and what he wanted to do was to connect them with this adventure. He did not have to search long for evidence. In a traveling bag at the foot of the stairs he found this letter:

NEW YORK, April 20, 1926.

MR. LATHAM GODWIN,
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR SIR:

You inform me that you can possibly secure for me the Gems of Kuda. I am much pleased, and am willing to pay the owner fifty thousand dollars for them, and you for your trouble. I realize that their inherent value is negligible, but to us, in the Temple of Re, it is priceless. I have advertised and searched for these gems for nearly eight years, and shall be glad to coöperate with you at any time. I am handicapped by the love of you Americans for

relics, souvenirs, and antiques, but cannot see why this symbol of the Orient should mean so much to a Christian.

Respectfully and with gratitude,

RAJAH ACHEM MAHAL.

The Klondyke.

"So that is the game, eh?" Gentleman Gus soliloquized. "I suspect that our friends were going to get the gems and avoid the middleman's profit. It would have been a nice game, too, but that wouldn't have been fair. From the looks of the old place, the true owners of the Gems of Kuda need the money themselves." The true gentleman in the tramp was coming to the surface. His mind traveled back to the days before the 'twenties when he had loved a fine old home sufficiently like this one to cause it to come again to memory. Those were the days before his father had wired him that he must leave college, and that all had been swept away in the crashing markets of twenty and twenty-one. Then was the time that he had sought to hide his disappointment by feeding the wanderlust. He had been a tramp since, but here was a chance to stage a come-back. He was going to fight.

When the morning light broke over the hillsides, the ex-tramp sallied out for town, about a mile away. He knocked at a door and inquired for the sheriff. He secured the information, and was soon on his way back to his captives with the officer. The sheriff, in the meantime, had informed him that an old woman and her daughter lived alone at the house and that they, Mrs. Verman and Estelle, were away for the summer. They would be wired as soon as the sheriff had a look at the prisoners.

After the prisoners were lodged in the little village jail, Mrs. Verman was notified of the happenings. Gentleman Gus had explained why he was on hand at the mansion on the evening before; had told the big-hearted constable of his new resolutions, and the constable had understood. Not that alone; the constable had given him a new suit and had paid the barber.

When the evening train ground to a stop at the little station, Mrs. Verman and Estelle hurried off and were greeted by the old constable. Gentleman Gus again heard himself introduced as "Mr. Livingsworth," and again tipped a hat that did not admit the sunshine and rain through the ragged crown. Mrs. Verman acknowledged the introduction first, and when Estelle turned to him, both bent suddenly forward and exclaimed in unison:

"Estelle!"

"Harold!"

Livingsworth then turned swiftly on his heel and started down the street.

"Harold!" The cry caused Livingsworth to turn. "Will you again leave me? Come, let's start all over again. My fortune is also gone. We need each other." Estelle was running after him.

"Estelle, I can't leave again. Chance separated us when we were lovers in college, and it has brought us together again." Livingsworth had clasped her in his arms and held her while the constable and Mrs. Verman came up to them.

Estelle explained the engagement and the break that had occurred between her and Livingsworth while they were students in college, and announced that they were starting over again. Mrs. Verman offered her blessing, and the well pleased old constable glowed with pride in himself and good feeling toward the world in general. His automobile carried the party out to the house, while Livingsworth explained all he knew about the effort to secure the Gems of Kuda, and the capture that resulted.

"But where did they learn that we owned the Gems?" Mrs. Verman inquired of Estelle.

"I was just thinking of that myself," was the answer. "I wore them one time while I was in college. You remember, Harold: it was the night of the masquerade. I was dressed as an Indian Princess. They drew quite a bit of attention."

"I remember, Estelle. They are two heavy bronze serpents coiled for brackets; each holding a rather odd-colored stone in its mouth. I believe that you told me that a refugee Indian prince gave them to your grandfather."

Livingworth then showed Estelle the letters that he had found in the traveling bags, and she recognized the woman, Luella Wilton, as a student who had been expelled during her sophomore year in college.

"Well, Estelle," inquired Mrs. Verman, "do you remember where the gems are?"

"Yes; I think so. I saw them in a small trunk with my pennants, and other souvenirs just before we left for this trip. The trunk has been in my closet since I came home four years ago." Estelle was showing very little interest in the gems.

.
A few days later Rajah Achem Mahal stepped off the train in Coltrane, and Livingstone and Estelle carried him out to the old Dutch colonial house for a brief visit. On the following morning they carried him to the little bank, where he showed his letter of credit and recognized a check for fifty thousand dollars. In his small handbag rested the Gems of Kuda, and when he waved a coffee-colored hand at the two young people who stood on the station platform, the attitude was one of Oriental blessing. The train then whisked him out of sight, and Estelle and Harold knew that he was being borne back to the land of mysterious cults where pomp and glory awaited his return. As for them—they dreamed of a happiness just as mysterious, though with less pomp and glory.

OUR SWEETEST FOE

By CHAS. L. GILLESPIE, '27

Thou art like an adder
Hidden beneath the turf,
Who stings his victim unaware—
Deposits deadly venom there—
Then steals away, a silent victor;

Or like a lion lying flat,
Concealed, and out of sight,
Who, when his victim stands fast by,
Springs forth to see him yield and die,
And then rejoicing lingers still.

Thy work is done in secret—
The keenest mind cannot detect
The brewing of thy hellish plan—
To yield a curse to mortal man
When he is least suspecting.

Thy words are often clothed in beauty;
They flow at will as thou dost like.
They are not hampered by the truth;
From it they stand quite oft aloof,
For truth would hinder thee.

Thy ever dreaded dart has pierced
Full many a heart of innocence
And left the sting of death inside
That cast thy victim on the tide
Of ever-tossing doubt.

Thy name—did some one ask?—
Who has not heard it often?
I write it now with trembling hand,
Thou art the vilest foe of man,
Thou art CUNNING DECEIT.

THE BIOLOGY OF MIND

By C. E. POOVEY, '27

It is the purpose of this paper to show briefly some biological facts that influence abnormalities of mentality.

The old saying, "A sound mind in a sound body," contains more truth than the writer of it himself ever dreamed. A study of normal psychology has taught us that the nervous system is the bodily seat of mind. Any abnormal expression of mind, whatever mind as such may be, is dependent upon the abnormal functioning of the nervous system.

Complicated love affairs, business failures, abnormal sexual practices, the study of science, and such, are currently accepted as causes of insanity; and all too falsely, for they are not causes, but states, of environment and mental tendencies that afford worries sufficient to cause the collapse of an unstable nervous system. The true cause of insanity lies in the nervous system. "A sound nervous system may survive financial ruin, consequent starvation and physical illness; but an unstable nervous system may break down on account of normal uncomplicated childbirth," says Stoddart.

Insanity may be the result of either congenital instability or acquired instability. The most important period in the life of a person is the prenatal period, both from the standpoint of physique and mentality. It is during this first nine months of existence that an acquired predisposition to mental derangement is likely to occur. The two greatest factors in prenatal predisposition to insanity are alcohol and syphilis. Alcohol alone is said to be the cause of fifteen per cent of all the cases of insanity. The syphilis germ invades and poisons every cell in the body, including the germ plasm whence new life arises. A germ plasm poisoned by alcohol or syphilis germs gives rise to offspring that may not only have a weak

nervous system, but may be born with almost any type of mental or physical defect. There are many other causes of nervous instability that may be acquired during the prenatal period and during or after birth. Severe diseases, undernourishment, injuries, and careless habits of thought and activity on the part of the mother during pregnancy may cause a child to be born defective. Then in after life the injury of the brain, extreme alcoholism, and such, may cause insanity.

The second cause of insanity, congenital defect, is said to be responsible for fifty per cent of the cases of insanity. It is generally known that insanity seems to "run in families," but very little is known about how insanity is transmitted. We are reasonably sure however, first, that the transmission of insanity as expressed does not follow the Mendelian law of heredity. This may be because of the fact that being congenitally predisposed to insanity does not necessarily mean that the person bearing this trait will become insane. The possibility of this person's becoming insane depends not only upon his inherent tendency toward insanity but also to a great degree upon the nature of his environment. It is very likely that he could live his entire life without being exposed to a circumstance trying enough to cause a collapse of his nervous system and bring about insanity. Hence, since it is impossible to discover a congenital tendency to insanity unless it is expressed through actual insanity or definite stigmata, it is therefore impossible to collect data that would show the actual method of the transmission of insanity. Secondly, it is the opinion of the accepted authorities of biology that the acquired defects of the nervous system that are mentioned in the foregoing paragraph are not transmitted. Although a person becomes insane because of a predisposition acquired during the prenatal period or in after life he may reproduce and be assured of perfectly normal children, all other things being equal. Thus we see that insanity is not caused by the petty worries of life, but is the

result of a congenital or acquired unstable condition of the nervous system.

There is a clear distinction between the demented man and the idiot, imbecile, or feeble-minded. To quote William A. White, "The idiot, the imbecile, the feeble-minded lack something; the insane are suffering from a disorder of that which they possess." Or as Esquirol has put it, "The demented man is deprived of the good he formerly enjoyed; he is a rich man become poor; the idiot has always lived in misfortune and poverty." In other words the nervous system of an insane man is a delicate machine gone wrong; the nervous system of an idiot is just a crude machine.

By means of the Binet-Simon measuring scale of intelligence the weak-minded have been classified according to their psychological age as compared to their chronological age, using the average normal child as a check. For illustration, suppose that a child twelve years old was tested and found to have a psychological age of six years, then his intelligence quotient would be $12/6$, or 50. Again suppose the same child was found to have a psychological age of three, then his I.Q. would be $12/3$, or 25. Thus the defectives are classified. Those who have an I.Q. of less than 25 are termed "idiots"; those with an I.Q. between 25 and 50 are called "imbeciles"; those with an I.Q. between 50 and 70 are called "morons"; while those adults who show an I.Q. between 70 and 100 are regarded as "backward." It is evident that this scale will not be effective with a child at the time when his chronological age and psychological age are identical.

The causes of idiocy, like those of the psychoses, are many and varied. Hereditary defects are chiefly responsible in a large number of the cases. We are especially interested in the hereditary causes and will only mention some of the others. Accidental injury associated with prolonged labor and instrumental delivery is a common cause, while disease involving the brain, such as acute infections and syphilis often causes idiocy. Alcoholism is probably a cause, and

perhaps fright of the mother during pregnancy. Consanguineous marriage is at the best only a minor cause of degeneracy. It is only when the contracting parties have identical traits that these traits are accentuated; otherwise the traits of the two are blended in the offspring.

Now, to come back to congenital feeble-mindedness, weak-mindedness is absolutely inherited and comes nearer following out the Mendelian law of inheritance than any other human trait. The study of the family history of such families as the Spanish Royalty, the Kallikaks, the Jukes, and many others affords evidence enough of the heredity of idiocy. It is well to note here however that the latest hypothesis is that feeble-mindedness as such does not exist, but that there are defective traits which, as separate traits, follow out the Mendelian law of transmission. In either case we know that if one or both parents are congenitally defective then their children in all probabilities will suffer from the parental defect. As has been said, in the case of insanity the acquired defects resulting in idiocy are not transmitted.

Another good evidence of the close relation between mind and body is the activity of the sympathetic system of ductless glands in the human body called the endocrine glands. Lareboul says, "They are the glands which pour out their secretions, not in extraneous places, like the cutaneous surface of the gastro intestinal tract, but in the body itself, that is in the blood stream." The separate glands of the system that so far have been explored are the thyroids, parathyroids, adrenals, pituitary, pineal, testicles, ovaries, and the mammary glands. The abnormal functioning of these glands causes abnormalities of both body and mind. For example, let us look at a case of congenital myxedema caused by an absence of the thyroid. Harrier says, "Coming at an age when the body is in process of growth and when the intellect is not

yet developed, congenital myxedema causes a complete arrest of both physical and mental development; whence the two important diagnostic signs: *dwarfism and idiocy.*

. . . Idiocy is absolute: the child cannot stand or walk; he stays still in a chair and lets it be known by cries when he is hungry or thirsty. He is not able to feed himself. He is a plant which simply breathes and digests. Very late he finally learns to walk, but his movements are very slow. He never is able to learn to talk or write; all attempts to educate him are a failure." Again, for example, in a case of exophthalmic goitre which is caused by the hyperfunction of the thyroid the patient not only is impaired physically but also mentally. He is impatient and emotional and is frequently the victim of melancholia, mania, or insomnia.

It is needless to go into a detailed discussion of the various endocrine glands and the many diseases that are caused by the abnormal functioning of these glands. Suffice to say that there are both congenital and acquired abnormalities of the endocrine glands that cause abnormalities of mind as well as body; and that treatment of such diseases is effective in many cases.

The stigmata of degeneracy is also a point that may be played up in a discussion of the biology of mind. There is a strong belief among students of degeneracy that a close relation exists between anatomical peculiarities and mental ability. Stacks of statistics have been collected which show the frequency of the occurrence of physical stigmata among criminals, morons, and feeble-minded. Cleft palate, deformed ears, irregular teeth, asymmetrical faces, peculiarly shaped heads, hare-lip, degenerate jaws, extra fingers and toes, and such abnormalities are regarded as signs of congenital mental degeneracy. These signs are very suggestive but cannot be accepted as proof of degeneracy except in such extreme cases

as microcephaly and hydrocephaly. If however more than three separate and distinct stigmata occur on a single person it may be reasonably supposed that he is abnormal mentally. On the other hand, a single stigmata can never be regarded as a sign of mental degeneracy.

Now since we see that heredity plays a very marked role in the manifestation of mental abnormalities in the human race the problem of eugenics forces itself upon us. To bring the problem home, there are in our North Carolina population of 2,750,000 a feeble-minded population of 55,000. Only about 500 of these are under institutional care in the State and most of this number are extreme cases. This leaves the remaining 54,500 incompetents at large and free to reproduce, especially the morons, with the sad result that a large number of mental and physical degenerates are being continuously born into the world.

Enthusiastic eugenists propose the sterilization of the unfit in the State as a sure solution of the problem; but I would reject the plan of sterilization as a practical impossibility in the light of five counts suggested by Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin:* (1) Of the 55,000 feeble-minded in the State, only 500 are identified and these are already segregated and cannot reproduce, thus sterilization would have no practical effect upon the number of feeble-minded reproduced. (2) Certainly at the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to sterilize the rest of this 55,000, and if it were possible *who* would be the individuals to choose for sterilization? (3) We all know that most of the feeble-minded that have come under our personal observation have been born of parents who would never been considered subjects for sterilization on any known basis. (4) Normal-mindedness is a dom-

*Dr. Kitchin, Dean of the Medical School of Wake Forest College, submitted these valuable suggestions rather reluctantly, because he realized that in doing so he was holding to a radical conviction in relation to the opinions of other scientists.

inant factor while feeble-mindedness is a recessive character, and thus the tendency is for feeble-mindedness to breed out of its own accord. (5) Sterilization which does not interfere with the sexual appetite or gratification, that only prevents reproduction certainly in this type of patients, would be a license for immorality.

Since sterilization seems to be impossible as a practical means of weeding out feeble-mindedness, the only means that suggests itself as a possible benefit is a process of education.

THE TORCH

By BENJAMIN SLEDD

I

Who travels o'er some perilous Alpine height
Will in the darkest night-time choose to go,
With but a torch in hand faintly to throw
About one's feet its guiding ring of light;
Above, the snows may topple, lost to sight;
The chasm, but dimly guessed, yawn there below;
And only step by step the pathway show,
Yet on and on, toiling away the night.
So Heaven has thrown, in mercy, round the Soul
That other Night, and to our hand has lent
Only a Torch to show the instant way;
Lest from their quest our feet aghast would stay,
Once from the waiting gulfs the veil were rent;
Or fail our hearts, once seen how far the goal.

II

What comforts? That beyond the Dark must be,
Somewhere, an all-beholding sleepless Eye;
That underneath this veil of earth and sky
A Heart beats on, and beats for you, for me;
And in Life's tangled web which here we see,—
Though Knowledge more and more will Faith belie,
Yet leave unanswered many a how and why,—
Not helpless threads in Fate's blind fingers we.
Of more than knowledge, more than faith, these are:
That somewhere moves for us the Master Hand,—
Even in midnight's maze of star on star,—
Binding this world of ours, the Daughter Land,
To God's own City,—sensed on earth afar
In saintly waftings from that palmy strand.

III

The very stars have in their course foretold
Summer unending shall return again;
And poets sung, in many a tongue and strain,
With it will come once more the Age of Gold;
When Peace shall be no longer bought and sold,
Nor even a sign of strife on earth remain,
Save when, on some forgotten battle-plain,
The plowman pauses wondering to behold
A cannonball upturned; when life shall be
A gift too sacred to be flung away
As a mere pawn where Kings and Councils dice,
Or Commons make license of Liberty;
And War shall be only when man must pay
For altar, fires, and freedom, that last price.

IV

And what we now with troubled eyes behold
Is only twilight through a mist-blurred pane,
With sunset's promise breaking through the rain,
Tomorrow in the kindling clouds foretold.
But long will be the night, starless and cold,
With many a voice calling for help in vain;
Brother by brother-hand shall yet be slain,
And many a wolf by hunger be made bold.
Yct will it dawn,—that Sabbath Day of Man;
And blessed winds of Heaven, heralds of light,
Shall break earth's troubled dreams and drive away
Darkness and mist and each last beast of prey;
And men go forth, no more in their own might,
But knowing now the Master and His plan.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS"

(Chapel Talk, April 7)

By PROFESSOR PERCY N. WILSON

Among the oldest living things on the earth are the great trees of the Pacific slope. When Moses was a student in the University of Egypt, when Joshua led, the host into the land of promise, when David sang the shepherd song and John the Baptist was the voice crying in the wilderness, these trees were living and growing. But they are not possessed with the power of an endless life.

More than thirty centuries ago Job asked the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" This question has naturally agitated the heart and stimulated the intellectual curiosity of man.

Jesus always appealed to the fondest hopes and deepest intuitions of mankind. The deepest intuitions are for immortality and the fondest hopes are for a home.

We always have with us those who ask themselves and sometimes others: "Is there a God?" We also have a large majority who see evidences, unmistakable evidences of a God—a Supreme Architect—who guides and directs the destinies of universes.

Some time ago the astronomers discovered a new sun, which they called Betelgeuse for the convenience of men, which has been hidden from human sight until it chanced to be reached by the aid of more modern telescopes. It is so far away that it takes the light from it many years to reach the earth, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. And, is there not reason to believe that there are many such suns and around each of them a complete planetary system such as we know? How limitless is space! It taxes the human mind to attempt to imagine the immensity

of space. There is some Power, reason tells us, which guides and governs such systems. They do not just happen. The oak leaf does not just happen to grow, and the rose in all its beauty is not here by mere chance. All these things arrive out of a plan conceived by a Master Mind.

The day of wonders is not over. All the time we are discovering new things. Some have the appearance of miracles, and were we living in the time of Moses I suppose we would ascribe many of the discoveries to supernatural evidences of some God. After all, those people of the Mosaic period were not wrong, for God is surely back of it all. We are able to arrive at better conclusions, because as God has planned that man be better educated and improved mentally, so has He given us opportunities that men of olden times did not have.

Yet, in man there is instilled something we call intuition. Again, a part of the plan of God. The Creator is continually revealing himself to His people, his creatures, as they are able to grasp and understand Him. The highest and most impressive example of this universal intuition we have is the consciousness of Jesus. He is the pinnacle of humanity and He had this intimate and vivid sense of God.

God is. He has laid down certain laws that all nature obeys. The planets and the stars operate according to the plan of their Creator. Man, too, has been given laws for the conduct of society, but one trouble with Man is his excess of Ego. Remember that no creature is greater than his creator, and when man discovers the real secret of success and happiness, he will find that it comes out of strict obedience to the laws of the Creator.

Ever since the day of the Psalmist, when he speaks of the fool who "hath said in his heart there is no God," to our present day, there has been infidelity in the world. Practical materialism has ever been rampant in the lives of men; the things that can be heard and seen and felt and tasted, and that can be smelled, have been the evidences which have been

necessary to satisfy some men. A youth was lecturing against the existence of God. He said he was an agnostic. He took nothing for granted; he must be convinced. He said, "I see the mountains, I smell the rose, and I hear the wind; therefore I believe that mountains, roses, and wind exist. But I cannot see, smell, or hear God. Therefore"—A grizzled old cattle raiser glanced over his spectacles at the boy. "Did you ever try to smell with your eyes?" he said quietly. "No." "Or hear with your tongue or taste with your ears?" "Certainly not." "Then why do you try to apprehend God with faculties which are meant for material things?" But some one has said that there is a sixth sense, and it is in the very realm of common sense that infidelity receives its death blow.

As we study the Chinese we find that they speak some message into the ear of the dying one in order that this message may be transmitted to the others who have gone before.

The American Indian buried the pipe of peace and the trusted bow and arrow and sometimes the faithful dog with his master because he thought he would have need of them in the Happy Hunting Grounds. The deepest intuitions of all classes and ranks of mankind tell us that there is a God and that there is an eternity, in which there is a home and eternal felicity.

The Creator of the Universe did not see fit to have us understand everything, but He has placed all about myriads of bits of evidence of His existence, and has revealed to us through His Son the way to everlasting happiness.

There may be around Betelgeuse and around other suns planets like the earth which fulfill all the conditions for the life of men. Reason tells us that if God could people this planet He could people other planets. God is not confined to this little ball for His activities. In fact, we are only a bit of dust in the great expanse of space, and yet some dare to say that there is no God and there is no eternity. We are

now in eternity but we are spending the preface to an eternal life in mere preparation for the great life beyond the grave.

Is it more wonderful that we should continue to live than that we began to live? Why and how life came to us, is just as unexplainable as how and why life will remain with us. Its only explanation is that God is behind it all.

The faith of immortality is one of man's most vital beliefs. It keeps him in heart for his work. Tenants of rented houses rarely plant flowers. They expect to be driven elsewhere before the lily can grow or the red rose blossom. Who would plant flowers in the world, in other lives, or even in his own, if nothing but darkness and silence opened chasms of oblivion to receive him in a little while? We sow because we expect to reap. Possibly the basis of life as we live it is this deep intuition that there is a life beyond the grave. Take away the hope of immortality from man and you take away all ambition, all incentive to reach out for the higher things in life.

God has not planted this hope in man to mock him. God is no mocker. It would not be like God to instill in man this hope of a future life, and fail to fulfill it. It is all in His plan. I hold that this intuition in man is one of the strongest evidences of immortality.

Life here is but a preface, I say. Life hereafter is an endless serial. Time is the threshold of eternity. Service here is an apprenticeship for usefulness there. When we say "good-bye" we are saying, "God be with you until we meet again." The way may be difficult but it is passable to stout hearts. And although our spiritual life needs daily renewal, inexhaustible are the fountains of refreshment. Away with impatience, fretfulness, despair! He who regulates the shining clockwork of the stars will give us the reward "in due season."

"Am I afraid of death?
I answer, No!
Neither of death itself,
Nor of what may happen after.
Death is not the end of being;
It is but the dawn of seeing.
It is the beginning, not the end—
The gate to life toward which all life does trend."

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance in his latter years for these thoughts, which will find an echo in many hearts: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song! I have tried it all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

V. R. BRANTLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. A. McMILLAN

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOVY

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

H. J. OVERMAN AND CHARLES ZIMMERMAN

CIRCULATION MANAGER

E. F. UPCHURCH

VOL. XLIV

APRIL, 1927

No. 7

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

V. R. BRANTLEY, *Editor*

As we draw near the end of the college year as far as publications are concerned we naturally take a backward glimpse over our achievements—or lack of them. Far be it from us to mourn over obvious failures and weaknesses as we retrospect. It is anything but regret that characterizes our survey; rather

we are almost glad that we did commit certain mistakes, for in so doing we fixed the limits of the way which our successors should follow.

One fact that proves labor of the year worth while is the demonstration that there is a great need for a publication of this nature. Having come to a realization of this, it remains only to carry on, and to increase the scope, power, and usefulness of the magazine. Naturally the interest in the *STUDENT* has been of a forced type, generally speaking, but such was due to the fact that its renewal has experienced the impediments that beset any renaissance. Next year this regrettable handicap will be largely removed, and the magazine should sail smoothly under its own power. In this connection a suggestion comes to mind that might facilitate the preparation and selection of contributions. There should be a large class in advanced composition, including the writing of essays and short stories. Under the stimulation and instruction in such a group, interest in creative writing would be assured. In the absence of such a class this year, much credit is due to those who contributed to the magazine because of purely literary interest.

Finally, when every man shall have realized that the college magazine—*our* magazine—is the one great champion of the great motives of liberal education, then the *STUDENT* will meet with the enthusiastic support which it deserves. For no other extra-curricular activity vies seriously with the literary magazine in giving expression to cultural attainments: imagination, artistry, idealism in thought and achievement, and the beauty of abstract appreciation; and these things we hold to be the supreme fruits of higher education.

ALUMNI NOTES

ELBERT A. McMILLAN, *Editor*

A gift to the Wake Forest College Library of a collection of five hundred books and pamphlets concerned with the history of the North Carolina Baptists and with the history of the State has been made to the college recently by the Reverend Charles H. Utley, B.A., 1897, now living in Borger, Texas. The collection of volumes represents, according to the Librarian, the most valuable contribution of historical material to the College Library since its founding.

Since Mr. Utley has been in Texas his library has been at the home of his sister, Mrs. Arthur Pearce, who lives near Raleigh. Mr. Utley, learning that the Wake Forest Library now has a fireproof building, recently wrote Dr. G. W. Paschal here, notifying him of the gift and requesting that the books be moved to the College.

Among the five hundred books and pamphlets are to be found many rare and prized works on Revolutionary history. Practically the entire bibliography of the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is included in the list of volumes. There are many county histories and other volumes relating to the colonial and State history.

Burkitt's history of the Chowan Association (1834), another of the numerous priceless volumes included in the collection is considered the best preserved record of this association that survives.

Mr. Utley's letter to Dr. Paschal, following, tells his own story of the gift.

BORGER, TEXAS, April 8, 1927.

DR. G. W. PASCHAL

Wake Forest, N. C.

DEAR SIR:

I hereby donate to the Wake Forest College Corporation all the books and pamphlets of whatsoever nature I have on both North Carolina and Baptist history.

Some of these books and pamphlets are scarce and now entirely out of print.

My first special interest in Baptist history was developed while a student at Wake Forest in an effort to secure adequate authoritative material for my Junior Thesis on the Colonial Baptists. My interest in North Carolina history was also first aroused while a student of History under the inspiring teaching of Dr. E. W. Sikes, and I came to realize how little attention, up to that time, had been paid the State's past, rich in historical material, furnished by the lives of heroic men and women justly entitled to the rank of heroines.

In making this small contribution to the College, I may be permitted to say with the deepest feelings of appreciation of all that the College did for me, I am largely influenced by what Dr. W. L. Poteat did for me. He first taught me the love of truth for truth's sake. He first taught me how in nature we have truth as it came from God. By means of lessons well taught in classroom and laboratory he thoroughly convinced me that he who worships at the shrine of truth worships at God's most sacred altars. Dr. W. L. Poteat is one of God's really great noblemen, a great scholar, a superior teacher, and a man who incarnates much of the spirit of the Great Teacher, one of whose outstanding lessons is, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Trusting that these few books and pamphlets may be a help to students already interested in these respective lines of investigation, and may be the means of quickening an interest in other students in their own State and denomination, with lasting obligations to Wake Forest College, I remain

Respectfully,

CHARLES H. UTLEY.

Mr. Utley's gift to the College Library is the second important gift within the past two months by Wake Forest alumni. It was Mr. Hight C. Moore who two months ago presented to the Library a complete collection of the works

of North Carolina poets. Mr. Moore's gift consisted of sixty books and pamphlets representing the work of forty-seven authors, among whom were Wake Forest College men.

Mr. Moore is a Wake Forest graduate, having received his B.A. degree here with the class of 1890, and since finishing here has himself produced a number of volumes, among them, "Select Poetry of North Carolina", "North Carolina Poets and Their Works," and "The Poetic Literature of North Carolina," all of which are included in the list of books contributed to the Library. Mr. Moore is now secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention, with headquarters at Nashville, Tenn.

Three other Wake Forest graduates and one former professor here are among those whose work is represented in the selections contributed by Mr. Moore. Two volumes by the late John Charles McNeill are among those on the list. They are "Lyrics from Cotton Land," and "Songs Merry and Sad." Cale A. Riddick, another Wake Forest man, has two papers, "Just A-Thinking," and "Only a Christmas Gift," among the selections. Charles H. Martin, another Wake Forest graduate has also a paper, "The Maid of Meherrin" on the list. Dr. J. B. Hubbell, for two years professor of English here, has contributed, "Eller—A Memorial," to Mr. Moore's collection.

THE APOPLECTIC ALCOVE

By Jo

Look before you lip. . . .

RED HOT

Here lies the ashes
Of poor little Hank;
He kissed his girl
By an open gas tank.

A great discoverer
Was Silas Orleans;
He found some pork
In his pork and beans.

Mary had a little lamp,
It burned a cheery glow;
And everywhere that Mary went—
The lamp was turned quite low.

The huddle system: Three couples in a Chevvie coop.

She: How could you live without me?
He: Much cheaper.

Wot didja do last summer?
I worked in Des Moines.
Coal or iron?

Here the curtain descends.

OUR ENGRAVING PLANT

*is one of the largest and most modern in the South
Atlantic States and we solicit your
orders for*

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS
INVITATIONS AND
STATIONERY

Call to see us or write for samples

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON COMPANY

Established 1871

PRINTING, ENGRAVING, COMPLETE OFFICE SUPPLIES

Steel and Wood Office Furniture

RALEIGH, N. C.

ATTENTION ALUMNI:

Wouldn't you like to keep up
with the growth and progress of
your Alma Mater?

Send us your subscription
today for the College
Annual,

THE "HOWLER"

S. R. BYERLY
Business Manager

ATHLETIC SUPPLY
COMPANY

206 S. Salisbury St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

CAROLINA'S LARGEST
SPORTING GOODS
STORE

The proof of the merit of our
goods is the fact that we equip
the largest schools and colleges
in this section. Let us equip
you.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:

When Evening Comes (verse).....	<i>Percy B. Upchurch</i>	357
Oborozuki Yo (story).....	<i>E. B. Dozier</i>	358
Luther Burbank (oration).....	<i>Henry J. Overman</i>	362
To the Sparrow (verse).....	<i>Zona G. Ray</i>	367
Men Defer Blonds (story).....	<i>Gordon Black</i>	368
On the Operating Table (story).....	<i>B. M. Squires</i>	376
A Plea for the Redemption of a Broken Pledge (oration).....	<i>C. R. Tew</i>	380
William Hazlett's Theory Literary Criticism (essay).....	<i>L. A. Peacock</i>	385

DEPARTMENTS:

The Editor's Easy Chair.....	<i>H. J. Overman, Editor</i>	393
Individualism in Journalism.....		393
Polluted Politics.....		394
So Long		395
Exchange Department.....	<i>C. E. Poovey, Editor</i>	396
Alumni Notes.....	<i>Elbert A. MacMillan, Editor</i>	398

The Wake Forest Student

VOL. XLIV

MAY, 1927

No. 8

WHEN EVENING COMES

By PERCY B. UPCHURCH, '29

When evening comes
With its mist and haze,
And in the sky
The molten blaze
Of the sun at its best,
Before it sinks in the west—

Then in the quiet
I hear upon the street
The passing of travelers
And the trudging of feet,
As of hosts preparing for the night
While the sun sinks down out of sight.

The golden sunset darkens
And slowly it fades,
And then the shadows come—
The haunting shades—
Gone are those pictures sublime
That were painted by hands divine.

The Dark, in combat
With the Light,
Now laughs in triumph
And rests from the fight,
Dreaming that the battle is o'er—
But defeat lurks on the eastern shore.

OBOROZUKI YO

By E. B. DOZIER, '30

One night we entered a small room lighted with a kerosine lamp and having in the center of the floor a fire-box. The wick in the lamp needed trimming and was sending up flares of light now and then. And also the flickering light played grotesque, ghostlike figures on the wall.

The whole room was full of people who were sitting as still as mice. And behind the fire-box an old man sat and was ready to start his story as we quietly slipped in.

"Long ago in the time when the people thought there were Fox-women¹ in the country an elderly couple moved to Kyoto,² the capital, with their daughter. She was so beautiful that many men noticed her.

"Soon after the family settled down in the city many young men eyed the place with envy. They all wanted to woo her and have her for their own. But all were afraid to speak about her to any one.

"It was not many months after these people had arrived until Mr. Yonemura announced that Kimiko, his daughter, could choose her own husband.³ And if any young "samurai" wished to win her as his bride he might do so.

"All the young gallants came to ask her to marry them. Here came young lords to court her and then those of lower rank.

"The young Kawakatsu, the son of one of the great barons, came to seek her hand. He brought with him many rich gifts such as a beautiful "kimono" and an exquisite tea set.

¹Fox-women were women who were believed to have the demon foxes in them. Sometimes the foxes themselves would become some beautiful girl and beguile men into wrong.

²Kyoto was the old capital of Japan.

³Japanese custom didn't allow the girl or the boy to choose husband or wife. But the parents arranged the marriage.

She received him kindly and gladly received the presents in a most gracious manner. Then she made him promise something which he agreed to do. But like all the rest of her suitors he left with dejected looks and an expression of horror.

"The people in the city said that Kimiko was a Fox-woman and that she tried to ruin the young men in the city. But they couldn't find out what the promise was that the men made nor could they determine what caused them to leave her with such horror written in indelible lines on their faces. All they knew was that the young men only had to fulfill the promise and she would marry the man who would do this.

"At last a young samurai came to woo Kimiko, and he didn't have any money or anything but his inheritance as a soldier. His only possession was his trusty blade. But he had a very pleasing personality and Kimiko seemed to like him. But she made him promise to undergo the test she had for the man who was to be her husband. He promised her faithfully that he would do his best to win in that test.

"Night after night he courted her and she seemed to grow fonder of him and he of her. They would sit together for hours and talk pleasantly together." And just here the old story-teller broke his tale off to light his pipe and smoke a little while and to drink a cup of tea. The suspense to hear the last of the story grew tenser and tenser as we waited for him to begin again. After a few minutes he braced himself and then turned down the lamp until the persons around us seemed to be goblins or some such devilish beings. And in a slow, quiet voice he began again.

"It was about a month after the young samurai had come to see Kimiko when she called him one day. She told him to come to her house that night. He promised her faithfully he would be on hand and then they parted until night.

"Not long after the sun had hidden itself in its nest of clouds the young Tsuruda made his way to the home of his

beloved. And at the door Kimiko met him and ushered him into the sitting room. There she spread before him her hospitality. He ate and drank while she talked with him. Then she told him she wanted him to go with her somewhere after the hour of the Rat.⁴ And to this he gladly consented. After he had eaten they went to the little veranda to talk. The moon shone brightly on the little body of water, when it peeped once in a while from behind a bank of clouds. The chill of the night air drove them in behind the sliding doors.

"Within they began a game of Go⁵ that helped pass the time less tediously. Their conversation grew more silent as the night wore on. Then suddenly Tsuruda asked, 'Kimiko, what is it that you want me to do tonight? Where are we going?' And Kimiko grew strangely silent and did not open her mouth again. Very soon after this she left him alone and went to her room.

"Tsuruda wondered if he had in any way offended his loved one. Why should that anger her? But there seemed to be no answer as he sat there at the "Go"-board fingering the men mechanically. He was sure that the hour of the Rat had passed and he wondered why she didn't come.

"It was only after a long time past the hour of the Rat when Kimiko came out dressed white as a Spirit. She beckoned to him to follow her and he went out into the chilly night with her. The moon was waning and it shed its ghastly rays whenever it peered from behind some clouds. The city seemed deathly still except for the lonely howl of a dog here and there as they sped noiselessly under trees and houses. Kimiko led the way gliding noiselessly along like a spectre. On the other side of the city she turned into a grave yard surrounded by a grove of trees. The darkness grew dense and the stray moon-beams wandered among the graves making them moving ghosts as the trees moaned under the

⁴The hour of the Rat was midnight.

⁵"Go" is a game which in some respects resembles chess, and then again it is similar to the game of checkers.

influence of a breeze. Tsuruda gripped the hilt of his sword tighter and tighter as he went in. And he saw Kimiko who seemed like an apparition flit over to a new-made grave where even the tools had been left because darkness prevented further work. Feverishly Kimiko dug just as if she was in a frenzy and at last with a dull thud the hoe struck the lid of the coffin. Tsuruda had to brace himself in order to stand the strain. Kimiko dug a little longer and then shivered the lid and like a mad-woman she jumped down into the pit. And there he saw the figure of a child and then he saw her wrench the arm from it and break it in two and then she began eating it. She then threw him the other piece and told him to eat. Somehow he managed to squat down beside her and eat." Here the story-teller stopped a moment and we sat there shuddering at the thought of the deed. Then in a low voice almost like that we expect from a spectre he finished the story by telling us, "The child was made of the best 'kwashi' (cake) that Saikyo could make. Then Kimiko leaped up and embraced Tsuruda and told him that he was the only brave man she had seen. And she was proud to have him as her husband."

The story-teller turned the light still lower and the crowd dispersed.

LUTHER BURBANK

(Awarded the Junior Orator's Medal, Philomathesian
Literary Society)

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

"He is dead, even as one of the flowers that he knew so well. Like such a one, the processes of old age set in; the juices of life dried and the plant withered; then shaken by the storms of controversy and criticism, the man who had conferred upon the earth that he loved so well an inexhaustible legacy of fragrance, beauty, and worth, died."

Just a year ago the Knickerbocker Press flung this announcement to the world, and the world understood. More than this: for a brief span of a few days the serpentine tongues of dogma were stilled in the mouths of the elect, and their pharisaic hearts wilted under the glow of appreciation that sprang up at his passing. For the first time a general knowledge of the extent of his endeavor was placed before the public. Even the unlearned wondered what would become of the famous Santa Rosa Gardens and the experimentation that was taking place in them. Let's get a glimpse of what Luther Burbank really meant to humanity, and of the life that he lived.

Financially, Luther Burbank was a failure. His first efforts were looked upon as visionary, and were disapproved. Early friends tried to divert his skill into more remunerative channels. They called him a "harmless crank, doomed to a career with only insignificant results." In spite of this discouragement, at the age of twenty-two he placed the Burbank potato on the market and added twenty million dollars to the annual productive wealth of the United States. By the creation of the spineless cactus alone he added half a billion

dollars to the wealth of the Pacific Coast. But to try to place a financial value upon what Luther Burbank did, borders on impertinence. If there was one thing that he cared least for, it was cash reward for his labors. To him they were not labors at all, but the expression of the soul within. Such men as he soar in an atmosphere where the crackle of bank notes is profane. Their joy is in adding to the talent that has been given—the heritage of free spirits. Masters in every branch of art and industry have felt the fascination of this heritage, and it has motivated the leaders of all great human aspirations. They are the chosen ones. Luther Burbank was a man of this school. While the civilized world about him stood estimating achievement by resultant wealth, he struggled to decipher the stories that God had written in the tinted and perfumed messages of the open spaces, the lilies and daisies.

Nor was Burbank a great scientist. Within his chosen field, however, he was a genius. His successful experimentation with plants, vegetables, and fruits was not marked, perhaps, by the qualities of a mind devoted to pure science. He was not deeply interested in the genetic relation of growing things, or in the problems of descent with variations in the strictly biological or evolutionary sense. He did not watch his projects with the reflective and comprehensive spirit of Darwin or Mendel, De Vries or Bateson. For him it was enough to carry on experimentation on a large scale, under the most favorable conditions, and to bring forth one triumph after another of applied science.

Burbank has been called a wizzard, but this was an injustice, and he resented it. It was with exonerating drudgery and sacrifice that he raised one million gladiolia blossoms in order to get the wonderful varieties that he wanted. He drank the bitter lotion disappointment ten thousand times before he produced the plumcot by cross-fertilization of the plum and apricot. The sweats of sixteen years had coursed

down his weary face before his patient hands had stripped the thorns from the prickly plants of our western deserts. Today the parched dust of those deserts will produce ninety tons of animal food to the acre. Such flowers as the dahlia and verbena grew without perfume, like a princess whose scepter has been snatched from her hand. This priest of the plant world labored for years to make these flowers fragrant, and succeeded. He caught a vision of Paradise and stole from its bowers the Burbank Rose and the Shasta daisy. His wonderful inspiration and devotion touched the simple blossoms among the grasses, and, like the Ugly Duckling, they became the cherished guests of our homes. He produced berries so transparent that one might see the tiny seeds within; grapes utterly without seed; many flowers more beautiful than the eye of man had known, and new delights in the golden maize of the primitive red man. Some of these plants were under observation twenty-five years. Who can estimate the talents that this meek and humble servant returned to his Master? Even his most critical enemies have never accused him of hiding his talents where they would not multiply the wonder of God's handiwork.

In view of the quasi-miracles that Luther Burbank performed, one is compelled to wonder why criticism was heaped upon him. Judge Lindsey explained this when he said:

"Luther Burbank was the most religious man that I ever knew. His was a real religion that actually worked for human betterment—a religion that dares to question the superstition, hypocrisy, and sham that have so often worked inquisition, cruelties, wars, and massacres.

"The prejudiced beneficiaries of organized theology, mis-called religion, refused to see that Luther Burbank, the gifted child of nature, saw with a vision as crystal-clear as theirs is dense and dark.

"And so they assailed him."

When that King of industry and finance, Henry Ford, was questioned concerning his friend, he replied:

"I knew him well, visited him and frequently talked with him about the life of plants and flowers, and of the entities that make up the world and ourselves. I know positively that there was in Luther Burbank a beautiful and abiding faith in the permanence of that which now lives, whatever form it may take, here or hereafter, and whatever function it may perform in what we call the world of matter.

"His religion and philosophical ideas were expressed in his own way, of course, and this way was usually taking the living things at hand and by his creative genius and devotedly patient work making them into different combinations of life, with more service and beauty to the world.

"If he could not endorse the particular conception of the Deity and of the human spirit which some others held, it was perhaps because he had thought more deeply than some others had, or had approached the great problem from a different angle. But he certainly was *not* an infidel in the sense of denying the ruling intelligence and power back of all things. I think that his faith was so great and so firm that he did not feel the need of being overpositive about the things that he could not scientifically prove."

Burbank's pastor, Dr. Simons, said: "Mr. Burbank's religion was practical. He was a lover of his fellowmen and beloved by them. The animating spirit of his life was service, and in estimating the religion of a man, we should keep in mind the teaching of Jesus: 'By their works ye shall know them!'"

After all, we may summarize the works of Luther Burbank, but the symphony of his life is a living thing that echoes in louder tones of aesthetic beauty as the realization of his real work dawns in the human mind. When the high noon of this time comes, we can realize more fully that a man who could say "My religion is love; I love everybody," and who re-

garded himself as a follower of Jesus—to call that man an atheist is to confess spiritual stupidity.

Today, in the Santa Rosa Gardens, sleeps Luther Burbank. A great cedar of Lebanon that his hands planted guards his resting place, and quivers in the anguish of his passing; around his grave crowd the flowers and trees that he created. Through them he was carried to his simple tomb, but he still lives—lives forever in the myriad fields of strengthened grain; in the new forms of plants, vines, and trees. But above all these, he lives in the newly watered gardens of the human mind, and from this garden shall spring the human freedom that he loved.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO THE SPARROW

By ZONA G. RAY, '28

Full of life, happy little friend,
Borne along on your slender wings;
Chirping your song without end,
Perched where the willow ever swings.

Creeping slowly through the wheat
Comes a lad, barely eight;
Crouching behind a stone seat,
He aims—bang! Too late!

Down a broken object tumbled,
The murderer poked out his head;
The victim lay there humbled,
Toes drawn tightly together—dead.

Lifeless the form created by Him,
Gone the song that rang out daily
From dawn to twilight dim—
While the boy, in triumph, shouts gaily.

"MEN DEFER BLONDES"

By GORDON BLACK, '29

Would the afternoon ever come? I thought not. This was the day for the game of games when Stratford was to meet Daytona and determine the holder of the State Championship.

So intense had been the anticipation of the coming battle that feeling was at the bursting point. Study—that was out of the question. Voices floated up to me as students passed beneath my window, hailing acquaintances.

"Dizzy, ar'ye still holding on to that skirt you went daffy over last spring?"

"Naw, I've dropped her. You gotta have variety, you know."

"Variety!" broke in a sarcastic voice. "How do you get variety when there's only one kind?"

"Unhuh," retorted another, "so there's been another sheep shorn of his comely locks and left bleeding at the gate, eh?"

And the voices pass on. Then a shout is heard in the distance, "Are we down hearted?" From several points on the campus comes the yell "No!" So the sounds are many and varied that contribute to this colorful atmosphere which eventually stamps one who is long under its influence with an indelible mark that, out in the world, is easily discernible and which, for lack of terms, an unknowing world pronounces "Collegiate."

All these sounds become insignificant in the storm that is suddenly created by my approaching roommate, Don Shelby. Some people are born unfortunate; others have a roommate. I am one of the latter. As he ascends the stairs he is engaged in annoying the atmosphere with some pathetic strains that

must have been composed by a person who had just emerged from a domestic battle, disasterously defeated, only to learn that his Mother-in-law was on her way to pay him an extended visit. His voice is not only mellow but it is in a deplorable state of decay.

He blunders into the room and, taking special pains to avoid any chair about him, he throws himself upon the bed. After assuming the position that required the least energy he is ready to begin giving the day's orders.

"Say, old Gripey, how 'bout replenishing my pipe with a generous portion of P. A. and extending it within the general direction of my anatomy?" began my worse half.

I meekly obeyed, being too well aware of the fact that only by ministering to his multitude of whims and desires might he be kept in a moderate state of agreeableness.

"Dan, aren't we going to meet 'Skinney's' class?" I asked, in an effort to make this jest of nature pause in his contribution to the already stifling cloud of smoke in the room.

With an avalauche of words he made me understand that probably his answer was negative. Then he added, "Why didn't this dum faculty give us a whole holiday instead of a measly half? As for a few cuts, our grandchildren will never know the difference. Besides I've got a date tonight and I've got to partake of a little slumber now so as to be fitted for the momentous occasion."

"That reminds me," I exclaimed. "I'll have my petite blonde waiting for me at the game. That baby stare and that innocent air—Oh, boy, but she can look for my money."

"What's the name of this late-born Venus?" he asked.

"Susan Craver, and believe me I crave her presence. She may be only a Quaker's daughter, but—"

"Say bud, you ought to see the brunette I'm stepping out with. Form—why a Parisian shop would fire all of its models when she appeared on the scene. And dance—"

talk about a feather floating gently through the air—she's a whole arm full of feathers."

"Keep your feathery damsels," I retorted with a sense of satisfaction, "and your Parisian beauties, but a blonde always for mine."

"Blondes and brunettes, and whatnot but it's a little of sweet slumber now for me, old Gripey. Put my pipe in place and adjust the family alarm clock so as to interrupt our slumbers in time to catch the car over to Middlesex. Then I'll be happy."

"Yes, my lord," I said with all the cheerfulness one would use in answering the knock of a bill collector.

He threw the pipe to the floor in derision and settled down to enjoying that peaceful rest of which only the righteous are deemed worthy. After adjusting the alarm so as to interrupt the snoring harmony which would soon ensue, I sought my repose.

Some time after when I had passed through a long hazy existence during which multitudes of blondes of all magnitudes and hues had flitted to and fro before my vision, only to fade and be followed by other multitudes of delectable types, I awoke, realizing that there was an ominous calm about the campus. My glance toward the clock gave me the explanation. It was only half an hour until the game should begin, and here we were twenty miles away from the scene.

I was out of the bed in an instant. Snatching for my clothing and at the same time giving Don a few generous jerks. Hasty explanation followed and he, too, began a lively scramble.

We soon made a hurried exit to the street which we were little surprised to find empty, for every one must now be in Middlesex. Not another car for two hours and all traffic had undoubtedly long since passed in that direction. So we sat down by the roadside with all hopes and anticipations of blondes and brunettes entirely vanished.

Had we been open to poetic sentiments and moods we might have noted the chirping of a bird perched in the top of a near-by tree and the answer of its mate in the distance. But the enveloping gloom gave little access and allowed little entertainment to such ennobling observation. If anything, this amorous sport of the winged creatures added to our present despair for it offered a pathetic contrast between our respective conditions. Above there were two birds on the wing, free to fly where they chose; below were two with their wings clipped and powerless to seek the audience of feminine hearts, to thrill and be thrilled by their offerings.

Just as we were about to forsake our positions on the roadside and go in search of other pastimes in an effort to forget our loss the coughing exhaust of an approaching car was heard. Could it be possible that we might yet reach Middlesex before the end of the game?

The car drew near, and after our repeated performance of the daily dozen in a frantic effort to attract the driver's attention, it came to a halt. We rushed to it with all the eagerness and anxiety with which a drowning person clutches at a straw. Joy of joys, its occupants were four girls, two in the front and two in the rear.

Before we could tender thanks or ask permission for accommodations of travel a curt invitation came from the driver for us to be seated in the rear. In spite of the apparent cold reception we entered upon the journey joyously.

From the somber and depressed air that seemed to prevail about these fair occupants I soon came to the conclusion that we were forming a part of a funeral procession and I shot a hasty glance back of us expecting to see the rest of the procession swinging into view. But the mystery was still more puzzling.

All our efforts at conversation met with little encouragement; rather these efforts seemed to deepen the lethargic

atmosphere and add to the sinister mood already enveloping the four girls.

"Were they going to the game?"

"Yes," one of them condescended to reply, somewhat reluctantly and in an evasive manner as though she felt the destiny of the universe depended upon her answer.

I tried flattery, poetical allusion, romantic advances—all those tactics under which, modest as I am, I must confess that I had witnessed many a maid gasp and grow faint. But the girls were still adamantine figures of reticence, and the only response was a contemptuous curl of the lips of the driver, who—still more pathetic—was a blonde. Don began his usual comment upon the climatic conditions and offered this prophecy as to the probable outcome of this deplorable condition upon the price of woollens in the tropics. Still no response, and we gave up.

We were only a few miles from Middlesex when the car was suddenly brought to a halt, and our curiosity again received a jolt. The blonde driver soon enlightened our questioning glances.

"We want to get some apples off that tree," she said pointing to one near the road.

Like the Knights we were, we hastened to alight and to offer our services. We had about reached the tree, when the truth suddenly dawned upon us. We were being dumped! Dumfounded with the mortification of this turn of events we could only stand and gasp while the doers of this presumptuous act disappeared in the distance.

"Well, I'll be—!" burst forth Don. "Has it come to this? And we didn't bring our roller-skates along."

"Yes," I admitted meekly, deeming the usual expletives entirely lacking for the Herculean task of adequately expressing my feelings.

"And it's all brought about by one of your blondes. But this is rich! Suppose it gets back to school? Scandal—."

"Curios and Antiques, you better say," I interrupted. "Brother, from henceforth, forever, eternally, I've got but one goal in life, and that's to gaze upon the smiling countenance of that dame just once more!"

"Amen," added the new recruit of this worthy cause. "Please note my application for the office of chief pallbearer on this glorious occasion."

Further remarks concerning the dedication of our life to this noble cause were cut short by the noise of brakes screaming. A trim roadster that had passed us unnoticed during our excitement stood just ahead of us, from which was extended a hand beckoning to us.

We rushed to this new opportunity. So eager was I that I had half entered the car before I noticed the identity of our benefactor. My fears were aroused when I saw it was another she and—horrors—as I looked an instant longer her blonde features caused my blood to run cold. Before I could shrink from this new menace a vigorous shove by Don who was at my back sent me into the seat beside her and the car was speeding up the road.

"Yon fellows out chasing cuckoos?" she ventured, favoring us with a kindly glance.

"Yes," I responded, with a sickly smile that struggled hard for existence.

Then I shot a hasty glance at Don to learn if he was aware of our predicament. His pallid countenance left no room for doubt, for its dismal aspect would easily have been appropriate to express the chagrin of a Scotchman who had sent a telegram during an expected eclipse of the sun with the belief that it would be accepted at night-letter rates only to learn afterwards that the eclipse had not come to pass.

"You are going to the game, aren't you?" continued this fair creature who was the cause of our discomfiture.

"Yes, we hope—we want—that is, we aim to," struggled Don, as he fingered his watch in an effort to conceal his pathetic condition.

"That's so," she ascended and she sent the car forward with an extra spurt, evidently attaching a different significance to his behavior from what was intended.

Then our troubles began in earnest. Innocent car drivers beat a hasty retreat to the curb and the knees of two beings, still more innocent, beat a lively tattoo as this modern mercury flew on her way.

We were helpless. Our only hope was that a providence might preserve us this once; and it was our fervent determination that should we ever reach earth again in a semblance of human beings, we would choose roller-skates for life.

Now we were approaching—or rather we were on the last curve leading into Middlesex. What if we should meet some one? I shuddered. We did! A shriek—a crash—and I began to float lazily among fleecy clouds, accompanied by a twinkling of stars and the twittering of birds. Soon I became an object of the wrath of blond creatures who peeped from each cloud and who kept pelting me with a continuous stream of apples.

After ages and aeons had passed during which time the fruit shower had continued uninterrupted the scene gradually grew dim, and eventually faded into darkness. I became aware of a medicinal odor about me and a jumble of voices which slowly became intelligible.

"Yes, a very narrow escape," informed one gruff voice.

"He seems to be resting nicely too," added another who was undoubtedly feminine.

I then felt a warm hand, which presumably belonged to this same feminine being, touch my brow, and I was struck with an irresistible desire to open my eyes. I hesitated. Suppose this were another—I shuddered at the thought. But my curiosity could not be denied, while she was yet bending over me I opened my eyes for one long soul-filling gaze. Gradually my eyes became accustomed to light, and her features were impressed indelibly upon my mind.

Thank Heavens! She was colored.

ON THE OPERATING TABLE

By B. M. SQUIRES, '27

Clear and calm was the tinted east on that fateful morning; rosy and smiling was the sun as it gradually peeped over the horizon, its serenity unbroken by what its advent was to bring forth. Soon the lengthened shadows began to grow shorter, the crystal dewdrops, whose iridescent hues sparkled in the morning sunlight, gradually evaporated in the sun's rays, and the hurrying, snowy clouds soon found their abode beyond the western horizon. The summer zephyrs played lightly with the gay-colored leaves, the little feathered warblers trilled merrily among the branches, and on all sides nature seemed actively alive. All save the little farmhouse on the hill.

The neatly painted cottage stood on the hill, set back from the highway in a well-trimmed grove of sugar maples. The tiny walk was lined with brilliantly colored flowers of all varieties: hollyhaws, dahlias, four-o'clocks, lilies, and pansies. But nature's wonder here seemed affected by what was impending. The porch and swing were vacant, with the exception of a yellow cur which now and then raised his head and emitted a mournful howl as though a lost soul had suddenly taken flight into that region set apart from all others. So different was the aspect of everything on this morning from that of those preceding, when the weary traveler might quench his burning thirst with a gourd of clear, sparkling water from the spring at the end of the foot path behind the house! Then all the occupants seemed to revel in delight, welcoming the morning sun, cheering the footsore pedestrian, and in every way answering the call of the great outdoors. Now, even the bluebirds appeared doleful in their little cabin on the long pole in the back yard.

What terrible calamity had disturbed the peaceful calm of the ideal little home? Whence had come that awful blight to cast upon nature's admirers such chilling gloom? For some time it had been recognized that the fearful operation must be performed, that further delay might entail more disastrous consequences than were already impending. The fatherly old family physician had advised that assistance be secured in performing the delicate work. Already the great surgeon had arrived, that great man of science under whose skilful hands thousands of patients had lain helpless, but by whose knowledge the same number had been freed from all suffering. Within every crease of his wrinkled face there lingered that calm which bespeaks experience and a knowledge of what is best to be done under extraordinary circumstances.

The little family entertained a mortal dread lest the loved one should succumb to the knife. Throughout the endless night they had watched with waiting, anxious hearts, hoping and praying that some change might be detected, a change which would bring joy untold to the heart of each one. But not a sign was visible, the inert form lay as one in a stupor, oblivious of all that occurred about. The surgeon had announced upon his arrival that unless there were some change by the morning the operation must be performed. Now the crisis had come. Would the members of the devoted little family bear up under the great strain? Suddenly from the little room in the attic there came a soul-rending shriek as though a thousand demons were loose with bedlam trailing close behind; a cry such as an innocent babe might give vent to when given the ordeal of trial by fire, or as some hurrying country boy imagines he hears as he passes the cemetery in the evening gloom, causing the very flesh on his face to wrinkle from agonized fear. Upon investigation it was found that the black cat had, with its animal intuition, sensed the impending danger and was voicing its fear. But the cry, coming as it did, caused the nerveless hand even of the surgeon to tremble

despite his efforts to control it. The mother swayed fearfully, grasping a chair for support, her face suddenly taking on an ashen hue, and she would have fallen had not the father caught and borne her to a couch.

But even this could not stay the hand of Fate, nor further postpone the inevitable. The critical operation could no longer be delayed.

The table is rolled forward, showing a clean shining whiteness. The perfect polish and arrangement of the instruments, the combination of pungent odors, penetrating to the farthest corner and the death-like quiet can mean only one thing.

The great man of science is calm and his nerve is steady, but in his heart is the great question. Many and valuable things has experience taught him, things which make the seeming impossible a success through confidence. But not even experience can teach him whether the ruddy glow of health will fade into the white pallor of death and the inert form beneath his knife become a perfect mould of clay. O, the awfulness of the situation! To realize that one false stroke of the knife will send an innocent victim into the great beyond, will forever sever those lovable bonds of domestic home life, and eternally blot out the bright hopes of the future! What if the knife should slip!

But all is ready. All that can be done in preparation is done. The white-capped, white-gowned women, of the profession that every one knows and honors, stand near, serene, expectant, with all that will be needed by that steady, expert hand. They will soon know whether it is the end, forever the end, for the beautiful one who lies before them. For that beautiful form lying so helpless upon the table means more to them than words can express. It may mean that the long-standing joy of association, of fellowship, and of future aspirations, will forever be demolished as the tender reeds in the face of the hurricane. But the time has come.

The surgeon bends over the form. The white-capped women stand in readiness near, the other members of the circle await with bated breath for the outcome. A cool, inviting breeze is wafted in through the open window, fanning the feverish brow.

The stroke is clean and steady and sure. The tender flesh quivers as the keen knife severs the tissue, causing a ghastly trench, all crimson and glaring. But immediately an infinite relief spreads over every face in that waiting circle. The hand of the man does not waver and his lips smile. The white-capped, white-gowned women go serenely about their tasks.

No, it is not white, that form on the table. Its lines are green, it is cool and on the inside is red, and it has large, black seeds—that watermelon!

A PLEA FOR THE REDEMPTION OF A BROKEN PLEDGE

(Awarded the E. H. Bowling Orator's Medal, Philomathesian
Literary Society)

By C. R. TEW, '27

As President Wilson had kept us out of the war, so also had he kept us from making any preparation for its eventuality. When we found ourselves involved we found also that we were powerless to fire a shot. We had no army, and it was clear that a year and even more would elapse before we could take any substantial part in battle. During all that time we were to remain mere spectators while the youth of Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium drenched the earth with their blood in defense of what was our cause as well as their own.

After being trampled under foot, and kicked and spat upon for two and one-half years, when at last we had decided to defend our rights we were then to wait another fifteen months before we could do anything. No—there remained one way, and only one way, in which we could contribute immediately. We had no men to send, but we had plenty of money and munitions. We had iron, steel, clothing, food, rifles, ammunition, and anything our partners needed except men.

Within a week after we entered the war, a bill was introduced in Congress to make these supplies available for our partners. It authorized the national treasury to extend to the governments then engaged in war with the enemies of the United States credits, which they should use in securing these supplies. And scarcely a fortnight had elapsed before this bill had passed both houses of Congress and had become a law. It began with these significant words: "For the

purpose of more effectually providing for the national defense and security—and for prosecuting the war.” In other words this made it possible for us to contribute supplies instead of pouring our men into this cauldron of hell.

And why did we pass this bill? Because we realized that we were unprepared to fight our own battles, and hence that it was only fair that we should finance the Allies who were fighting our battles along the fronts of Europe. We realized that when we had taken the responsibility of engaging in the war that we were obligated to contribute to the limit of our ability for its hasty conclusion and for the defeat of what President Wilson called the “common enemy.” Whether or not the money should ever be repaid was a minor consideration.

When the bill was discussed in the House and Senate, scores of representatives and Senators freely expressed the sentiment that the Allies were fighting our battles and would probably have to do so for some time on account of our utter unpreparedness. There was little else that we could do than furnish them supplies. And the sentiment of Congress was expressed by Senator McCumber, who said: “While we are recognizing that we are putting billions in this fight we must not fail to realize that we are not as yet, and for a good many months, putting one American soldier—while blood is being poured out in unstinted quantities by the Allies. Therefore we ought to be liberal in the expenditure of the money, while we can take no part in the battle which today is the battle of the American people.” It was this sentiment that was applauded to the echo, and which actuated the vote of 84 to 0. So it is clear that these cash advances represented our sole contribution to the winning of the war, while we were unable to participate in any other way. We placed the supplies at the disposal of the Allies; they took them in good faith.

Fourteen months elapsed after we declared war before our troops in any substantial numbers were engaged at the front,

and I ask you to note well that during that period France alone lost 350,000 men and had half a million wounded fighting what was our war as well as their own. I cannot tell you how many were lost during that period by England, Belgium and Italy, but it is safe to say that their aggregate losses must have at least equalled those of France. Think what that means we were in the war nineteen months before the guns ceased firing and during three quarters of that time we only furnished materials while our partners furnished men—human lives.

During the war we sent these supplies to the Allies to help them fight the war—our war—and finally the war was over.

We emerged the greatest beneficiary of the war. We have been repaid many times for all we had expended. We have the results of the unparalleled service of our allies for the maintenance of the ideals we are still pleased to call our own—service to the point of immeasurable sacrifice during the many long and weary months after war was declared and prior to our pitifully tardy entrance. Were it not for Belgium, France, Italy and England "the things we have always carried nearest our hearts," said Woodrow Wilson, "would have faced appalling disaster if not final ruin."

And now after the war, what is our attitude? The nations now come and prostrate themselves at our feet. And their only plea to us is the same plea we made when we entered the war and before we could contribute any men; it is a "common cause." They remind us of the time when they were fighting our battles, and every American soldier knows what that means. Every father and mother whose son returned alive from France knows what that means. They remind us of their sacrifices—for us. They depict for us a panorama of bloody battles, devastated cities, torn and mutilated bodies.

And what is our answer? We have the hardihood to say that our cash advances to the allies to buy food and clothing constitutes a debt which we have the right to exact from those

who fought by our side and who suffered for the common cause sacrifices incalculably greater than our own.

And so, from the point of view of our former partners, we are asking that their survivors and their descendants pay for the uniforms these men wore, and the guns and munitions they used when they died or were mutilated on a battle front that was ours as well as their own. We furnished the supplies to them in good faith, and France alone lost during that period 350,000 lives. Now the tragedy of the situation is that we are trying to collect from France the price of the shells fired by these men that should have been fired by American soldiers. The widows of France, struggling to make bread for their starving children had expected the great, rich United States to help them; and the crippled, maimed soldiers found in every town and Hamlet had expected Uncle Sam to lift burdens from their shoulders. It is a shame for them to be told, and told truly, that Uncle Sam, the rich man, can do nothing for them.

Roland Dorgeles, Frenchman of letters, has expressed the thought in poignant words: "On the great book of debts, America has not forgotten a box of corned beef or a ton of coal—but they have not counted a drop of blood. Life is given. Coal is sold."

Wherein does our duty lie? We can not free ourselves from the humiliating aspect of our long hesitation in the greatest moral struggle of all times. But we can try to atone. Of course we cannot bring back the millions of lives lost, but we can by an act of belated brotherhood, help the struggling nations, invaded, impoverished, as they have been, and thus contribute to the spirit of human brotherhood, which alone can prevent future wars, by not demanding payment of our supplies.

Is not the United States morally bound to do this? As a debt to the dead and maimed millions of Europe, its devastated cities, its dreadful memories? A nation like this, which

suffered little from the war, which is happy and prosperous, whose future promises greater things than it has realized in the past cuts a poor figure in the role of a Shylock, especially when the victims of our exactions are not our enemies, but those to whom we pledged our support, and with whom we co-operated in the greatest effort ever made for the preservation of the highest ideals of civilization.

Why further impoverish our friends who fought for us, who bled for us, while we saved our men? Is this American justice?—why crucify the honor of America on a cross of gold? Let us redeem our pledge to these nations who took us at our word—in good faith.

“Remember that Rome was once a proud nation, the proudest on earth, but its seed of downfall was sown when Rome made enemies of the Barbarians who camped upon its borders. That pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall, may be exemplified yet again in the world’s history.”

WILLIAM HAZLITT'S THEORY OF LITERARY CRITICISM

By L. A. PEACOCK, M.A., '27

The tone of the criticism in vogue in the first quarter of the nineteenth century reflected the spirit of the age. William Hazlitt says that this criticism "is the growth of the present century, and was not at all the fashion in that calm and peaceful period when the 'Monthly Review' bore 'sole sovereign sway and masterdom' over all literary productions . . . The writers instead of 'outdoing' termagant or 'out-Heroding Herod' were somewhat precise and prudish, gentle almost to a fault, full of candor and modesty."¹ In the present age, he says, writers point out the slips and faults of a minor nature and thus accomplish their purpose, that of discrediting the work. They make the readers feel that all of an author's work is bad. At least, doubt is thus raised in the mind, and frequently this method is quite successful in accomplishing its purpose.² This faulty criticism finds a counterpart in those whom he calls "blind guides," and who want to find out if Pope is or is not a poet. When a passage is pointed out to them, they refer you to one like it in Ovid. By the term "blind guides," Hazlitt means that class of critics who are trying to lead the reader astray by false estimates.

Not only do the critics of the present age put the emphasis on minor faults, but also they stir up sentiment by a spirit of bombast and exaggeration. If they differ politically with the author, they attempt to discredit all he says. This type of criticism, Hazlitt says, is represented by certain schools. First, we have the so-called "occult school"—a school which sees only the hidden beauties in a work, that delights

¹"On Criticism," *Table Talk*, N. Y., Wiley and Putnam, 1846, 2d Series, Part II, p. 66.

²"On Wit and Humour," *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, N. Y., Wiley and Putnam, 1845, p. 23.

in "intricacies," in mysteries and in the love of the odd. Second, there is the "verbal school" of critics—a school of "word eaters," those who find one deficient in small things, and therefore discredit one entirely. "One or two of them are seen crawling over the pages of the Quarterly Review. . . . Littleness is their element."³

Not only are these schools easily classified as to their methods, but Hazlitt thinks the general attitude of the critics is small, mean, and egotistical. He says that the modern critic seeks "to do homage to himself, and to show his acquaintance with all the topics and resources of criticism." Furthermore this type of criticism is the common practice. He says that critics of this type seek to be what he calls "tasters" for the public. In other words they attempt to represent themselves as the only critics capable of forming opinions of lasting value which can be regarded as representative of the public mind in general. Hazlitt believes that this is a real evil; that it hinders the progress of individual thinkers. By sweeping statements these critics court and win popular favor. Their methods seem to have the purpose of "elevating" or "startling" the reader, surprising him into belief with unusual statements.

Further than this, many of the critics have allowed political bias to enter into their opinions. The fact that the author of a work which they are reviewing happens to differ with them politically is in itself sufficient to warrant adverse criticism of his work. They seek to spoil his literary aspirations by calling attention to his strong political views which vary from theirs. This, Hazlitt believes, is a result of the mode of thought of the century. He remarks, "The English (it must be owned) are rather a foul-mouthed nation." The one who is thus made the butt of wit or spleen has the unpleasant feeling of seeing the reviewer, or critic, growing "arbitrary with the exercise of power," and is helpless when

³"On Criticism," *op. cit.*, p. 78.

he sees his judge making himself prominent in the eyes of the public, at his expense.⁴

The dogmatic attitude of the prejudiced reviewers had made it almost impossible for an author to win any consideration. Hazlitt says, "The spirit of universal criticism has superseded the anticipation of posthumous fame, and, instead of waiting for the award of distant ages, the poet or prose-writer receives his final doom from the next number of the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review."⁵

One individual who had adopted this overbearing attitude toward Hazlitt himself was William Gifford, of the Quarterly Review. He was Hazlitt's chief opponent, and Hazlitt, nagged on by constant criticism of the type described above, finally became exasperated and returned the attack with force.⁶ It is well to remember that Hazlitt claimed to be fighting for a principle of fairness. He would probably have advised others to adopt his methods in reply to such criticism, and thus seek to correct the evils practiced so widely. His methods in dealing with Gifford illustrate not only his own temperament, but show what things he objected to most in men of his type. Gifford he uses chiefly as an example.

In his *Spirit of the Age*⁷ Hazlitt has denounced in no uncertain terms the smallness and subserviency of Mr. Gifford in seeking favor from the court. He also calls him a low-bred, self-taught man, a pedant, and a dependent on the great; further, that he has no genius, no taste, and no general knowledge; that he is interested only in small criticisms such as flaws in printing, spelling, "word catching"; and that he scorns those who are not college graduates or politically perverted.

⁴"On Criticism," *op. cit.*

⁵"On Different Sorts of Fame," *Works*, edited by Waller, A. R. and Glover, Arnold, London, 1902-6., Vol. I., p. 95.

⁶See "a Letter to Wm. Gifford," 1819, *Works*, Vol. I.

⁷*Works*, Vol. IV.

This view is treated at length in an essay called "On Common-place Critics."⁸ A part of the essay may be quoted: Common-place critics, of whom Mr. Gifford is one, "are a set of people who have no opinions of their own, but who affect to have one upon every subject you can mention." A critic of this type "thinks by proxy, not because he thinks you are in the wrong, but because he thinks somebody else will think so. Nay, it would be well if he stopped here; but he will undertake to misrepresent you by anticipation, lest others should misunderstand you, and will set you right, not only in opinions which you have, but in those which you may be supposed to have." Later he says that a critic like this talks constantly about "good sense." He "smiles at your presumption," if you question his authority. "His notions are like plaster figures cast in a mould, as brittle as they are hollow; but they will break before you can make them give way. . . . He reads the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review*, and thinks as they do."

Another outstanding example of the "wrong type" of critic, as conceived by Hazlitt, was a certain James Weathercock, who had laughed at Hazlitt. Here is Hazlitt's reaction: "James Weathercock, Esquire, laugheth to scorn my dramatic articles in the *London Magazine* for a like reason [vulgarity]. I must therefore make an example of him *in terrorem* to all such hypercritics. He finds fault with me and calls my taste vulgar, because I go to Sadler's Wells ('a place he's heard of'—O Lord, Sir!)—because I notice the Miss Dennetts, 'great favorites with the Whitechapel orders'—praise Miss Valaney, 'a bouncing Columbine at Astley's and them there places, as his barber informs him' (has he no way of establishing himself in his own good opinion but by triumphing over his barber's bad English?)—and finally, because I recognize the existence of the Coburg and the Surrey Theatres, at the names of which he cries 'Faugh' with great significance, as

⁸Works, I, 136 ff.

if he had some personal disgust at them, and yet he would be supposed never to have entered them. It is not his cue as a well-bred critic."⁹

We have seen how Hazlitt regarded the critics of his day and their methods. It is time now to examine some constructive ideas which he regarded as essential in criticism, ideas which he himself applied in his own reviews.

In direct contrast with the narrowness and the intolerance of the spirit manifested by some of his contemporaries Hazlitt has suggested new functions and attitudes.

A critic must suggest, but he must not force, opinion. For in forcing his opinion he thereby defeats his original purpose. Hazlitt says in this connection, "An actor is judged by his peers, the play-going public, and must stand or fall by his own merits or defects. The critic may give the tone, or have a casting voice where popular opinion is divided; but he can no more *force* that opinion either way or wrest it from its base in common sense and common feeling, than he can move Stonehenge."¹⁰ Public opinion will be influenced only when the critic adopts a certain attitude in his work. The critic's point of view must be just and fair before his opinion will have weight. Hazlitt says, "And it is not on speculative refinements (which belong to every side of a question) but on a just estimate of the aggregate mass and extended combinations of objections and advantages, that we ought to decide or act."¹¹

This attitude is certainly a departure from that of the "blind guides" and the "occult school." The process of judging the merits of a work of poetry or prose is similar to that used by the artist in judging a picture. The critic of poetry seeks to give a just estimate to all the work. The critic of art also considers each detail. Hazlitt says, "Painting is essentially an imitative art; it cannot subsist for a moment on

⁹"On Vulgarly and Affectation." *Table Talk*, 1st Series, Part II, p. 46.

¹⁰*A Review of the English Stage, 1818, 1821, Works*, Vol. VIII.

¹¹"Character of Mr. Burke," *Selections*, ed. by W. D. Ginn, 1913, p. 31.

empty generalities. The critic, therefore, who had been used to this sort of substantial entertainment, would be disposed to read poetry with the eye of a connoisseur, would be little captivated with smooth, polished, unmeaning periods, and would turn with double eagerness and relish to the force and precision of individual details, transferred, as it were, to the page from the canvass."¹²

In forming this "just estimate of the aggregate mass," it is necessary that the interpretation be given so that one shall not be left in the dark "as to the feelings of pleasure or pain to be derived from the genius of the performance or the manner in which it appeals to the imagination."¹³ There is something else needed, then, besides the fair balancing of all points and giving a just estimate. We gather that feelings of pleasure are to be explained in such a way that the reader will be moved in the same manner as the original author was moved to write his work. This usually must come through the appeal to the imagination. Enough of the author's spirit shall be reproduced to make this possible, and still to make the criticism itself reflect the spirit of the work so criticized.

This interpretation of the work at hand seems to be the chief element in, or the purpose of, a true criticism. Hazlitt has expressed it thus: "A genuine criticism should, as I take it, reflect the colors, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work."¹⁴

Critics who are to give their interpretations of the works before them, who follow the principles so stated, must be, above all, competent men. They must not set the standards as arbitrary judges but must weigh the opinions expressed in the light of their true meaning. Even men of mediocre talent, who have a true appreciation of the beauties of the works may make excellent critics if they are fair and just. Hazlitt's plea is for open-mindedness and impartiality. On the other

¹²"On Campbell and Crabbe," *Spirit of the Age, Works*, IV, 31.

¹³"On Criticism," *op. cit.*, p. 68.

¹⁴*Ibid.*

hand perhaps a man can be too acute and original minded, for he has "sometimes thought that the most acute and original minded men made bad critics. They see everything too much through a particular medium. Other men may acquire by habit a greater aptitude in appreciating what they owe to others."¹⁵

A critic who has the willingness and ability to give an impartial criticism of any work would be likely to have a cosmopolitan view. Hazlitt pleads for more critics of this sort. "Critics and authors, who congregate in large cities, and see nothing of the world but a sort of phantasmagoria, to whom the numberless characters they meet in the course of a few hours are fugitive 'as the fliers of a summer,' evanescent as the figures in a *camera obscura*, may talk very learnedly, and attribute the motions of the puppets to circumstances of which they are confessedly in total ignorance."¹⁶

This type of critic would not get much farther than his own city and his immediate surroundings. Critics of this type could form no just estimate, nor could they be expected to feel the same spirit as the author whom they are trying to interpret. If characters mean nothing more to them than passing figures, although they are learned in their own way of thinking, the work at large will be little benefited by their comments.

With such sarcasm Hazlitt further explains his own attitude and continues his plea for cosmopolitanism. "Your true Cockney is your only true leveller. . . . He is a politician, for he has seen the Parliament House; he is a critic, because he knows the principal actors by sight; he has a taste for music, because he belongs to the glee club at the West End, and is gallant, in virtue of sometimes frequenting the lobbies at half-price."¹⁷

We have seen that Hazlitt advocated a method of criticism quite opposite from that of many of his contemporaries. A

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 75.

¹⁶"On Personal Character," *Table Talk*, 1st Series, Part II, p. 32.

¹⁷"On Londoners and Country People," *Table Talk*, 2d Series Part I, p. 51.

true critic must suggest opinions in an open minded manner, he must be fair in giving a just estimate of a work, he must appeal to the imagination of the reader by interpreting the spirit of the work, and he must be cosmopolitan in his spirit.

In accomplishing these things, a critic, in Hazlitt's estimation, does not need to follow rules. He must be an individual and put as much of his personality into the criticism as he can, keeping in mind, of course, the essence of the spirit in the work so reviewed. This is why he admired Montaigne, who was free from rules and customs. Neither did Montaigne follow Aristotle, and for that fact, Hazlitt admires him. In other words Hazlitt advocates originality in any piece, whether it be criticism or not. The piece itself should show a "striking power of analysis," and "*original illustration.*"¹⁸ Analysis and original illustration are to be combined with "supremacy of intellect, a superiority of talent and information, and real literary attainment."¹⁹

¹⁸"Mr. Gifford," *Spirit of the Age, Works, Vol. I, IV.*

¹⁹"On Jeffrey," *op. cit.*, p. 31.

The Wake Forest Student

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 \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on application.

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. H. B. JONES

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

H. J. OVERMAN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

E. A. MACMILLAN

J. D. HAMRICK

C. E. POOVEY

BUSINESS MANAGER

E. F. DAVIS

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN

CIRCULATION MANAGER

E. F. UPCHURCH

VOL. XLIV

MAY, 1927

No. 8

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

HENRY J. OVERMAN, *Editor*

Individualism The Editor has a notion that the retiring
in Journalism Editor left a tack in his so-called Easy Chair.
Anyway, while I am talking, I may as well
sound the keynote that I wish to echo through the pages of
every issue of the STUDENT during the coming year. IN-
DIVIDUALISM! That's the word. We want individual-

ism: want it in every story, essay, poem, serious article, or editorial. If we are to identify ourselves in the field of journalism, we must leave the easy and uncriticised trail that the journalists of today are traveling, and must get out where our tracks will be left in the sands of memory. Among modern writers who are wandering in these open spaces we find our own alumnus, Gerald Johnson, who, by the way, is showing less tendency to stray at large; and William Allen White. These men are read and will continue to hold attention of the country as long as they continue the individuality that marks their works. Addison and Steel will always stand out as leaders. Why? Because their aim was not to gather a choir of readers who would unceasingly sing "Amen." Their joy is in causing readers to think for themselves, but who realize that there may be another phase to any situation. If the hit dog howls, let him howl; it will at least break the monotony.

Of course no college magazine should be interested in city political affairs to the point of ignoring college problems, but we rejoice that our sister publication, *The Wataugan*, has been able to strike fire from an apparently decomposed stone. Is it possible that from some of our college publication staffs will come a prophet who will make Rome tremble? Here's to his coming.

Running rampant on our campus during

Polluted the late election days, was seen a beast who
Pollites reminds one of the beast in the Book of The Revelation. This beast, typified by several students, worked without shame. His habitation was in the immediate vicinity of the ballot box. His respect for the poll-holders was negligible; his prey, undecided students, and his methods in keeping with his calling—unscrupulous. Politicing is a splendid thing when carried on in neutral territory, but, in the name of justice, it should be remembered that the place of poll-holding is as much the opponent's property as it is

that of the favorite for whom one may be working. Possibly, the worst effect of this practice is the fact that the favorite son is injured in the mind of fellow students, when he is not a guilty party to the dirty work that is done in his name.

SO LONG

So long, boys, until another year
Shall bring us all together,
To stronger weld fraternal ties
Through sun and stormy weather.

It matters not the way we go,
Nor the way of our returning;
We'll meet again when Summer's gone
At the same old fount of learning.

So let us go, and little care;
Just wish each other well,
'Til pleasant dreams are banished
By the call of the eight-ten bell.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. E. POOVEY, *Editor*

A thorough review, of all the magazines received by the exchange department of the *STUDENT* this year has been completed, and the best example of each form of literature that has appeared in these magazines has been honestly and impartially selected. The editor's decision is as follows:

Short story—"The Tomb of Randolier," by M. Kershaw Walsh, in the December *Carolinian*.

Verse—"I Hope I Never See That Place," by Spiggett Fasset, in the *Corraddi*.

Essay—"Earth Bound," by Egbert, in the February *Carolinian*.

Sketch—"From Wake Forest to Florida," by Elbert A. McMillan, in the January *Student*.

Play—"Apple Blossoms," by Arthur D. Bridgers, in the November *Archive*.

It would be burdensome to follow here the comparative analysis which led to the selection made above; but the deserving merits of each of these examples may be noted briefly. Technically the story chosen is very good. The time of action in the story covers not over one day, and the dénouement is rapid and to the point. The tale is interesting and well written all the way through, and takes an unusual and unexpected turn at the end which is quite effective. Also the characterization is above the average. The selection of "Verse" by Spiggett Fasset was chosen for two reasons especially: first, because the verse is an almost perfect example of the most difficult form of poetry—free verse; and, secondly, because of the exceptional and complete thought that the poem contains. The chief merits of "Earthbound" are its compact and convincing style and its abundance of vigorous,

original thought. The sketch by Elbert A. MacMillan was selected because of its supple, easy style and the highly interesting nature of its subject matter and the presentation. "Apple Blossoms" was at once the best play of the year. It is full of action, realistic, and sufficiently complicated to produce suspense.

Now just a few remarks before I make my exit. It seems that the opinions of the various staffs is opposed to putting jokes in a literary magazine. I agree, on two counts. First, the jokes are, as a rule, too mild and commonplace to be enjoyable; in fact, the majority of jokes in this year's magazines are of doubtful worth either as producers of mirth or as time killers. Secondly, jokes certainly tend to lower the serious tone and destroy the literary atmosphere that should mark a literary magazine.

Now another question of policy: should faculty contributions be published in a student magazine? Notwithstanding the policy of the *STUDENT* to publish one faculty article each month, the Editor believes that such contributions tend to overshadow the students' work. Furthermore, when we compare the magazines of the various colleges, the magazine that contains selections by the faculty frequently appears unfairly superior to the magazine made up wholly of student contributions.

It is evident that many of the college magazines are not well balanced. There is a lack of poetry, and especially of plays. Few magazines publish book reviews, while others, like the "DePauw," over-emphasize this type of work. Also it should be remembered that a literary magazine is not the place for news notes and other non-literary matter.

In parting, may I emphasize the fact that a great deal of improvement in our college literature could be accomplished by a more close and personal relation of the different magazines through the exchange department. We should never hesitate to point out whatever faults or merits we see, and should always try to profit by the suggestions we receive.

OUR ENGRAVING PLANT

*is one of the largest and most modern in the South
Atlantic States and we solicit your
orders for*

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS
INVITATIONS AND
STATIONERY

Call to see us or write for samples

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON COMPANY

Established 1871

PRINTING, ENGRAVING, COMPLETE OFFICE SUPPLIES

Steel and Wood Office Furniture

RALEIGH, N. C.

ATTENTION ALUMNI:

Wouldn't you like to keep up
with the growth and progress of
your Alma Mater?

Send us your subscription
today for the College
Annual,

THE "HOWLER"

S. R. BYERLY

Business Manager

ATHLETIC SUPPLY
COMPANY

206 S. Salisbury St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

CAROLINA'S LARGEST
SPORTING GOODS
STORE

The proof of the merit of our
goods is the fact that we equip
the largest schools and colleges
in this section. Let us equip
you.

202 - 10 - 11