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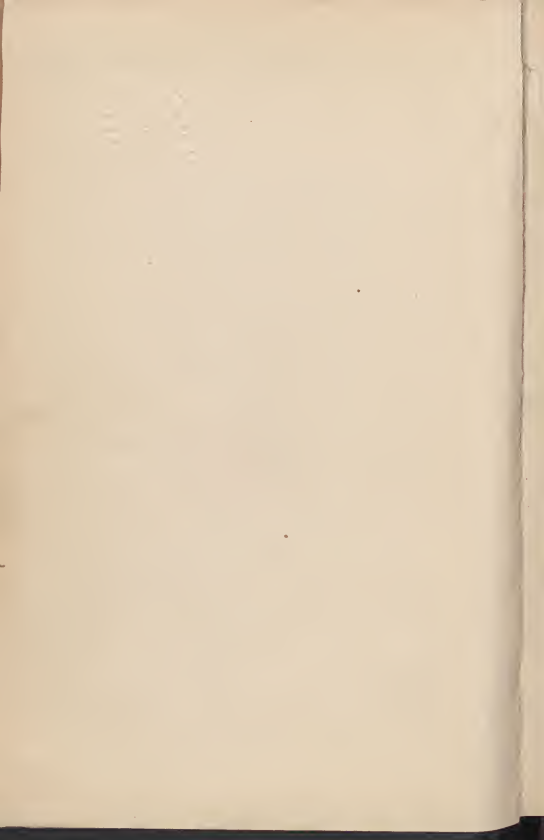


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The Wake Forest Student

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VOL. XLV

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 1

As the Rain Comes a-Sizzlin' Down

By R. PAUL CAUDELL, '29

*Ah! it's great to live up in the mountains,
Away out from the city or the town,
When the big old black clouds come a-floatin'
And the rain comes a-sizzlin' down.*

*Yes, it's great to be out in the open,
'Tis far better than any old town,
Just to have sweet communion with Nature
As the rain comes a-sizzlin' down.*

*Then it's great to be out in the meadow,
Just a-saunter'n aroun' and roun',
Watchin' creeks rise and branches grow larger
As the rain comes a-sizzlin' down.*

*But it's best in the old log cabin,
Just a-hearing not ever a soun'
'Cept the patter and spatter of raindrops
As the rain comes a-sizzlin' down.*

Touchdown!

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, '29

HE seemed a small, shabby, and rather inconsequential freshman as he alighted from the train that early September morning. He was dressed in a brown, not overstylish, suit of clothes (there would have been two pairs of pants, special at \$22.50), and his cap set not at all gracefully on his head. He was lugging an old, bulky suitcase, and clasping in the other hand a check that was obviously to be mated with its duplicate on one of the trunks that were piled—two deep—all around the station premises. So obviously at sea was he as boarding-house solicitors, trunk carriers, and myriads of others crowded about him, as to strike the eye of some of us who were already located and were meeting the train simply for want of something better to occupy our time until classes should commence.

"Let's help the poor kid get his bearings," suggested Frank Cook, one of our group of upperclassmen.

So we picked our way through the crowd, Frank, Slim Edgeworth, and I, and after a moment had reached the side of our freshman, who, if he was bewildered two minutes ago, was completely lost now.

"Cook's my name," said Frank to the newcomer, extending a great hand to the pitiful figure before us. "Is there anything we" (indicating our presence with a gesture of his left hand) "can do for you? We thought maybe we could show you where your place is, if you're new on the Hill."

Hastily setting down the bulky suitcase, the freshman eagerly extended his right hand to clasp Frank's proffered right. "MacLaurin is mine," he said. And then, after a moment of frantic digging in the various pockets of his coat, he produced a rather bedraggled letter, bearing, we noticed, a Woodlawn College postmark. He hastily extracted the contents of the letter and turned to the last page, on which was signed the name of Miss Mary Browning.

"That's my boarding house," he told us, indicating Miss Mary's signature.

"Peach of a place," Frank assured him. "But it's only three-thirty now. You'll have time to get located in your room before supper. Where's your room?"

"Greene, 329," was the reply from the youngster.

"Greene, 329!" chimed in Slim, incredulously, and added, "Say, newish, you must be mixed up a little. Pit Anderson rooms in 329 Greene. Pit, y' know, is our All-Southern quarterback."

"I think I'm right," protested the freshman. "The bursar wrote me that my room-mate was named Anderson."

Our astonishment was but natural. Pit Anderson, a junior this year, had been well known in his sophomore year for his intolerance of freshmen of any sort, even for the rakish, debonnaire "cakes" who seemed to feel at home with anybody. But to feature his rooming, actually rooming with such a newish as the timid fellow before us now! Well, to say the least, it didn't fit into our preconceived notion of Pit.

The boy seemed to know what he was talking about, though, and so we bade him fetch his grip and follow us.

He had not a word to say as we strolled across the campus and made our way through the myriads of paths and byways that led in and out among the old oaks and drooping elms. But we noticed that he was keenly observant of all that was going on about him, all the faces that we met, all the buildings that we glimpsed through the aisles of the campus glades, and all the new styles that bedecked the bodies of the unmistakable sophomores that we met.

I had a chance to observe, on this walk, what I found to be the very interesting face of this interesting boy that was so eagerly learning of his new environment. When for a moment he forgot that we were along, when he dropped the mask of self-consciousness that was a fixture so long as any stranger was in conversation with him, there was a manliness, a certain wholesome vigor in the lines of his sun-tanned face that made you look

again. He was slender, almost to the point of being gaunt, and his face carried with it a serious, philosophical expression that he wore admirably. His lean, muscular frame, covered adequately, if not gracefully, by his aforementioned suit of brown, told of days of work, possibly on a farm. All in all a fellow worth studying, I decided.

In due time we reached the dormitory the frosh had indicated, and ascended to the third floor and to room 329. Pit wasn't in; so we told the newcomer to make himself at home, told him how to find his boarding place, and then left him to his own devices.

"It's a nice, congenial pair they'll make," commented Slim. "I wonder if there'll ever be a word passed between them?"

"I can't get over Pit's consenting to take in a freshman," was Frank's reaction. "I still think there's something 'rotten in Denmark.'"

It was fully a week before any of us had occasion to learn more of the unique pair in 329 and to hear how things had gone with Pit and the freshman.

It was on Cummings Field, Woodlawn's athletic center, on a certain late September afternoon, that my attention was again drawn to our acquisition of a week ago. I was among some twenty-five or thirty students who had congregated on the sidelines of the gridiron to rubber-neck at the maneuvers of the men who were to become, within the next two weeks, the team that would represent Woodlawn in its athletic ups and downs of the approaching season. I noticed, ten yards or so down the line from me, none other than Pit's room-mate, our bewildered freshman of a few days ago. I walked down to where he was standing, and was gratified when he recognized me and spoke quietly to me.

We exchanged pleasantries and joked a little about that first day. He spoke of his homesickness when I questioned him, and said it was pretty raw for the first two days, and I knew it was. Desolate, dreary days—those I remembered.

We had not talked long when we were interrupted by a shrill blast from the whistle of Coach Tully, who had charge of the varsity squad. There was to be a scrimmage, it seemed—the first of the season. The first-string eleven lined up for the kick-off. Pit, brilliant sophomore star of last year, who was this year to captain Woodlawn's eleven, was preparing for the kick. Coach Tully's whistle screamed again, and Pit's toe met the ball squarely to send it on a beautiful arc that found its end on the five-yard line of the opposition. Jack Robinson, quarter on the second team, dropped back five yards into the end zone, evidently to punt. He did punt, and what a beauty! Spiralling gracefully, the pigskin oval ascended high to hang lazily for a moment at its zenith, and then to speed on again. But Pit, playing safety, had not been fooled, and when the ball finally popped down, near mid-field, he was there in waiting.

After a perfect catch he tucked the ball under one arm and, picking his way deftly through legions of would-be tacklers, began another of the runs that had made him famous. His dark face set in grim lines, legs spread wide apart, and stiff-arm active always, he flashed on past the white lines. Here an elusive sidestep, there a hurdle, now a change of pace—on and on; well, just what we had learned to expect from Pit. Touchdown? Certainly. What could Woodlawn's second team do with a man who had run wild against Tech, Columbus, and Alabama Poly? The touchdown was incidental.

When it was over I turned to my companion with words upon my lips. I was about to ask the kid what he thought of his room-mate; but the look on his face and the light in his eyes caused me to hold my tongue. He was looking at Pit, his face once more free from its self-conscious expression and filled, as Poe would have it, with "a glory that was Greece." Hero-worship, I diagnosed it, and a bad case. He was as truly worshiping Pit at this moment as would have been possible. Such eloquence as those eyes flashed, such love, that hinted of undying devotion!

"Mac," I said to him, "he's a fine old boy, huh?"

"A peach of a fine old boy," he murmured.

And because his eyes suddenly filled with tears (fellows are sometimes like that), I said no more.

* * *

The day of the Columbus game dawned crisp and clear some ten days later. The game with Columbus, although one of the hardest of the season for both Woodlawn and Columbus, was played as the opening game of the season. Tradition ruled it thus, and no amount of complaining by sports editors and others could serve to change it. Newspaper chatter from the two camps seemed to indicate a remarkable parity between the two teams. Our advantage naturally rested in Pit Anderson. Pit was worth about two of any ordinary backs, but Gregerson and Bruton, right half and fullback on the Columbus eleven, were also well above the average. Both teams had good dependable forwards and plenty of reserve material.

The campus was a-tingle with excitement as the dull hours of the morning dragged on. Classrooms were filled with an air of bored impatience. Toward the middle of the morning cars began to arrive, and by noon Woodlawn was flooded with incomers. By one o'clock the influx into the stands surrounding Cummings Field had commenced in earnest. By increasing thousands they came, pouring a motley aggregation into the various entrances.

At one-thirty the Columbus squad appeared, preceded by a gaily bedecked band that blatantly called attention to the squad of forty men, each robed in a blanket of the Columbus Blues. And then, five minutes later, amid the deafening plaudits of thousands, came the Woodlawn squad, preceded by no band, but none the less impressive.

Each team, after a few minutes of running plays, punting, and passing, went to its side of the field, while the captains, Pit for Woodlawn and Jim Gregerson for Columbus, met with the officials in the center of the field. Pit won the toss, electing to defend the south goal. In a moment the two teams were in position, and Pit's kick-off was spinning merrily down the field. The ball went

straight to Gregerson, who returned it ten yards to our 35-yard line. And then, with a precision and an assurance that was as uncanny as it was sickening to us, that Blue team, led by their captain and Bruton, marched without an interruption for 50 yards to within 15 yards of our goal line.

The Columbus stands were wild in their ecstasy, while we on the Woodlawn side were staring dumbly. It just didn't seem possible.

But possible it was, and true, and even now that seemingly invincible team was off again. This time it was Simms, left half, carrying the ball, and the play was off-tackle. Through the hole opened for him he tore, and in less time than it takes to tell it had shaken off the secondary defense and had between him and a touchdown only Pit, who was charging up from his position near the goal line. Pit was always certain of a tackle, especially in a pinch, but this time everything seemed fated to go wrong, not excluding Pit's tackling. Well, to have it out, he missed, pushed aside by Simms' straight-arm, and Columbus scored. Gregerson added the extra point and the score was 7-0, four minutes after the start of the game. In this moment of desolation I happened to look behind me and to see, three rows behind, young MacLaurin, as forlorn and disappointed a creature as I ever remember seeing. He looked as browbeaten, as down as any whipped cur ever dared to look. And it suddenly occurred to me that this MacLaurin, this freshman, was perhaps the most miserable of all the miserable Woodlawn students and followers. Because aside from seeing his team trampled upon by its most bitter rival, he had just observed the downfall of his hero—the failure, in the first tight place, of his demigod.

But even as I looked I saw the chin that had sagged for a moment snap back into place and heard Mac yell (it was, I think, the most noise he had ever made): "Don't let that stop you, Pit. We know you can do it."

On and on the game dragged, with Columbus continually on the aggressive, but unable to sustain another drive with the punch of the initial disastrous coup. As

for Pit, he seemed utterly dazed. When, on rare occasions, Woodlawn would gain possession of the ball, Pit's generalship seemed pitifully weak and ineffective. His plays were ill-chosen, utterly lacking in his accustomed strategy and deftness of execution. And so things went until the intermission.

As the teams straggled into their quarters for the fifteen-minute rest between halves I turned again for a look at Mac. And I turned not a moment too soon. Mac was leaving his place, and he seemed to be in a hurry. In need of a little stretching after that last strenuous forty-five minutes, I decided to follow him.

I wanted to talk to the boy and see if he was feeling as badly about Pit's failure as he had seemed. He was walking rapidly as I overtook him, some distance from the concrete bleachers.

"What's your hurry?" I asked as I overtook him.

"Bill," he said to me, "I've got to see Pit. I've got to talk to him."

And as I noticed the dogged expression on that fine face of his, and as I saw his right fist convulsively, rhythmically, squeezing and crumpling the program in his hand, I knew that there was not a manager, or a coach, or a mountain, for that, that could stop him. There was nothing that I could say; so I accompanied him silently.

There was no mountain to interfere with our progress to the locker rooms in which our team was resting; but had there been, I am sure Mac would have disposed of it with all the ease that characterized his disposal of the two assistant managers that tried to block our progress. I stopped at the door of the room in which the team was resting, allowing Mac to push on in search of Pit. It was some time before the two appeared from behind a tier of lockers, Pit dark and grimy, little Mac, not so tall and dark, but just as grim, at his elbow.

"All right, Pit, old man," Mac was saying, "we're looking to you this time. I just know you've got it in you. You've got to show 'em, Pit," Mac was whispering now. "I know you—but you have to show other people."

Pit didn't trust himself to speak, but there were volumes in that look he gave Mac as we were leaving, and there was a world of assurance in that grip he gave the right hand of his mate as they parted.

Woodlawn received the kick-off that started the second half, and it took Mac and me just about four seconds to see that Pit had set himself to the task of "showing" the gathered thousands and of justifying the worship of that mate of his, Mac, who was now living in every play and every movement of the team.

Pit had recovered himself completely. His scintillating generalship and the audacious initiative that had made his reputation were never more brilliantly displayed. His every play was a master move. When he carried the ball there was another gain for Woodlawn; when he passed, the chance was that the attempt would be successful; and on such rare occasions as he punted, the Columbus backs, amazed and bewildered at the turn, were apt to see the ball spiralling far over their heads. Our first touchdown—we couldn't help scoring now, came as a result of a 20-yard run by Pit, a 15-yard pass, Pit to Gregerson, and a 17-yard sprint off-tackle by Gregerson. This was early in the third quarter. Just at the close of this period Pit placed a beautiful 26-yard drop-kick between the uprights to give us a three-point margin, and in the fourth quarter, just to show us he could do it, he slipped thirty yards around end for our second touchdown.

And thus the game ended. As the whistle sounded the Woodlawn students descended, almost to a man, to hoist their hero high upon strong shoulders and to sing his praises to the skies.

And high up in the bleachers the last slanting rays of a golden sun shone upon the peaceful face of a detached little figure standing quite alone. The figure of a small, shabby, and rather inconsequential freshman.

"Una Corrida De Toros"

By J. A. THOMPSON

[Mr. Thompson, instructor in Spanish, who spent the past summer in Spain, contributes this account of a bull fight which he witnessed at Madrid.—EDITOR.]

A BULL fight was heralded for the afternoon of the second of July, at the Plaza de Toros of Madrid, a circular stadium of about twenty thousand seating capacity. At six o'clock the entrada took place; that is, the grand parade of fighters—banderilleros, capeadors, picadors astride rawboned horses, and the attendants. In front of these marched the three matadors, the brilliancy of their fighting clothes making a flashy beginning to the day's sport.

The ring clears—only five or six capeadors remain. The stands grow tense, anticipating the thrill from the impending struggle. The gate swings open and into the arena dashes "Palmeno," wild-eyed and aggressive, a magnificent brute from the famous cattle farms of Andalusia. Bewildered by the noise and unaccustomed confinement of the past few days, he pauses and looks up at the masses of spectators; then he catches a glimpse of the gleaming scarlet lining of a capeador's cloak. This flame-colored insult was flaunted jeeringly at him and then brought to rest to cover from waist downwards the body of the man behind it. "Palmeno" sees red, literally and figuratively. The nerve of it!! He would teach this man a lesson! At a fast run he lowers his head to get the full force of his mighty neck into the blow that is to annihilate that impudent human. He brings his head upward like a catapult, surprised not to feel the impact of a body. He sets himself to stop and turn upon the man, but ere he has checked the tremendous momentum of his massive frame another cape is held out and fluttered invitingly at him. Again the man steps nimbly to one side when the horns are a few scant inches from him. In proportion as "Palmeno" is enraged, the play becomes fast and furious.

Suddenly a horseman looms up before him. The rider places a stout spiked staff against the beast's shoulders, and all the weight of horse and man is leaned against the bull. He cares nothing for the slight pricking pain in his shoulder, and advances. At last he has found a victim! His head feels resistance; he overturns horse and rider and prepares to take the vengeance that is his. A half-dozen devils dance before him, taunting him with those hateful red capes. Forsaking the near-victim, he charges one after another of them, finding behind each cloak emptiness, where a tenth of a second before had been a man. Another horse and rider flounder in the dust, and the same thing happens as before.

A few strains of music announce that the second act is to begin. This is more dangerous and requires greater skill on the man's part. The bull's attention is arrested by a clucking noise—a man stands alone in the center of the arena. This one has no scarlet cloak, but holds aloft two *banderillos*—two arrows, adorned at one end with barbs, at the other with frills of paper. This is something new and "*Palmeno*" accepts the challenge. The man runs to meet him, both arms straight overhead. A skilful sidestep; the bull's horn brushes past the armpit; the arms shoot downward and leave two fluttering darts in the shoulders of the bull. The crowd cheers and the man receives the second pair. This time he is not so fortunate, for one of the arrows falls to the ground. With the third pair he is successful, and the crowd again cheers, for five out of six is not a bad score.

Music.

"*Andaluz*," a short, lithe man, receives his sword and *muleta* from the hands of a comrade, bows before the president, tosses his hat behind his back into the stands where the president is seated, and goes to kill his bull. After a few passes with the *muleta*, a square piece of red cloth, he brings the bull into a good position. With careful aim the man lends his weight to the thrust. The *espada* finds the one proper spot above the shoulders and goes downward until the hilt stops it. By some uncanny means the *matador* extricates himself from between the

horns—the very jaws of death—and bows to the applause that greets his perfect thrust. He walks around the ring and tosses some of the hats back to their owners, who are greatly honored thereby. His comrades toss back the others.

A mule team drags out the carcass, and assistants cover the pools of blood with sand.

This has taken twenty minutes; there are five more bulls to be killed.

Again the gate swings open and "Tomatero" trots onto the field of battle—a tall brown beast. He pauses, and with a toss of his mighty head, disclosing the folds of the powerful neck muscles, casts a glance of haughty disdain at his persecutors. Magnificent animal! "Gallito," second member of the trio of matadors, plants both knees on the ground and waves his cape. He remains thus awaiting the bull's charge, which is immediate. Without moving his body, the matador gives a deft and almost imperceptible movement of the crimson cloak, escaping impalement by an inch and a half as the brute thunders past. The crowd bursts into applause at this display of daring and skill, but the matador's popularity is not to last, for when the time comes and he takes his sword and muleta the bull is far from ready to give up. The first thrust misses the proper spot and fails to penetrate. The second results the same. The third is buried halfway to the hilt, but a contraction of the shoulder muscles shoots the blade ten feet into the air. The animal is making a good fight and the man has trouble bringing him into position. After a fourth failure, "Gallito" finds the heart on the fifth attempt, then walks with bowed head from the ring while the spectators cheer the slain bull.

The third bull, "Saltador," enters; a superb specimen of strength, but inclined to be sociable and not so fierce as the others. For this reason the president condemns him to the "banderillos calientes" (arrows loaded with explosive charges which are set off by the shock of contact with the animal's neck). To be thus condemned is a terrible insult to the bull, and the spectators consider it unjust in this case, for they begin yelling "burro!" at

the president. Whether just or otherwise, the "calientes" convert a peaceful bull into a raging fury. A picador approaches and "Saltador" meets him. The puny efforts of horse and man are nothing; they poise, clear of the ground for a moment, on those long horns, and then are hurled to the dust by an effortless shake of the brute's head. When the capeadors have succeeded in distracting him from his victim, the man gets up unhurt. The poor horse never stirs.

It is "Gavira's" turn to make the thrust. He has had financial troubles and is determined to make a good kill in order to assure a regular contract. Perhaps the failure of his comrade on the preceding bull has made him nervous, for he calls for a drink of water.

Just as the boy starts to pour it for him the handle comes off and the pitcher of water is shattered on the ground. Spaniards are by nature inclined to superstition.

He goes to make his "brindis"—that is, to dedicate the bull to the president. When he tosses his hat behind his back it strikes the top of the fence, pauses—and falls back into the arena!!

A Spaniard's personal bravery, his reckless disregard for life—his own, and that of others—has long been a source of wonder, since before the time of Cortez, Pizarro, and the other intrepid explorers of the American continents. In the face of ill-omen, he is undaunted.

"Gavira" walks straight to where the bull, still smarting from the "calientes," is eying him with distrust and hatred. Scorning to use his muleta, scarcely pausing, he shoots out his sword arm, following the thrust through with his body. Perfect! A burst of applause rises, swells, becomes a gasp of horror, then dies away into a moan of pity at the spectacle in the arena. A horn had caught the man in the region of the diaphragm and tossed him high over the animal's back. In midair his face was turned to the spectators, a smile of satisfaction thereon, of triumph, of death—but no—he strikes the ground watching the bull, which, even with a sword-blade through his heart, has turned for revenge. At the critical moment

he rolls under the animal's feet. The long horns pass over his body and bury themselves into the ground. "Gavira," the smile frozen on his pallid features, rises, takes two steps, presses his hands over his heart in a gesture of pain, and sinks into the arms of his comrades just as "Saltador" is sinking to the "blood and sand" of the arena—each the conqueror and victim of the other.

In about ten seconds by the clock—ages by the imagination—a clean-cut young man, slim, handsome, and powerful, the personification of physical perfection, with a courage that few possess, had become a corpse. When he was brought to the hospital just outside, one of the assistants exclaimed to Dr. Segovia, the old wizard of surgery, "They are bringing 'Gavira' wounded!" The old gentleman replied, "Wounded? That man is dead."

Twenty minutes later, just as the fifth bull entered the ring, official report came to the president; a bunch of oxen were driven onto the field and the bull went out with them. There is a tradition to the effect that if a casualty occurs, the *corrida* stops immediately.

The spectators passed out of the stands. A few "bur-r-ro's" were heard, directed at the president (many still regarded him as responsible, on account of the undeserved condemnation of "Saltador" to the explosive *banderillos*). Thousands, murmuring "poor lad," went to spread the news. Soon a pall was cast over all Madrid by the sad tidings. Five years before there had been a fatal accident, but that man had died in the hospital three days later and not in the arena.

Lindy

*By poet, by sage, or by prophet of old,
On parchment, papyrus, or bronze, or on gold,
Was never a story more thrillingly told
Than the one of our*

LINDY.

*He bounded away like "a bolt from the blue,"
Inspired with a purpose full worthy and true;
With neither the aid nor the comfort of crew,
Sailed this boy called*

LINDY.

*Over unlevel ground—jagged, rough, unkept ground—
(No monuments graced it through seasons of yore)
Raced the spirited plane, anxious, eager to soar,
On its mission for*

LINDY.

*With never a sigh or a friend to sit nigh,
Far off in the Heavens he'd mounted the sky;
The plane e'en itself seemed zealous to fly
On its mission for*

LINDY.

*Not even the weather could bid a delay,
Or frighten the passion of "Off and away!"
"Good bye, boys, I'm gone—off for Paris today,"
Spoke the resolute*

LINDY.

*Friends waiting behind were of one tender mind
(No matter the color—the lame and the blind)
Intent for a word or the bearings to find,
Of courageous*

LINDY.

*Far out through the space braved by no man before,
With never a message nor signal from shore,
Alone through the Heavens the eagle did soar,
Our American*

LINDY.

*Sharp watch did he keep through the shades of the night,
Sharp watch as did shepherds on Bethlehem's night;
And victory was gained, and the Mother spake right
Of her conquering*

LINDY.

*He sailed; far surpassing Columbus of yore,
The hero of ocean, the Heavens, and shore;
He's ours and he'll live till our Nation's no more,
God bless you, our*

LINDY.

R. PAUL CAUDILL, '29

The Masamune Sword

By E. B. DOZIER, '30

YONEZAWA with a saddened heart bore the sacred ashes of his beloved father. Mrs. Yonezawa followed in her place in the funeral procession which wound slowly up the hillside to the temple where the last rites were to be performed.

As the procession moved slowly along the lad could not but think of the "Masamune" sword his sire had bequeathed him on his last birthday, just a day previous to that awful day when the butchered form of his father was brought in. There it lay in its silken sheath in the honored place of the living-room. It was the prize possession of the young man who must now assume the responsibility of the head of the family.

Upon arrival at the temple his senses were again awakened from his reverie and he became conscious of his surroundings. There was the fire in front into which some of the earthly utensils of the dead must be thrown. But hardly noticing the many friends, he made his way into the temple in front of the gilded altar of Lord Buddha. There mechanically he placed the box of ashes on the stand before the altar. Silently and slowly he retired to his seat of honor. Soon afterwards the priests came out and chanted some Buddhist hymns to the music of a drum. After repetition of a number of prayers by several gorgeously attired priests, the family, led by Yonezawa, came before the ashes and bowed, paying due respect to the honored dead. With the tolling of the great temple bell the people went out into the courtyard. Yonezawa threw some of the belongings of his father into the fire. Then to the graveyard behind the temple the people went, led by the priests and Yonezawa, and with them the family. There amid the closely grouped tombstones the ashes were interred.

Sadly but yet with a smile on his lips—the Japanese suppress their sorrow externally—Yonezawa slowly

wended his way home. His mother, overcome with grief, scarcely could ride beside him as he walked.

The next day the mother felt better able to get around. But Yonezawa was careful not to let her exert herself too much. There appeared in her a peculiar fondness for him which he had not seen in her before. She seemed anxious to know always where he was. Before, he had come and gone without so much as a word; but now he must act differently.

For several days things went by uneventfully and smoothly. Each day Yonezawa went to the "tokonoma" and unsheathed the gleaming blade. There was for him in that blade a peculiar fascination different from anything that had ever gripped him previously. Gazing at it an hour or more at a time, he came away from it as if in a drunken stupor. Fear, anger, vengeance, and other passions kindred to these were seen on his face.

One day his mother saw him as he sat gazing at the beautiful "katana" (sword). A strange foreboding seized her. Was her son going to forsake her? Impulsively she seized at the sword, but drew back shuddering, feeling that maybe this rash act might prove unwarranted and that her worst fears were all but day dreams.

That night in the stilly chill the young man moved stealthily out of the house with the sword and was lost to sight in the darkness enshrouding the little village.

The following day horror seized the townsfolk, for a terrible murder had been performed, more cruel and barbarous than the one in the Yonezawa home.

Out of breath, a neighbor hurried to the Yonezawa home and between breaths they heard the story:

"Sometime last night—some one, I don't know how or who—some one came and—cut off Mr. Kawakatsu's head just as close to the chin—and he lopped his ears off, too, and Mrs. Kawakatsu was all chopped up into different pieces. Oh, it was awful! The blood was everywhere. It must have been a sharp sword. Oh, I can't tell about it—it's so awful."

The village was agog and was terrorized at the monstrosity. No one knew who did the deed, as there was no clue. The sword at the Yonezawas was clean from bloodstains. The whole town turned out to search for the murderer.

Young Yonezawa went out with other men to see if any clue could be gained by search. Unconscious of any deed, he sincerely pledged his word—that of a “samurai”—of knowing nothing of the deed. Mysteriously enough the whole problem remained unsolvable.

The next night another murder was perpetrated in another portion of the town. The gruesome figure of an old man butchered mercilessly aroused the indignation of the town, and they resolved to try to search out the mankiller. Fear held their hearts, nevertheless, and they warily guarded themselves.

Murder after murder succeeded each other in rapid succession. Then they entirely ceased for a time. This surprised the people and relief swept over the town. Along with the other townsfolk, the Yonezawas felt that a suspense had been lifted. Happiness and security were restored, and young Yonezawa with his mother felt safe in sleeping at night. The son then became more heedful of his rapidly aging mother. His treatment of her grew more affectionate and he was happier himself.

Suddenly after several months had elapsed a second series of atrocities broke out, and a certain Imakita was cut down in cold blood one night as he was returning to his home from delivering a message for his lord. He had a squire along with him who ran away at the first approach of the murderer.

“Mrs. Yonezawa,” gasped a man, “my master is being killed! Yes, he’s being killed! The man who is killing looks like your son. What has my master done wrong to your son? I don’t know if he’s your son, but he looks like it.”

Astounded, the old lady listened to the squire, and she went to her son’s room to see if he was there. Flown like a bird; the bed was empty. Consternation and concern gripped her heart like a vice. Was it her son that

had killed so many? Why did he do it? What grudge did he have? But she could not think that her son, her boy, could perpetrate such deeds.

The next morning she called Jiro before her and tremulously asked him: "Son, tell me honestly did you kill Imakita and the others? You didn't, did you?"

"Mother," replied the youth, "if I did I know nothing of it. You know that I don't get drunk. You know that all my aim is to protect you. Now this is honest and is the word of a samurai."

A flood of relief surged across the face of anguish upturned to the lad, her boy. Yet she felt that she must watch him closer. She resolved to watch him all night.

Darkness enveloped the town which on that night was terrified because of the renewal of the outrages. A stillness not characteristic of a slumbering community enshrouded the houses, a stillness of fear.

Mrs. Yonezawa at the usual bedtime retired to her own room so that her son would have no suspicion that she was observing his actions. Unknown to the lad, she punched a small hole in the paper door of his room. Silently she waited. The lad read from his book for a few moments, then with a yawn he roused himself. Then he went over to the sword, took it from its sheath, and sat gazing at it. Then the mother saw on his features expressions of intense pain, anger, gleeful cruelty, and terrible vengeance. Aghast, she drew back for a moment, covering her face with her long "sode" (sleeve), but quickly she placed her eye to the hole, for she dared not let the secret remain unsolved. She saw the same facial distortions recur until about the hour of the Rat (12 o'clock). They increased in intensity, making the very flesh crawl. The whole attitude of the boy grew demon-like.

The taper had gradually burned down until the faintest flicker illumined the features of her boy. Ghosts could never appear more frightful. Sitting in a posture of intense pain, the lad gazed upon the wall and looked intently as if he saw something. Slowly a misty form appeared, growing more plain until it was the resemblance

of the boy's father. Terrified, Mrs. Yonezawa drew back, but by an almost superhuman effort she again placed her eye at the aperture. A voice husky, as of one who has lost his voice—a rattle like peas shaken gently in a loosely constructed paper box—issued from the ashen lips of the man.

"Son, you have almost accomplished the vengeance which will be necessary to leave my soul in peace. Go to yon house on the far side of the village by the castle moat. Yoshizawa lives there. See him tonight and give him his just deserts. When you have finished, clean thy trusty 'Masamune' and then throw it into the castle moat. Beware lest you disobey my last command. Death lies ahead unless you do that."

Then peering around the room, the spirit fastened its eyes upon the hole. It cast a baleful glance which went through the paper and cut Mrs. Yonezawa to the quick. Petrified she sat watching her son rise as if in a stupor and slip quietly out. Unable to restrain him, she with a heart full of anguish saw him disappear.

Early the next morning the town was again thrown into confusion when they heard that Yoshizawa was butchered and the young Yonezawa lay close to him with his head off in a pool of clotted blood and the terrible "Masamune" lying on the "chomage" (topknot).

Autumn

By DR. J. W. LYNCH

*I feel the frost; I taste the tang
Of the white-faced autumn days.
I miss the notes of the thrilling throats,
The song-birds' roundelay.*

*The chilling breeze sighs through the trees;
The leaves come hurtling down,
Their sap-souls die with rustling sigh
Interr'd 'neath swards of brown.*

*The forest stands with empty hands,
Victim of wild hunger stealth;
Furtive thieves have bespoiled the trees
And stored their summer's wealth.*

*Life's waning sun swift race doth run;
The frost days come apace.
Heart buds lie dead; life's blooms are shed—
Bleak winter clouds the face.*

*The hoary head, the cautious tread
Bespeak the final blast;
Bereft and bare of fruit and care,
The old tree falls at last.*

*But still I ween God's will is seen
In every frost that bites;
He full well knows the good of snows—
Love moves the hand that smites.*

The Relation of Chemistry to Health and Disease

By DAVID WILCOX, '30

Nature is so varied in her manifestations and phenomena, and the difficulty of elucidating their causes so great, that many must unite their knowledge and efforts in order to comprehend her and force her to reveal her laws.—LAPLACE.

HEALTH is a magic fountain whose transforming waters restore the weary traveler and give to him renewed vigor to wend his way through life. It insures the faculty of progression in him who habitually stops to drink of its sparkling spirits. The alchemist of old sensed the advantage of health and strove in vain to prepare an elixir which would extend health and life for old and young. Others, too, down the pathway of time have sought for some health-giving agent, but only now are we beginning to realize that there is no universal panacea for all ills and that each ill requires its own specific treatment—found only along the trail of research.

At one time medicine and chemistry were closely allied in their progress, so closely in fact that the great physician and alchemist, Paracelsus, said: "The true purpose of chemistry is not to make gold, but to prepare medicines." Here the physician and the chemist separated, the physician looking to other means to effect his ends while the chemist turned to the industries.

There passed many centuries in which the physicians were content with mere empiricism, the simple method of trial and error. Then they came to see the fallacy in such a course and turned from this method to theorize as to how the body was constituted and as to how it functioned. They wondered as to the nature of disease, and thus came experimentation and the cooperation of the sciences. Upon realizing need for such cooperation, physicians began to experiment and to seek the aid of chemistry. Research began a new era in medicine as results were obtained that cleared up the falsities of old, and revealed paths leading into the far-reaching and specialized fields of medicine.

Chemistry has disclosed many and varied ways in which it is closely and actively related to medicine and to the advancement of medicine. Its broad realm is recognized as falling into two kinds of endeavor. The former deals primarily with materials used in the cure and prevention of disease, and may be called preparatory chemistry; the second is concerned with the functional or dynamic side of chemical reactions which take place in our bodies. This essay deals chiefly with the romance of preparatory chemistry; yet, because of the vital character of the latter, a word must be said about it. It is now recognized that our bodies are chemical factories in which the most intricate chemical and physical changes take place. When these reactions continue normally, we are in good health. If, however, they are abnormal the body resistance against infection and disease is lowered and we are likely to become ill.

During the five or six hundred years that the physicians and the chemists failed to cooperate, untold suffering must have resulted, because of the lack of knowledge for the application of substances that had long been known to the chemist. Ether was discovered in the thirteenth century, but was not used as an anesthetic until 1846; magnesium sulphate was known to the chemist two hundred years before the discovery was made that it would give relief to lockjaw, burns, and strychnine poisoning. Another substance, amyl nitrite, was discovered by a chemist in 1844, but it was not until 1867, after the results of some experiments by a pharmacologist and biochemist, that it was found to relieve the piercing pains of angina pectoris, a disease of the heart. Research into these substances came as a result of the closing of the large gap between the two sciences. In a discussion of the recent return of medicine to chemistry one cannot ignore the man to whom this movement is largely due—Louis Pasteur, who did much to reveal the blind errors of many theories, and to break down and expose the falsities of antiquated myths and superstitions. His work was in such a large field, and his discoveries were so vital that Sir William Osler characterized him as "one of

the greatest founders of modern medicine and one of the greatest benefactors of the human race."

It was Robert Boyle, the distinguished English philosopher and father of the present experimental method, who, in the seventeenth century, said that he who would discover the nature of ferments and fermentation would be the man most capable of explaining the nature of certain diseases. Pasteur was this man. It was he who explained that each fermentation is produced by the development of a certain microbe, that each infectious disease is produced by the development, within the organism, of a special microbe, and that the microbe of an infectious disease culture, under certain conditions, is attenuated in its pathogenic activity—that from a virus it has become a vaccine. Upon these principles does the germ theory of disease stand, and this discovery has been acclaimed as one of the greatest of human accomplishments; for upon this theory the foundation of modern medicine stands.

It was Joseph Lister who, noticing that wounds following an operation usually became inflamed, festered, and gangrenous, resulting in death, sought out and applied the germ theory in working out the use of antiseptics in surgery. He used phenol (carbolic acid), and as a result the cries of millions were quieted and thousands of lives were saved. For then wounds could be cleaned of infection and allowed to heal. Research dating from this romantic epoch has given to us many antiseptics and germicides of various strengths and uses. From phenol come several such significant derivatives as lyol, aseptol, sozol, and soziodol. The war gave us Dakin's solution, giving free chlorine as an antiseptic, and the same chemist has also given us two more antiseptics: chloramin T and dichloramin T in which the chlorine is in a more stable compound. Later still is the discovery that certain aniline dyes are strong antiseptics with high penetrating power. They are also selective and relatively non-injurious. Mercurochrome-220, acriflavine, gentian violet and acriviolet are among the dyes that are being used. Surface sterilization, treatment of joint infections,

treatment of septicemia, employments in empyema, and intravenously indicate something of the field of their use.

Perhaps one of the greatest discoveries in the medicinal field was made when Ehrlich and his students, who, starting with their knowledge of the bactericidal action of white arsenic on the organism producing syphilis, built up hundreds of molecules in which arsenic was combined, and finally, after 605 negative results, found arsphenamine ("606" or salvarsan), which was still bactericidal to the organism, but of relatively slight toxicity to the human body. From work along these same lines tryparsamide, a valuable therapeutic agent in the treatment of the terrible scourge, African sleeping sickness, was prepared. Ehrlich has also developed Baeyer 205, a non-metallic remedy for the same disease. It is only necessary to push home these triumphs to check the widespread activity of these diseases and make them distinct rarities.

Vaccines, serums, and antitoxins are another field of biochemistry in which research has been done and in which more research is needed. Here again we see the necessity for cooperation between medicine and chemistry in the isolation and preparation of the pure principles found in them. These substances are so widely used in the cure and prevention of infectious diseases that when one considers the value of the crude mixtures and serums that are now being used he cannot fail to see the outstanding possibilities for blessing that the pure active principles, if isolated, might hold for humanity. Recall the discoveries made by Jenner of the vaccine for smallpox, by Pasteur of the treatment of hydrophobia, by Roux of diphtheritic antitoxin, and the many other similar discoveries. Does it not give one an idea of the intrinsic value of the pure principles if they were isolated and prepared synthetically? Some work is now being done. Dr. Edwin F. Hirsch of Chicago has prepared protein-free antipneumococcus serum, diphtheritic antitoxin, agglutin and a precipitin absorbed by the hydrochlorides of proteins, which are white, amorphous, granular powders that still contain the specific principles. Dr. Felton of

the Harvard Medical School has isolated a white crystalline principle from the antipneumococcus serum, prepared from the blood serum of horses. Thus, we have chemical compounds, rather than serums.

Chemistry has been of great service to medicine in the field of anesthetics. Ether, chloroform, laughing gas (nitrous oxide), and ethylene are the main chemical compounds that have come as blessings to humanity. However, chemistry's most important contribution here is in the introduction of local anesthetics. They do not poison the whole system as does ether, chloroform, and laughing gas; neither is there the danger of never awakening. Cocaine, which is a white crystalline substance extracted from the leaf of the cocoa plant, was discovered in 1860 and since that time has served extensively as a local anesthetic. It was effective, but it had several objectionable properties. As it was expensive, difficult to sterilize, and had occasionally proved fatal in dental operations, cocaine came under the close examination of the chemist. When cocaine was analysed to determine the structure or arrangement of the atoms in a molecule, it was found that the molecule contained not less than 43 atoms, and that only a part of it was of any use as an anesthetic, while a second part was related to the fatal hemlock which Socrates drank, and a third part was related to nicotine. The chemist with this knowledge went to work to prepare synthetically a substance which had the anesthetic but not the poisonous properties of cocaine. As a result we now have several artificial local anesthetics, such as procaine or novocaine, beta-eucaine, opthesene, benzyl alcohol, and butyn.

Another recent and important work has been done with the specific remedy which has been used with success in the treatment of leprosy—chaulmoogra oil. This remedy was first used in India for sixty years and, even in a crude state and with uncertain methods of administration, it proved its usefulness. Chemistry made the most positive advance when it separated the strong acids which are useful from the nauseating natural product; these acids are mixed with ethyl alcohol and used hypo-

dermically. Lately Roger Adams and his assistants at the University of Illinois have made some brilliant investigations into the structure, synthesis, and specificity of the actions of the fatty acids of chaulmoogra oil on *B. Leprae*. A number of derivatives of chaulmoogric and hydnocarpic acids, the principal acids of chaulmoogra oil, have been made and tested, and results indicate that these compounds have a considerably higher germicidal value than the natural products.

When research began in biological chemistry many mysteries were fathomed, and many of the mysterious biological reactions which are carried on in the body were traced to certain active principles found in the secretions of certain glands. These active principles were classified as enzymes and hormones. The chemist analysed them to determine their structure, and then he set about to prepare them synthetically. Secretin, insulin, thyroxin, adrenalin, pituitrin and other endocrine principles may be named in a review of the progress of discovery in this field, a result of the combined efforts of the men in the different fields of science.

Adrenalin, the vasoconstrictor principle in the suprarenal glands, small glands situated just above the kidneys, was prepared synthetically in the form of a derivative by Dr. Abel at Johns Hopkins University. It is a very powerful and exceedingly useful drug. It is injected with novocaine to cause the constriction of blood vessels. Also it is used to allay the spasms of acute bronchial asthma, in arresting hemorrhages, and as a heart stimulant.

Thyroxin is another substance now prepared by the chemist. It is secreted by the thyroid glands, and the lack or deficiency of this substance results in a failure of physical and mental development. A minute daily dose, Dr. Starling says, effects "the conversion of a stunted, pot-bellied, slaving cretin into a pretty, attractive child." As this essay is being prepared the announcement comes that thyroxin has been prepared synthetically by two British doctors, Dr. C. R. Harrington and Pro-

fessor George Barge. It is understood that it was prepared from coal-tar products and iodine.

The last hormone, and probably the most important, is insulin, the active principle of the pancreas, with which we are now able to combat diabetes. It comes as a result of the investigations of Dr. Banting and Dr. McLeod at the University of Toronto. The hormone which is extracted from the Islands of Langerhan of the pancreas of hogs and cows, is now available in standard solutions of definite activity. Recently the statement has been published that Dr. Abel and his associates have isolated insulin in a crystalline form from such extracts. Insulin aids the diabetic to metabolize the carbohydrates and store them; it also brings about the metabolism of fats and causes the acetone bodies as well as the sugar to disappear from the urine. The insulin prevents acidosis, coma, and death by coma. In certain cases, by careful supervision of diet, the natural carbohydrate tolerance is increased and the insulin may be gradually withdrawn. Whether a cure is possible depends altogether upon the condition of the secreting glands. However, research such as is applied to insulin today promises far-reaching results for the future.

These are only a few of the results which have been obtained, for discoveries are being made so rapidly that it seems as if, overnight, all sorts of dreams are coming true, not as a result of accident, but as a result of long, tedious, detailed research in the laboratory. Some one has said that "the laboratory has become the prime mover of civilization." However, there still stands a large, dark wall of unsolved problems, for there are still diseases which continue to augment our death rate to startling proportions: pneumonia, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, cancer, influenza and many others. So we should gather together the best of our scientists, demand that the laboratories be multiplied, and spare no effort to search out the secrets of well-being and of happiness, that humanity may grow greater, stronger and better.

"Doctor" Tom Jeffries

By DR. G. W. PASCHAL

DOCTOR" Tom Jeffries, the well-known College servant, died at his home in Wake Forest on July 4, 1927, after an illness of about four weeks. His funeral was in the College chapel on July 6, with the members of the College faculty acting as honorary pallbearers. Talks were made by Dr. W. R. Cullom, who directed the service, by Dr. N. Y. Gulley, Dr. J. H. Correll, and by Pastor Ransom of the Negro Baptist church of Wake Forest.

The following sketch of his life is based on information furnished by Tom himself and copied by the writer in September, 1926, confirmed by Dr. W. B. Royall and by Willis Johnson, Tom's colored friend who has known him from boyhood.

Tom was born about 1850, and hence at the time of his death was about seventy-seven years old. His mother was the slave of Mr. Billy Lofman of Mecklenburg County, Virginia, who had six sons in the war, in which three of them lost their lives. After the surrender Tom took the family name of his father, who had belonged to a man named Jeffries. He remained in Virginia until 1879 or 1880, where he married his first wife, Jennie Hayes, by whom he had eight children. While in Virginia he was a tenant farmer. When he reached Wake Forest he found Dr. Pritchard president of the College. Tom worked around as a day laborer for several years. In 1883 he worked for Dr. W. B. Royall.

From 1884 to 1927, for 43 years, he worked continuously for Wake Forest College, the period of his service coinciding almost exactly with that of the administrations of Dr. Charles E. Taylor and Dr. William Louis Poteat. According to Tom, he "was elected to take charge of the grounds, campus, setting of trees, and cutting of walks" by Dr. Taylor. He also had the main part in building the wall around the eastern half of the campus.

When Tom began to work for the College, John Lewis was already here, "cleaning buildings and ringing the bell," a work which he kept up "until he failed," when this work was taken up by Len Crenshaw, who entered the service of the College about a year later than Tom. Len "helped clean up the buildings and recitation rooms to resist Lewis." Tom Land came in soon after Crenshaw and remained sixteen years. After Crenshaw's death, about 1892, the duty of ringing the bell fell on "Doctor" Tom, who performed this service regularly for fifteen years, and for church services and occasional services as long as he lived. Tom has "been boss" since the death of Len Crenshaw.

Tom was only of medium size, but was strong and wiry. Until his last years no amount of work seemed to tire him. For one of his race he was of unusual intelligence. He could keep in mind instructions for a day, a week, a month, or a season, and would be found doing everything at the appointed hour, or minute if it was a question of ringing the bell. He knew how to do many kinds of work well and expeditiously. He could lay stones in a wall so that they would stand; trim a walk to give it a proper curve and make it look well; he was no mean gardener, being skillful in setting, fertilizing, trimming, and training roses and all kinds of shrubbery; he knew how to set heating stoves and arrange pipes and flues so that they would stay in place; he knew how to arrange tables and chairs in recitation rooms, and how to have seats and lights and heat all ready in the College chapel at the appointed time for public meetings; he could be trusted with small matters of business around the town; he was faithful and obliging and found time in some way to do any little service that was asked of him by this or that member of the faculty. And he would do everything well and promptly. But he was not obsequious or servile. Tom after all was a man. No one ever thought of him as a clown. He had modest self-respect and was respected of others. In his private affairs he was frugal. For the last twenty-five years of his life he had a neat little home of his own, and owed not any man.

With such a character Tom was a great favorite, especially with the members of the faculty and the students. He had a very keen wit and a sense of humor which was made the more pungent in expression by the mutilated English which he constantly used. This mutilation was confined for the most part to putting the wrong suffix or prefix to words and to using a word of like sound to the one indicated. But his meaning was seldom obscure. For instance, he would say "resist" when he should have said "assist"; the "evangeliation" of a room instead of "ventilation"; "I want to insult with Mr. Holli-day"; "Me and Dr. Taylor set out most of the scrubbery in the campus"; "Everybody gives you a big honorment on those flowers"; when asked to make a speech, "I will be glad to go and make some outlines in appriety to Wake Forest"; thinking of President Poteat's intended resignation, "Doctor, I hears that you are going to make an assignment this year"; "Nothing don't succeed Wake Forest"; "I have had a permanent reversion with the cook, and she made her assignment that she could not come"—that is, he had had a final interview with the cook and she had told him flatly she would not come. Such expressions gave to his talk a piquancy which greatly amused and pleased his hearers.

Sometimes when he saw, with his watery eye, that it would be in order, he would slyly turn his wit on a student. One day a freshman of more than ordinary verdure and pompousness was rallying Tom for raking leaves when it would have been so much easier to burn them. Tom listened until he had seen that a reply by him would be well received by some upperclassmen ranged around, when he said, "Well, Mister, I don't knows you, but I judges by your remarks that you must be a newish," with rising emphasis on the last syllable of "newish." The upperclassmen burst into laughter while Tom kept repeating the word "newish," much to the discomfiture of the freshman. On another occasion while Tom was burning some grass, a freshman remarked, "It is almost as black as you are, Tom." Tom immediately replied,

"Yassir, yassir, and next spring it'll be mos ez green ez you is."

But Tom was never pert or too wise for comfort, being just a sensible servant. Once, many years ago, President Taylor, one might almost say, trapped Tom into a confession. "Tom, did you make that wine yourself, that you let those young men have, or did you buy it?" "Yassir, Dr. Taylor, yassir, I made it myself, Sir, I made it myself, Sir." "That is all, Tom."

Finally, Tom kept himself provided with a wife to the end, being thrice married. When the students would serenade him and his new bride he would pass the hat for a collection and get back to the door with it heavy. Like a great many richer men, he gave his last wives a weekly allowance, and insisted that they should keep the house going on it—and he died with money, not in his pocket, but in a secret place up at the College.

His death was noticed in our State papers and in the Dearborn Independent.

Training Teachers in North Carolina

An Address to the North Carolina Elementary School Conference
at Chapel Hill, N. C., July 15, 1927

By DEAN D. B. BRYAN

THE report of the North Carolina Education Commission* both gives an illuminating record of our educational achievement and reveals the fact that history is a sure foundation of prophecy. We know pretty well what we must do within the next twenty-five years in order to meet the demand for well-trained teachers. In order that we may make educational progress commensurate with the ever-growing ideals of a great state we shall be under the necessity of choosing one of two alternatives: we must build more teacher-training institutions or enlarge and equip those already in existence. It is my belief that the latter alternative is the more desirable.

The primal and most fundamental fact for us to keep in mind now is the correct objectives in a teacher-training program. If we compromise at this point, extravagance and chaos will certainly reward our efforts. It appears to me that these objectives are: first, personal culture; second, professional horizon; third, teaching skill. An ideal including less would scarcely honor any professional body.

Shall we continue to build according to our present pattern in North Carolina? Examine the means in operation now for developing this professional group. We have the high school department of education in thirteen counties, junior colleges with departments of education, two-year normal schools, four-year teachers' colleges, liberal arts colleges with departments of education, summer schools, schools or colleges of education associated in larger institutions. It would be interesting to know, if we could, how many of the junior and liberal arts colleges would carry a department of education were their students not discriminated against and penalized without it. This obvious attitude found in many places, together with certain national tendencies in the growth

*Report prepared by the Education Commission of North Carolina and submitted to the Governor in January, 1927.

of teachers' colleges, leads one to wonder how long the four-year teachers' colleges will be bearing the total burden of teacher preparation for the entire public school system. Such a teachers' college may be an independent unit, a well-organized division of a liberal arts college, or a college in a university. Its curriculum will be made, however, with specific ends in view.

Not only is our professional pride suffering from a wide variety of non-standard institutions uncoordinated, but our curricula are also a vulnerable point in our professional body. In some instances the curriculum is too short and choppy to furnish the elements of personal culture demanded. We believe in education, which means that we believe in the power of history, literature, science and the rest to modify one's outlook and attitudes, that he may walk knowingly and happily the paths of life. In some instances these content and technique courses are not well balanced and in some the sequence could scarcely be justified. In almost all instances there is total lack of rational coordination. In addition to these handicaps the wide variety of training represented on the instructional staff of our several institutions militates against a sweet spirit of professionalism and comity. To multiply our institutions is to guarantee a continuation of these and other handicaps that tend to kill the professional spirit in education. We need to build centers of culture, attract students of promise and faculties of power and build curricula in both academic and professional departments that shall command the respect of cultured folk everywhere. This can be accomplished more easily and more certainly by concentration of energy on present centers than by multiplication which would almost inevitably tend toward dissipation.

The wisdom of the nation is certainly reflected in correct practices and tendencies. The two-year normal school is declining both numerically and in percentage of enrollment, while the four-year teachers' college is in the ascendancy both numerically and in percentage of enrollment. Many universities are building strong colleges of education. The North Central Association of

Colleges and Secondary Schools is advancing the standards of the teachers' colleges. There are now only ten states in which legal authority has not been granted to teachers' colleges of four-year curricula and authority for the granting of appropriate degrees. Standards are becoming potent factors in stimulating a higher quality of work. Progress is marked, too, in the articulation and sequences of courses, and in the coordination of departments among institutions. The great improvement of faculties as measured by extent and character of preparation is another notable tendency as the states concentrate their efforts on fewer and better institutions.

Before we go further in our teacher-training program we should fully comprehend the meaning of these national tendencies. To multiply schools and endow them with limitations as to purpose, location and size only to find in a few years that we are alone in our policy might lead to scrapping the system at great financial loss. We have a university, like all of Gaul, divided into three parts, and many other strong school centers. We must be nearing the necessary number of institutions. With concentration of effort these can easily treble their output of professionally trained teachers without a suggestion even of being unwieldy because of size. A pronounced policy on the part of certain of our institutions will become a revolutionizing influence among private institutions.

No profession demands a richer culture than the teacher, whether in primary or high school departments. Our teachers need to be trained under influence of ripest culture. The liberal arts or content courses need the humanizing influence of the professional point of view, the professional courses need the stabilizing influence of liberal arts courses.* A four-year course is not sufficient; but the curriculum needs to possess a sequence, a breadth of contact and a specialized point of view as well. Academic prestige is a point at which our profession is now suffering. We need to correct it by more worthy effort. Economy, too, must be considered. Small schools may be organized at a smaller outlay and probably in the end will be cheaper in more ways than one.

Perhaps the greatest argument that can be made against concentrating our efforts on existing institutions is the limitations at some points for practice teaching. The practice of colleges of education throughout is certainly varied at this point. We enjoy claiming professional prestige along with law and medicine, but there are two points on which we differ widely. They have standardized ruthlessly and eliminated the small and unfit—not just because they were small, but because the small could not measure up to acceptable standards. In another respect we rob our candidate of much more time in his course of preparation for the acquisition of technique and skill. As a high standard of training progresses there will be better supervision in the schools, and if some institutions suffer handicaps in the matter of practice teaching might not their candidates interne for a year under supervision before being certified? Would such a scheme not be well for all novices?

The result of such a program of concentration on fewer schools with higher standards should be a more capable type of candidate for the profession. We tabulated the scores made by one thousand graduates of our professional high schools last spring in terms of the institutions chosen. It is not my purpose to detail our findings, but this is true: there was a median variation for these groups which showed that the character of the institution determined its clientele. The institution of greatest prestige in the public mind drew the best equipped students. If our teacher-training institutions could be put on a par with other colleges in our system the advantage would be greatly in our favor.

Such a program would not only draw a better student, it would draw a better equipped faculty and create a wholesome prestige, and command comity in the academic world. Cultural and professional attitudes would thrive in such an environment. The professional horizon would be lifted and the technique would rest upon an intelligent comprehension of varied life and not upon little understood formulas.

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FOUNDED 1882

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VOLUME XLV

OCTOBER, 1927

NUMBER 1

The Editor's Portfolio

What's To
Be Done?

We understand that there has been some criticism of THE STUDENT of the past year. Let it be clearly understood that the staff appreciates constructive criticism. It is fair to insist, however, that the critic do his part toward making the magazine what it should be. It is true, of course, that THE STUDENT does not measure up to the standard that a college magazine should attain. Who is to blame? We have no alibi to offer, and we are quite willing to take our share of the blame. It is easy to understand, however, that the problem of resurrecting a publication that has been buried for two years is not easy. Furthermore, anybody who knows anything of college life understands the difficulty which not only Wake Forest but practically every other college experiences in keeping up the standard of a strictly literary publication. We can see a parallel in what has happened to the literary societies at Wake Forest within the past ten or fifteen years. We do not concede that the students of today are inferior to the students of a few years ago, but we know, of course, that their interests are different

and that the demands upon their time are different. What, then, is to be done?

We appreciate the contributions which members of the faculty have permitted us to publish, and we wish to continue the policy of publishing some articles by members of the faculty. All understand, however, that this is essentially a student publication, financed by students and used somewhat as a literary laboratory. The real demand upon the various departments, then, is not for contributions by the professor, but for contributions which are produced by students under his direction. Nothing whatever was offered from several of the departments last year. Why not? Certainly the departments have unlimited opportunity, and we refuse to believe that students are not capable of producing valuable studies under direction.

We wish as much cooperation as possible from the Journalism Club, which was organized a year ago and has been a most valuable ally to *THE STUDENT*. We hope that the English Club in planning its studies for the year will keep *THE STUDENT* in mind. We understand that a dozen or more juniors and seniors have elected work in advanced composition, concerned chiefly in creative writing; we expect them to help to make *THE STUDENT* what it should be. (Dare we claim any credit for stimulating interest? There was no such class last year.) We wish contributions from the student who works independently—stories, essays, one-act plays, verse. But most of all we urge that each department cooperate with us by encouraging and directing some studies with a special view to publication. We are tired of the method of conscription, and we long for the sight of a desk loaded with offerings from which selection may be made.

Dr. Poteat
Dr. Gaines

For the past twenty-two years Wake Forest College was under the direction of one of the most notable educators in the history of the South; a man who brought honor to the College while he guided the institution through a long and progressive administration. Dr. William Louis Poteat resigned the helm last June, but in so doing he has come into closer contact with the students who make up the College. His classes are crowded by those who are fortunate enough to have their work arranged so that no conflicts occur, and many others regret that they are unable to receive training under him. We rejoice to add our word of welcome to Dr. Poteat's successor, President F. P. Gaines, whose door stands wide open to receive students who come with their problems and their difficulties. Dr. Gaines shows the same sincere interest in and consideration for students under his guidance that they have known heretofore. We are pleased, too, with the enthusiastic reception that he has received wherever he has appeared before the friends of the College. Wake Forest College is solidly behind him as he enters upon his work, with its wonderful opportunity and heavy responsibility.

The
Centennial

The Centennial Campaign to raise a million and a half dollars is now on. Students, have we stopped to think what part of that campaign rests upon us? Apart from the question of contributing to the fund, how are we going to advertise the College while the promoters of this campaign are in the field? Let's show the Baptists of North Carolina what the institution that they support can turn out, and thus encourage them in their endeavor.

"Doctor"
Tom

Students returning to the campus after the summer vacation missed the greeting of our old College janitor, "Doctor" Tom. He had passed away during the summer, and we shall not look upon his like again. The quaint humor, the unfailing politeness and the chivalry of the old southern negro were well represented in him. We caught in him a vision of the old South, with tall white columns, expansive fields of cotton, log cabins and singing darkies, the twanging banjo and shuffling feet, pickaninnies with white teeth buried deep in the tempting meat of huge watermelons, or a merry group of darkies scouring the forests in search of the 'possum. Freshmen have missed a heritage, and visiting alumni will feel his absence.

General
Statements

"All general statements are false—including this one." That would be a good quotation for the average student to keep before his mental keyboard. Strikingly familiar in the conversation of modern youth is an array of general statements. Without considering the possibility of different conclusions, one rambles on in general assertions, forgetting that each conclusion can be safely reached only after a careful weighing of various factors. If each student would master this habit, he would add force to his conversation and eliminate much of the current verbosity. It matters little to our friends that we have perfect faith in the "best" football star, the "best" automobile, or the "best" of anything else that may be worthy of admiration and faith. Why not name the elements that have placed any object in its peculiar place of prominence? Let's think of what we are saying.

Alumni Notes

B. T. HENDERSON, *Editor*

In this issue of *THE STUDENT* the Alumni section is devoted entirely to the giving of information about Wake Forest's newest alumni—members of the Class of 1927.

Of the Class of '27 a large percentage have entered the teaching profession. A list of these teachers, with their teaching addresses, follows: S. T. Anderson, Jr., Pollocksville, N. C.; R. H. Boone, Pilot, N. C.; J. A. Bailey, Bolivia, N. C.; V. R. Brantley, Mountain View Institute, Hays, N. C.; H. E. Copple, Jr., Union County; W. L. Creel, Wayne County; J. T. W. Davis, Jr., Millbrook, N. C.; A. D. Early, Windsor, N. C.; Waldo D. Early, Wake County; J. Frank Furches, Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, N. C.; C. L. Gillespie, Wilton High School, Granville County; W. M. Grubbs, Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, N. C.; J. A. Hallman, Davidson County; C. R. Hinton, Franklinton, N. C.; A. C. Holloway, Holly Springs, N. C.; G. F. Johnson, Wake Forest High School, Wake Forest, N. C.; Newman Lewis, Weightsville, N. C.; J. O. Powers, Bell Arthur, N. C.; L. B. Paschal, Lexington High School, Lexington, N. C.; Wm. T. Smith, Drewryville, Va.; L. P. Spencer, Seaboard, N. C.; B. M. Squires, Elizabeth City High School, Elizabeth City, N. C.; M. B. Stevens, Colerain, N. C.; J. T. Tanner, Berea High School, Berea, N. C.; C. B. Vause, Southern, Va.; R. E. Wall, Castalia, N. C.; J. N. Walker, Cedar Creek, N. C.; J. O. Wells, Vanceboro, N. C.; J. H. Williams, Monroe, N. C.; L. A. Woodward, Greensboro High School, Greensboro, N. C.; Blaine G. Rackley, Grace Street High School, Asheville, N. C.; D. E. Buffaloe, Stedman, N. C.

The following men of the Class of '27 have engaged actively in the practice of law at their respective addresses: C. C. Abernethy, Wilson, N. C.; I. O. Brady, Raleigh, N. C.; Joe W. Brown, Fairmont, N. C.; R. W. Albritton and J. H. Naylor, who compose the law firm of Naylor & Albritton, High Point, N. C.; Fred H. Hasty, Charlotte, N. C.; W. V. Howard, Charlotte, N. C.; E. C. Ipock, Goldsboro, N. C.; C. L. Lynn, Durham, N. C.; M. W. Meekins, Washington, N. C.; B. W. Walker, Leaksville, N. C.; D. V. Walker, Morganton, N. C.

H. L. Arnold, '27, is a pastor at Wilson, N. C.; E. J. Caldwell at Lenoir, N. C., and R. H. Weaver at Siler City, N. C.

The following men of the Class of '27 are attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.: S. L. Lamb, C. M. Perry, R. P. Downey, and J. B. Usry.

The editor has been unable to obtain an accurate list of the men from the Class of '27 who have entered medical colleges, or are pursuing graduate work this year. This list will be given in another issue of *THE STUDENT*.

THE STUDENT will continue this department throughout the college year, and will attempt through its columns to help the alumni to secure information about each other. With this in view the Alumni Editor will gladly receive communications from the alumni, telling their whereabouts and their latest achievements, or giving information about their friends among the alumni.

Notes and Clippings

By ROBERT E. LEE, '28

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

I stood upon the staircase
And gazed far down the hall.
I saw a bunch of green stuff
Arranged along the wall.
I looked again, and lo it moved—
I thought 'twas waving grass,
But, no, 'twas on its way to the hall—
'Twas only the Freshman class.

—Selected.

¶ ¶ ¶

Never tell a girl you love her. If she believes you there are only three courses—marriage, suicide, or breach of promise. If she doesn't believe you, try another feminine.

¶ ¶ ¶

Minister (at baptism of a baby): "His name, please?"

Mother: "Randolph Morgan Montgomery Alfred von Christopher McGoof."

Minister (to assistant): "A little more water, please."

¶ ¶ ¶

OPTIMISM PLUS

A group of war veterans were discussing Thanksgiving. One of the guests was a chap who had lost both legs.

"And what have you to be thankful for?" they asked.

"Lots," he replied. "I've got cork legs and can put on my socks with thumb tacks."

¶ ¶ ¶

"There is nothing new under the son," sighed the fond mother, as she sewed another patch upon the pants of her offspring.

¶ ¶ ¶

Rastus and Sambo, two Mississippi darkies, met in Memphis. They were discussing the heat in their towns.

Rastus said: "Why, man, in my town it gits so hot it wilts de flowers on de wall paper."

Sambo replied: "Shucks, niggah, you don't know nothin' a-tall 'bout no hot weather. Why, in my place dey has to keep de 'lectric fans runnin' in de col' storage room at de ice plant."

THE FOUR SEASONS

Football, basketball, track, and baseball.

¶ ¶ ¶

DEPRIVED OF PLEASURE

The baby elephant is sad,
His life is dull and gray—
He cannot suck his thumb because
His nose is in his way.

¶ ¶ ¶

MAY BE LONGER

He put his arms about her neck.
The color left her cheek,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed about a week.

¶ ¶ ¶

Judge (to culprit): "So we caught you with this bundle of silver-ware, eh? Whom did you rob?"

Inexperienced Burglar: "Two fraternity houses, sir."

Judge (to orderly): "Call up all the downtown hotels and have them claim this stuff."

¶ ¶ ¶

QUITE A VIRTUOUS YOUNG MAN

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

Josephus Johnson: "Let's get a string and see."

¶ ¶ ¶

Fat American: "I lost ten pounds last week."

Englishman: "Bah Jove! You American chappies are certainly careless with your money."

¶ ¶ ¶

GOOD ADVICE, PERHAPS

Freshman Chandler: "I don't know what to do with my week-end."

Sophomore Weir: "Put your freshman cap on it."

¶ ¶ ¶

Mother: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter."

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

He: "Gee, but it's cold tonight."

She: "Yes, would you like to dance?"

He: "No, Miss Mitchell, I can't dance."

¶ ¶ ¶

THE PASSIONATE ADVERTISER TO HIS LOVE

Dullest of poetasters I

And weakest of elegiasts;

Give me your lips. They satisfy.

Kiss me again. The flavor lasts.

'Tis love that makes—you know the rest.

Our love shall kodak as it goes,

With pictures better than the best,

Geared to the road. Ask Dad—he knows.

Our home shall be of softest stuff,

Wooltex and Satin-o and such: you

Shall never find the going rough;

No metal, my love, can touch you.

I am the better sort you need;

I'm glad as a Contented Cow.

My love endures. It's Guaranteed.

Eventually. Why not now?

—N. Y. Tribune.

¶ ¶ ¶

WILLIAM'S CONTENTS

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you."

As a result of this advice, William turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my tummy, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one sugar-stick, and my dinner."

¶ ¶ ¶

HOW TO SPOT 'EM

Dry Cleaners—Their pressing invitations.

Business Men—Their company manners.

Electricians—Their illuminating remarks.

Editors—Their quick come-backs.

Writers—Their hungry look.

—Judge.

Attention, Alumni!

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The Wake Forest Student

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Wake Forest College*

VOL. XLV

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No. 2

The Sentinel

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

Crumbling stands the moss-grown chimney,
 Towering sentinel o'er a tomb,
Round whose blackened jambs there hover
 Ghosts of days vanished in gloom.
Where are those that laughed and chatted
 In the firelight's ruddy glow?
They are silent, they are parted,
 They have gone as all must go.

Towering stands the wayside phantom,
 With its head above the gloom,
With its jaws forever yawning,
 Bleached and ghostlike, while the moon
Smiles upon its hidden longing
 For the life it used to know—
For the smoke that once was curling
 From the glowing hearth below.

Symbol now of death and sorrow,
 Symbol of the broken past,
Built by one who toiled here, dreaming
 Of the joys that could not last.
In the mortar of the builder
 Love and hope and trust did go;
Now he sleeps the sleep unbroken
 While the phantom crumbles slow.

This Eternal Ballyhoo

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, '29

I SUPPOSE there is no way of calculating just how many treatises on the question of age and youth have preceded this one that I am about to write. From time immemorial it has been a favorite theme, both among those who were able to do it partial justice and among those countless hundreds who knew so little, and were loud in proclaiming their ignorance.

Just here is one of the faults of many of these articles. Writers who on other subjects may be counted authorities botch abominably the work of analyzing the younger generation, its faults and shortcomings, and its relation to the older crowd. There is almost always an attempt at generalization upon too narrow a field of experience. And we have seen the results. Periodicals for the past few months have been literally filled with interviews and feature articles that are most optimistic—the pendulum has swung that way of late—about the morals of our youth. Almost invariably in the articles I have observed is given a series of generalities that could be justified only after an exhaustive study of the country as a whole, delving into college life, and questioning of the fathers and mothers. In few of the articles is there any indication as to where the author gained his information, or misinformation as the case may be, of those “young things” of which he writes. Generalities, generalities! The country is sick of them. This “younger generation” seems to me not a “thing” to be studied like scarlet fever, tuberculosis, or some other contagious disease. Seekers after truth never get any satisfactory results that way. They must study conditions in different parts of the country. They must test conditions as does the scientist or the psychologist in the laboratory. Then, after a compilation of all available material and a study of conditions in so far as is possible—surely then is the time for generalization.

Because my range of observation has been so very limited and my experience so narrow, I know I can contribute nothing in the line of generalization. I have observed only a certain type of youth. I don't know how things are going with the students of the University of California, and although there are some who would include this particular university in some broad statement or other under the assumption that boys and girls are the same all over the world, I think my statements should not be so extended.

If the morals of the younger generation of the United States and the world at large can be judged by the students of Wake Forest College—as, to be sure, they cannot—I would advise delvers into the subject to cease their worryings and lay aside their inquisitive pens. The morals of the average Wake Forest student, and other students in North Carolina colleges with whom I have come in contact, are not corrupt. He is at heart, this average student, about as good a fellow as I should want to know from any generation. His language may sometimes stretch a little toward the vulgar, and there will undoubtedly crop out in his disposition from time to time unmistakable faults. He is not without his passions, his occasional hates, and his full quota of other human faults; but, as men go, he is a good sort. I really believe that. It's not just an attitude I'm taking to have grounds upon which to build another set of generalities. It is my honest and candid belief that if the average young thing about which so much has been written and spoken is at all to be classed with the Wake Forest average, the world need not worry about its "leaders of tomorrow."

One cannot, however, lump a group of persons, college students or otherwise, and consider the components of this group as a unit. To be sure there are scapegoats among any assembled group. There are boys at Wake Forest who are utterly lacking in moral fiber, in ambition, and in other qualities which are characteristic of the average. I have heard language in the dormitories of Wake Forest that would disgrace any institution. I have seen obscenities upon the walls that would shame any

self-respecting high school boy. But it is not in this kind of man that the Wake Forest average is found. By far the majority of the students with whom I come in contact here are here for a purpose and are aiming with more accuracy at the ultimate realization of that purpose than many understand.

Your college boy—your Wake Forest boy, if you will—doesn't keep himself busy advertising the fact that he has a purpose in life and that he is here at Wake Forest for the successful accomplishment of this purpose. In fact, he is much less concerned with telling the world that he does have a moral code that is high, and ideas that are higher, than is your critic with telling the world that the youth does not have a purpose. He has become used to seeing articles in the papers and magazines keeping up the eternal wrangle, and he is not nearly so vain over seeing himself talked about as these older ones would be if the tables were turned and they themselves took the spotlight for a while.

In this connection it might not be a bad suggestion to have youth take the advice proffered North Carolina by Irvin Cobb some three years ago—procure a press agent. Youth sorely needs someone to present its cause, and that someone should be one who has not too far departed from the ways of youth himself.

Youth needs a champion who will tell the world the facts, having ascertained them, and will silence the busy pens of so many critics who talk of what they do not know. I think there is coming to the front just now an army of youths and adolescent maidens who, if they cannot write of what they are and are to be, can do what is vastly more important—prove by deed of hand that they have what it takes to keep this old world going, and—not impossible—make a helpful change here and there.

But one does not have to theorize as to what is to become of Wake Forest men. We are still speaking of that typical Wake Forest man. Every year there leaves the halls of this old school a band of men who immediately set about the business of pushing their share of the load or shouldering their share of the world's work. And,

after all, here is where the test comes. Writing about youth doesn't get us far, for in the final analysis youth pays very little heed to the writing, but rather with its business of keeping things moving and making the world a little better for a still younger generation.

So it will continue, *ad infinitum*. I suppose, since people must have something to write about, the old question will do about as well as any. The critic, however, who undertakes to write about youth, who sets about to spread another layer of "ballyhoo," should consider at the start that he is writing to the older crowd. Those young things won't hear him. They must be on the go. For there is an unborn race—another younger generation—that is clamoring for a hearing. These "young things" must be about their children's business.

Characteristics of Japanese Poetry

By EDWIN B. DOZIER, '30

THE characteristic of littleness and dainty charm is associated with Japanese art, and especially with Japanese poetry. We are told that brevity is the soul of wit; the adage is equally applicable to Japanese poetry.

It is far more difficult to give a positive than a negative definition of Japanese poetry. Japan copied no one in poetry, and hence has no counterpart. It would seem natural that she should have borrowed her form from China, her close neighbor, from whom she derived her written language. The fact that Japan did not copy and that there is a curious unlikeness to any other form of versification makes her poetry exceedingly attractive. Japan has no epic poem like the "Iliad" or "Beowulf," or any other long poem. The term "nagauta" (long poem) is misleading and is a misnomer, because there are no really long Japanese poems. Edgar Allan Poe's statement about poetry in general, however inapplicable to our own poetry, is certainly applicable to Japanese poetry:

"I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, 'a long poem,' is simply a flat contradiction in terms."

As to subject-matter, the Japanese poet does not deem war fit for his purpose, nor does he regard philosophy, religion, and satire suited to treatment in verse. Again, as is clear, the theory is in agreement with Poe's theory, which, in turn, is certainly not in agreement with the tradition of English verse.

Where is the beauty and charm of the Japanese verse? The real beauty lies in the "tanka." The "tanka" has far more limitations than the English sonnet. Only thirty-one syllables, in lines of five, seven, five, seven, seven, constitute this form. Doubtless our verbose poets would do well to practice writing within such restricted verse, which gives suggestion the supreme place. The five lines

must express in the most suggestive and beautiful language a complete picture. Thus with haunting insistency this mere fragment of verse when seized upon by the imagination will multiply itself into myriad lines. Yet it is surprising what music and sentiment can be expressed within these confines. The "tanka" belongs to Japan as much as her sacred mountain Fuji. F. Hadland Davis, in "The Myths and Legends of Japan,"* says:

"These brief poems are wonderfully characteristic of the Japanese people, for they have such a love for little things. The same love that delights in carving a *netsuke*, the small button on a Japanese tobacco-pouch, or the fashioning of a miniature garden in a space no bigger than a soup-plate, is a part of the same subtle genius."

There is still a more attenuated form of verse. It is known as the "hokku," and contains only seventeen syllables, as the following illustration will show:

"What I saw as a fallen blossom returning to the branch, lo! it was a butterfly."

Butterflies were not mere flying bits of colored insects in Old Japan, but were the heralds of the approach of dear friends. There is a bird called the "hototogisu," a fabled creature, about which this "hokku" is written:

"A solitary voice!
Did the Moon cry?
'Twas but the *hototogisu*."

Much of the old Japanese poetry depended on the clever punning and the use of the "pivot" or the "pillow" word. This was employed not to make one laugh, but to evoke quiet admiration for the use of a dexterous ornament. No one has been able to convey the full meaning in a translation, yet the following translation from "Hafuribe no Narinaka" will serve the purpose:

"Bound in winter's thrall
Far among the mountain wilds,
Trees their leaves have shed,
But the lonely *pine* lives on,
Pining still for one that's gone."

* Most of the illustrative material in this paper is taken from this volume. A few bits of verse are taken from William N. Porter's *The Miscellany of a Japanese Priest*, London, 1914. The writer's interest in Japanese life and art is due chiefly to the fact that he lived in Japan from childhood until recently.

Clever as these "pivot" and "pillow" words were, the classical poets were very sparing in the use of them. But the former sparing use of these was later revived and was overdone till they were condemned as a verbal display that detracted from the poetry itself.

There is still another form of poetry, in which the Chinese characters are used. This form has the characteristics of other poetry, and was not introduced until a much later period. It is called the "shi" and has the characteristic of parallelism, since the first ideograph of the last line must be identical with the last ideograph of that line, though there is no attempt at a rhyme scheme. It has the syllabic meter of the Japanese poetry, but not the form of five, seven, five, seven, seven.

The Japanese people oftentimes had contests at which one would write a verse to which another would make a reply. These contests were known as "uta awase." Here is a sample of such a contest:

"All the iris balls
Now are changed to drops of tears
Hanging on the screen;
Suddenly are heard our cries,
And the iris also dies."

The reply follows thus:

"True the iris balls
Hang there threaded as you say,
And 'tis sad to think
Stripped the wild swamp where they grew,
Empty the Royal Bedroom, too."

The best way to understand the poetry of any nation is to examine it as it is written and not by perusing an exposition on the subject. Below are several extracts from a group of poems.

At New Year the children are told that treasure ships will sail down to their pillows during the night. Here is a little poem to the children:

"Sleep, my own, till the bells of dusk
Bring the stars laden with a dream.
With that dream you shall awake
Between the laughers and the song."

Rosei, a priest, has just come to an inn and dropped to sleep and dreams of pleasant feasts and enjoyments of life, when the moralist interrupts with this poem:

"But he that ponders well
Will find all life the self-same story tell—
That, when death comes, a century of bliss
Fades like a dream."

The fan has long been inseparable from the Japanese people. There is a peculiar significance in the Japanese fan which it is not possible to explain here. But here is a poem written about a fan which was whirling in the wind on a staff at the bow of a ship. This was the target for Nasu no Yoichi's bow.

"Alas! the fan!
Now driftwood on the sea;
The lord Nasu,
Skillful with the bow,
Yoichi's fame is spread."

The following was the conception of Kobori-Enshiu of a path to a tea-room:

"A cluster of summer trees
A bit of the sea,
A pale evening moon."

The Japanese love poems are very different from those with which we are familiar. In them there is no enumeration of woman's beauty, either briefly or at length. Just as in other countries, there are poets in Japan who are as passionately in love as their western brethren, but their fire is somewhat ghostlike rather than having a human touch. However, their poetry is always polite and has a delicacy to it. "What could be more naive and dainty than the following song from the 'Flower Dance' of Bingo province?" asks F. H. Davis:

"If you want to meet me, love,
Only we twain,
Come to the gate, love,
Sunshine or rain;
And if people pry,
Say that you came, love,
To watch who went by.

"If you want to meet me, love,
 Only you and I,
 Come to the pine-tree, love,
 Clouds or clear sky;
 Stand among the spikelets, love;
 And if folks ask why,
 Say that you came, love,
 To catch a butterfly."

Then again we read among the Hundred Verses of the ex-Emperor Horikawa this:

"It was long ago
 That we wooed a lovely maid
 In the garden here;
 Now the weeds and violets both
 Mingle in uncultured growth."

Here is the mother-love expressed in connection with the dragon-fly. Lady Chiyo wrote this after the death of her little son:

"How far, I wonder, did he stray,
 Chasing the burnished dragon-fly today?"

Charming as these love poems are, the nature poems show the Japanese poetic genius at its height. Kenko, a monk, says:

"When put to poetry even the toil of the poor humble mountaineer is made beautiful, and the terrible wild pig sounds gentle when called 'the lair-crouching boar.'"

In the nature poets we may see the supremely beautiful, for the Japanese are essentially nature poets.

F. H. Davis, after remarking that the British national anthem is far from being poetry, gives the following literal rendering of the Japanese national anthem:

"May our Lord's Empire live through a thousand ages, till tiny pebbles grow into giant boulders covered with emerald mosses."

Commenting on the anthem, he says:

"It is based on an ancient song mentioned in the *Kokinshū*, and, like all ancient songs in praise of kingship, expresses a desire for an Emperor whose very descent from the Sun shall baffle Death, one who shall live and rule past mortal reckoning. There is a symbolic

meaning attached to the Japanese rocks and stones, closely associated with Buddhism. They represent something more than mere stolidity; they represent prayers."

Thus we can see that the nature poems express the Japanese soul most beautifully. It is the poem that describes the plum-blossom, the cherry-blossom, the chrysanthemum, moonlight on a river or in a land-locked bay, the flight of a heron, the whispering of the pines, and the foam of a crystal wave, that gives the Japanese poet a chance to do his best. Even the best of the poems are tinged with a degree of pathos. This one was written by Isé:

"Cold as the wind of early Spring,
Chilling the buds that still lie sheathed
In their brown armour with its sting,
And the bare branches withering—
So seems the human heart to me!
Cold as the March wind's bitterness;
I am alone, none comes to see
Or cheer me in the days of stress."

Here is a poem that has a brighter note:

"Midwinter gloom the earth enshrouds,
Yet from the skies
The blossoms fall
A flutt'ring shower,
White petals all!
Can spring be come
So soon beyond the clouds?"

Here is one about the butterflies:

"Where the soft drifts lie
Of fallen blossoms, dying,
Did one flutter now,
From earth to its brown bough?
Ah, no! 'twas a butterfly,
Like fragile blossoms flying!"

Chomei was a true lover of nature, for he understood her in her varying vicissitudes. He loved nature so well that he would have taken all the perfume, color, and

beauty of the flowers across to Hades. So he writes this poem:

"Alas! the moonlight
Behind the hill is hidden
In gloom and darkness!
Oh, would her radiance ever
My longing eyes rejoice!"

There is a Japanese phrase, "Mono no aware wo chiru" (to know the unfolding of things), which seems to describe the significance of Japanese poetry. There seems to be an intimate relationship between the poet and the scene in nature he is describing. The entire nation is poetic in its very nature, and before the introduction of modern conveniences the Japanese people lived poetry every day. There is something about this poetry that is plaintive, yet to alter it in any way would deprive it of its distinguishing characteristics.

Three Poems in Imitation of the Japanese

By EDWIN B. DOZIER, '30

Japan

A bit of sunshine bright, a snatch
Of blue, a little dab of water, an'
A sailboat too, along with a rice patch;
They say that's called beautiful Japan.

Autumn

A shrill wind blows from the sea;
A leaf shivers—lo!
Fluttering down on the lea,
Lies still until snow
Covers with white high Fuji.

A Winter Night

Under open skies
The silent moon gently glows;
All white, nature lies;
A wolf upward lifts his nose
And sniffs the air, then he goes.

Judgment on the Ridge

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

NIGHT settled closely over the Ridge. The sun, having fought a losing fight with encircling clouds of sombre vermilion-streaked black, went to sleep behind a bank and struggled no longer. The Ridge was dark, but the valley around it lay in inky blackness. Night had fallen swiftly—too swiftly, in fact, for the late-working farmer folk of the valley. Here and there the dim glow of a lantern could be seen moving about the farms as the belated chores were being done.

"Goin' ter be a dickens of a night," mumbled Jake Shanks as he extinguished the flame and hung his lantern on its nail in the porch-plate. "Black as th' ace o' spades. 'Possum's eyes 'd shine like new moons ternight, but the likes o' me ain't got no bizness out o' bed on a night like this. Guess Ike won't go, either, with his rheumatiz botherin' him. 'Minds me, Sarah, of the night we see'd old Bunton's ghost on the Ridge. That was shore a black night. Hung ter our clothes like sut."

"Now, Pa, 'twuzn't that bad, ye know; but Lizzie Riverdale did tell as how it got so dark that her lamps wouldn't burn a mite. Lizzie jest would stretch the blanket a little bit; but even she could tell the truth when she wuz skeered. And it wuz dark—I never would a found the bed if you hadn't been snoring like a big bagpipe." Martha Shanks put in another knitting needle and turned again to the monthly magazine that lay upon her knee. "Supper's on the table when ye git washed, Pa."

At last the supper dishes were put away and "Ma" Shanks and the huge tabby cat settled before the mammoth open fireplace before which "Pa" and a big collie were already half asleep. The shining needles again clicked merrily as the skillful fingers plied them. The knitter's attention was again on the magazine in her lap.

"My sakes! Ma, are ye mindful of the fact that this is Hallowe'en? My stars! here's October nigh gone. Don't seem no time since we wuz rushin' round tryin' ter put th' seed in th' ground."

"That's so, Pa; but it seems like a long time since Grover was here in the summer. That 'minds me, too, Pa, that one o' them charity women stopped by today, and I let her have Grover's old clothes. He'll not need them any more, and they'll help to keep some o' them poor city children warm—beat a snowdrift to lay in, if they do be sorter behind the style."

"Pa" looked long and earnestly at the head bent above the knitting. He imagined that her attention was more marked than usual. His mind traveled back over the ten years that had passed since their only boy had left home to work in the city, and he thought of the many times that he had seen her brush and carefully fold those clothes back in the big chest. He cleared his throat, but sat silent. The faint odor of moth balls still lingered in the atmosphere and "Pa" Shanks knew that the woolen clothes were indeed good if not new.

"Yes, Ma, 'tai'n no good ter keep them here ter dream over when somebody could be wearin' them these blust'ry days. Yes, Grover'd say let 'em go. Sometimes I think that we ain't thankful enough fer what we do have. Grover's makin' good money and we have the farm. There's them that be in worse fix than we, Ma; a whole lot worse fix."

The old couple grew silent again. "Pa" looked over the bowl of his fig-stem pipe into the fire; the great tabby purred contentedly as it watched the ball of thread roll hither and thither in the basket at the feet of its mistress. The shaggy collie growled uneasily as he lay with his head upon his front feet and his eyes fixed upon the window. His growls were attributed to the big ham-bone that he had eaten before supper, however, and were soon forgotten. The growls grew more frequent. After an unusually ferocious growl Rover reared with his feet on the window-sill. The silvery-clear blast of a trumpet sounded through the night air. "Ma" Shanks dropped her

knitting and grasped the arms of her chair. "Pa" leaned forward in his chair and his jaws worked convulsively. The veins stood out across his wrinkled forehead and sweat rolled down his face. Tabby had backed into a corner and stood with bristles stiff, back arched, and tail forming an inverted furry exclamation point. Every gaze was centered upon the window. With the exception of the dog and an occasional "spit" from the cat, the group was stricken dumb, while from the top of the Ridge a huge red cow rose slowly into the air. Her flight was unhurried, but surely upward and eastward—her pace fixed as though green pastures lay ahead.

As the giant cow disappeared above the line of vision two of the watchers gasped. "Ma" Shanks was crying softly and her husband rubbed his eyes vigorously.

"Gol darn! Ma, did yer see it, too? If that wer'n't Sam Hicks' old cow my name ain't Jake Shanks! Same old brindle, horns and all."

"Oh, Pa," moaned his wife, "what does it mean? There's them young pigs that were left fer her to give milk fer, too. Oh, what will Lindy do with all them children comin' home this week-end fer their cornbread and milk?" She had covered her face with her apron when Rover again went wild at the window.

"Dad gum! Rover, what be the matter with——"

The inquiry broke off abruptly. A gigantic brown dog with black spots was following the red cow into the heavens. The course was the same as that followed by the cow; the same measured pace marked the ascent, and the same awe-struck group watched from the cottage window. Smaller and smaller grew the mysterious dog until it dwindled and disappeared into the darkness, but ere it vanished another nocturnal visitor had started skyward.

"It's Mame Quakenbush, Pa!" gasped the woman at his side as a woman, richly gowned in a voluminous hoop-skirt of the past century, drifted upward. "Mame always said as how she wanted to be buried in her mother's weddin' frock, but she never mentioned wantin' ter wear it on Judgment Day."

Mame Quakenbush drifted away into space while her old friend again sobbed in her apron.

"I wonder where the folks'll get turnip seed now that she's gone—she allus had 'em." "Ma" shook her head dubiously as she continued, "She allus had seed beans, too."

"Now, Ma, don't go on like this. 'Tain't long that we've got ter stay here, nohow, and 'twon't do no good ter cry about it. 'Tis sorter hard on Hiram, though, havin' his wife took away right here when the sawmill ought ter start." "Pa" stopped stroking the bowed gray head before him and turned to the window.

"Well, Ma, she's erbout gone, but—ding my boots! Ma, if there don't go Hiram, too."

"Ma" came to the window.

"No it ain't, Pa. It's Will McDougal. I've seed him wear them trousers ever since Grover wuz borned—the same plaids and, yes, there's the same patch that I put on the seat when Johanna was borned nigh on ter three winters ago. I'll never ferget stayin' with Johanna's ma. Th' kid came nigh ter peterin' out—hadn't been fer my wildcherry-bark syrup croup 'd had her."

The object of their attention drifted sedately upward, wavered for an instant, and resumed his silent journey. As though his delay had angered some supernatural power, as Lot's wife had done, fiery darts and balls began to play around the ascending figure. Some shots went wild above his head; others failed to reach his altitude, but a spirited bombardment was on. Suddenly a fiery dart reached a vital part and the giant burst into flames, wavered, sank, and disappeared. Only a glowing coal fell to the ground. The watchers groaned. "Ma" reeled into the arms of her husband as she sobbed hysterically:

"I knowed it, Pa; I knowed it, but I never would judge him. I'll tell ye, Pa, it's Judgment!"

"Pa" gently carried his trembling mate to her big arm-chair in the corner, drew a chair close beside hers, and let her head rest upon his shoulder. Gently his rough hand stroked the snowy hair, but the crude words of sympathetic comfort that were usually his failed to pass his

trembling lips. Unnoticed, tabby sought consolation in the neglected knitting that had fallen upon the floor. Lying on his back, his deft claws knit disorder from the usually neat strands. "Ma" grew less hysterical and was first to break the heavy silence.

"Pa, let's pray—fer Grover and fer ourselves—but read some from the 'Sams' first—they be so comfortin'."

Slowly the old man rose from his chair and took the worn old Bible from its place on the end of the mantel. Awkwardly but with familiarity the stiffened fingers turned over the thumbed pages to the Psalms. The heavy voice grew steadier as the old man read, and finally sank into smooth, mellow tones. The listener's breast no longer heaved; the wrinkled face grew less convulsed; and tears flowed less freely. So occupied were the two in their devotions that the glare thrown upon the wall by approaching headlights did not disturb them. The big automobile purred to a stop in the drive and the driver slipped noiselessly into the hall. When he stooped to peep through the keyhole two faces were in the line of his vision: one wore the calm expression of the sky when a few crystal drops still fall, but when the storm is passed, and the other half smiled as it bent above the stained pages of the Book that the fingers caressed. The watcher waited with bowed head until the Psalm was finished, and then pushed open the door.

"Grover!" The mother was first to see the boy and first to rise to greet him. The strain had been too much, however, and he rushed forward to catch her as the overwrought nerves gave way. Grover caught his mother and carried her to the huge four-poster in the corner.

"Dad, what is the matter?" he anxiously inquired as his mother showed signs of revival.

"Well, son, I'm glad ye got here in time. It's sorter tough on us two old folks with all these strange doings in the hills. Ye know, we ain't as young as we used ter be, but we're as nigh ready as we'll ever be, I reckon. It's mighty comfortin' ter have ye here with us."

Grover was puzzled. "Why, what's the matter, Dad?" he repeated. "Tell me what's up."

Half doubtfully the story was told. Grover listened with concern to the first sentence or two, but a grin spread over his face—he was fighting to hold back the laughter. When he could hold down the mirth no longer he pulled his father down upon the edge of the bed with one hand and with the other arm raised his mother to a sitting position.

"Say, you old fogies saw every bit of the Hallowe'en celebration at the new club house. You've let the younger tribe get away from you after I warned you to adopt the whole good-for-nothing bunch. As soon as I got away you went to dreaming, and now the gang gets off a mild entertainment that nearly upsets you both. I'd have been here sooner, but I saw the crowd at the club and went in to see what was up. They were just getting ready to send up some goblin-balloons and I stayed until the last balloon had been sent up and shot down with Roman candles because he seemed too cowardly to venture into the unknown." Grover caught the expression of wonder upon the face of his father and broke into another fit of laughter.

"Ye don't say! Well, I'll be gol darned!" stammered Jake Shanks, as he fumbled in his pockets for his tobacco. "I'll jest be jim-swiggered! Ma, what did I do with me pipe?"

Those Wild Parents of Ours

By MAX LILES GRIFFIN, '29

I SUPPOSE it is hardly just and right that we of the younger generation should pass judgment on the actions of our elders, but their "carryings on" have gone so far, and their denunciations of the wildness of youth have been so strong, that I think it is time for someone to expose their doings. And even though it may not be proper for a younger person to set forth the truth, I have no fear of injury from their wrath. So engrossed in having their own good times will they be that this article will probably go by unnoticed. Or even if it should draw the attention of some few, no doubt they will merely express the opinion that it was written by one of "those wild young people" in an effort to distract attention from the parties and larks their crowd are indulging in.

And, to be frank, those who guess that will not be very far from right. Public attention and criticism have been centered on the young people long enough, and in justice to them some other problem should be brought into consideration. The fact is, people have been so much fascinated watching the development of the "kiddies" of a decade ago that they have practically forgotten that there are elders who, in fair play, should receive a little attention.

When we come to consider the matter at all we are somewhat shocked to find that the older generation knows as much as the younger generation does about all-night parties and where to find the best bootleg liquor. Instead of the elders being those to whom we can and should go for valuable advice, it seems that things have taken on a reverse turn, and these are sadly in need of some advice. These things ought not so to be; and, truly, it behooves the younger generation to set better examples, lest it corrupt the morals of this older generation.

But this is not the least of the charges that we are humiliated to make. Almost every day we read how some man is attracted by the charms of another man's wife and proceeds to make arrangements for an elopement. By some means or other the lady's husband finds out about the affair, and immediately proceeds to a double or single shooting. (Pray, how can the older generation justify such violence?) Or, possibly, the lady and her friend lay plans to get the husband out of the way, so they can live happily ever afterwards. But in addition to these cases of violence, which I apologize for mentioning, because they are so common and prosaic, it is surprising to note how many divorces are granted on charges of infidelity and relative indictments. Truly, it is a consolation to the young people, and a matter for consideration by the older ones, that no such fatalities or divorces as these result from the pranks of youth.

Now, to mention something even more shocking: in my old home town, a very small place where tradition and old customs are supposed to guide the people in their activities, it has become not uncommon for ladies, unescorted by their husbands, to go to parties which last to such hours as are generally agreed to be well past bedtime, especially for people of their age.

But I do not mean to censure the "old folks" unjustly, nor reflect on their morality in doing such things; for, if it affords them pleasure, to be sure they are old enough to decide whether it is right or wrong. Only let me say that we could follow their advice as to how to live much better if we had better examples of that advice.

Reminiscences

By ESKRINE X. HEATHERLEY, '31

Alone in the twilight
—The whispering twilight—
I hear in the twilight
Your soft, gentle voice:
A dreamy quiescent resounding,
Soft echo from yesterday sounding,
Forever in my memory abounding—
O Love, my choice!

Alone in the moonlight
—The mystical moonlight—
I see in the moonlight
Your beautiful face:
A visage so pretty and charming,
So gentle, and yet so alarming,
My entire being disarming—
O queen of your race!

Alone in the midnight
—The shadowy midnight—
I dream in the midnight
Of moments gone by:
When life had its one ambition—
When love was the soul's nutrition—
Before the day of contrition
That severed the tie!

Alone in the twilight
—The mystical moonlight—
I sigh in the midnight
For blisses of yore:
For smiles in memory burning,
For eyes with a message returning,
For love that has nourished my yearning—
But nurtures no more!

The Combat

By W. A. SULLIVAN, JR., '28

WE human beings are so engrossed in our own problems, cares, and pleasures that we rarely, if ever, stop to think that other animals have some of the same problems that we struggle with.

This fact was forcefully brought to my mind one day last summer when, by chance, I saw a caterpillar squirming around and rolling over and over in the grass. At first I could discover no reason for the lowly animal's maneuvers; but upon closer observation I realized that his actions were justified. He was trying to protect himself from the terrible onslaughts of a hungry little black ant.

All of this commotion was taking place in the shade of a big oak tree, where there was plenty of cool green grass. So I reclined at ease and watched the struggle for life—a struggle of a wiry medieval knight in black armor against a dragon.

The ant was tackling his gigantic opponent from every angle, and was apparently wearing the caterpillar down without suffering any appreciable damage himself. Occasionally the ant would get thrown high up in the air, when he was unable to dodge the caterpillar's squirming body, and would land on the ground again. But this didn't seem to bother him. Each time he would renew the attack with increasing energy.

The caterpillar was plainly at a disadvantage in repelling the attacks of his small but exceedingly vigorous opponent, and all of his efforts seemed to be in vain. His tail and head would meet first to the right and then to the left in an effort to crush his enemy, but every time, except once, he failed to injure his tiny foe. In this instance the ant had made an especially painful attack from the rear of the caterpillar, and was clinging on to his tail as it squirmed from the pain which the ant was inflicting,

when, without any forewarning, the caterpillar whirled his head suddenly around to his rear and, as if by accident, caught one of the ant's legs in his mouth. He held onto the leg for a time, and the chances for the ant to escape being chewed to death seemed very slim. Then, all of a sudden, the plucky little fellow gave a powerful shove with his free legs against the nose of his captor and was able to pull loose from the latter. However, during the struggle he lost a leg, but, unlike the howling Grendel of our ancient epic, he wouldn't let a little thing like losing a leg daunt him. It is true, one must add in justice, that he had five more legs left, whereas Grendel had but half of his arms. So, instead of giving up hope, the ant went back to the combat with "blood in his eyes" and with a determination to avenge his injury. He was on his guard constantly after this, and his unmerciful attacks on the caterpillar became more and more frequent. The caterpillar, on the other hand, realized his helplessness against his foe, and made a supreme effort to beat a retreat; but it was too late. Most of his remaining strength had been spent in trying to break up the ant's last furious attack, and as a result he was entirely too weak to escape the tortures which the ant was now inflicting upon him. So he finally ceased all defensive movements, rolled up in the shape of a ball, and died, apparently more from exhaustion than any particular bodily injury.

Thus ended the struggle, which, if magnified to human proportions, could not be matched in the myths of ancient Greece or the romances of medieval England—courage and intelligence triumphing over stupidity and brute force.

After making sure that his victim was lifeless, the conqueror set about the task of getting his booty, the caterpillar's corpse, home. This, I considered, would be an absolutely impossible task for the ant to accomplish alone, for the dead caterpillar must have weighed at least fifty times as much as the ant. But I was soon aware of my ignorance of this little animal's strength, because he very soon began dragging the caterpillar's body toward

the little mound of earth a few feet away which marked his home. This was a very laborious task, and one which required frequent intervals of rest, but finally was accomplished.

I knew the passage leading down into the ant's home was much too small to admit the body of the caterpillar, and wondered what the ant would do about it. As soon as he reached his front door, he left the dead body on the outside and disappeared inside the little mound. In a very few seconds, much to my astonishment, a whole army of ants came pouring out of the hole, led by the brave little fellow who had lost a leg. His fellows gazed admiringly at the pitiful spectacle that the prostrate body of the dead caterpillar lying in front of their door presented. But not for long. In a few seconds they were industriously tearing the lifeless body of the caterpillar apart piece by piece, and were carrying it into their hole, where I imagine it was salted down and stored for food for the coming winter.

Isaac*

By BENJAMIN SLEDD

"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood."

—NEGRO MELODY.

Where the pine-woods in the twilight murmur sadly of the past,
Singing goes he, with the fagots o'er his bended shoulder cast—
Poor old Isaac, of a vanished time and order, best and last.

And his song is of the master, many a year now in his grave,
Loved as brother loveth brother—worthy master, worthy slave.

"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood!"—oh, the memory of the days
Blessed with more than ease and plenty, freer hearts and gentler
ways.

Once again 'tis Christmas morning, and I watch with sleepless
eyes
Where the phantom of the Yule log 'mid its ashes glimmering
lies.

Isaac's horn, without, is sounding daybreak summons unto all—
Mansion, cabin, byre, and sheepfold waken to the mellow call.

And 'tis Isaac's noiseless shadow starts the pine-knots into flame;
To the trundle-bed then stealing, whispers low each sleeper's
name,
Loving forfeit of the children, who but Isaac first to claim?

And he tells of many a secret Santa Claus alone should know—
Mysteries that will not wait the morning's tardy light to show.

And the treasures without number fashioned by the dear old
hand—
Childhood's inmost, sweetest longings, who so well could under-
stand?
Christ, who so loved little children, bless him in that better land!

* Reprinted from *The Watchers of the Hearth* (Boston, 1902), by permission of the author.

For no more the aged figure comes at sunset down the way:
Yonder stands his empty cabin slowly yielding to decay.

Weeds and creepers now are struggling where we played before
the door,
And the rabbit hides her litter there beneath the sunken floor.

Trees are springing where the pathway to the master's mansion
led,
And the feet which trooped along it, all are vanished, some are
dead.

"Wood fur marster; kin'lin' wood!"—comes the old remem-
bered strain;
Hush! 'tis Isaac softly singing by his cabin door again!

—Only swallows in the twilight round the chimney twittering go,
Mournful token of the hearthstone cold and tenantless below.
In the old forsaken garden sleeps the master, sleeps the slave:
And the pines tonight are sighing o'er each unremembered grave.

*The Future of the Church College**

By WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT

EVERYBODY knows that the early American colleges were Christian in origin and aim. They were avowedly established to prepare young men for the life to come or for preaching in this. Among the first rules of Harvard College, which was established in 1636, occurs this one:

"Let every student be plainly instructed and earnestly pressed to consider well the main end of his life and studies is to know God and Jesus Christ, which is eternal life."

Nearly a century and a half later the Massachusetts Articles of the Constitution linked Harvard with "the honor of God and the advantage of the Christian religion." Fifteen ministers of Congregational churches and fifteen laymen constituted the board of overseers down to 1834, when ministers of all denominations became eligible.

Reverend James Blair was founder and first president of William and Mary (1693). He was sent by the Virginia General Assembly to England for the charter. He secured royal support, but the Attorney General refused him the charter. Blair protested: "Virginians have souls to save as well as their English countrymen." "Souls!" shouted the Attorney General. "Damn your souls! Plant tobacco."

Yale was founded in 1701 by ten Congregational ministers of Connecticut to the end that they might "educate ministers in their own way." They were all graduates of Harvard, but they did not like the Harvard way of that period. The Harvard theology was too loose for these conservatives and its religious influence pernicious.

Forty-five years later Princeton came on, founded by the Synod of New York. Nearly all of its first students were preparing for the Presbyterian ministry. King's

* Reprinted from *The Bookman*, May, 1927, by courtesy of the publishers. Copyright, 1927.

College (Columbia) followed in 1754, whose letters patent declared its objects to be "to lead students from the study of Nature to the knowledge of themselves and of the God of Nature, and their duty to Him, themselves, and one another, and everything that may contribute to their true happiness both here and hereafter." Then came Brown (1764) by the coöperation of the Baptists of the entire country, the first American college without religious tests. Then Dartmouth (1769) "for the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom."

With the exception of the University of Pennsylvania (1740), the story is much the same for all the educational establishments before the Revolution. After the Revolution there was some break-up of the old order as the result of the war and the invasion of French influence. It was not long before both professors and students in many colleges sat in the seat of the scornful. Scepticism was the badge of respectability. Citizenship, a serious and virtuous citizenship indeed, supplanted religion as the aim of higher education. Thomas Jefferson, for example, in the William and Mary curriculum, substituted the chair of law and police for the chair of divinity.

Partly as a reaction from the discredit of religion in many institutions, partly as a result of a widespread religious revival, the religious interest was largely recovered, and the two decades following 1830 were notable for the founding of denominational colleges. Practically every denomination and every variety of the larger denominations now has its college in nearly every state of the Union.

But today the pendulum is swinging back again. Indeed, since 1862, when provision was made for the land-grant colleges, there has been a well-established tendency toward the secularization of education. The state universities of the south and west, by virtue of their origin and support, are secular institutions and add prestige to the movement in the larger privately endowed institutions to drop the limitations of denominational control.

Just here emerges a question of some moment. Now that we have declined from the early piety in which the

American college was generated, how far is the secularizing of educational foundations, already well advanced, likely to take us? All the way?

Consider the several factors of the problem of the security or insecurity of the church college. The high schools must supply it with students. The public high schools belong to the system of the state's secularized education, and in their recent and rapid development have almost completed the elimination of the private and the denominational secondary schools. Some of these latter are escaping into the dubious security of junior colleges. The practical result is that both types of higher institutions appeal to the same source of supply, with the advantage on the side of the nondenominational, as indicated by the relative increase of student enrollment in the institutions of Indiana, for example, for the five-year period ending in 1924—three times as great in the state as in the private institutions. The same ratio holds throughout the country. On the other hand, a recent poll of the freshmen of a progressive state university of the South to discover why they chose that institution rather than some other makes one hesitate to generalize. None of the replies touched the question of control by state or church. They ranged all the way from 39, the largest number, who explained their choice as due to the smaller student body than that of their own state university, down to 25 who chose it "because it has fraternities"; 23, "because its alumni are more influential than those of neighboring institutions"; 22, "no freshman caps"; 20, "beauty of location"; 17, "climate"; 14, "athletic record"; 13, the lowest number but two, "because it is one of two southern members of the Association of American Universities."

Another factor is the size and financial resources of the constituency of the church college. Doctor Noffsinger's important monograph on "A Program for Higher Education in the Church of the Brethren" shows that the median standard senior denominational college in the United States has a supporting denominational constituency of 63,000 with \$250,000,000 of aggregate wealth, a student body of 473 paying an annual tuition of \$125, of whom

57.5% belong to the controlling denomination and constituency. Manifestly so small a constituency is quite unable to parallel the equipment which an entire state can provide. Here again the odds appear to be against the church college.

It will probably be agreed that church colleges have the advantage of state-supported institutions in the stability of their constituency and control. A change of administration or political parties may wreck policies, cut off income, revolutionize personnel, dictate the content of the curriculum, lower standards. Witness the recent troubles in the universities of South Carolina and Texas, and back in the 70's the disaster which closed the University of North Carolina and well-nigh lost it to the State. The agitation for laws against teaching evolution has been concerned with state institutions, not those under church control. Even when general religious bodies pass the bounds and vote the earth flat or motionless or made by fiat of a sudden in the recent past, the action is practically ineffective. The trustees of local church colleges, almost without exception, ignore it.

The significance of the factors and comparisons briefly set out here must be appraised in the light of the function and aim of the church college. Religion is not only "the most fascinating area of human experience," it is also the most important and precious. It is the organizing force in the individual and social life of man. It is the bond of all social aggregates, the mother and conservator of nations. It fixes the standard of personal and group morality and supplies the moral dynamic to realize it in life.

Now, such a feature of human nature, such a power of inspiration and control, education cannot blink or disregard. One wonders whether education without religion is education. To use Chesterton's figure, you might as well undertake to pack your grip and leave out the grip. But what of the denominational type of religion in education? For its social task, there is no other type of religion. In the glow of its beginning Christianity was indeed all but structureless; but when it gathered itself together and moved out to accomplish its mission it or-

ganized itself. Since Luther it has organized itself more elaborately, perhaps excessively, about different conceptions of the Christian experience and the Christian mission; and these organizations are the Christian denominations. The different denominations make their several contributions to the common Christian task without any necessary duplication or antagonism. It must be admitted that duplication and antagonism have occurred, but they were due to blunders and perversions. They are not inherent in the segregation of Christianity into smaller bodies for fellowship and administration. Besides, any danger of the disintegration of the universal Christian body is forestalled by the unifying Christian spirit and impulse which pervade all its special organs.

Here we come directly upon the function of the church college. There appears to be some misapprehension about it. Years ago the learned president of the Carnegie Foundation undertook in an elaborate argument to justify the exclusion of denominational colleges from the benefits of that Foundation, conceding to them only the restricted and somewhat discreditable function of being wheels in the machinery of sectarian propagandism. Only a month ago Dean Hawkes was telling us that the denominational colleges devote themselves to maintaining and promoting their own faith. This is not quite accurate. Christian education is Christianity operating in the field of enlightenment through Christian, that is, denominational, institutions. If it be asked what precisely the denominational institution does in this field, I answer, in the first place, that it makes the important and now timely assertion of the compatibility of Christianity and enlightenment. It lays claim, in the name of Christ, to all the realms of culture—literature, art, history, philosophy, religion, science—and exacts tribute from them all for the extension of His reign of righteousness and good-will. As to the individual student, it frankly seeks to attach him to Christ and His program of world redemption, to help him discover the place of his service, and to train him for it.

State institutions promote these interests to a degree, but incidentally. So the large independent institutions.

There is the beneficent contagion of strong Christian personalities. Christian organizations like the Young Men's Christian Association find hospitality. Experimental devices to meet the insistent demand for religious instruction are multiplying. Here and there courses on religions are offered, as in Columbia, but the primary aim of them is intellectual stimulation; the enrichment of the religious life of the student is secondary.

Accordingly, for this foundation business of quickening, nourishing, and guiding the religious life of our college population, the main reliance must continue to be the church colleges. Fortunately, in spite of the general trend toward secularization in the larger colleges and universities and the entire state system, 68.5% of the 500 standard colleges of the country are church colleges. The world is not likely to get beyond the need for religion, and the institutions which frankly and purposely exist to meet it will be permanent, provided they maintain the educational standards of the time in horizon, personnel, courses, and equipment.

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VOLUME XLV

NOVEMBER, 1927

NUMBER 2

The Editor's Portfolio

The Lost Heritage

The glorious part that the Old South played in the formation and first century of our national government is a matter of history. To what conditions was this leadership due? How may it be revived? Let's investigate. The Old South was the most English of the English settlements. Plantation life here represented the great estates of the mother country. Planters constructed beautiful and commodious homes; furnished them luxuriously; made them to teem with hospitality and good cheer. But our explanation is not here. Great house-parties that rivaled those of the royalty of England were staged; richly garbed ladies and gentlemen basked in the congenial atmosphere of refinement. But neither was this the cradle of our statesmanship. This wealth and leisure, however, did contribute toward the making of our great statesmen. In every mansion of the South was to be found a private library, and in the companionship of the books that were read was acquired the knowledge that gave to the southern planter his mastery. This was in keeping with the English system of education for the few who were to lead the masses. Those days are gone, and with them their

faults. A new age is here, with even more potent possibilities. The eight-hour workday is a national standard. Eight hours of sleep are enough for any man. How shall we dispose of the other eight? Realizing fully that this question is difficult to answer, we leave it as your problem, but call your attention to the fact that the textbooks that you are brought into contact with in college would constitute an admirable foundation on which a private library can easily be built that will overshadow even the most complete library of the old southern planter and statesman. The outlook is hopeful, but we are approaching the goal from an entirely different angle.

Dean of Law,
N. Y. Gulley "The Law Student," Brooklyn, New York,
recently carried in its columns the picture
of our loved dean and founder of the Wake
Forest Law School, Dr. Needham Yancey Gulley. Here is
an example of the men who have made Wake Forest what
she is; of men who have lived for a principle instead of
for profit; for ideals instead of income, and that the lives
of others might be enriched by a greater and truer knowl-
edge of the things that are worth while.

Doctor Gulley's student days covered that period of
educational and industrial struggle that followed the Civil
War, but his "peg was set," and he went to it. He en-
tered Wake Forest College in January, 1875, and received
the degree of Doctor of Laws from Wake Forest College
in 1914. Since the creation of the Law School thirty-
three years ago he has been its leader, and has sent over
eleven hundred successful applicants before the North
Carolina bar examiners.

In looking over some old file copies of THE
N. C. C. P. A. STUDENT the other day we found an edi-
torial like this: "Ye Editor was rewarded
for all his efforts and hard labor the other day when he
was sent as delegate to the North Carolina Collegiate

Press Association, which met at Elon College. There he was royally entertained by the Christians, and had the pleasure of meeting all the journalists of the future. Not only that, but he saw *THE STUDENT* voted the second best magazine of the North Carolina colleges by members of the Press Association, showing that others like us almost as well as we like ourselves."

The present editors and other members of the staffs of the Wake Forest College publications enjoyed one of these associations, with Meredith and N. C. State Colleges as entertainers, October 27-29. Both of these institutions were excellent hosts, and we had a pleasant and beneficial convention. After reading the list of luncheons, dinners, banquets, and theatre parties to which the firms and institutions of Raleigh made us welcome, one would be inclined to think that the association was given over to feasting and revelry; but the real purpose of the N. C. C. P. A. was not neglected. The purpose of the association is not unlike that of any group of institutions, firms, or trades that come together for a closer and more intimate discussion of group and individual problems. Each publication does have problems, just as each college of the North Carolina Association has them, and these can be more adequately solved when other publications of like nature may be compared and studied. Policies in collegiate publication are changing; current "styles" continually appear just as they appear in other fields of education and industry, and these policies and problems demand group action.

To meet these problems the N. C. C. P. A. meets twice each year as the guest of some member institution. A convention committee arranges a program by which every hour is utilized. It secures experienced journalists as speakers before the association as a whole. Leaders are also appointed for the three groups—annual, newspaper, and magazine—and in addition to the general meetings each of these groups meets separately to discuss problems of immediate interest to the individual group. Here suggestions and criticisms are offered by editors and representatives of the different publications.

The association decided at the recent meeting to put into operation a Collegiate Associated Press. This press operates among the several colleges as the Associated Press operates among the newspapers of the world, and can be made of much benefit to the members by bringing the different institutions into closer contact. Movements, sentiments, reforms, and experiments on the different campuses of the association are brought before the student mind as a whole. This is an experiment, the result of which will be noted and final action taken at the spring convention.

The last convention did not lack features. There was the unusual address by the president. Informal talks were made by three college presidents, and addresses by W. T. Bost, J. C. Baskerville of the Associated Afternoon Newspapers, J. L. Horne, Jr., president of the Associated North Carolina Press. Leaders of the individual groups were Jonathan Daniels, A. M. Beck, and Herbert Ruffin.

**What's Your
Opinion?**

Two articles in this issue of *THE STUDENT* deal with the perpetually live subject of the moral standards and ideals of youth.

The familiar essay, "This Eternal Ballyhoo," discusses the subject with special reference to morals, serious purpose, and ideals of the students of Wake Forest. This essay frankly takes the defensive, but at the same time recognizes that there are "scape-goats" among us. The brief treatment of "Those Wild Parents of Ours" applies to the older generation a method which is frequently applied to the younger generation. What is your reaction? Do you hold with the element that contends that "modern" youth is inevitably consigned to a well-merited perdition, mortgaged by the "bow-wow," and a willing galley-slave of Dame Frivolity? Perhaps you think "modern" youth the super-refined essence of the best fruits of the ages; or maybe you think that we are on a plane somewhere between these two extremes. Let *THE STUDENT* hear from you, with the understanding that your letter may be published at the option of the editors.

Exchanges

J. M. ELLIOTT, JR., Editor

The September issue of *The Acorn*, of Meredith College, appears in a new and attractive style of binding. While the literary quality of the magazine strikes one as being of a high grade of college workmanship, and especially so for the initial number of the year, the issue is somewhat deficient in fiction, there being only one short story. The book reviews, editorials, sketches, and poetry are creditable.

In "The Freak," the lone short story, Miss Ruth Truesdale partially covers the gap caused by the noticeable lack of fiction. The principal defect of her story is, in our opinion, brevity. Our criticism would be that brevity is the predominating characteristic in all the departments. We also note the omission of the Exchange Department.

In the October number of *The Acorn* there is plainly discernible improvement in the quality and arrangement of contents over the September number. Because of the imaginative power, style, and historical interest of "An Imaginary Conversation Between Johnson and Boswell," by Miss Madaline Elliott, we consider this the best work of the issue.

The book reviews, although few in number, are interesting and informing. Short stories are on the increase, it seems; which fact, in our estimation, marks an improvement. The feature story, "Dick," by Miss Matilda Holleman, although of an appealing nature, is somewhat fragmentary, and the author lessens the interest of the reader by presenting too often the interpretation of the situation instead of leaving something to the reader's imagination.

A period of silence seems to have engulfed those poetically inclined, since there are only two poems in the issue. Miss Briggs is responsible for both—short nature sketches which are worthy of mention. She displays a keen sensitiveness to nature in "Autumn Leaves" and "Nocturne" and also unusual descriptive powers.

We congratulate the staff on making a decided improvement in *The Acorn* over last month's issue, for the October issue is a much better balanced magazine.

In the October issue of *The Chronicle*, of Clemson College, we notice a change in size and design of the cover, which is quite unique. The arrangement proves effective and the magazine seems to be uniformly balanced. There are two stories, "The Goat" and "Suicide Company," which are well presented and which hold the reader's attention.

The poetry is noteworthy. "Just Thinking" is a striking reflection upon life, while "Maud Muller Up To Date," a ditty of popular appeal but of smaller literary value, is a picturization of the modern flapper.

We wish to commend Editor M. A. Jones' plan of creating a society for the contributors to *The Chronicle*, making entrance requirements stringent and awarding pins. We heartily endorse such an idea and think it might be useful wherever put into practice. The editor of the Exchange Department very forcibly presents "The Plight of the Literary." We think this is a very profitable way in which to use the space for comments on exchanges which were evidently lacking at the early date of this publication. Have we lost our literary refinement and taste for the cultural? What is our drift? It seems that the cheap novel and popular fiction are enveloping us in a universal craze. We must awaken and correct such a drift.

* * *

We wish to congratulate the staff of *The Wataugan* and its contributors on the unusually well balanced number with which they have opened their literary year.

The features are very interesting, among which are "The Carolinas: Granada of the Black Flag," an historical sketch of the exploits of the pirates in the Carolinas, and "The Genesis of Raleigh," both of which are ably presented and of intense interest to this State. The fiction is short but interesting. We are still wondering, however, why "The Romance of Ethyl Gas and Eb Smithwick," by Jack McDowall, was included. We can see very little merit, unless the prestige of the writer lends distinction. The poetry is rich in assortment and of interesting content, displaying talent, for amateurs.

We are very favorably impressed by the October *Wataugan*, and look forward to the appearance of the November issue.

Alumni Notes

B. T. HENDERSON, *Editor*

Rev. James M. Hayes, B.A., 1917, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Elkin.

John R. Jones, LL.B., 1909, is solicitor of the Seventeenth Judicial District in North Carolina.

J. W. "Hank" Sledge, LL.B., 1926, is a teacher in the Eastern Carolina Industrial Training School for Boys, Rocky Mount.

Jeter M. Blackburn, LL.B., 1927, is practicing law in North Wilkesboro.

Dr. L. S. Hall, B.A. Med., 1924, is located at Yadkinville, for the practice of medicine.

H. C. Cook, B.A., 1927, is teaching at Calypso.

T. S. Wall, Jr., has formed a partnership with A. J. Newton, LL.B., 1925, for the practice of law at Lexington.

Rev. R. C. Foster, B.A., 1926, holds a pastorate in Davidson County.

J. S. Hopkins, B.A., 1926, is now principal of Castalia High School, Castalia, and is also pastor of the First Baptist Church of Castalia.

F. H. Malone, B.A., 1926, is now principal of the Youngsville High School, Youngsville.

A. L. Aycock, B.A., 1925, holds a teaching fellowship in English at Tulane University.

H. L. Snuggs, B.A., 1925, is a teaching fellow in Duke University.

Dr. E. S. King, B.A. Med., 1925, is now a member of the Wake Forest Medical Faculty, taking the place of Professor W. F. Taylor, who is on leave of absence.

E. Holmes, B.A., 1926, is a teacher in Midway High School, Midway.

"Pop" Simmons, B.S., 1927, is teaching and coaching in Shelby High School, Shelby.

Seaton Holt, B.A., 1927, is teaching and coaching in Mount Holly High School, Mount Holly.

Notes and Clippings

R. E. LEE, '28, Editor

OFFICIAL RULES FOR THE LIBRARY

Not more than ten persons shall talk aloud at the same time, and then they must not use stronger words than *shucks*, *dernit*, *dog-gone-it*, by *George*, *gee*, and *Beelzebub*.

There must be no smoking of rabbit-tobacco, fig leaves, or corn silks—only tobacco smoke will be tolerated.

Students should not slip out more than three reference books at a time, if the class needs them. Get as many novels as you like. These, however, should be returned your Senior year.

Don't register at the desk for any book. It will annoy the Librarian.

Books in the stockroom are for the use of the Faculty only, and students should not display their greenness by asking for any of them.

Chewing gum is feminine. Always chew real tobacco.

Spitting in one's face is positively forbidden. Use the floor for such motley deeds.

Poker shall not be played on the reading-tables on Sunday. All bets on the game, when played, should be limited to five dollars.

No one is allowed in the reading-room without hob-nail shoes on. People might not notice your entrance.

No student is allowed to collect and keep all the story magazines for more than half a day at a time.

Students who go to sleep at the reading-table must not be disturbed. It would interfere with their personal liberty.

Magazines are for use. Clip them freely.

A big reward will be paid for the capture of any one found using a dictionary, encyclopedia, or other reference book. These books are made to look at.

Fines being imposed upon delinquents for the personal enrichment of the Librarian, students are requested to make provision in their last will and testament for the payment of the same.

I. M. NUTTY, Librarian.



Interpretation of men's thoughts depends upon the age in which we live. For instance: Our Freshmen are interpreting the expression, "Hitch your wagon to a star," as meaning to find out everything possible about movie stars.

Teacher—Willie, if you were sitting in a street car, and every seat was occupied, and a lady entered, what would you do?

Willie—I'd pretend I was sleeping, same as Dad does.

§ § §

"It's a hard world," said the steeple-jack, as he crashed to the pavement from the top of a thirteen-story building.

§ § §

BENEATH NOTICE

Sunday School Teacher—Earnest, who defeated the Philistines?

Earnest (roused from day-dream)—Dunno; I don't follow none of those bush-league teams.

§ § §

A NEW USE FOR IT

"So, that's your new overcoat, eh! Isn't it rather loud?"

"It's all right—when I put on a muffler."

§ § §

Jones was discussing the recent most popular songs of the day, and expressing his disgust at their utter senselessness.

"They make me tired," he said. "'Yes, We Have No Bananas.' Did you ever hear anything sillier than that? Why, when I was a young man, we had songs like 'Ta-ra-ra-ra Boomp Da-aay' and 'Papa, Won't You Buy Me a Bow-wow?' There was some sense to the songs in those days, I'll tell the world."

§ § §

FELICITATIONS IN ORDER

Collector—Your hardware dealer has employed me to collect the bill you owe him.

Customer—You're to be congratulated on obtaining a permanent position.

§ § §

A GOOD PROVIDER

"Mandy," said a former mistress to her servant, "is your husband a good provider?"

"Yes, ma'am; dat he is," she replied. "Dat's about all he do. He says he go git some furniture for de house, providen he git de money; an' he go git the money, providen he git a job; an' he go git de job, providen he like it. Yes, ma'am, he shore is good at providen."

§ § §

"How much are these dollar stockings?" asked the would-be funny customer.

"Fifty cents a foot," replied the funnier clerk.

Head Waiter—How did you find the luncheon, sir?

Patron—Oh, I had a hard job, you little rascal, but I finally discovered it behind the salt cellar.

¶ ¶ ¶

WAITING FOR INFORMATION

Tourist—To what do you attribute your great age?

Oldest Inhabitant—I can't say yet, sir. There have been several of them patent medicine companies bargaining wi' me.

¶ ¶ ¶

Ma—Johnny, run over and find out how old Mrs. Brown is today.

Johnny (upon returning)—Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is.

¶ ¶ ¶

We've all heard about the Jane who thought necking was a new kind of scarf; but did you ever hear of the guy who thought the "Yanks" were a collection of dentists?

¶ ¶ ¶

Willie—Mother, my Sunday School teacher never takes a bath.

Mother—Why, Willie, who told you that?

Willie—She did. She said that she never did anything in private that she would not do in public.

¶ ¶ ¶

STUDENTS' NATIONAL ANTHEM

We've slept on class in the morning,

We've slept in the afternoon,

We've dozed them through for hours;

Our snores raise a merry tune.

The Prof. with the pep to rouse us—

He simply ain't to be had.

Most classes are easy to sleep on,

But in some the chairs are bad.

¶ ¶ ¶

Elbert MacMillan—You ask if the editor of *THE STUDENT* is particular. I'll say he is! He raves if he finds a period upside down."

¶ ¶ ¶

"Now I've got you in my grip," hissed the villain, shoving the toothpaste into his valise.

¶ ¶ ¶

Bill Holoman—You can tell that Aman Butler is a Spaniard.

"Country" Liverman—Why?

Bill—He is always throwing the bull.

Minister (to flapper)—Would you like to join in the missionary movement?

Flapper—I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the Fox-trot?

¶ ¶ ¶

An irritable old sportsman was aroused from his bed at 3 o'clock in the morning by the insistent ringing of his doorbell. On answering, he found a seedy drunkard, struggling hard to maintain his equilibrium.

"What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"

"Is yoh Mr. Smithers?"

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"Is yoh the gent what advertised for a partner to go lion-hunting in Africa?"

"Yes, I am the gentleman. What do you want to know about it?"

"Nothin', 'cept I just wanted to tell you that on no condishuns, whatsoever, will I go with you."

¶ ¶ ¶

STILL SPRY

Boy Scout (small, put polite)—May I accompany you across the street, madam?

Old Lady—Certainly, you may, my lad. How long have you been waiting here for somebody to take you across?

¶ ¶ ¶

A man once fell in love. The object of his attraction was a curly girl with little hair. She had tiny eyes and large blue feet. Her petite, upturned chin and determined nose were not the least of her distractions. Her mouth was straight and smooth, and her eyebrows formed a perfect Cupid's bow. Her rosy hair formed an aureole around her golden face. She possessed small, dainty eyelashes and long curling ears. Her slim, perfect face made a sharp but charming contrast to her plump, round, little physique.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Why did they arrest the blind man?"

"The cop saw him blush when the co-ed passed."

Shorty's

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Address MILTON G. EVANS, President, Chester, Pa.

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The Wake Forest Student

*A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College*

VOL. XLV

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 3

Coasting Song

By SENOI

Ha, ha! we glide, we drift, we slide
Over the pure white snow!
The world's so white, so bright, so wide,
Ho, ho! ho, ho! ho, ho!

With cheeks that burn, about we turn,
Trudging heavy and slow;
We gain the height for which we yearn,
Ho, ho! ho, ho! ho, ho!

Adown we scoot, away we shoot
Over the pure white snow;
We lightly glide o'er rock and root,
Ho, ho! ho, ho! ho, ho!

We ne'er refrain for bruise or pain;
Merrily on we go
From Youth's high hills to some far plain,
Ho, ho! ho, ho! ho, ho!

The Ice-Wall

By D. E. W.

THE oak tree overhanging the ivy-grown campus wall was a miracle in palest green, with a shimmer of silver where the morning sunlight glinted through the branches. It stood outlined against a sky of April blue. The elm leaves were half grown, and the Judas trees were masses of reddish pink. In the dusky depths of the pine woods to the west the starry white dogwood bloomed in white clouds, swayed by capricious April breezes.

Ralph Hurst lounged along without his coat. The wind which played in the dogwood branches reached him in hot little puffs, lifting the damp hair from his forehead. His step was listless as he left the campus; evidently there was no gay response in his heart to the lure of the springtide. He did not even feel a thrill when the oak tree by the campus wall came into his range of vision—which proves how seriously out of tune he was. He had a long walk before him, for instead of taking the logical route, which led straight through the village, past the athletic field and up the hill, he was making a wide detour, which made it full half a mile farther. He wondered if it was cowardly to go so deliberately out of his way to avoid the athletic field, yet he felt that a sight of the sun-bathed diamond was more than he could stand this morning. There were prints of his own spiked shoes on that field, and he felt foolishly sure that a ghost of himself—a ghost in a catcher's mask—would be lurking there to shout in derision as he passed. No, for this day at least, the longest way round was the shortest way to his destination.

Ah, what a hill loomed ahead! Ralph, who had been stumbling aimlessly along, pulled himself together with a jerk, for one cannot follow the line of least resistance in the ascent of a hill. By the main road the ascent would

have been gradual; this was almost mountainous. There was an indefinite little path threading in and out among the trees, and Ralph, with sudden determination, started at a rapid pace up the hill. There was a great bed of wild iris—delicate purple butterflies perched on green stems—directly in his way, and hepatica and blood-root peeped out from the undergrowth. Ralph was not thinking of wild flowers, however—it is possible that he did not even see them—and so his ruthless brown shoes mowed them down at almost every step. At last he reached the top of the hill, and paused, breathless, for he had come bounding up like a young rabbit. Then he looked about him with relief, and saw directly ahead of him the picket fence which surrounded Professor Gold's cottage. He whistled as he drew nearer, for the little territory inside the fence was the very spirit of spring-time itself. In a corner of the yard lilacs were in full flower, great purple and white clusters of warm bloom. The air was heavy with their fragrance. And the whole yard within the bounds of the gate—and a few had rambled outside—was a carpet of violets. Ralph whistled again, and thought he had never before seen anything so blue. And there was a Safrana rose-bush, almost a tree, coming out in dark red foliage and buds, and a hundred golden narcissi, like haughty ladies, tossed their heads in the wind.

Ralph opened the gate and went in. This time he took care not to tread on the violets, a few of which had invaded the neutral territory of the graveled walk.

Just then a lady in a large black garden hat came out of the front door, and it was then that Ralph Hurst lost his slouch, and remembered with dismay that his coat was hanging over a chair in his room in the dormitory. For this was no ordinary lady; one could see that with a glance. She was exquisitely dainty in her black and white sprigged muslin dress, with her graying hair smoothly banded under the garden hat; her hands were delicate and blue-veined. Somehow, she seemed to fit in well with the flowers; even the crutch upon which she

leaned was to her no more than the sturdy stake which propped a rose-bush in one corner of the yard. As the boyish figure appeared before her she stopped quite still, and a bright flush came on either cheek.

"Mr. Hurst!" she cried in her sweet, birdlike tones, "how glad I am to see you again!"

Ralph, who had not expected to be remembered, smiled in a pleased way, and responded heartily:

"Good morning, Mrs. Gold." Then he added boyishly, "But how in the world did you happen to remember my name?"

"Don't you remember that cold day last fall when you and Mr. Sharpe came up the hill to speak with Mr. Gold? Of course I have not forgotten. Come in; my husband is expecting you."

He followed her into the cool little hall, and thence to the study, where the gray-haired professor of physics sat in an armchair. Ralph thought he looked very tired and spent with light of a young April morning on his face.

"Ah! come in, Mr. Hurst," he said, bowing from where he sat. He was a sufferer from rheumatism. "I thank you for coming, Mr. Hurst. I realize that it is a climb, even for young bones, yet you have done me a good many favors in the past, and I felt that I could call upon you for still another. There is an important document which must be carried to the president, and I feared to trust it to our small servant. Will you be seated, sir? I hardly expected you so soon, and my report is not quite done. Have you time to wait?"

Ralph assured him that he had no more classes until after lunch, and sat stiffly down in the chair indicated by the professor. The room was plainly furnished, but Ralph liked it. It had a very home-like look, he thought, and the professor seemed somehow to tone in with the walnut furniture, the books, and the worn carpet. There was silence in the room save for the whispering of a breeze among the papers on the table. Soon Ralph relaxed a little, but he sat suddenly straight again when a voice from the door spoke his name:

"Mr. Hurst, would you care to see the flowers while you wait?"

Ralph sprang from the chair and glanced at Professor Gold. But he was absorbed in his papers, and did not even look up, and so Ralph tiptoed across the room and joined Mrs. Gold. He remembered the cold winter day he and a friend had tramped up the hill after a football game, and had been called in for a cup of hot chocolate before a glowing fire in the study. Somehow he had always remembered her eager invitation to come again, at times when it was impossible to leave the campus, and the thought made him a little uncomfortable now. She had seemed so interested in the students who attended college in the valley, and the memory of her bright blue eyes had never quite left the young man. Now that he was once more in her presence he determined to make up for past deficiencies.

"I am going to take you around to the back yard," she said brightly, as he followed her to the sun-checkered porch; "you haven't seen my wistaria bower, and I think it is lovely."

Ralph's strong young arms helped her down the low steps, but she smilingly refused further aid. After they had followed a narrow violet-traced path around the corner of the house, Ralph halted and gave another low whistle. A rustic arbor near the back porch was almost hidden by drooping clusters of wistaria. The boy had an impression of bewildering purple loveliness, of frail tendrils of vine, as tender and clinging as baby fingers, and of a fragrance that seemed almost more like one's dreams of fairyland than mere flowers.

"Are you glad you came?" cried the eager voice at his side.

"Glad? Well, I should say!" he responded heartily. "Honest, now, I never saw flowers on a lady's hat any prettier than those!"

Mrs. Gold laughed, and liked the ingenuous young man more than ever.

"I like those chrysanthemums, too, a lot," he added, seeing that she was pleased, "—there, by the fence." She was looking about in a mystified way.

"Oh," she said, and smiled again. "They are hyacinths, not chrysanthemums. Yes, they are very handsome, I think; but somehow they have never appealed to me as much as some other flowers. They seem rather expressionless. How would you like to take one back to your room with you?" They were standing by the hyacinth bed now, and Ralph's expression said that he approved of these gay blossoms, even though his hostess did not.

"Don't—please don't pull them for me!" he cried; "they are so jolly looking right here. Sort of gay, like a patchwork quilt, you know."

"I want you to have one. Now, which do you choose?"

Ralph looked very thoughtful. "I don't know, Mrs. Gold. That pink fellow in the corner is mighty fine, and yet that dark blue—"

"You shall have both!" she cried gaily, and bent and broke the sturdy stems. "Now I am going to put them in water to keep fresh until you go." She disappeared through the back door a moment later, and Ralph heard her speaking in low tones to someone. Then she came out again, smiling.

"Suppose we sit in the arbor," she said; "it is quite cool there, and Milly is going to bring us lemonade and tea-cakes. Do you like tea-cakes?"

Ralph assured her that he did, and stooped to enter the flower-fringed doorway. A low seat ran round the inside of the arbor, and Mrs. Gold sat down, laying her crutch aside. Then she pointed to a sturdy weed which had grown up in one corner. "I wonder if you could pull up that weed for me?" she said. "I tried yesterday, but it wouldn't come at all—oh, thank you!" for the weed came up, bringing a small shower of dirt with it.

"What a wonderful arm you have!" she cried, as he cast the weed out of the doorway.

Ralph, slapping the dirt from his hands, turned and looked at her suddenly. "Arm?" he cried, "arm?" He

laughed rather queerly. "Why, that is just what I haven't got!" Then he sat down by her side and looked so distressed and confused that Mrs. Gold changed the subject hastily, though she did not in the least understand what it all meant.

"That must have been a fine baseball game yesterday," she said pleasantly.

"Yes," said Ralph, looking straight ahead, "it was—fine!"

"I don't know very much about the game," she said, "for I have seen but one, and that was a great many years ago. But I try to read the newspaper accounts of the games we play, though I confess I don't understand them very well. The paper spoke very highly of Mr. Ray, the one who threw yesterday. The other team got fourteen hits, didn't they?"

Ralph gasped a little. "Ray pitched for us," he said; "but, Mrs. Gold, it wasn't fourteen hits the other side got; you got the hits mixed up with the strike-outs. Ray struck out fourteen men! My, but that was a record! Our team was the one that got the hits," he said complacently; "we batted that poor little pitcher all over the field!"

"Wh-what! Dear me, I hope he was not injured!"

"Only his feelings," laughed Ralph; then he added seriously: "Mrs. Gold, that is just an expression in baseball, meaning that we batted the balls all over the field; in other words, we found him. He didn't have a thing to start with, you see."

"I should think our team would be willing to share anything it has with a less fortunate player," she said gently.

Ralph's face was red. "Mrs. Gold," he said, slowly, "there are lots of baseball terms which a person who doesn't attend the games must find awfully hard to understand. We were all pretty decent to that pitcher; he came to supper with us afterward, and had two helps of everything! He will live through it."

She sighed a little. "I must get the rules of the game and read them; then I'll be able to discuss it more intelligently."

"And I'll go to reading flower catalogues!" he said, "so I won't be pulling off any more boneheads—I mean making any more blunders about your flowers!" They laughed together.

"You love baseball dearly, don't you?" she inquired, remembering the light that sprang into his eyes when she first spoke of it.

To her surprise all the gaiety faded from his face. "Yes," he said thickly, "that's the trouble."

There was a silence. Then, because a gentle face, young in spite of white hair and time's caress upon the cheeks, was turned toward him, lips parted, eyes tender in sympathy, Ralph opened the floodgates of speech, and the words, for many hours repressed, gushed forth:

"It happened last night, Mrs. Gold. The coach of the baseball team told me to come around to his room after supper. We fellows are just crazy over him; he never gives us any but a fair deal. Well, I saw when I went in that something was wrong. None of the other fellows were there, and he was kind of pacing up and down the room. He came up and laid his hand on my shoulder. 'Hurst,' he said, 'I hate the worst kind to tell you this, but you'll never make a ball-player. You haven't the arm.'"

There was a sudden stillness in the little arbor, and for a moment Ralph's forehead dropped into his hands. Then he lifted his head, shook his hair from his eyes, and continued: "You can't imagine how it makes me feel! I've played ball since I was so high. And father—he is every bit as crazy about it as I am. He caught for the team when he was in college here—just the position I've always tried for. He was hoping I might do the same thing, but it's all over now. Somehow, since I had typhoid that summer, my arm has never been quite the same. I've done everything I could for it, but it's no use. It's all over now."

Not a word was spoken, but a slender hand touched his shoulder with a brief little motion, like the caress of a butterfly's wing. Ralph swallowed hard. "Thank you," he said, "I believe you understand."

In a few moments Mrs. Gold spoke: "Mr. Sharpe—the young man who came up with you last November—he is one of the players, is he not?"

"Sharpe? Well, yes, and he is a wonder. He will catch for the team this year. At least," he added after a moment, "he will catch if he can keep his grades up. You see, Mrs. Gold, a man has to make a certain average on each study to be allowed to play on the team, and though Sharpe has done pretty well on most things, he has sort of fallen down on his math lately."

"Didn't you tell me last fall," she said slowly, "that you and Mr. Sharpe were in the habit of studying your mathematics together? You must forgive me for remembering all these little things," she added, half embarrassed, "but you see I have so few visitors, and almost no students. And I love boys."

"That's all right," said Ralph absent-mindedly. Then his face, which had resumed its natural hue, turned red about the ears. "I'll tell you why we stopped," he said doggedly. "To be quite frank, I got tired of tutoring him. It amounted to that. It just looks as if he can't learn the stuff by himself, though as I said just now he is fairly bright in his other studies. And so he'd come around to my room, or I'd go to his, and we'd go over and over the lesson until he knew it. Sometimes it took a long time, but when he once learns a thing he doesn't forget it. He is a poor boy, and can't afford to pay anyone to tutor him, and so as we were in the same class, I—oh, it wasn't anything for me to do—maybe it helped me in my own work—I did it because I wanted to, and all that—I liked him—" Ralph ran five brown fingers through his pompadour and looked very hot and uncomfortable. "Then the ball season started. Anyone with half an eye could see that his chances were ten to one better than mine. People were talking about him all over

college, what a great ball-player he was sure to make, and all that sort of thing. And, Mrs. Gold, you won't understand, I know, but I stopped working math with him about three weeks ago."

"Can he do it alone?"

"Pshaw! Math is easy, and he ought to. But somehow he fails at the board nearly every day. He'll have to improve a lot if he expects to pass on the quiz next week."

"If he fails on the quiz, can he play on the team?" asked Mrs. Gold.

The boy shook his head. There was a defiant look in his eyes. "No, I'm almost sure he cannot—and yet, why can't he do his own work?" he finished desperately.

"Isn't there anyone else to help with the mathematics?"

Ralph shook his head. "No one else seems to have patience enough," he said slowly. "All the big games are yet to come, and the dean has told Sharpe that he can't play any more unless he passes that quiz. Oh, well, it's not my fault."

Mrs. Gold, clasping her hands about her crutch, smiled a little. "You aren't very happy, are you?" she asked.

"Miserable!" exclaimed Ralph, and the expression on his face bore out the truth of his words.

"I know you are," she said; "but here comes the lemonade; perhaps that will make you feel better."

Milly, black and round-eyed and barefoot, bore a tray in her sturdy arms and placed it on the seat. Then she scuttled off, to eye the unwonted visitor from behind the vines of the back porch.

Mrs. Gold poured the lemonade and Ralph took the frosted glass mechanically. He had never wanted anything in his life so little as that lemonade and those little cakes, yet of course he must partake, even if they choked him. Mrs. Gold did not seem thirsty either, and merely crumbled her cake.

"I think I'd like to leave college and go to work," mumbled Ralph, after he had set down his half-drained glass.

"No," said Mrs. Gold, "you are not going to do that; you are going to stay and make your father and mother proud of you."

He smiled bitterly. "They won't be proud after they read my letter. I wrote last night as soon as I got back to my room, and mailed it so they would get it at breakfast this morning. You have no idea how father has set his heart on my making the team. When I was a little fellow he used to come out in the yard and toss balls to me and tell me how he used to play and what he wanted me to do when I came to college. And now—but you can't understand!"

"Yes," she said, and she was not smiling now, "I understand more than you think." She was remembering a time, long ago, when her own boy failed on a final examination in Latin.

"What will Mr. Sharpe's father think, when he learns that his son can't play baseball any more?" she queried after a pause.

"Sharpie's father died when he was a kid. His mother keeps a boarding-house. We played a game in his home town not long ago, and she was there. Sharpie caught, and his mother just sat right still all through the game, and hardly ever took her eyes off him. Once, when a ball nearly hit him, she stood right up in her seat and moaned. I was on the players' bench, which was near the grandstand, and I could see her. I bet she never had been to a ball game before," he added, and smiled a little. "I know this much, she watched her son a lot more than she did anything else!"

There was a heavy step on the back porch, and then the two in the arbor heard Professor Gold's sonorous voice:

"Mr. Hurst!"

The young man bounded from his seat and ran out.

"Here I am, professor; Mrs. Gold and I were in the summer-house."

"I fear I have detained you too long, sir. I had not realized how incomplete my report was, and I became so absorbed I confess that I forgot you for the time. Here

is the document. I shall be obliged if you will give it into the president's own hands. I thank you very much for your trouble."

"You are very welcome, sir. It was a pleasure to come."

The old gentleman bowed in his courtly way, and disappeared among the cool shadows indoors. But Mrs. Gold still hovered near.

"It isn't as if you were like some boys I have known," she said in a little hurried voice that was almost a whisper. "I somehow can't feel worried about what the outcome of this will be. After all, there is more than one way to work for the team! I know you will do the right and generous thing. Mr. Hurst, I have a great deal of faith in you!"

Ralph took the outstretched hand in his tough brown one, and wagged it for a moment in a helpless sort of way. Somehow he could not speak just then. Then he turned sharply and hurried away.

Halfway down the hill he met a fellow-student, sweating, toiling up the steep road. He was coatless and his collar was a hopeless pulp. Ralph halted in an amazed way when he recognized him, and his heart began to thump. It was Randolph Sharpe!

"Here, Hurst, I have looked everywhere for you—in your room, all about the campus, downtown—then someone told me you had gone to Professor Gold's. This telegram came for you, and I happened to be hanging around the telegraph office; so I signed for it, and here it is. I thought maybe it was something important."

Ralph took the yellow envelope and tore it open in silence. He had not reached the point where he could open a telegram with equanimity. He read:

"Don't worry about the arm. You are still my right-hand man."
"DAD."

Ralph's face paled a little as he read, and Sharpe hastened to ask if there was bad news in the message.

"Bad news? No; just an answer to something I wrote in a letter to father. Much obliged to you for bringing it."

"'Twasn't anything. I thought somebody might be sick, or something, and you might want to catch the one o'clock train for home, and I could find you sooner than the messenger boy. I was loafing, anyway. Going to dinner?"

"Umph-humph. But first I must go to Prexy's house and take this."

"You're some messenger boy, Hurst!"

"That's what I am. I'll be a trustee of the college next, I'm thinking."

"Not warm, are you?"

"Oh, no. I'm on my way home now to put on my winter flannels."

"I am afraid my ears will freeze off and roll down the hill!"

They laughed together at their nonsense, but in each heart there was a pain. It was as if a wall of ice had grown up between them.

At length the campus, invitingly green and cool, lay just ahead, and near the ivy-clad wall loomed the president's house. At the gate the young men paused.

"Coming in with me?" asked Ralph.

"No, I'll go on to the boarding-house. I'm afraid Prexy hasn't got on his Prince Albert and grey spats, and I'd hate to embarrass him."

"Well, so long."

The ice wall stood firm.

Ralph paused a moment, and watched the splendid young figure as it swung easily along the village street, noted the play of muscle under the blue shirt, saw him stoop, almost unconsciously, pick a pebble from the street, and send it skimming down the white road.

"What an arm the boy's got!" he said to himself, as he stood with one hand on the latch of the gate. Then the blood surged hotly into his face.

"Sharpie," he called with an effort, and the young man turned, surprised.

"Come around to my room tonight at eight o'clock. It seems to me about time for us to be working on that math quiz!"

And as the ice-wall tottered and fell, Sharpe answered unsteadily, his face white, "Hurst—thank—you. I—I'll come!"

*Lincoln**

By JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

The stuff God uses to make folks
Is very common clay,
And constantly His furnace smokes—
He molds them every day.
But when the folks are made and done,
As well as God can do,
Each one, like every other one,
Is just like me and you.

The stuff God uses to make *MEN*
Is very rare indeed,
And God can use it only when
There is supremest need.
But when with wise and careful strokes
God molds a *MAN* in shape,
The whole creation full of folks
Stands wondering and agape.

God saved and saved His precious stuff,
While working out His plan,
Until at last He had enough
To make another *MAN*.
And then with sure and steady aim
The thunderbolt was hurled,
A great light out of darkness came—
And *LINCOLN* filled the world.

* Copyright, 1924, by the author.

*The Grave-Tree**

By JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

A row of white and silent stones
Is very nice to see,
When standing guard above the bones
Of folks that used to be.

But as I watch them there in line,
So straight and white and still,
There seems to pass along my spine
A sort of deadly chill.

The chisel'd words are stiff and cold,
And sting like Arctic air;
The love that never can be told—
How could they write it there?

I don't want any stone for me
When I am lying dead;
I'd rather have a big oak tree
A-standing at my head.

A white-oak tree with spreading top,
Wherein the birds may sing;
A tree that bears a brand-new crop
Of green leaves every spring.

I think that I could somehow sense
Its shelter o'er my head,
Like some good angel of defense
At watch above the dead.

A strong, warm-hearted living tree
Could spread its roots around
And telegraph its love to me
Beneath the grassy mound.

Just plant me on some sunny slope
Where such a tree has grown,
And do not fear, and do not hope,
But leave me there alone.

* Copyright, 1924, by the author.

The Battle of the Border

By R. PAUL CAUDILL, '29

MY days are swifter than a courier, they fly away. They are as swift ships, as the eagle." Thus said Job as he looked out upon the hundred and forty years ahead of him and back over the four-score years that had just passed.

Thus you and I as individuals and as exponents of our great Nation must look upon life as we are hurried along with this humane yet motley crowd to fight what today may be called "The Battle of the Border."

This age into which we are hurled would startle the greatest of ancient scientists. We are amidst the excitement of the progress and application of physical science; science that has shrunk the earth to one-fourth its former size by its rapid communication, transportation, and mobilization of forces. Even the moles of the earth, the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air no longer live in solitude, as man's physical devices usher him through their domains.

Yes, we look at life with all its phenomena and tremble in awe as we are thrown by the hand of destiny into the very midst of its complexities and misunderstandings to refill the broken ranks in this great but common battle.

As a Nation, we face the problem of war and suffering humanity. We have just emerged from the maelstrom of 1914 with our garments yet dripping from the slush of responsibility incurred by it. And we face today as we have faced through the ages that battle for peace, vital and personal as it was when God cried out and said for the first time, "Cain, Cain, where is thy brother?" And as one writer has said, "If nature did not mercifully remove the dead débris of war as she consumes from year to year the dead leaves of autumn, no circle in Dante's *Inferno* would be comparable in horror to his blood-stained earth."

As a moneyed Nation, we are branded as the world's Shylock. We face an almost unbroken front of nations prompted by a common creed of envy and hate as they surge forward, working, cheating, cursing, lying, to finger the purse-strings of the world's capital. And we feel like lifting our souls and saying, "O God! must we live to see the day when our democracy shall be captured, shackled and bound by capitalism? Must we live to see our human products standardized by materialism?"

Turning to the social side of life, we face pointedly the race problem. Like Greece, America has become the melting pot and dumping ground for the scum of the Orient. And from this fusing of human alloy comes the loss of our racial pride and integrity and the breeding of flagrant germ seeds of enmity, hatred and jealousies, with an odious denial of common brotherhood.

Then our home life; where is our home life?—the homes that have bred our so-called "Flaming Youth"? In many instances our modern home life and maternal care sink into utter insignificance when compared with some of our camps and kindergartens. It seems that everything is so machine-made that the soul of it is gone. Even the garments of the tiny babe no longer bear the sweet sentiment of the mother's finger-prints. And from these standardized, mechanical human relationships the adolescent youth is left to its own guidance, with no provision whatsoever for the sex problem; just left to sow, and, ah! the harvest of that reaping! Little wonder, then, at the glaring disregard of ethics and the casting aside of standards by our modern youth, whose morals, like their fathers', are not apace with their intellects.

But there is another common battle of the border, our educational battle. As seekers of light, we must face the saying that he who enters college leaves religious faith behind; and in going we must subject ourselves to being ostracised from the society of our friends who claim that higher education is a "foe of religion and a bar to spirituality." We cry out for truth, but are afraid to

seek it, especially if it would break down a tradition or convention.

Then for those who are bent on the quest for truth comes the crisis of adjustment to new situations, and many are falling by the wayside in complete bewilderment, their faith shaken or lost, while with tear-filled eyes they look up and say, "What shall I do?"

Finally, there rises above the din of the battle line shouts from the struggle of Christianity. A great southern theologian has said that Christianity is at the cross-roads. Is he right? We do know that the blazing tongues of modernists and fundamentalists wrangle in mid-air, and the pre and post millennialists wrestle for preëminence while over fifty-eight million nominally Protestant in America remain outside the churches, many of them wondering if Christianity lives to support creeds or creeds to support Christianity. Is it surprising, then, that many of our intellectual youth look on God as a textbook to be criticized, mastered, and cast aside. And from this rationalism we feel the rank breath of atheists and agnostics as they swoop down upon us like vultures scouting for carrion.

Such, my friends, is a glimpse of the battle into which you and I as individuals are thrust. Yes, we are here—rich, poor, virtuous, vile, cultured, refined, weak, strong, irrespective of rank or color—we are here in this great battle; and to attempt to turn back or flee from the issue would be as futile as an attempt to calm the waves of the raging sea or to force the chambered nautilus back into its outgrown shell. Since the moment you and I came into this world, the shouts of this common fray have sounded in our ears until today we stand quaking under its mighty sway like a reed in the fury of a whirlwind.

What shall we do, then, in this crisis of life, this human life, with all its complexity of personal relationships? I believe that there is but one thing we can do if we would find peace, lasting peace; and that is, in the words of Dean Tillet, to "Strike for the paths that lead to God," and as we journey, like old Christian, keep our eye

on the Cross and pay eternal homage to Him who says, "Follow Me."

With an eternal watchword of Faith, and an heroic Christianity, I would beg you to pass on with an undying passion in the search for truth—truth which, as found, will illuminate your pathway and lift you above the habitation of your own selfish bounds and set you free in the sunlight of wisdom, knowledge, and a richer understanding of life.

We look up and say we have not faith sufficient to sustain us in this battle. We look at but tiny phases of life here and there along the pathway and call it a shrouded mystery, too deep, too intangible for man. But life is of too deep a significance to be demonstrated as an axiom in geometry. Whenever it ceases to have such depth it will have lost its charm, and the great hand that moves beyond the curtain of mystery will have need for us.

Yes, we must push forward with faith, a heroic faith in the consciousness that the eternal principle of truth and right will prevail. In the words of Dr. W. L. Poteat, we must "Battle in religion for a progressive expansion of the spiritual horizon, and its increasing lure and control of the human spirit."

Our faith must be so great that it will bring us light where there is darkness, and link us up with the eternal beauties that lie on that boundless plane of immortality.

Let us venture on, then, and launch out into this great Battle of the Border; and as we seek truth, may we not crowd our intellects into narrow channels of our own choosing, or be stumbling blocks to the dissemination of knowledge, but rather press on through the motley ranks of life, despite the glimmers and the murky shadows that lie along the way, that we may touch the hem of His garment or light our own feeble lamps at the Master's light to guide us into untrammelled ways.

For, 'tis then we shall walk in true splendor,
Souls aglow in the path with the few;
And our spirits shall gleam like the sunbeams,
As they feast on the morn's honeydew.

The Christmas Gift

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

ALTHOUGH a good many of the more prosperous residents of Blackjack doubted or at most gave little credence to the stories, it was generally thought that the old mill was haunted. Giggling parties told of strange sounds that were to be heard in the old mill itself and just below the ancient and slowly disintegrating wall of boulders that was known as the "old dam." The "old" had not been applied to the dam until sixty years before, when a traveler had stopped in the shade of the old mill and had suggested that the water power was sufficient to operate a cotton mill as well as the old gristmill. The rumor that a new dam was to be built spread throughout the vicinity, the new dam growing larger with each description that it received. From that time on the dam had been known as the old one; but the generations of spirogyra succeeded each other in undisturbed cycles and covered more completely the dissipated face of the dam. The floods poured themselves over the old dam, wearing away the earth, and leaving the rocks, that finally appeared to grow above their fellows, to the lichens. Storms swept the mill from the pit to the garret, making the ancient cobwebs heavy with dust, and then laughing in derision as the great beams waved these white flags and groaned disconsolately. Erosion had loosened the stones of the foundations of the old structure and only fantastic formations of rough and crumbling stone supported the great sills. Numerous small ravines had found their winding way under the old mill and the wind that whined up their throats reminded one of the quivering tones of a worn-out organ. These tones rose tonight in unwonted fury.

Night had fallen over the old mill, and with it came great gusts of rain that caused the big automobile to flounder over the old mill road with greater effort and

slower progress. The great creeping thing emerged slowly from the protection of the woods and shivered in the force of the blast that struck it. The headlights played ghostlike upon the dripping walls of the old mill; the car crept down the last short incline and stopped before the gaping portal. The headlights glare into the pitchy blackness for a moment and are switched off. In their stead the soft glow of a glazed light lights up the interior of the luxurious limousine. There is one occupant. She is so quiet that one's first thought is that she is asleep, but she stirs in the heavy robes and straightens. The eyes that try to penetrate the blackness are both expectant and frightened. The lips are half opened; the hands clutch the robes nervously, and the whole attitude is one of expectancy. Hilda Rickshaw has come to keep tryst.

The evening wears on. The elements send down their fiercest breath in an effort to stifle the spirit of Christmas that is abroad in the land. The old mill groans and shrieks in the grip of the wind and rain. The water roars over the old dam in growing cascades. Suddenly the girl in the limousine bends forward, her senses fixed. The liveried driver turns a shade whiter as he glares into the darkness. For a minute they sit thus, but apparently no further sound catches their attention and they settle back among the robes. The night grows wilder. Again they bend forward, the girl stiff and listening, the negro cowering and his eyes rolling.

"Alex, did you hear it?" inquires the girl as she continues to look into the darkness.

The negro does not answer, but keeps his eyes fixed upon the great door of the mill that swings back and forth in the wind.

"Go into the mill, Alex, and see if you can find anyone. I honestly believe that you are scared speechless. Get out, man, or I, myself, shall go."

The great rolling eyes alone respond.

"Alex, open this door!" The girl no longer shows fear, but supreme contempt is written large on her features.

Alex crouches lower in his great-coat. The woman waits for only a moment, then opens the door herself and steps into the storm. She half reels in the wind, but bends to the gale and runs for the door. As her feet touch the threshold the great door slams in her face. The old building shakes spasmodically, and the door again swings open. Hilda Rickshaw hesitates on the threshold, turns as if to retreat, catches a glimpse of the frightened driver, and plunges into the darkness of the mill.

"Tyman!" The call is lost in the caverns. "Tyman, do you hear me? It is Hilda!" The call dies away among the louder shrieks of the mill. The door again slams with the roar of a cannon, and does not again swing open. The quaking negro is no longer visible to arouse the scorn of Hilda Rickshaw, and she shivers in the tumult about her. The door swings open again and falls from its hinges. It has withstood its last tempest. As if in echo from the falling door, a sullen roar rumbles up from behind the mill and grows in volume. The roar comes closer. The old mill shakes as though with a spasm, rocks, settles again, and topples backward. Hilda screams as she rushes for the door; but she is too late. As the lights from the car disappear from view, a man clings to the door-sill, and swings himself over.

"Hilda!" The call is drowned in the rush of angry waters.

"Hilda!" The cry is followed by the penetrating rays of a flashlight. Hilda Rickshaw is clinging to one of the great uprights, the foaming water licking her feet.

"Hilda!" The agonized cry carries across the narrow breach.

"Tyman, save me!" comes the reply.

"Hold fast, Love, the mill is turning!" cautions the voice as the great frame undergoes another convulsion and rolls over. The great joints groan as the greater force of the flood strikes the old hull, but the mortised timbers hold. The great frame shivers again and lies still, while the waters rush on through. The sound is hideous. The torrents churn against the great beams; give up the

task, and turn in exasperated fury upon the weaker boards. The rending, groaning, clattering, and breaking of the weaker timbers rise above the roar of the storm, and then the storm triumphs again. The water begins to subside and sink into a sullen requiem.

The flood has rushed by in a few minutes, but to the two clinging to the creaking timbers, each minute seems an hour. The man swings himself upward to a sitting posture and again turns the flashlight upon the woman.

"Hilda, can you hold until I get there?" he calls.

"Hurry! Tyman, hurry!" comes the answer. The voice is weak, and Tyman Foster knows that the arms of the girl cannot hold much longer. Only the stouter of the beams hold, but across these the man recklessly clambers. Only a few feet separate the two when a weakened beam gives way beneath Tyman and he pitches downward. The fall is short. The great door has been confined within the framework of the mill that it has guarded so long, and now gently jostles its captor as it floats on the flowing water. Tyman lands squarely in the middle of this old derelict, and almost within his reach dangle Hilda's feet. He steadies the raft as best he can and calls to her to release her hold. He catches her and they settle down upon the floating platform to rest. It is then that they notice that the rain no longer falls and that the wind has died into a low moan as the treetops meekly bend before it. The moon peeps from behind the flying clouds and looks in upon the lovers as they clasp one another and sit quiet after the stress.

"Miss Hilda, is you dar?" comes from the ridge above them. Alex has at last conquered his fear. The lovers look up and see the moonbeams glistening on the rain-washed automobile. Alex has ventured to the edge of the foundation from which the old mill had tumbled and is gazing down at the pair on the door.

"Sure, we're here, you black imp; and if we wait for you to help us out, we are liable to remain here. See Santa anywhere up there, send him down with some

refreshments while we wait for the water to run off a little more."

The negro peers over the edge once more and then turns to the car. He is industriously constructing a ladder from the full set of weed chains that the car carries when his mistress and her lover climb over the edge of the foundation and speak to him again. Before answering them his curiosity compels him to again look over the edge of the foundation. The door lies upon the lower timbers of the mill, and the water has gone on its way.

The drenched couple crawl wearily into the limousine and the thoroughly happy negro turns its nose back up the winding and hilly woods road.

"We'll be home for breakfast, Hilda, and that will be one welcome Christmas breakfast, too," predicts Tyman, as they nestle in the robes and listen to the steady purr of the motor as the heavy car lumbers along over the rutty road.

"Old Santa brought us luck, didn't he, Love?" It is half question and half statement, so Tyman does not answer. He draws her closer to him, and finally asks:

"Why did you come for me after the storm came up, Hilda? I should have come this morning, anyway. And why did you go into the old mill after you did come? When making my survey for the new dam yesterday, I saw that the old building was dangerously undermined. I didn't expect the old dam to break so suddenly, though." Both of them shiver as they think of the mad rampage of the released waters, and silence settles upon the couple as the car struggles onward.

* * *

The evening papers carried a story of how the old dam at Blackjack had been swept away, and of how the old mill had tumbled into the wreck. The statement followed that the young engineer would be able to make greater progress with his surveying now that the old obstacle had been swept away; but the reporter failed to get the story that lay along with the breaking of the old dam.

The Christmas of Long Ago

By SENOI

It was very little, I know;
An apple, an orange, a trinket or two,
For Santa was poor—not much could he do;
But oh! the joy of the long ago
When childhood hearts beat happy and true
And life was as bright as the morning dew!

It was very little, 'tis true;
But we skipped and we danced as the time drew near,
And we waited for Santa with never a fear:
“Just one more day till he'll be due!
He always comes, and he comes on time,
And his sleigh-bells ring with a merry, merry chime!”

There might have been more, I admit;
But we danced with delight at the break of the day,
And we danced with joy in the evening gray;
Wherever we went we nearly had a fit—
It was Christmas day, good Santa had come,
And he brought me a harp and a package of gum!

The "Life-Termer" At Home

By HAMLIN FERBEE, '31

DEEP in the forest, where the trailing cedar and honeysuckle ran riot, nestled the old mansion. The huge boughs of the drooping elm scraped the roof with a dull and melancholy stroke of tenderness; caressed it as friends caress each other when their lives have been interwoven by the finger of Time. The shutters had long since ceased to swing back and forth at the touch of the changing winds; the doors stood half ajar and clung to the wall by one rusty hinge, and the chimney no longer reared its head above the moss-covered boards of the sagging roof. The rooms were silent. The hearth was vacant. Phantom forms alone held revelry in the deserted halls, whose weather-stained walls once echoed merry laughter.

To this old forgotten house ran a winding path. In it no feet were ever seen to walk, but the grass that crowded its border did not dare cross its narrow way. People wondered. Children whispered and told stories that they had heard, but that had not been told for their ears. The stories grew no less with the repeating, while the old house gently and gradually mellowed into decay. But one day the silence of the old forgotten house was broken. An old man had been found dead upon the decaying threshold. In his thin and gnarled hand he still clasped a huge key of ancient design and covered with the accumulated rust of years. Not recently had it been used.

Among the crowds of the curious that came thither was the keeper of the grim old prison that stood just without the forest. He came nearer to the corpse; bent forward; placed his hand to his brow, and knelt by the lifeless form. A brief note with scrawled characters lay upon the quiet bosom, but none had dared touch it. With trembling fingers the jailer unfolded the missive and read to those around him:

"In boyhood I romped here. In manhood I sinned and was punished. In age I cared not to shake off the shackles that had kept me so long from my fellow-men. Long have I known the secret way from the prison, but I was content to make my short journeys here to the hearth where I was born and to decay as it decayed, forgotten and alone."

The jailer rose to his feet. At last he understood his oldest "life-termer."

Nocturnalia

By R. D. BULLOCK, JR., '29

The moonbeams fall across the garden
And on the bench near by;
The bench is bare—no one is there,
As in days gone by.

She was tall and she was fair,
And she had lustrous golden hair;
She used to flit, and sometimes sit,
In this garden fair.

The snow piles high on bench and ground,
And through the crisp night air
Comes not a sound,
For all is still and desolate.

She is gone?—her spirit lingers
In the garden there,
When moonbeams fall across the wall
And spring is in the air.

“Andrew Jackson: An Epic in Homespun”

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, '29

CHARGING through the years that have intervened since his death with all the persistence that characterized his sojourn here on earth, Andrew Jackson has lived in the musty pages of history as one of the most striking characters of all time, and has managed to remain, stubbornly rugged, within the realm of acquaintance of all Americans and, in general, of all the world. But it took Mr. Gerald White Johnson and his recent brilliant interpretation of the life and career of “Old Hickory” to present to the world that magnificent frontiersman in all his glory and to insure for him a richer and more sincere posterity.

And Mr. Johnson's work, *Andrew Jackson: An Epic in Homespun*,* for the very reason of its notable contribution to the popular conception of Jackson, is being hailed over the country as the greatest biography of the year and stands, even itself, in the light of an immortal piece of work. Mr. Johnson's real contribution lies not in anything new that he has unearthed in the life of that grizzled frontiersman. Mr. Johnson leaves that disagreeable task of illusion-shattering and critical research in general to others. His interest lies in presenting Jackson as a thoroughly human being; in showing us why he did the things he did; and finally, in leaving us, as we read the last line and close the book, to awaken to a gradual realization of what a true epic his life is and what a study he has handed down to us of today.

Jackson, Mr. Johnson tells us in retrospect, was a true romanticist. This being the case, as it undoubtedly was, there could be no other journalist, biographer, nor novelist who is more ably fitted to the task of telling, in their

*Published by Minton, Balch and Company, New York, 1927.

relation to one another, the facts of Jackson's life. And there is none who could more eloquently present that romance of Old Hickory and his noble wife that is as glowingly immortal as any that has ever graced the pages of literature. Mr. Johnson, deeply perceptive as he is, comes to a full realization of the poignant beauty of this romance, and has done more than any before him to preserve it for the future generations.

In the first chapter of the book, characteristically entitled, "How Mr. Jackson, Contrary to All Known Rules, Persists in Living," we are introduced to Mr. Johnson's work and to Andrew Jackson's thrilling life with this paragraph:

"Jackson, as a small boy, comes reeling into American history with a sabre cut on his head, and as the years gather upon him they gleam with steel and blood. It was a roaring career, resounding to the roars of cheering multitudes, of musketry, of artillery. It was a theatrical career in the style of Gallic romance, astonishingly like the career that Rostand imagined for Cyrano de Bergerac. Jackson relied on pistols, not on a rapier, and he has never been accused of making a ballad or of being partial to Socrates and Galileo. But he was a great duelist, a great soldier, and a great lover. He was fiery, quixotic, honest, and loyal. He was curiously romantic and incessantly dramatized himself and his surroundings, often to the exquisite embarrassment of more prosaic men."

Mr. Johnson is working with a brilliant life, and the skill with which he relates and coördinates the slashing, dramatic events of this life gathers momentum as the tale progresses. There is a dramatic problem, and Mr. Johnson handles it in a correspondingly dramatic manner. We are led through the amazing boyhood of this amazing Jackson: we feel with him when, as a boy of nine years, he is given his first introduction to war and formulates some very definite convictions about wars in general, and we find in every page some accretion to the characterization of the Jackson that the world knows today.

We follow Jackson through the events of his life that led him, after years in Charleston as a saddler's apprentice, to the study of law and the ultimate removal to that "tough" region, Tennessee, where the momentous events

of his career were to unfold, one by one, throughout the next half century.

It was here in Tennessee, where Old Hickory was to fight the big battles of his life, that he soon met the woman who was to be his companion for the next thirty-five years and receive from him all of tenderness and devotion that is to be had by any woman.

Rachel, the daughter of Colonel Jim Donelson, a Virginia surveyor who had come to Tennessee eight years previous to the time of Jackson's arrival, had married a moody, insanely jealous fellow, Lewis Robards. This Robards, sensing infidelity in his wife, dismissed her some time before Jackson came to Tennessee. She returned to the home of her mother in Nashville. (Colonel Donelson had died some years before.) Robards himself ere long returned to Tennessee and took up his abode with his mother-in-law, shortly afterwards setting his jealous temperament into motion, this time against Andrew Jackson, a boarder at the home of Mrs. Donelson. Upon a characteristic offer of Jackson's at learning of the suspicions of Mr. Robards to take off the ears of that latter worthy, Mr. Robards immediately and swiftly returned to Kentucky. Some time later word came that he was about to return once more, and that he was laying definite plans to fetch his wife. Rachel, terrified, decided to flee to Natchez. And it was just here that the responsible Jackson did the deed that was to be the cause in the years to come, on the one hand, of more than one gory duel, but also of one of the most beautiful romances the world has ever witnessed. He accompanied Rachel Robards to Natchez.

A few months later he received news that Robards had divorced his wife. There was no doubt in his mind that the suit had been brought and the divorce granted. Shortly after the news came, he went to Natchez and married Rachel.

And thereby hangs the tale. Robards had not secured a divorce. In the State of Virginia, in which he made application for the divorce, suit for a divorce might not

be sought except by special permission of the Legislature. He had made this application, but at the time of the marriage of Rachel and Jackson the divorce had not been granted. When it did reach the court, two years later, the case was perfect. The divorce was granted, and the world learned that Jackson had been for two years married to another man's wife. The fact that Jackson had married Rachel in good faith, thinking the divorce had been granted, was not always remembered. But the first fact was remembered and recalled many times. And Jackson for thirty-seven years kept two pistols ready for instant use.

How Old Hickory moved on through the hectic days of the early frontier civilization; how he became recognized as a military genius; how he killed Charles Dickinson as a result of a disparaging remark made by the latter about Mrs. Jackson; and how he "went to war so fast that the war could not keep up"—all are a part of the narrative which Mr. Johnson presents in leading up to those latter events in which Jackson figured as a national character.

Jackson was a military strategist and a killer of the first water in the Creek war with the Indians. People learned of him here; but it was not until his victory over the British forces at New Orleans in 1812 that he truly became a national hero. Mr. Jackson has not in these latter years received all the credit that is due him for this victory. Historians are apt to discredit it because it was fought after the treaty of peace with England had been signed. But the battle was no less real to those who fought in it than if there had been no treaty, and that strategy of Jackson's which enabled him to rout a force much more powerful than his was no less notable. Mr. Johnson illustrates this powerfully.

It was at New Orleans, when Jackson was at the height of the popularity that was his following the victory, that Rachel came to see him and that "a lover celebrated his lady by saying nothing." Rachel, dumpy, hopelessly countrified, and tanned with labor under a blazing Tennessee sun, was not taken to the bosom of New Orleans

society. She couldn't pass. But would she "pass" Andrew among these strangely glittering people? Would she shame him? Mr. Johnson tells us:

"Well, she came. She appeared with him at the grand ball at the Exchange, when the delivered city paid its farewell tribute to its defender, and all its wealth, beauty, and distinction crowded the place; and it was perfectly clear that he saw nothing less beautiful than the most beautiful woman there.

"What a triumph for Rachel! And what eloquence in her lover was his obliviousness! Songs can be sung with the lips only. Poems can be written from the head and with a heart untouched. But when a woman's lover is blind to her flaws, she is loved indeed."

Nine years later when, in the words of Mr. Johnson, Jackson had "completed the conquest for the United States of all the territory between the Ohio and the Gulf, and had defended his conquest against Great Britain," he returned to the Hermitage, his home in Tennessee, to retire from public life and to spend the rest of his days "nursing his shattered health in the bosom of his family, and eventually going down gracefully to the grave."

But Jackson had already commenced the practice of his policy of "never seeking an office and never refusing one," and when, some six years later, his retirement was shattered by the call of the American people for him to rescue them from the "Virginia Dynasty" and to arise as the champion of the people to the presidency of the United States, he "chose to run." And the people chose to put him in.

Although Mr. Johnson is two-thirds through his book before he reaches those events in Jackson's life which bear directly on his presidency, the remaining pages are sufficient unto the need. What the author of this "epic in homespun" has missed from Jackson's life is best where it is, and not within the covers of a readable, personal biography.

Jackson's struggle with nullification; his contests with and ultimate victories over his enemies; his successful struggle against the Bank of the United States—all are a part of the last act of Old Hickory's dramatic career, and they are all told clearly and well by Mr. Johnson.

Rachel died just nine days after her husband's election to the presidency, and so, in 1837, the stern old man who had fought all his battles and had emerged victorious so many times, returned to the Hermitage with "ninety dollars in money, with Rachel's picture and her Bible, and with little else besides," to fight that last battle, and finally to die as gallantly as he had lived.

It is for the propagation of a sublime love story, and for the casting into a human mold of that triumphant and finally pitiful character, that Mr. Johnson is to be commended. His contribution to the historical literature of the world may be in itself of a passing nature; but his ability to reach into the tanned pages of history and bring forth living characters smacks of Shakespeare, and hence of immortality.

*Is Protestantism Failing?**

By A. PAUL BAGBY

I RECALL that several years ago there was an article which appeared in "The Literary Digest" under the caption, "Where Christianity Negatives Itself." It contained a symposium sent in by the editors of many religious papers in answer to the question propounded to them: "Is Christianity Christian?" It was a startling article. The question was startling, and the majority of the answers given to it were in the negative. This gave the article its caption.

Now, of course, we recognize that the question is unfortunately worded. As it is worded it answers itself: Of course Christianity is Christian, or it is not Christianity. What was meant was, Is organized religion, termed Christianity, Christian? That makes a real question, and includes all branches of organized religion—Catholics and Protestants alike. The question which I have been asked to discuss is a narrower and at the same time a wider one: "Is Protestantism Failing?" It is narrower by reason of the word "Protestantism," and wider by reason of the word "Failing." The question in "The Literary Digest" might be read, Has organized Christianity failed? It was in the light of that meaning it was answered. There is a difference between "failing" and "failed"—a wide difference. It may be looked upon in the light of "failing, failing, failed," or, it may be looked upon with the idea of "failing" as the positive, or comparative degree, while "failed" is the superlative. It is in this last light I shall consider it with you, as well as in the former. It is not, "Is Protestantism driving toward failure?" and "Is it failing in a large measure?" Thus we are measuring its challenge in the light of its attainments; its real

*Dr. Bagby's sermon on this subject was prepared for the Ministers' Conference which met at Durham, November 14, 1927, and was also delivered to the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

pulse-beat in the light of its right of perfect health or complete demise.

And need I take time to say that the question propounded to me for discussion of necessity makes out of me a critic, searching for signs of weakness? I am to be like a doctor looking for a patch on the tongue, or in the throat; listening for a rasping sound from the lungs, or a missing beat or irregular beating of the heart. It would be easy enough to play Christian Scientist here; and, without thought or examination or logic, say: "Oh, Protestantism is all right—sound and well and healthy. There is no need for uneasiness. There can be no sickness." I am supposed to be honest—and honest, even if honestly mistaken, I shall be.

We assume that Protestantism includes us Baptists, howsoever violent an assumption that may be to some—and even to me.

Surely all of us agree that Protestantism is failing, in a very large degree, to meet the challenge before it and to enter into the full promises given it by the Saviour Himself.

And, while we recognize the obstacles which confront it from without—obstacles which the modern world's manner of thinking and manner of living make—we cannot excuse ourselves on this ground. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. Men's hearts are not more stubborn than they were in the day when Jesus said: "And the gates of hell shall not 'hold out' against it." Nor are men's thoughts more twisted.

So, when we are asked the question, Why is Protestantism failing? we must look within for the answer—not without; and we are looking at Protestantism as organized religion.

Using some words I have picked up somewhere at another time, I would say that the secret of Protestantism's failing—its partial failure—lies in the fact that "polished complexity" has replaced the "rugged simplicity" of the New Testament times. This has gone so far in Catholicism that it has failed—fully failed.

I know that the aims of Protestantism are worthy and true. They are the aims of Christ. All failing has come because of the means, or methods, used. It is hard to keep the eye on the goal. It is for an individual, and much more so for an organization.

May we not look together into this matter and see just how polished complexity has supplanted rugged simplicity?

First, in the matter of dogma, or doctrine, i. e., in the matter of theology, Protestantism presents a confused front. Theological conclusions based on speculations rather than on reasoning, on guesses rather than guidance, on theories rather than facts, on prejudices rather than on inspiration, have glutted the market of religious thinking until the world is confused in its search for the pearl of great price. Now, we can be loyal to our beliefs, and see that this is true. There never has been so much thought given to religious questions in any period of the world's history as today; but is it not true that almost all the thought is centered on other than the vital issue of Christianity? The rugged simplicity is this: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. If anyone confesses with his mouth the Lord Jesus, and believes in his heart that God raised Him from the dead, he shall be saved." Protestantism needs to proclaim this with all boldness and fervor, and forget the polished complexity of its theological speculations.

Then, in the matter of polity, we seem to be in the grip of this same polished complexity. Of course we recognize the necessity of development in the machinery of organized religion; and we are conscious of a guiding hand (wherever consent has been given to the guidance) in that development. Growth itself demands extra branches and leaves as well an enlarged trunk. But sometimes we wonder if some of the branches have not been grafted in by human hands and minds instead of being the natural output of the divine life within, and if some of the leaves of this tree of polity are not but forms made of tissue-

paper instead of being the living representatives of the life of the taproot.

From the standpoint of organization itself, look at the growth of denominationalism. In this we touch back upon the matter of complexity in doctrine, or dogmas—the organized presentation of the same. We know not the solution of Protestantism's denominational problem. We surely would not even suggest organic union. But we do know: "We are all divided; not one body we." And we do know that the frictions which exist must of necessity retard the progress of a move in winning the world for Christ.

Look, also, at the growth of ecclesiasticism. And I am not speaking in this of the highly organized systems merely. Surely with them the rugged simplicity of New Testament organization has given way to the polished complexity of modern technique. The unit of emphasis in Romanism may be the world, with the Pope as ruler; that in Episcopalianism may be the state; that in Methodism may be the community; that in Presbyterianism may be the family; and that in the Baptist life may be the individual. Yet, even we are well organized even in our ridged independence.

Surely we recognize in this natural advantage and divine guidance. But, at least, dangers are evolved.

Then, look at the growth of the mechanism of the local church. Surely this is plainly evident. I sometimes fear that our local churches are organized to the point of disintegration. Surely here we have today polished complexity as over against the rugged simplicity of New Testament times—sometimes, no doubt, to the glory of God; and sometimes, no doubt, to the detriment of the work. Protestantism will fail when the local church is no longer an organism, but a group of organizations.

Finally, let us look at polity from the standpoint of operation, as we have from the standpoint of organization: and I am sure we shall discover some facts which ought to alarm us. They alarm us because they are real conditions—and conditions which have gripped us in their arms.

Is it not true that Protestantism seems to be spending its energies largely on preparation rather than performance? I know enlistment is essential. But why is it that 1900 years has not been sufficient time for preparation? Why does Protestantism not take the world for Christ? Is it not because we are so engrossed with preparation today that we forget performance? Or, even clearer still, do we not somehow mistake preparation for performance? What engages the minds of Christians today? Money or souls? What is the end of church membership, so far as the obligation of the individual is concerned, in the minds of so many? Is not the financing of the local church and denominational enterprises the end for many? This must be done, but the weightier thing not left undone.

Then, has not perfunctoriness gained the day over spontaneity? Has religion become mechanical? In our campaigns can this be true? Is there any other thing that compels us beyond the love of Christ? Is church leadership of this same order? Are we machines, or are we spirits? What is the driving force of the B. Y. P. U. leader, the Sunday school teacher, the deacon, the organist, the preacher, the college president, the denominational leader? Are we wheels in a machine, or souls in the Holy Spirit?

And this leads to the last question: Has professionalism gripped us as Protestants, and Baptists, and even professed individual believers, so that genuine loyalty (which is in us, thank God,) fails to express itself?

As a preacher, I don't want to be a professionalist; I want to be a loyalist. So, too, as a denominationalist, and as a unit in Protestantism.

If we can keep our eyes upon the goal, and our souls at the throne, even every supposed failure will be glorious success and "the kingdoms of this world will soon become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Personal evangelism is the lost note of Christianity; and until that is regained we can but expect failure.

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The Editor's Portfolio

Society Day

There has been much favorable comment on the Society Day that just passed. The choice of speakers by contest; the presence of so many visitors from other institutions, especially the ladies, and the widespread interest that was aroused, justify our calling it the new birth of Society Day. This year has been a good year in the literary societies, and with the increased membership is expected increased interest and achievement.

The Senior Class Gift

For four years the Class of '28 has made the campus its home, and during this time we have never seen the Stars and Stripes float above us. Flagpole after flagpole has followed each other into the realm of decay. Why could not the Class of '28 present its Alma Mater with a metal flagpole and a flag? We believe that future students would appreciate the gift; that the College would be benefited; and that it would be a fitting memorial of the class.

Dr. William A. Johnson The faculty and students were greatly saddened by the tragic death of Dr. W. A. Johnson, Professor of Anatomy, November

24. Dr. Johnson, who received the B.A. in Medicine from Wake Forest College in 1923, had all the masculine vigor that is characteristic of great football players. At the same time, those who knew him well were impressed by the gentle surety and ability of the man. In training, Dr. Johnson was splendidly fitted for his job, but in his personality was found his distinction. As a teacher, the boys, without exception, liked him. Toward them he always exercised the most refined attitude and consideration. The recent mumps epidemic here was handled exceptionally well by him. His ability as trainer on the football field was supreme, his mastery being due to thorough experience on the field and his ability to win the coöperation of those under his trainership.

Pearson's
Poems

In this issue of THE STUDENT appear two of James Larkin Pearson's poems—"The Grave-Tree" and "Lincoln." We use them, first, because they are good poetry; second, because they are the work of a most interesting man. As stated in the preface to his volume of "Poems," published by the author in 1924, Pearson was born "on the 13th of September, 1879, in a log cabin on top of Berry's Mountain, about three miles from Boomer, N. C." He says that his schooling was perhaps not more than twelve months from first to last, but it was sufficient to create in him a love for books, and to arouse in him a desire to write. He had a peculiar interest in authors, and when he read a book his next task was to find who wrote it, where he lived, and when. Biography received special study, especially the biography of writers. Longfellow first entered Pear-

son's life, and after him came Riley and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was rather late in life when he found a new field opened by Whitman and Swinburne. "I take Whitman for thought and Swinburne for music," says the poet. Without attempting to pass judgment on the work of the author as a whole, we call attention to a man whom North Carolinians should know, and to these two poems which, we are sure, will be read with genuine delight, because of their "gripping sincerity," to borrow an epithet that has been applied to them.

Is Christmas
Style
Changing?

Only a few years ago Christmas seemed more like the noisiest day of a hard-fought battle: cannon-crackers, fire-crackers, air-rifles, and pop-guns. There was very little to remind one of the birth of the gentle Saviour. Before those few years, Christmas was doubtless a time of quiet, feasting and enjoyment. To them we may refer as "the good old days" without using the phrase as a blanket to cover a thing unsightly. It seems to us that the last two or three yuletides have been more in keeping with the old institution of Christmas. We believe that no greater institution has ever been set up than this time when relatives and friends may come together to be joyous because of the birth of The Prince of Peace. We believe, further, that when seated around the festal table, souls make a closer contact one with another. A real Christmas is one that is spent at the old home—father, mother, children, grandchildren, and friends gathered under the old roof. What do we care if every bed carries three-deep? if every room in the house has a pallet in the middle of the floor? if part of the boys are forced to sleep in the barn on the straw and under horse-blankets? Those were real Christmases! We remember one of these yuletides when thirty-

four guests gathered to spend the holidays in a farm home of five rooms. Sleep took a back seat, but when it was necessary the men left the house to the women and made themselves at home in the barn among the hay and straw. Here they laughed and joked until fatigue claimed them one by one. Nor shall we forget the odors of sage, thyme, spices, smoked ham, chicken, and fresh meats that blended into a maddening galaxy of domestic perfume. Our mouths watered and our stomachs ached with anticipation. When seated at the groaning table we were gratified, satisfied, almost crucified, but the knowing nose teased us on. Yes, we think that it is during festal hours such as these that souls are knit into closer texture, and through this shall come peace.

What Is
This?

How many students have heard this inquiry as people were passing Wake Forest?

The editors have noticed that at least three of the colleges of Raleigh have their names in conspicuous places on their respective campuses. There it is not necessary for one to inquire what the place is, and a more intimate introduction to the institution is given the passer-by when he hears the name mentioned elsewhere, and across his memory flashes the view that had followed the curiosity that had been aroused by the name of an institution of learning. We realize that Wake Forest is not putting on an advertising campaign for students, but we realize, also, that the students who are going out from her need every chance or opportunity for recognition that may be gained by the name of Wake Forest being linked with the outside world. To this end we should like to see the arch given the College by the Class of 1909 resurrected and reërected at the appropriate entrance to the campus. It is at present buried in a basement somewhere.

Exchanges

J. M. ELLIOTT, JR., *Editor*

The November number of *The Archive* from Duke University is well supplied with material valuable to the field of college literature. There are three very interesting essays in this number which contribute largely to its success. The first we shall mention is "Remembered Moments," by Virginia McCormick, which is very carefully planned and effectively presented. This essay of reminiscences is very entertaining and of appeal to the individual. Next, "To Make a World," by S. R. Brookshire, is an appealing study of human nature under the canvas covers of the circus. It is short but interesting because of the gripping manner in which the author presents it. Then "What Is a College Paper For?" by Albert H. Cotton, is a convincing correction of the public opinion concerning the purpose of a college paper. The writer points out that its purpose is for journalistic training of those connected with it rather than for the benefit of the college only. We think this a very timely treatment.

The number is rich in poetry of unusual quality. The prominent features are: "Taliesin," by May Folwell Hoisington; "Shadows Beyond," by Carl Carmer, and "The Centurion," by Opal Winstead. Then we also note that the book reviews are of high quality. They are very informing. There is, however, a noticeable shortage of short stories, which is partially remedied by the noteworthy contribution of May Bess Redford's "The Four Seasons."

It is very interesting to note that *The Archive* is featuring a series of "Animal Studies," by Ralph Fuller. The first installment appearing in this issue is "The Gopher." We think this very amusing and a feature of popular attraction.

* * *

The Chameleon for November, from Davidson College, is not so bountiful in material, but the quality displayed certainly approaches the par of college magazines. Although the num-

ber is attractive in appearance we suggest that the effectiveness could be increased by providing more variety.

The outstanding short stories of the issue seem to be "This Violin," by Rough A. Boggess, of creditable style, and narrated in the first person, and "The Golden Gift," by Browne McQueen, which is anecdotal in type, and interesting. The only essay, also contributed by Rough A. Boggess, is "Between Each Parenthesis," a valuation of Sir James Matthew Barrie as an English dramatist, attributing his success to "Peter Pan."

Poetry is plentiful and of fair quality. We also note the unique arrangement of poems into a special group in addition to a few inserted throughout the issue. We are inclined to speak favorably of such a section, especially when there is such an abundance of material. We shall be interested to see if this section is repeated in the future.

* * *

Our first copy of *The College Message*, from Greensboro College, appears in the November issue. We are very favorably impressed with the literary excellence of this number, but it is scanty in material. We look forward to the next number in its fully developed size.

The number contains an essay, editorials, two poems, two plays, a story, and a special contribution. The only essay, "Feminism," by Gertrude Slay, is an account of the evolution of woman to her present stage of modernness. This interesting subject is well discussed. The better of the two plays, "In Old Virginia," by Lucie Hayes, does considerable credit to a college student. The short story, "The Golden Arrow," by Florence Mercer, is indeed short, but something different—an Indian legend.

We wish to congratulate the staff on being so fortunate a recipient of the special contribution, "If It Were Not So I Would Have Told You." This tribute to truth is very constructive. We also note an unusual feature in this magazine—that of placing the editorials on the first page, rather than the usual position near the center or rear. This is another feminine invention and we wonder if it will be adopted by other magazines.

The October number of *The Coraddi*, from North Carolina College for Women, represents good workmanship, even though the list of contributors is small. The cover and arrangement of the magazine are attractive. Miss Fadean Pleasants seems to have been the nuclear source of material for this edition, judging from the number of her contributions. And her work is indeed noteworthy.

Short stories displaying ability are abundant. "Three Days," by Muriel Wolff, gives a unique view of country life, with a tragic ending. Miss Wolff makes an interesting sketch of this phase of life. The two stories, "The Sounding of the Trumpet," and "Courtin'," by Edith Harbour, are based on the simple life of the mountaineers. The characteristic superstition and backwardness of this type of life is vividly displayed. However, we note that all of the stories appear to be of the same type.

The only essay, "And What of Marriage?" by Fadean Pleasants, is a skeptical comment on the seriousness of the plunge into matrimony, and is very carefully treated. The poetry is certainly commendable. Miss Pleasants contributes the outstanding verses, namely, "Wisdom," "The Orphan," "Sea Spray." These show unusual ability for an amateur. "Traveling," by Marjorie Vanneman, is also commendable. The book reviews are attractive and appealing.

* * *

The Winthrop Journal, from Winthrop College for Women, for November, is a well balanced magazine of worthy literary qualities. We are impressed with the style and quality of the contents.

The two stories of the number are of unusual interest and information. "Conrad's Lonely Souls," by Sara McGee, portrays Conrad's ability to feature the soul. This is a worthy tribute to Conrad and of value to the reader. "Idealism a Force in Modern Life," by Ruth George, is a timely subject and well developed.

The stories and sketches are of creditable style and composition. The book reviews catch the reader's interest and create the desire to read the books, while the editorials provide the

reader with subject matter for constructive thought. We also wish to commend the poetry.

* * *

We are especially pleased to acknowledge receipt of *Trinity University Review*, from Toronto, Canada. It is a pleasure to form new acquaintances and to win new friends.

* * *

After eagerly searching for the "Exchange Department" in each of these exchanges we were forced to give up without a taste of reward. Our only means of consolation seems to be centered on a mere promise: *The Winthrop Journal* promises to insert this department in the next issue. We must admit our disappointment, for we value the opinion of others and consider this department an indispensable asset to all concerned. Let's insert this department for the advancement of college literary ideals.

Alumni Notes

B. T. HENDERSON, *Editor*

Mr. R. L. Paschall, B.A. 1891, who has for the last thirty years been principal of the Fort Worth Senior High School, Fort Worth, Texas, was at a recent meeting of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges, held at Jacksonville, Florida. President Gaines met Mr. Paschall at this meeting. Mr. Paschall is head of possibly the largest Senior High School in the South. He has under his supervision 80 teachers, and more than 2,000 Senior High School students, with a plant valued at more than a million dollars. A recent number of the *Dallas News* devoted a full page to a write-up of Mr. Paschall's school. His school has also received honorable mention in the *Outlook* recently.

Mr. D. H. Bland, M.A. 1904, has for many years been judge of the recorder's court of the city of Goldsboro. He was recently in Wake Forest for an hour, and was much pleased with evidences of progress of the college.

Mr. Charles Daniel, 1912-14, of Weldon, N. C., is associational manager of the Centennial Fund in the Roanoke Association.

Mr. George Pennell, LL.B. 1914, recently lost his only son. Dr. Culom was present at the funeral and had a part in it. Mr. Pennell was also bereaved of his wife a few weeks prior to the death of his son.

Judge Johnson J. Hayes, LL.B. 1909, of Greensboro; Robert N. Simms, B.A. 1897, of Raleigh, and R. C. Lawrence, LL.B. 1898, of Lumberton, are the three vice-presidents of the Centennial Fund.

Dr. Herbert M. Vann, for the past two years associate professor of anatomy at Tulane University, returns to us and to his former position as professor of anatomy, on January 1. Dr. Vann will succeed the late Dr. W. A. Johnson.

Alumni and friends throughout the South were saddened by the recent death of W. C. Dowd, Sr., B.A. 1889.

Mr. Y. C. Elliott, B.A. 1927, has for the past year been Baptist Student Secretary of N. C. State and Meredith Colleges, Raleigh.

The Asheville alumni, under the leadership of the Mountain War Horse, W. O. Riddick, B.A. 1890, following the Wake Forest-Presbyterian football game, October 7, raised a thousand dollars for the support of needy students at Wake Forest College.

Dr. J. Powell Tucker, B.A. 1911, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh. Dr. Tucker promises to be very popular in the Capital City.

Following is a list of six recently elected trustees of Wake Forest College: William Carey Dowd, 1910-13, publisher of the *Charlotte News*, Charlotte, N. C.; A. J. Hutchins, B.A. 1912, superintendent of schools, Canton, N. C.; Dr. J. Clyde Turner, B.A. 1899, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Greensboro, N. C.; Rev. J. B. Willis, B.A. 1909, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Hamlet, N. C.; Dr. J. C. Watkins, B.A. 1897, dentist, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Dr. C. C. Coleman, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Durham, N. C. Dr. Coleman is not an alumnus of our college, but he has already proved himself a great friend, and the college is glad to have the closer association.

Notes and Clippings

ROBERT E. LEE, Editor

A Senior stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast,
The train got off the track
And let the Senior pass.

¶ ¶ ¶

Our idea of a good prophet is the guy who wrote : "There's Music in the Air," before radios were invented.

¶ ¶ ¶

Mother—Who taught you to say that dreadful word?

Little Boy—Santa Claus, when he fell over a chair in my bedroom Christmas Eve.

¶ ¶ ¶

It was the rube's first visit to the city. As he stood on the pavement, his sides shaking with laughter, he was asked:

"What's the joke?"

"Joke? Can't you see it? Just look how that thing leaks (pointing to a watering cart). Why, the idiot won't have a drop when he gets home."

¶ ¶ ¶

The only thing that will make a freshman think fast on his feet is for the Dean to dismiss chapel.

¶ ¶ ¶

Mary had written her mother that she had been dating a cross-country man since coming to college. She was surprised to receive the following note from her parents: "Pa and I don't object to you running around with a country man, Mary, for your grandfather and grandmother were both farmers. We just can't understand why you don't pick out a congenial fellow instead of a cross one."

¶ ¶ ¶

Freshman—I'll have to start shavin'. I'm getting whiskers on me like a billy goat.

Sophomore—Why, sure! You can't be a kid all your life.

¶ ¶ ¶

French artists gave a prize to the homeliest woman in Paris. The contestants must have been subpœnaed.

¶ ¶ ¶

"You're under arrest for racing," said a traffic patrolman.

"Oh, you're mistaken," the motorist protested. "I wasn't racing. But say, I passed a couple of fellows who were."

The fat man said he would like to dance, but he needed a concave partner.

¶ ¶ ¶

Honest Man (on street car)—Has anyone dropped a roll of bills with a rubber band around them?

Chorus of voices—Yes, I have.

Honest Man—Well, here's the rubber band."

¶ ¶ ¶

"It's all off for the evening," said the girl, as she washed the rouge off her face.

¶ ¶ ¶

The party was hilarious. In fact, everybody was certainly having a great time. Laughter, shrieks, and giggles.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. The bedlam ceased abruptly, and a stony silence fell upon the merrymakers.

"My husband!" was the fearful thought in every woman's mind. Whereupon the men scuttled for cover, leaping out of the windows and dashing for the back door.

Came another knock. Every woman trembled, expecting her husband to come in.

He came! It was Brigham Young.

¶ ¶ ¶

The night is dark and cold without;
I dare not think to walk about,
For there's a sound that's quite a bore—
The howling of a Sophomore.

¶ ¶ ¶

Women don't like sermons over the radio. No one can see their millinery.

¶ ¶ ¶

Once upon a time a Scotchman was engaged to a girl so fat that he wanted to break the engagement. But the girl couldn't get the ring off, so he had to marry her.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Are you quite comfortable, dear?"

"Yes, love."

"The cushions are cozy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any joints?"

"No, sweetie."

"And there is no draft on your back?"

"No, onliest one."

"Then change seats with me."

¶ ¶ ¶

"We've knocked a man down. Aren't you going to stop?"

"Oh, that's all right. We'll read all about it in the papers."

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast and said, "Poor man, circulation almost gone." The dying editor shouted, "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the state." ¶ ¶ ¶

Colored Preacher (at tent meeting):—Is dere anybody here what belongs to de army ob de Lord?

Dusky Listener—I does, suh.

Preacher—What division?

Dusky One—The Baptists.

Preacher—Looky 'ere, man; you don't b'long to no army; you b'longs to de navy. ¶ ¶ ¶

Nowadays the only hazing a freshman gets is when they make him study. ¶ ¶ ¶

Professor—How much time did you spend on your psychology, young man?

No. 57 (back row)—Three hours, sir.

Professor—Then what happened?

No. 57—My roommate woke me up. ¶ ¶ ¶

Some small boys were swimming in the lake, attired only in their birthday suits. An elderly lady chanced to pass and was shocked beyond reason at the unusual spectacle.

"Boys, boys," she remonstrated. "Isn't it against the law to bathe without suits?"

"Yes, lady," chirped up the lads, "but come on in. We won't tell on you." ¶ ¶ ¶

Some day someone is going to write a true story of college life, but it isn't going to be published. ¶ ¶ ¶

History Professor—Puritan men were not allowed to kiss their wives on Sunday, for it was not the day of amusement." ¶ ¶ ¶

A woodpecker sat on a Freshman's head

And settled down to drill.

He pecked and pecked and pecked away

And wore away his bill. ¶ ¶ ¶

"I'm drunk," cried Jonah, as he floated down the whale. ¶ ¶ ¶

Americanism: A college student talking about something concerning which he knows nothing, to another college student who doesn't know what he is talking about, and to whom it would make no difference if he did.

Here's to our teachers and our parents. May they never meet.

¶ ¶ ¶

Studious—How can you study when your roommate is typing?

Stude—Oh, I can read a chapter between clicks.

¶ ¶ ¶

Jokes of teachers all remind us

We can make our grades sublime

By bursting forth in joyous laughter

At the designated time.

¶ ¶ ¶

"This is spiritual food," said the cannibal chief as he ate a missionary.

¶ ¶ ¶

Bee—Is your Packard friend coming tonight?

Gee—No.

Bee—Dodge Brothers?

Gee—No, dearie; this is Willys-Knight."

¶ ¶ ¶

Pasted on the window of a book store was a sign, "Porter Wanted." In the window was a pile of books bearing the sign, "Dickens' Works all this Week for \$4."

An Irishman read the first sign and then the placard. He scratched his head and then blurted out, "Well, Dickens can work here all week for \$4, hut I'm a union man, so you'd better get Dickens."

¶ ¶ ¶

Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight.

Give us a girl with skirts not so tight,

Whose face is not hidden by three coats of paint—

Give us a girl like the modern ones ain't.

¶ ¶ ¶

Bill—52-36-48-67.

Tom—What football signal is that?

John—That ain't no football signal. He's reading the grades on my report card.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Your dog just bit a piece out of my leg, madam."

"Glad you mentioned it. Now I won't have to feed him."

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The Wake Forest Student

*A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College*

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No. 4

I'll Be True

By R. PAUL CAUDILL, '29

I'll be true,

For there's a God to whom I've
pledged my all and all;

To serve in sunshine, sleet, or rain,
though all should fall.

And though my part be but to walk along
the narrow humble streets of some old town

To seek to point the way, or help to cause some
poor old downcast soul a higher ground
to see—

To Him, yes,

I'll be true.

I'll be true,

For there are those I love more
than my mortal life;

By them I'll stand with all my strength
through every storm and strife.

And though the shadows come or destiny
should separate our paths for many years,

Still, through it all, I'll brave the storms,

I'll stem the tide of years, though bathed my soul
in tears
may be.

To them, yes,

I'll be true.

The Midnight Voyage

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

STINKING QUARTER was on the warpath. At sundown the flood had been reported as lapping the sills of the old bridge. Predictions were freely made that the old wooden structure would not stand the onslaught. Three years had passed since the new concrete bridge had been built a mile lower down the stream, and even before this the old, sagging structure had been condemned. Now the night was half spent and the lantern that Lon Allred had daringly placed on the heavy railings in the middle of the bridge still glimmered in the darkness. Now and then the light wavered as a floating log struck the support. As the sound of each new impact reached the watchers on the shore they listened for the ripping, tearing, breaking that would send the old landmark down the river with the flood. The watch seemed more like that of death, except that the solemnity held a strong undercurrent of expectancy. Would the rising flood and the increasing débris that must be jamming the river sweep the stubborn old timbers away before the moon lit up the scene for the watchers? The flood churned madly while the great disc took his own time in making his ascension. Slowly, slowly the disc cleared the horizon, lingered among the tree-tops, and finally peeped over them upon the flood. The light from the lantern grew dimmer and gradually the framework of the great bridge became visible, stretching across the water like the skeleton of some gigantic whale. Only the railings remained above water, and the flood rushed through them exultingly, as if the wine of victory had already been tasted. And then another sound broke the stillness—unearthly, exultant, mad. The eyes of the watchers were turned up the river.

Standing, as it were, upon the water, a white figure gleamed in the bright moonlight. The arms waved frantically and a hideous laugh echoed above the roar of the

water. The watchers seemed paralyzed as the phantom-like figure swept nearer the bridge. The figure came nearer, and recognition dawned upon the faces of the group on the shore.

"Murphy Prestel! My God!" The cry had hardly ceased to echo when the heavy current swept the shallow boat into the jam and threw the white figure forward into the débris. The men watchers groaned and the girls buried their faces in their hands. The body of Murphy Prestel did not sink, however, but lay quietly where it had been hurled.

"Can we get to him, Lon?" cried one of the boys, as they involuntarily ran down to the edge of the water.

"Doubt it, Jack; but I'll try if you will. Maybe the bridge will hold a little bit longer."

"Don't go, boys; don't go! He's dead, anyway." The caution came from one of the girls who had joined them. Neither of them heeded her warning, but waded out to where the railings rose from the water. Progress was fast, for the logs had drifted into rather firm footing along the old structure.

"The bridge is swimming, Jack, but if she holds another ten minutes we're safe. This is an awful strain on her, though, with this jam holding back the force of the river." They were nearly to the ghost-like figure that lay prostrate on the logs. The old bridge quivered under the force of the angry current, for they were in mid-river, and the jam jostled the barrier in persistent effort to go by.

"Look out!" The warning was followed by another jar as a heavy raft of logs struck near them. The logs about them bucked angrily at the contact, jostled impatiently, and on the heels of the echo from the crash came a scream from the group on the shore. The bridge was parting. The din was awful. The bridge swung open like the gate of a great lock. Logs buckled, jammed, crumpled, and broke, milling like cattle, and then broke into wild stampede. They rushed by, tearing at the more slowly moving bridge as though maddened by its cumbersome progress. Wider and wider grew the gap between the end of the

bridge. The jam acted as a great wedge driven by the force of the current. But would the bridge remain upright with the logs pushing, scraping, and screeching at its side? Gradually the weaker timbers of the inside railing yielded to bombardment. The heavy girders then collapsed and the bridge toppled, but the onrush of the *débris* covered the lifting edge and the bridge settled again.

When the inside girder had broken Jack and Lon had dragged the still helpless though conscious form of Murphy Prestel across to the other girder, but when the bridge threatened to topple they had almost given up hope. They looked back now toward the site of the bridge. The distance between the land and the upper end of the bridge was growing, while at the lower end it was decreasing. Would the wedge force them near enough to the shore to permit their escape? The prospects seemed good, but if the *débris* should rush by too swiftly the chance would be lost. Nearer they drifted toward the shore, but the jam was rapidly thinning. The bridge slowly toppled as the *débris* washed from the flooring. After reaching a rather sharp angle, however, it remained thus and the boys felt relief. The end of the raft was scarcely thirty feet from shallow water when the passengers felt the current pull at the other end of the raft and saw the distance begin to grow. Between them and the shore was much *débris* and swift water, but they were good swimmers. They looked at one another and then at the old man between them. Each shook his head and watched the current bring them again into the middle of the stream. The other half of the bridge had been forgotten, but the action of the water had been practically the same upon it and it had fared even better, for the girders still stood and maintained the balance of the raft. The two old companions finally rubbed sides in the current and the three men quickly made the transfer. The two sections remained together, but continued to mill slowly in mid-stream. Lon and Jack began to look before them. Their hearts gave a leap as the great white concrete bridge loomed up in the moonlight ahead of them. Its

buttresses were cluttered with another jam; but the timbers hesitated only a few minutes, then worked their way around the barriers.

As the current bore them downward they considered the problem of bringing the rafts into contact with the buttresses. If this could be done the other end of the old bridge would gradually sweep around and lodge securely against another buttress. Nearer and nearer circled the huge derelict. One turn was completed and another started when the forward end caught in the temporary log jam. The rear end circled more swiftly, struck the yielding logs of the other buttress, and settled. Voices above them attracted their attention and Lon called for help. They were soon drawn to the bridge, where a party of highway employes were stationed to break up the jams. Dynamite was dropped upon the old bridge and it again joined the flood, passing in wreckage under the giant that had superseded it.

* * *

Poor old half-demented Murphy Prestel was not allowed to return to his cottage on the banks of the river in which he had fished so long and on whose waters he loved to ride.

Many tales have been told of the rescue made by Jack and Lon, and the old rock buttresses stand as monuments to the feat.

A Word to the Wise

By *ERSKINE X. HEATHERLEY*, '31

At home, abroad, both far and near,
We meet 'em everywhere—
Those guys, you know, who know it all,
Who always speak but never hear,
Whose fame but flourishes to fall
In silence like a tear.

Alas! ye bully barkin' dogs
Always a-croakin' lack th' frogs
An' rootin' fer a name lack hogs
In slimy places,
Yer bloomin' faces
Air dirty with the schemes ye meant to hide,
An' full o' traces
Of the scars that knavish pride
Has branded on you!
It's hot enough without your air,
It's big enough without your heads,
It's green enough without your share
Of bright remarks an' verbal threads!

Don't grumble if you ain't the jay
We're tryin' to portray;
But if ye air, then rave an' cuss
An' vent yer spleen in full display:
Then we can tell you by yer fuss—
For only certain species bray!

'Round Granther's Chair

By GLENN S. BALLARD, '28

I WAS sixteen when the war began. There was lots of excitement, and the most of us boys wanted to go.

Brother Jim and Tom and Frank enlisted. They give the boys a big dinner out at the campground. During the speakin' one man took out his pocket handkerchief and said, "I can wipe all the blood up that will be shed in the war with this pocket handkerchief!" When the boys got to drillin' and comin' home lookin' like soldiers it made us younger fellers anxiouslyer than ever to get in the army. One day Tom and Frank come home on a furlough. They belonged to the cavalry, and they made their horses jump every fence on the place. That just about fixed me. I run off and tried to get in the army. But they said I was too young; and not to be outdone, I went on the railroad. And for three years I had it about as hard as if I'd been in the army.

First I was on the Wilmington and Rutherford line. Mark Hoke of Lincolnton was our engineer, and a feller Snyder was conductor. I went on as brakeman. That was before the day of air-brakes, and me and another feller had to look out for the train. Usually there was five or six cars apiece. I soon got so I didn't mind it. We got so we could dance all over the box-cars and run 'em back'ards as well as for'ards, near 'bout. When the engineer blowed "Brakes" we lit into it with our hickory sticks. I never will fergit one time. We were at some little place. There was another train on the track in front of us. Their engineer was talkin' to Mark, and when he started off he said, "You won't see my smoke any more until the next town." "We'll see about that," said Mark, and here we went! Snyder begin cussin' and got down on the steps of the shanty-car. He was always a little scary. The other engine was bigger than our'n, but Hoke was a-goin' some! You might know we was goin' fast—it was nine miles to the next station and we

made it in 'leben minutes. But that's gettin' ahead of my story. We was just about a-flyin, I thought; anyway, we was keepin' in sight of the other feller's smoke. There was a curve right this side the other station. Hoke 'lowed the train ahead of us would go on the sidetrack, so he kept right on, and just as we turned the curve we saw their shanty-car no piece ahead of us. Hoke blowed "Brakes!" and I run. I was puttin' on brakes as hard as I could when I happened to look just in time to see the Negro, who was the other brakeman, make a dive. We were on a fill, and that Negro went sailin' just like a flyin' squirrel. I got brakes on all of my cars and one of his'n before we stopped. The other engineer had pulled out when he heard our whistle. We barely bumped his train. Then our conductor come up. He was mad and still scared. He was afraid to talk to Hoke, so he took it out on me. I wasn't to blame, of course, and so I talked back and got turned off. I got a pass and come back to Lincoln. That was our headquarters. Ben Guine was super'tendent. He knew me well, and the first thing he said was, "George, what are you doin' here?" I told him all about it. "You just stay around until the train comes back; we'll look into that." So I went on home and stayed about a week. I was glad to see the folks, anyway. In a few days word come to be in town a certain day. We had a trial, a sort of "court-martial." Of course I was cleared of any blame a' tall, and went back on my job.

It got tough in the winter. I wore my hair long, and many a time it would freeze to my overcoat collar. No matter how much it sleeted and snowed, we had to sit on top of them cars. One time I was sent back to flag the next train. We had broke down. It was cold, and my! I was tired and sleepy. There was deep snow beside the track, so I decided to lie down. I made a pile of snow and set my red lantern on it and wallered down in the snow. That was the last I knowed until I come to in the shanty. They had found me about froze.

One time I come in wet and cold and pulled off my shoes and socks and propped my feet up before the stove. It was red hot. Before long I dozed off to sleep. The

feller who was our other brakeman then was a mean sort o' feller. He come in while I was settin' there and thought he would have some fun. So he grabs both my feet and pops them against the red-hot stove. Geminy-king! It left the white skin on the stove. Out the door he went and me after him. I had grabbed a piece of English rosum out of the kindlin' box, and as I got out he was just fixin' to stand up on top of a box-car. I was good on a throw and I let fly. That old piece of rosum was hard as a rock. It took him on the burr of the ear and down he come. I wouldner cared right then if I'd a-killed him. He got over it lots better'n I did. It was a week or two before my feet got right.

We had our ups and downs. Snyder treated me all right after I went back. We got some good laughs on him. One night it was cold as whiz! Hoke and Snyder bunked together. Mark had already crawled in. Snyder was gettin' him a drink, and ever once and a while he would sling a few drops on Hoke. Hoke let him keep on. About the time Snyder got ready to turn in Hoke got up and took the bucket and poured it all in the bunk and crawled back in. He was big and stout and didn't seem to mind it. Not so Snyder. There was no use talkin' about it, their bed was wet. Snyder come over to my bunk. "George, you got room in there for me? That fool's poured a whole bucket o' water in our bed." I made room for him. The next mornin' when Hoke crawled out his bed was smokin' same as a fattenin' hog's.

After several months of brakin' the fellers found out I could cook pretty well, and I was promoted. I fared fine then. We always had plenty to eat. One thing, we had a Negro who could steal what we couldn't buy. I never saw anybody like him. About this time we were put to running into Virginia. We would haul up a load of provisions for the army and bring back Yankee prisoners to the old prison in Salisbury.

To get back to my nigger. There was a big house near the depot in Petersburg. It belonged to a lawyer. There was a lot of grain being spilled in loading and unloading all around the station, and this lawyer had cut a scuttle

hole so his chickens could come down and eat all they wanted and go back. He had a lot of pretty chickens. And they were fat lookin', too. One day something was said about ketchin' one of them to eat. Jackson didn't say anything, but directly we heard a racket and saw him after a big old hen. She beat him to the scuttle hole, but Frank never stopped. Right over the fence he went, the old hen makin' for the house and him after her. He run her 'round the house. The lawyer come out: "Hey! boy, what d' you mean?" Frank kept right on. "Boss, one ob our chickens got loose and I'se tryin' to ketch 'er"—and around the house and under the house, and the man standin' lookin' at him. He caught her and come on down to the shanty. We had a fat chicken that day.

Ha! I was thinkin' 'bout the time Snyder tried to say "onions." He couldn't talk right plain. Hoke had a fashion of sayin' "ingerns." One day at dinner Snyder said, "Can't you say nothin' but 'ingerns'?"

Hoke grinned. "I bet you can't say it a bit better." They argued a little, then Hoke said, "Well, let's hear you say it any better." I can just hear Snyder, "Why, yun-yuns, damn ye!"

We hauled many a prisoner to Salisbury. Lots o' times some o' them would want water or a bite to eat. I always liked to give it to 'em if I had it. So many never got back home again. They were treated about as well as could be where there was so many, for that day and time. But disease took a big portion. Over 'leben thousand are buried there near the old prison. It's a national cemetery now. And of course our men fared just as bad in the northern prisons.

We had it lively in Petersburg when the Yankees besieged that place. Our box-cars were painted white, so they made a good target. And of course they wanted to destroy the railroads. There was one sidetrack which we dassent leave cars on. We tried to slip in at night, and we didn't believe the Yankees could see the cars from their lines. But every time we left a car there they began shelling pretty soon. There was a big high house close by and some of the fellers noticed a light burning up in the

garret. Every night if there was cars on the sidetrack the light was there. So we knowed the secret. A wheel-bar' of blastin' powder was rolled up in the front yard, and the lady of the house was called out. Hoke said to her: "Lady, we've noticed a light burning in your garret when our cars are on the sidetrack. If that light burns tonight or any other night we'll be obliged to blow up the house." There was no light after that, and we wun't shelled at that spot.

But one day they tore up our track behind us. Then we were in it! Our train was narrow-gauge and we couldn't run on the other line. Things looked pretty bad. Finally Hoke said: "There's only one thing to do. We'll have to take our train to pieces and load it on flat-cars and let the other line get us out of here." So he sent to his brother Bob Hoke, who was a generl, and asked for forty men to take the train to pieces. They come, and we went to work. The Yankees found out what we were doing and they commenced shelling! Us train hands wun't used to that. Every time a shell would go off anywhere near us we would jump. The soldiers would laugh at us. They worked like there wasn't any shells fallin'. But it got too hot for us and we stopped work until they got through shellin'. We were over at the depot waitin', and directly Snyder said to me, "You'll have to go over to the shanty-car and bring our knives and forks and things so we can eat." I wasn't wantin' to go back over there a bit. But I went. There was still a few shells comin' over. You could hear 'em up in the air. Wa-shou! wa-shou! wa-shou! You could see them at night, but in daytime you had to go by sound. There wasn't a soul to be seen when I got to our train. The people in town had bomb-proofs dug, and when the shellin' started they would go in these. I got nearly to the shanty and a little three-inch shell struck one corner of the roof and made the tin fly! I stopped. No more come for a little while, and I went in and got the eatin' utensils and put 'em in a little basket. By the time I got outside the shellin' had begun again. There was a chimley standin' on a vacant lot, and I heard a shell comin'. It struck that chimley and bricks rained

all 'round the place. That scared me worse than ever. I didn't know where the next one would hit. 'Bout that time one hit something out before me and went round and round, then it took off to one side. There was a fence in the way, and when it hit palin's went ever' which a way! That was enough for me. I dropped my basket and lit out. When I got to the depot Snyder wanted to know where the things were. I told him they were over at the train. "I set 'em down over there," I said.

"Set 'em down! Don't you know somebody'll steal em?"

"Not a bit o' danger," I said. "There's nobody stirrin' over there."

We finally got our train tore down and loaded on the flats of the other line. They brought us back to the junction with our track and we put her together and went on.

When we got back to Lincolnton my year was out, and I didn't sign up for any more. I had been on the road three years, and I had enough. I had passed from brakeman and cook to wood-passer, and then to fireman. One more year would entitle me to an engine. I married and begun farming. The war seemed about over to me, and I said so when I got home. Some of the folks said I oughtn't to talk that way, that I might be arrested. But I knew we couldn't hold Petersburg. And it wasn't long till the surrender. A few Yankees come through our county, but the most they did was take provisions and change their wore-out horses for good ones.

Have Faith

By R. PAUL CAUDILL, '29

Have faith, and the darkest year will turn
To one that is clear and bright;
And clouds that would hide the sun at noon
Will vanish away from sight.

Have faith, and the loneliest day will pass
Like moments we spend at play,
And solitude's spell shall bid in vain
For souls that would bear her sway.

Have faith, and the saddest hour will change
To moments of glad array,
And tears will be sweet as morn's honey dew
That glistens at break of day.

Have faith, and the Master's voice will speak
In tones that are sweet as song,
And show us the way He'd have us go
Through life, with its pulsing throng.

A Study of Christopher Morley

By R. D. BULLUCK, JR., '29

I

IT was at Haverford, Pennsylvania, on May 5, 1890, that Christopher Darlington Morley was born. His father was Dr. Frank Morley, professor of Mathematics at Haverford College, a Cambridge graduate, a Quaker, and an Englishman from Suffolk, the home of Edward Fitzgerald. His mother is a gifted musician and a poet.

Here, under the cultural influences of a college community, the first ten years of Morley's life were spent. In 1900 his father was called to Johns Hopkins University to become professor of Pure Mathematics. In Baltimore young Morley lived until time for him to go to college, in 1906. In that year he entered Haverford College. If one will look through the "Haverfordian" he will find numerous youthful outpourings contributed by young Morley. In some of these can be detected the vein of domestic humor which he later developed in "Thursday Evening" and other of his works.

In 1910 he was elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa and also selected as Rhodes scholar from Maryland. We know very little of his life at Oxford. Nevertheless, he has given us a few glimpses of this life in "Kathleen" and "Parsons' Pleasures."

In 1913 he returned to the United States and applied to Mr. F. N. Doubleday of Doubleday, Page & Company for a job at Garden City. Mr. Doubleday says of Morley that in answer to the usual bromidic statements concerning the difficulties of the publishing business, he stated that he wanted a job and hoped for one right then. Mr. Doubleday says further that Christopher made this statement "not with the air of a life insurance agent, but the eagerness of a thirsty soul with refreshment in sight."

There were three important events which transpired during Morley's four years stay with Doubleday, Page & Company. The first was his discovery of William McFee.

There was never an editorial staff meeting that Morley, or Kit as he was later known, did not make his McFee speech. In fact, this McFee speech came to be a staff joke. The next important event was when on June 14, 1914, he married Miss Helen Booth Fairchild, a young lady whom he had met in England. The third and most important event of all was the publication of "Parnassus on Wheels." This was his first work to be published. Of course, he had committed "The Eighth Sin" while at Oxford, but "Parnassus on Wheels" is really his first work.

After publishing his first book in 1917 he left Garden City to become, as he himself says, one of "the little group of wilful men who edit 'The Ladies' Home Journal.'" While in Philadelphia he wrote "Songs for a Little House" and "Shandygaff," the former being a group of poems for families of "two or more" and the latter a collection of essays. From "The Ladies' Home Journal" he went to the staff of the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger." Three very fruitful years were spent in the City of Brotherly Love, and during this time Morley brought forth some good books, and his worst one. First came a book of verse entitled "The Rocking Horse," which was followed by the sequel of "Parnassus on Wheels," called "The Haunted Bookshop." But following this he published "In the Sweet Dry and Dry," which is perhaps his worst work. It was written in collaboration with Bart Haley. The book gets its odium more from the unnecessary amount of extravagant puns than from any other source. The same year, 1919, Morley put out "Mince Pie," his second collection of essays. The following year he published a collection of experiences gathered while in Philadelphia, under the name of "Travels in Philadelphia."

The publication of this volume, the meeting of Edward A. Newton, and an increased interest in Walt Whitman are the most important events of his life in Philadelphia. "Kathleen," an Oxford undergraduate prank story, "Hide and Seek," and "Pipefuls" were the titles of other books published that year.

From "The Evening Public Ledger" he went to New York to join the staff of "The Evening Post," where he launched his column under the title of "The Bowling Green." The year 1921 saw the publication of "Plum Pudding" and "Chimney Smoke." This last-named volume is the best and most well known of his books of poems. The following year opens with his pseudo "Translations From the Chinese," and is followed by his first one-act play, "Thursday Evening." Then we have, in pamphlet form, "The Story of Ginger Cubes," which was later included in "The Powder of Sympathy," published the next year. It was in 1922 that Morley first gained prominence with "Where the Blue Begins" and "Mr. Gissing."

Morley then, in 1923, brought forth "Inward Ho" and "Parsons' Pleasures." His collection of One-Act Plays was published in 1924 under that title, and followed the same year by "Religio Journalistici" and "Pandora Lifts the Lid." The last mentioned work was written in collaboration with Don Marquis.

It was in January, 1924, that Morley resigned from the staff of "The Evening Post" and retired to "Green Escape" to write the book he had always wanted to. But there were too many friends and too many parties to claim his attention; therefore work did not progress very fast. In order to remedy this apparent evil, Chris packed up bag and baggage and sailed for France. Here Kit "girded up his ink pot for work" in a little villa near Mont St. Michel. It was the same year Morley went to France that he started writing "The Bowling Green" for "The Saturday Review of Literature." In 1925 the book emerged as "Thunder on the Left."

The next year saw the publication of "The Arrow," a delightful little story, and this was followed by "The Romany Stain," a book of essays. The year 1927 saw the publication of a few insignificant productions, or rather according to the editorial comment of "The Saturday Review of Literature" in connection with a number of authors, ". . . published books that by no means gave scope to their genius."

II

"A change came over the spirit of my dream."

—LORD BYRON.

A person reading "Thunder on the Left" by Christopher Morley and later reading "Parnassus on Wheels," or some of his earlier works, would not recognize the two books as being by the same author. Some people may say that this is true of any other author who has written much; but in Morley the improvement is especially notable.

"Parnassus on Wheels" is a good, straightforward story with the fault of too many supercilious puns. Morley said in 1925 concerning "Thunder on the Left": "The ordinary straightforward novel of action and seduction and adventure would be child's play in comparison." This characterization seems to fit his first production very well. In "Parnassus on Wheels" Morley had an ideal and a dream, but he was not as yet accomplished enough to carry out all of it. Chris says in this book: "A good book ought to have something simple about it. And, like Eve, it ought to come from somewhere near the third rib—there ought to be a heart beating in it."

Morley continued producing, in this same style, poetry, essays, short stories, and novels during the next four years until 1921, when "Referred to the Author," a short story, was consistently refused by all magazine editors to whom it was submitted. It was later published in "Tales From a Rolltop Desk." Indeed, this was the dawn of a new era. Christopher could continue writing in the style which had proved so popular with the public, or forsake this popular style and go forth into new and more difficult fields. The latter course meant a new birth, the former intellectual inertia. Consequently there was really little choice left. In "Referred to the Author" is the first cropping out of the "naive theology" which fills a great part of "Where the Blue Begins." We see the changing man in his pseudo "Translations From the Chinese," which is a volume of free verse. In these verses he has become the satirist and the quality of his humor has improved.

In his next important book, "Where the Blue Begins," we see the man greatly improved. The story is a very fine allegory, and Morley has created an excellent character in Gissing and his search for God. The young author made a success with "Where the Blue Begins," but the present zenith of his authorship was reached in "Thunder on the Left." As soon as it came out, in 1925, this book became one of the best sellers, and no book in many a day has caused as much discussion as to what message the author intended to leave.

It was eight years after his first book, "Parnassus on Wheels," when Morley published "Thunder on the Left." Much had been accomplished within those few years. Christopher Morley had started out with the credo that stories should be simple, and with a propensity for too many puns. In less than ten years he had produced a sophisticated, satirical fantasy and developed a keen sense of humor. Morley has risen from the class of merely popular authors and has become a figure in American literature that will not soon be forgotten. The secret of the success of this man is that he is Morley; and Chris is certainly original, for who else would describe a girl's lips as he has in an issue of "The Saturday Review of Literature," in which he says, "Jocunda's lips were so like *fraises de bois* that I suspected them of having been re-rubricated recently"?

Morley is exceedingly versatile, for he has written novels, essays, poetry, plays, and short stories. Perhaps he is too versatile to be a supreme artist in any one form. It is clear, however, that he is a workman who improves as he grows older.

The Brotherhood Eternal

By *ERSKINE X. HEATHERLEY*, '31

From out the hillock's pine-adorn'd crest
The herald of nocturnal shadows emits
Upon the balmy southern swell
His weird, uncanny jargon.
Hail, stately sage, thou feather-wing'd wizard of thy race!
To thee, ten thousand tribute lays were scanty sum.
Well do I comprehend thy summons of reserv'd grace;
The call within I hear always—behold, I come!

All hail, your Majesty! All hail, my Lady Moon,
By Maker preordained the night to rule!
Sweet Luna, fairest child of Nature's brood,
Instigator of the eager lover's croon,
Thy silv'ry smiles do fever'd heartaches cool
And feed the mind a soothing food.
Thou art the blessed source of many blissful dreams;
Thy beauty doth enchant the eye and fill the soul
With fairy-fae'd illusions, born of hope.
From out thine every golden ray, behold there streams
A gentle benediction on the past, and toll
For present joys and future scope!

O Liquid Serpent, coiled about the fearless hills,
With hissing jaws of death within thy rugged shoals,
Thou art my friend; I know thy kindly voice
And understand thy "ripple," "splish," and "splash" that fills
The forest with an echo that resounds and rolls
As music into heights of rarest choice.

Peal out thy silent melodies; my soul embrace,
Ye empyreal orbs, celestial cherubim;
My heart doth comprehend thy veil'd tongue,
Although too shallow is the mortal sensual vase
To entertain the flowers of thy sacred hymn.
Speak on! shine on! ye stars in heaven hung!

A universal brotherhood are we;
Begat alike, although we must abide
In temporary forms until
That all-affecting sea, eternity,
Shall swallow in her surely coming tide
All matter—leaving spirit at its will!

On Ringing Doorbells

By W. A. SULLIVAN, JR., '29

EVER since I can remember I've had a rather peculiar feeling about ringing doorbells. It's a feeling that's difficult to describe—a combination of dread, fear, expectancy, anticipation, disappointment, and embarrassment—call it what you please. It's certainly an uncertain sort of feeling to me.

When I ring a doorbell I never know exactly what's going to happen next. You are expecting somebody to answer the bell, but you don't know who is going to answer it; or if you are expecting a certain person to answer it, an entirely different person may appear. Then what you were going to say to the person whom you expected to see may have to be changed altogether in an instant to suit the unexpected one who may answer the bell; and under some circumstances this is a somewhat difficult thing to do.

When I was about fifteen years old I had a date (the third one of my career) with a very "puppy-lovable" lady friend who was no older than I. It happened that her father and I were not on the very best of terms; so I had never been nearer my girl's home than her front gate. But on this particular night she sent me word that I could come to her home and fill the date that I had with her, since her father had gone to a neighboring town on business and wouldn't return home until the following day. I felt quite safe and unusually self-confident as I walked up the path leading to the porch. And my buoyant spirit was no less buoyant as I gave the doorbell a vigorous twist, because I expected immediately to see the girl of my dreams promptly open the door and usher me into the parlor; and already I had made up my mind just what I was going to say to her while I was there.

The door opened shortly. But instead of my lady-love standing with open arms ready to greet me, the body of her much feared father was silhouetted against the light

inside the hallway, which seemed entirely to fill the doorway. My first impulse was to run, but before I had time to follow up this wild desire, my much feared enemy gave a very cordial, "Good evening, Bill; come right in." And before I knew what it was all about I was dumbly following him inside the house. As it happened, my enemy proved to be my friend, as he had long since forgotten the time he chased me out of his store for shooting firecrackers, and I was able to fill my date after all.

But I can't forget just how I felt before my supposed enemy spoke to me, and I don't know how I should have explained my presence if things hadn't turned out as they did.

So you don't know what to expect when you ring a doorbell, no matter whose it is. If you're selling something, you're likely to be rudely or politely requested to withdraw your humble person from the premises; or, on the other hand, you may be cordially invited inside and land a big order, depending on whether you're selling "very old Scotch" or Sir So-and-So's latest twenty-foot shelf of leather-bound volumes—and upon who answers the bell and the kind of humor he is in.

I used to take a bill at the end of each month to a customer of the firm for which I was working. Sometimes he would invite me in his office, give me a cigar, tell me his latest joke, and write me out a check for the amount of the bill, without even checking it over to see if it was correct. The very next month he would probably, in his very gruffest voice, tell me to get out of the office, because he didn't have any time to bother with me and my bills, and furthermore to tell Ol' Man Simpson that he didn't owe half that amount, and he wouldn't pay that till he was good and d—— ready. I was always in a state of uncertainty when I rang this man's doorbell.

If you are in a city, there's always the possibility of ringing the wrong bell. About a year ago I was passing through a northern city where a friend of mine lived. I had to wait over a few hours for a train; so I decided to drop in on my friend and give him a surprise. I looked up his address in a telephone directory and took a taxi to the

street number given. I stepped up to the front door and rang the bell. It was answered by a middle-aged woman whom I took to be my friend's mother. I told her that I wanted to see John, explaining to her that he and I had been in school together. She disappeared in search of John and, while waiting for John to appear, I occupied my time by examining some paintings which were hanging on the wall of the room. All of a sudden I felt a hefty slap on my back which all but knocked me over. I turned around very quickly and was just about to grasp the hand of my old friend when I made the startling discovery that I had never before seen the man who was standing in front of me! He discovered his mistake about the same time, and then I had some more explaining to do. My new acquaintance appreciated my position, and explained to me that the John whom he had been mistaken for had moved to another part of the city, but that coincidentally his name was also John and he was expecting a friend of his for the week-end, which explained his impulsive actions a few minutes before.

Then I've had the rather embarrassing experience of ringing a doorbell about two o'clock in the morning and have the owner of the house to wake up and come down the stairs in the cold, after having slipped a pair of trousers on about halfway and bedroom slippers, and then discover that I was at the wrong house. It's an awful feeling!

One day I went with a preacher to call on a very prominent church worker in our town. It was in the afternoon and this dear lady was utterly unaware of our intended visit. So when the minister rang the doorbell we were somewhat taken aback when a voice, which we recognized as belonging to the lady whom we were to visit, called out in rather angry tones:

"This is positively the last time I'm going to tell you to stop ringing that doorbell. The very next time you ring it I'm going to come right out there and give you both a good spanking!"

We felt quite sure that her threat had not been directed at us, but in order to save the sender of the dark threat

the double embarrassment of answering the second ringing of the bell in a disturbed frame of mind and the discovery that her preacher and I were the culprits whom she had vowed to spank if we rang the bell the second time, we quietly departed from the premises. I suppose both of us were cowards.

So now I never approach a doorbell without misgivings. The nervous strain that I have been under while waiting for someone to answer doorbells has, I am sure, shortened my life by five or ten years. I shall always suffer the embarrassment of expecting something unexpected to happen, and thus go on shortening my days till Gabriel blows his trumpet.

Good Morning

By R. E. HOWARD, '28

This morning, as I lay snugg'd in bed,
A beautiful bird crowned in red
Fluttered at my window,
"Good morning!"

Rising up to greet it in,
There came around other friends
Dancing by my window,
"Good morning!"

Rolling over on the near-by ground,
Two little sparrows with coats of brown
Bouncing up to my window,
"Good morning!"

Pecking away on a long pine tree,
A boring woodpecker—"Look at me
Spiraling up and down the tree,
Good morning!"

Crying out from a viny wall,
A dislodged bird about to fall
Chattered by my window,
"Good morning!"

Into the grove the Jay-bird flew,
My little friends began to shoo,
Flying by my window,
"Good morning!"

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VOLUME XLV

JANUARY, 1928

NUMBER 4

The Editor's Portfolio

Foreign Authors

We wonder how many of us read the works of foreign authors. We look upon Russia with little short of revulsion, but she has some of the finest literature of the world. Take Dostoevsky, for example, whose "Idiot" is now being widely read. Then he has "Crime and Punishment" and "The Eternal Husband" and other stories. Dostoevsky's work has won the approval of critics throughout the world. You will like his style.

From the land of the immortal "Don Quixote" by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra come three volumes that are already popular. Read them in order and you will admit that Pio Baroja has something for you—"The Quest," "Weeds," and "The Red Dawn." Also read "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Enemies of Women" by Ibanez.

From Italy we have found "Bellarion," "The Sea-Hawk," "The Carolinian," and "Scaramouche" to be well worth the reading.

Then, too, there is the critical Irishman, Ernest Boyd, with his activities shifted to American scenes. Read his "Literary Blasphemies." You may not agree with him, but you will be entertained.

The French edition of "Disraeli," by M. Andre Maurois, has been called "playful without being childish, ironical without being bitter, and as creative as a fine novel."

Also, there is that book of "Essays and Soliloquies" by the man who was exiled from Spain because of his political views. Miguel de Unamuno has pith, punch, and philosophy that is unique. For instance, in his "Solitude": "It is my love for the multitude that makes me fly from them. In flying from them I go on seeking them. Do not call me a misanthrope. Misanthropes seek society and intercourse with people; they need them in order to feed their hatred and disdain of them. Love can live upon memories and hopes; hate needs present realities." Or, further on, "We men are impenetrable. Spirits, like solid bodies, can only communicate with one another by the contact of surfaces, not by penetrating one another, still less by fusing together."

Finally, if none of these please you, read the "blood and thunder" story, with its unusual love theme, by Henry de Montherlant—"The Bullfighters." This is a Spanish setting by a French author, and is handled exceptionally well.

A Qualified Voter

We hear much of voting this year, and a good bit about "qualified voting." In our estimation a man is qualified to vote when he has been sufficiently informed, through non-political agencies, of the things for which a nominee stands; when he has studied the conditions as they exist in the State and Nation, and when he has analyzed the issues that are

to be decided in the election. If the voter then casts a vote that he thinks will further the interests of his State or Nation he is a "qualified voter." If a man falls short in this respect he is, in our opinion, a traitor to his judgment, franchise, government, to justice, and even to his particular party. His duty toward that party is to make of it an agent for the bringing of most good to himself and his country, and to fail in his duty is but to weaken the party.

As to sources of information, there is scarcely a less reliable source than county and, sometimes, state newspapers. Watch the editorials of your papers and measure them according to your sense of justice and veracity. Does the editor mention the irregularities of his favorite party? Does he air the scandals that might injure his own party? Or maybe he mentions them but shouts loud enough about another scandal of less importance but of another party. In either case he is a traitor to the mighty Press, and his paper is a hindrance to justice. Many things are forgiven between men in the name of politics that would be as unpopular as a plague in ordinary life. This is a cancer in the digestive system of our democracy. Shall we cut the corroding thing out or let it continue to make our system of government a joke? The outcome depends largely upon the college-trained man, for he should have learned that narrowness is always a limitation. Then, too, he should have enough acquaintance with political science to aid his further search for facts.

Exchanges

J. M. ELLIOTT, JR., Editor

We wish to mention the November issue of *The Acorn*. In our opinion "Edenton," by Mary Lee Copeland, and "Women as Portrayed by Wordsworth," by Bessie Thomas, claim premier honors. The former is an interesting bit of history concerning one of the earliest settlements and probably the most historical section of our state. The latter is a very illuminating composition on the influence of women upon the life and works of Wordsworth.

The December number is full of Christmas from cover to cover. The contributors were evidently bubbling over with the spirit of the approaching season, as revealed in their work. Though not as large as usual, this issue is very interesting.

* * *

The November issue of *The Bashaba*, though lacking in quantity, possesses quality. It seems to be fairly well balanced, but we suggest that a little more attention be given to stories, essays, and book reviews. An awakening of those poetically inclined also seems in order, judging from the small number contributing verse to this issue.

* * *

The December edition of *The Carolina Magazine* is quite attractive and offers good reading. The literary qualities are commendable and the contents effectively balanced. We also note the unique feature in this magazine of inserting the title and date of the issue in the margin at the right of the page. This is very original and pleasingly different. In our opinion this edition certainly approaches the ideal of college literary achievement.

* * *

The November issue of *The Carolinian*, from the University of South Carolina, deserves favorable comment. The balancing of the material is fair with probably an overemphasis on the short story and poetry and an omission of sketches. However, the contents are indeed readable and the editorials of

weighty argument and of interest. We also note the omission of jokes; and, after weighing the opinions of numerous critics, wonder if this omission does not lend to the strictly literary value of the magazine. * * *

The Chronicle for November, from Clemson College, is not so well balanced as usual. Though containing the customary number of good stories, it is deficient in poetry, essays, sketches, and plays. * * *

The December issue of *The Coraddi*, from N. C. C. W., seems to lack the variety displayed in previous issues. There is the usual abundance of short stories and poems—in fact, the greater part of the magazine is made up of this type of material. The insertion of another essay or two and at least one play would of course help to give balance. However, the quality of the contents is excellent. * * *

The Voices of Peace for December, from Peace Institute, is of mentionable credit. The outstanding work of the issue seems to be "The United States Patent Office," by Frances Hubbard, and "My Diary," by Anne Melick.

Alumni Notes

B. T. HENDERSON, *Editor*

Carl P. Greaves, B.A. 1920, is teaching in Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harry Wooten Lee, B.A. 1920, is employed as surgeon at Dye Works, Penn's Grove, N. J.

"Bill" Moran, B.A. 1925, is now in Ridgewood, N. J.

Samuel Judson Porter, M.A. 1893, is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Washington, D. C. He has the distinction of appearing also in "Who's Who."

Forest C. Maxwell, B.A. 1927, was married to Miss Rosalie Case, Hendersonville, December 17, 1927.

George B. Heckman, B.A. Med. 1923, is an assistant in Philadelphia General Hospital, West End, Philadelphia, Pa.

William Turner Carstarphen, B.A. 1897, now lives at 819 Park Avenue, West Plainfield, N. J.

Charles Thomas Ball, B.A. 1907, is teaching in the Baptist Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Floyd T. Holding, B.A. 1910, is teacher of English in Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md.

Norvel Satterfield, who will receive his degree of B.S. in Commerce with the Class of '28, has completed his work in college and is now manager of the Building and Loan Department of Phil R. Carlton, Inc., Greensboro. Mr. Satterfield was well liked on the campus, and we wish him much success in his new position.

Robert L. Nutt, who attended Wake Forest 1890-92, was recently made vice-president of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, with office in New York.

Notes and Clippings

ROBERT E. LEE, *Editor*

Scientists say that the fewer clothes you wear the longer you live. If that is the case it will be necessary to shoot some of these flappers on judgment day.

¶ ¶ ¶

Never let your studies interfere with your school work.

¶ ¶ ¶

A man was recently blackmailed with a very threatening letter reading: "Place \$5,000 under the stone at the entrance of your gate by 9 o'clock tonight or we will kidnap your wife."

At 9 o'clock that night the kidnappers found a note as follows: "I haven't a cent, but am in favor of the movement."

¶ ¶ ¶

Now I lay me down in class to sleep;

I pray my chum my notes to keep;

If I should snore before I wake,

Poke me in the ribs, for pity's sake.

¶ ¶ ¶

A hungry man in an inn where waiters were of the snail-speed type (to young boy who took his order and after half an hour returned):

"Are you the boy who took my order?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Good gracious!" remarked the man. "How you have grown!"

¶ ¶ ¶

"Keep your mouths shut," said Daniel, when he entered the lions' den.

¶ ¶ ¶

Love is like an onion:

You taste it with delight;

But when it's gone you wonder

Whatever made you bite.

¶ ¶ ¶

A negro parson having been caught stealing chickens, was run out of town. He had settled in another congregation when one Sunday, as he looked over his new congregation, whom did he see but Brother Jones, of his old church. He realized that he would have to talk fast if he didn't want to be denounced by Brother Jones, so he said:

"Brudders and Sisters, I am not gwine to use my text what I said I was, but will use this text: 'Verily, verily, verily, I say unto you, if you recognizes me, keep your mouth shut. For verily, verily, I will see you later.'"

Wife—Fadder, vot shall ve give Able Christmas?

Husband—Ve vill keep him in until Christmas and den wash the windows and let him see the train go by.

¶ ¶ ¶

Young Shiek—I've never kissed a girl in my life.

The Girl—Well, you've come to the wrong place, then—I don't run a prep. school.

¶ ¶ ¶

Senior—I got an anonymous letter the other day.

Another One—You did! Who from?

¶ ¶ ¶

A village parson's daughter eloped in her father's clothes. The next day the village *Bugle* came out with an account of the elopement, headed: "Flees in Father's Pants."

¶ ¶ ¶

How doth the busy college boy
Improve each shining minute?
By bulling when he's out of class
And sleeping when he's in it.

¶ ¶ ¶

An astronomer is a man who looks at the moon when he's not in love. A lover is a man who looks at the moon when he's not an astronomer.

¶ ¶ ¶

THE KNIGHTLY LINE

Teacher—Jimmy, what is the Ancient Order of the Bath?

Jimmy—I dunno. Pa usually comes first, then Johnny, then the baby, and then me.

¶ ¶ ¶

The average income of the young man of today is mldnlight.

¶ ¶ ¶

She was as pretty as a picture, but what a frame!

¶ ¶ ¶

"Mamma," said the little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

¶ ¶ ¶

Buck—Can you give me a definition of an orator?

Prlvate—Sure! He's a fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for his country."

¶ ¶ ¶

First She—I'm not going to give John any more dates. He knows too many naughty songs.

Second She—But he doesn't sing them to you, does he?

First She—No, but he is always whistling them.

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The Wake Forest Student

*A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College*

VOL. XLV

FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 5

Pretty Roses

By GLEN S. BALLARD, '28

Roses, pretty roses, blooming fair for you,
White and pink and lovely yellow,
All so deep, so richly mellow—
Fit to bear a smile from you!
Ah, I wonder if these roses, living here for you,
Roses fresh and fragrant, wet with morning's dew,
Wonder if they don't, in some way, love you?
Do they hear your footstep coming?
Do they hear your lips a-humming some old song?
Feel the joy in your heart running,
And whisper—
Each to brother and to sister—
It is you?
I should think—ah, my thoughts!
For I would be a rosebud in your garden too:
Would live and grow and bloom,
From your life dispelling gloom,
Making bright the way home, for you.

Japan's Beowulf

By E. B. DOZIER, '30

THE glowing colors of an autumnal sunset shimmered gently on the garden and palace of Prince Hizen.

The birds were hunting their places of rest, and the world was becoming more quiet each minute.

Prince Hizen and O Toyo, his lady in waiting, arose from the stone on which they had been sitting beside the little lake. Slowly they walked toward the magnificent palace, roofed with the finest bark roofing curving upwards at the gables and eaves. The unadorned wood highly polished broke the monotony of various colors painted on other pieces of woodwork.

As the two approached the buildings they conversed cheerfully about the proposed campaign Prince Hizen was about to make. But when they came to the palace they each started to their rooms. Prince Hizen suddenly wheeled and called after the departing figure of O Toyo: "O Toyo, you must come tonight at the midnight hour to see me." And in reply O Toyo called, "Hai, hai, Tono sama." ("All right, all right, my lord.")

The evening nestled quietly down over the palace with its black, silent wings. The court was somehow not as gay as usual, but the plans for the hunt became defined more carefully. The attendants had retired excepting a few who were with the Prince. These grew drowsy and could scarcely keep awake, so Prince Hizen prepared for bed and sent his attendants to theirs.

As the hour of the Rat approached the Prince was alert and awaited anxiously the soft patter of O Toyo's "tabbied" feet. The midnight gong of the temple had scarcely boomed forth its single note when he heard her coming to the room. Through the "shogi" (paper doors) he saw the glow of the candle in her lantern. Almost silently she pushed the doors open and slipped in.

"O Toyo, I am glad you've come. I want to speak to you," said Prince Hizen.

"Say your pleasure, my lord; I am ready," said O Toyo.

"O Toyo, you have long been faithful to me and have served me well. 'Tis true you are not of my rank, but you know, too, that your family is a very, very worthy one among my retainers. You have captivated my heart. Your beauty has stolen my eyes from all else. Your speech and manner have been a fountain for my love. Since father and mother are dead, and also both yours have passed on, we have no one to restrain us. Do you love me?"

The pause that followed was one of timidity. Prince Hizen scarcely dared ask again. Finally O Toyo answered him: "Lord Hizen, I have loved you long ago, and only wished that I might have the privilege of attending you all my life. I did not for a moment dream that you would think of me, an attendant, with such favor."

"Then," said Prince Hizen, "as soon as I return from the hunting trip we will prepare for our marriage. It is getting late and we must sleep. I called you at this time so that we might talk together unheard. Goodnight, my loved one."

"Goodnight, my Prince," murmured the overcome O Toyo.

The Prince saw the disappearing light of the lantern as it passed down the hall, and in a few minutes he was lost in peaceful sleep.

During the night a muffled scream awakened one of the retainers. He scarcely knew its source. Thinking it might have been the cry of a cat, he turned over and went to sleep.

The next day the court was astir in making final preparations for the great hunt. Food was packed into thick leathern pouches and casks of "sake" were placed in readiness. The "samurai" were looking carefully to the swords and replenishing their quivers. The whole palace was agog with excitement. For the next day the hunt would be in full swing.

Night again fell over the palace and silence reigned profoundly, for the retainers had retired early in order

to arise early. There were a few, however, that were making plans with Prince Hizen. He had missed O Toyo during the day, and so he sent her a note to meet him that night at the same hour. At this time he proposed to make known to his chamberlain the plans for the marriage.

As the night grew on towards the hour of the Rat unconquerable drowsiness overcame the few retainers and Prince Hizen himself grew weak. He alone was able to keep awake and the weakness increased.

Again when the temple gong boomed forth its solemn note the flicker of the lantern appeared and the doors slid open and O Toyo, more beautiful than ever, slipped in. Coming over to him she gently asked him what made him look so wan and weak. He could not tell what made him so weak. She hovered about him, preparing a bed, and then she gently assisted him to it.

Then he called to the chamberlain. "Nagatomo, wake up and hear my plans." There was no reply. Then he beckoned O Toyo nearer and said, "O Toyo, go over and waken the men." She went over, but could not waken them. Then Prince Hizen said, "My love, you go back to your room and come to see me tomorrow. I can rest now."

So she quietly went to her room without a further word from her lord.

Morning broke and all the palace was a-bustle with final preparations. The chamberlain was ordering everything ready to depart before noon.

Finally going to wake his lord, he found Prince Hizen possessed of some malady. Calling the court physicians, he tried to ascertain the trouble. The physicians could not determine the nature of the disease. So the hunt was postponed. Prince Hizen could scarcely speak, but he did tell the chamberlain to call O Toyo. She came to his side and tenderly attended him. But there seemed to be no improvement. The physicians decided that they would attend him during the night, and they also demanded that a guard be placed outside and within.

Night again obscured the temple grounds from the palace. The night wore on and about eleven o'clock this uncontrollable drowsiness again seized all the guard within. The doctors nodded, too, and soon were sound asleep. The boom of the temple gong announced the hour of the Rat, and O Toyo again came to her lord's bedside and talked with him. Again he told her to go back to her room and sleep. So, reluctantly, the beautiful lady in waiting went to her room.

The next morning the chief retainers gathered in solemn conclave to discuss the most wise plans for their lord's recovery. Nagatomo was the first to speak: "Men, some evil spirit has possessed our lord. It has possession over this entire house. We cannot guard our prince sufficiently. The propitiations to the immortals and our prayers have failed. Our doctors have failed. Yoshino, you tell us, for you know most about the ills of mankind."

"Nagatomo sama," ventured the court physician, "all of us are agreed that no ordinary malady has seized our lord. It is not in our books nor lore. We believe that some demon has fully captivated our lord and comes during the night and weakens him. We seem to have no one who can withstand that awful drowsiness. It is our advice that we find one who is willing and capable of overcoming the drowsiness. It should be tried tonight."

The others decided that would be the best. So it was made known throughout the neighboring country that a warrior was needed who had a willingness to try his mettle.

* * *

About noon as the priest Namba was changing the food before the gods he heard the splash of the holy water and the murmured prayer of some man. Curious, he peeped out and saw kneeling before the shrine a youthful warrior, and listening more intently he heard the earnest prayer of this young retainer for his lord. Quickly slipping around to the back, Namba stepped into his "geta" (wooden shoes) and clattered to the front. The "samurai" heard him coming and rose.

"Young man," said the aged Namba, "for whom are you praying?"

"Your worship, I have come to pray for the health of my lord, Prince Hizen."

"Did you hear what Nagatomo the chamberlain has decided? But, by the way, what is your name?"

"My name is Ito Sado, your worship. I have not heard what was decided."

"The chief retainers in a conference decided to have some one guard Prince Hizen who was willing and determined to overcome the terrible drowsiness even in risking his life. It should be done tonight, for the Prince is fast weakening."

"Your worship, do you think that they will be willing to try an untried warrior as I? Would it be impossible for me to defend my lord with my life?"

"My son, 'tis brave of you, and I will speak for you. Let us hasten to the palace."

So the two walked as rapidly as the halting steps of the old man would allow. It did not take many minutes to reach the palace gates. Entering, they were accosted by the guard. But when the guard saw the venerable priest they let the two pass. When they reached the entrance to the palace Namba turned to Ito and said, "Ito, my lad, stay here till I speak with Nagatomo."

"Hai, shochi itashi mashita."

After a few minutes Ito was summoned within. With a heart beating exultantly he entered and sat in front of the chief retainer of the court. Somewhat abashed, in the room he found only the chamberlain and his friend, the priest.

"Young sir," spoke Nagatomo, "the Reverend Namba tells me you wish to defend our lord, the Prince."

"Yes, your worthiness, I do ask for the privilege."

"Then do you think that you may overcome the awful sleep that drags down the eyelids of all the worthy warriors? Do you think that you will be able to contend with the supernatural?"

"I think I can, sir, or I shall die in the attempt."

"Bravely spoken, my lad, bravely spoken. Then at dusk do you come and stay by the bedside of your lord."

"I shall be here and will be ready to die, if need be."

The youthful figure disappeared down the hall while the two men conversed in an undertone.

"Nagatomo, my friend, that lad will do what he pledges. I think he will succeed. I will be at the temple praying for him."

"I, too, believe he will succeed. An extra guard will be placed within and without."

* * *

The evening sun dropped heavily into a bank of feathery clouds, spilling blood over them and the horizon. The temple bell sounded forth its vesper note. Ito Sado, the youthful warrior, passed the guard to the palace and was ushered into the bedchamber of Prince Hizen. Reverently bowing, he waited a moment, then he approached the bedside of his lord. The Prince raised his head and said, "I am glad you are here. I am trusting you to help me get well."

"Your highness, I shall die to save you."

Then the evening meal was served. The Prince ate sparingly and was uncomfortable. The young "samurai" ate his share with a relish and felt much stronger and more able for the ordeal.

The evening wore away slowly, as the guard within played "go" (something like chess). Somehow Ito did not relish the game, but kept thinking of the night. As ten o'clock approached an unusual demonstration of drowsiness came over the men, and a number of them could not keep awake, but fell asleep and were soon snoring. A few of them, by sheer will-power, were able to keep awake. Ito himself felt very sleepy. Soon the entire guard were asleep. The regularity of their breathing and snoring grew tremendously monotonous. Ito Sado then took from his "futokoro" (bosom) some heavily oiled paper and spread it out under him, and waited. Soon drowsiness caused him to nod, but catching himself he drew from his obi a dagger and pressed it into his thigh. The pain kept

him awake for a while. But as the hour of the Rat drew near an overwhelming desire for sleep seized him, but determined, he twisted the dagger into his thigh more fiercely. Soon the temple gong boomed forth its mellow note. Then he saw the light of a lantern approaching; he also heard the patter of "tabbied" feet.

The "shoji" slid open and O Toyo walked in and stopped when she saw the form of an alert warrior watching her. But, undaunted, she slipped to the bedside and crooned in the ear of Prince Hizen. But looking up she saw the fierce eyes of the youthful warrior. Then suddenly the beautiful lady in waiting disappeared and a Vampire Cat took her place. Instantly Ito Sado drew his sword and uttered a yell. Terrified, the cat made for the door. Breaking through the wooden doors, it leaped to the housetop. One of the guard saw it when a flash of lightning illumined the sky. At the next flash he shot at it. A hideous scream pierced the air and the Vampire Cat of Nabeshima rolled down the roof and struck with a heavy thud. Immediately the court was astir, the spell was broken. The doctors rushed to their lord and found him awake and strong. They saw the blood and questioned the youth and he showed them his side. He then fainted, but was quickly revived and treated.

The next day the quarters of the lady-in-waiting were searched thoroughly. There was no trace of O Toyo. But when the room was cleaned and the floors were taken up to be beaten a pit was found and the body of O Toyo was found terribly mangled.

The day after was a memorable one for the people of Nabeshima. The funeral of O Toyo took place and Ito Sado was given the rank of chief retainer. Commingled feelings of deepest sorrow and gladness were felt by the countryside as the lanterns in front of the houses blinked knowingly.

At the Close of the Day

By W. A. SULLIVAN, JR., '28

I like to pass by the stables,
Just at the close of the day,
And listen to the mules and horses
Crunching the new-mown hay.

The insects have ceased their biting,
The hot summer day has fled—
And, oh, the satisfaction of knowing
That the stock have all been fed.

A cool night breeze is stirring,
The work for the day is done;
The tired beasts can munch their hay
And rest till the rise of the sun.

Somehow it's a sound of contentment—
This crunching of sweet-scented hay—
And no matter how tired I'm feeling,
It's balm at the closing of day.

Elusive Beauty Comes to Me

A SKETCH

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

STABILITY, practicableness, sturdiness—until now I have basked in my reputation for constancy.

In a world of men, numerous, varying from little to much in a thousand degrees of judgment, crudely lavish in favorable or adverse opinions, I came to be recognized years ago as a business man of sound intelligence and of a most wholesome stability.

Until recently I took pride in believing that I measured up adequately to the virtues of constancy ascribed to me. Tonight, writing this alone—tonight I wonder if in truth I have always been as practical, and if my decisions indeed have been in all cases as sound as pronounced by my associates. Just now I am doubtful; my facility in choosing the just thing, eschewing the wrong, seems strangely impaired.

How was I to know that my plan could react as a boomerang to my own life? Very truthfully I state that it was the welfare of only my friend that concerned me. And my scheme was launched with only his interests concerning me: his interests and those of one other, and that not I.

My friend—my friend to the extent that I admired and respected him, despite his vagaries and inconsistencies—has always been as fickle as a chameleon mad with the moonlight. And I do not seek to salve my own conscience in observing that notwithstanding the fact that Fane has never talked with me in the same mood twice, all that I have done has been in a sincere effort in his behalf.

I had never considered Fane a happy man—nor consistent in the sense of being dependable. Ingenious—yes; admirable—yes; brilliant—yes, to a superlative degree; lovable—invariably; kind, considerate—frequently; restless—always; peaceable—never.

Kerry Fane was younger than I. But even several years ago I can recall there having been pepper-and-salt patches about his temples, although, except for such traces, his hair was dark and thick, and as unruly as himself. His eyes always fascinated me—practical business man though I was. They were deeply brown and flashing. His face was fine-textured and as changeable with passing humors as a glowing coal. He was trimmer of figure than I; for then, although I was not stout, nor discriminated against biologically, I tipped the scales to a hundred seventy-five.

Fane taught dramatic arts at Hailand University; he taught his subjects admirably well: all his students were his loyal subjects. He was peculiarly interesting to the class.

Likewise, he was peculiarly attractive to and attracted to Zorinia Borden—Zorinia with a Spanish mother and an American father. She was only eighteen then, but with a strange beauty even so. Fane married her.

A year later, Fane, miraculously preserving himself in an automobile misadventure in which, however, the wife of the history professor was killed, left his young wife seemingly without compunction. Because his trip in companionship with the history professor's wife could not be satisfactorily explained, Fane's connection with Hailand ceased—much to his loyal students' regret. He likewise left Zorinia.

Frankly, I had never concerned myself with rumors connected with the accident. But that Zorinia was most unhappy I was aware, and because the gray along Kerry's temples gradually spread uncertainly, as did his erratic temperament, and for the reason that I held Fane consistently in high esteem, I was deeply concerned.

Fane refused to place himself open to possibilities of seeing Zorinia. I never saw fit to question him in this connection, although I was in his company frequently. The nearest I ever came to knowing his real feelings was on one of his unheralded visits to my rooms. "Billings," he said, his eyes darkening and brightening intermittently,

"I would rather be married to one who is kindly and generous and level-headed—and who loves me, than to one whom I love and is otherwise. . . . I—I'm irresponsible, Billings; I realize it keenly; and I am inconsistently negligent—and ridiculous!"

"But," I pressed him, deeply interested, "are the virtues you enumerated all that you demand of a woman—a wife?"

Fane moved about restlessly. "No," he replied, very thoughtful and ill at ease. "Billings, I'm a fool, but I can't deny my tastes and my unconscious choice of things."

I murmured some word of sanction and approval, begging him to continue.

"A woman would need to be more. She would have to be young and personable; very feminine. . . . She would need to be—to be—"

I realized suddenly, and with approval, that Fane was trying to avoid, as usual, any touch of coarseness, and yet be sincere.

I ventured aid: "Extremely attractive?"

"Yes," said Fane. "She would have to possess oddity and exoticism—and—" he hesitated. I understood.

"Sex appeal," I suggested.

"That's an atrocious term," he replied, flaming irritably, "but, yes; quite that."

And that was about the sum of all that he would say. Neither he nor I had mentioned his wife, separated from him at his own volition. But what he had expressed gave me an idea.

At eighteen, as I had known Zorinia, she was of an odd sort of beauty, offering natural hope of a still stronger charm. The passing of two years, with a few months of marriage intervening, should have wrought a vast change. I was surprised that this had not occurred to me before.

Seeking out this still young wife, estranged needlessly, I—the practical-minded—figured. I was profoundly amazed. She had changed—gloriously. Her face was tinged with a rich tan, her eyes clear gray, her lips vivid

scarlet. Her hair, of course, had always been beautiful; now she wore it long, apparently attempting to draw the natural waves from it by draping its sableness, inverted V-shaped, across her forehead and down upon her ears.

She was slender, but not in the same fashion as when I had last seen her. Nature, unhampered, is lavish in bestowing curves, graces, beauty. Nothing had impaired Nature's touch in fulfilling her final work upon Zorinia during the past two years.

"It shall be my little scheme," I told myself, warmly enthusiastic, "to parade this young goddess before the eyes of Kerry Fane, her husband."

I did. Only Fane, graying rapidly, although but thirty-eight, had removed himself in a flash of wild unrest to a place far into the hills. For months he had stayed there alone save for a single servant. But the place, his own, was typical of the man and his whimsies. The house was of stone, strangely designed, though faultlessly erected. Hickories, sycamore, catalpas composed the forestry surrounding. A grape arbor flanked one side; a rustic library, elaborately thatched in rose-vine and honeysuckle, the other.

The man had ceased to attend any social functions. I, accordingly, visited him at his home.

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Kerry Fane is still gray along the temples, a little seamed about the forehead; but he himself is years younger—and happier. He looks, for the first time within my personal knowledge, really human and satisfied.

But perhaps it would be better for me to explain that I had carried Zorinia with me. She remained there, still embraced in Fane's graceful arms, as I departed—an exotic flower of color and fineness and surpassing beauty.

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That was two years ago; and that is all I need to write, I dare say. Except I might explain further that I myself was unmarried. I, like Fane, preferred a woman odd and warm and strangely attractive.

And an incidental mention, too, in conclusion, that now I also am getting white about the head. I have seemed, also, to find some subtle urging to live alone. Now I, too, live far back in the hills—and always I see another stone house, and graceful, restless arms embracing her of exotic appeal. And I cannot forget the deep tan of her cheek, nor the look of her gray eyes, nor the scarlet of her full mouth.

Stability—practical-mindedness—until now I have been pleased to bask in my reputation for constancy of purpose and soundness of judgment. Tonight—tonight I—wonder.

The Man Out of Time

By ROY L. ROBINSON, '29

Slow and weary comes a traveler to the house beside the road,
Where he often made his lodging—laying down his heavy load.

There come not friends to meet him as in happy days of yore,
But a tall and angry stranger drives him rudely from the door.

On he goes without a murmur, but his heart is filled with pain,
As he sees a modern highway where there once was but a lane.

Neither does he hear the horse-carts that once rattled o'er the
ground,

Driven by husky farmers with their faces scorched and brown;

But instead, he hears the buzzing of the Lincoln and the Ford,
As they move in perfect order by the power within them stored.

Tales From the Hills

By M. J. PADGETT, '30

HE was a magnificent specimen—a battle-scarred veteran of many contests. One ear was almost gone and the other was in strings. We had caught the wildcat in a steel-trap. We put him in a box and kept him until night, having decided to turn him loose then and have a race with the dogs. In the meantime, not having dressed for a chase over rough country at night, I borrowed a pair of overalls from a neighbor.

By sundown about ten or twelve of the neighbors had gathered, bringing with them their dogs. We carried the cat across the road into the edge of a large body of woods. We opened the box; a long, gray streak sprang out. I saw him hit the ground twice, and when he hit it the third time he was out of sight in the brush. He was evidently headed for parts unknown. We were having a hard time holding the dogs, for they were surging, twisting, squirming, and yelping—the spirit of the chase. We turned them loose in about two or three minutes; and when we did, all one could hear was yip, y-o-o-o-p, yap, y-o-o-o-p, yipe, y-o-o-o-p. Music? Paderewski and McCormack take a back seat in an instance like this.

We followed the dogs. Lanterns flicked here and there, and men yelled as they plunged through brush and briar. As I and my companion crashed through the brush, twigs slashed us viciously in the face, and briars and snags tore at our clothes and hands. Suddenly one of my feet failed to find solid footing and I plunged headlong into a gulley. My companion, not having time to check himself, landed in a heap on top of me. "Did you fall in, too?" he asked ruefully. "You don't think I have wings, do you?" I replied. We pulled ourselves together, shook ourselves to see that no bones were broken, clambered out on the other side, and once again crashed forward.

For hours the chase continued over hill and through valley. Finally the dogs cornered the feline carnivore

under a large shelving rock. But before I reached the place I could hear some luckless hound yelp as the old warrior's claws found his flesh. When I reached the spot the only thing I could see under the rock was two gleaming yellow orbs, but an occasional low growl told me that the carnivore was right there. One of the men saturated a rag with oil from a lantern, lighted it, and threw it under the rock. The wildcat did not hesitate; he leaped over the circle of yelping dogs and disappeared into the darkness. The chase was continued for some time, but we never saw him again.

I returned to my neighbor the remnants of what had once been a good, serviceable pair of overalls.

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One of the men who was in the fishing party grabbed at a huge eel which was trying to escape the sixteen-foot drag-seine. Another of the party was also unsuccessful. Uncle John Hooks, a deacon of one of the local churches, and a very pious and religious man, felt the eel as it rubbed his leg. He quickly grabbed into the water, and was successful in securing a grip on the eel. He got a firm grip with one hand near the tail and the other near the head.

"I've got 'im, boys," he said, as he started wading toward the shore.

"It's a snake, Uncle John; it's a snake!" shouted one of his companions. As Uncle John looked up he saw that he had a huge water moccasin in his hands. The effect was magical.

"Hell! what a snake!" he shrieked, as he flung the snake as far as he could send it.

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On a moderately dark night, Bill Amos was returning home from a hunting trip on the Sugar Loaf Mountain. Even though he was armed with a double-barrel shotgun, Bill was not as courageous as it is possible for a man to be.

He tried the Negro method of stimulating weakened courage—singing. But this did not help much.

As he rounded a bend in a narrow trail, he saw the huge bulk of something; it was moving toward him! Bill's locomotor apparatus absolutely failed to function, and his blood seemed to run cold; big drops of cold sweat popped out on his brow. The "thing" continued to advance until it was within about thirty-five or forty feet of Bill. Here it stopped and—he heard it fiercely blow its nose. This seemed to stimulate Bill into action. He jerked up his gun, fired both barrels at the "thing," and dashed madly down the mountain side.

After spending a sleepless night Bill returned to the place of his harrowing experience. Rounding the bend in the trail once more he beheld, much to his chagrin, the carcass of one of his neighbor's cows.

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Zeke Skinner was returning home from a Halloween party which had been given by one of the neighbors. It so happened that the dim country road which led to Zeke's home led through dark woods, over hills, and—horrors!—by a graveyard.

The party had been a powerful stimulus in bringing to Zeke's mind the memory of ghost, spook, and witch tales. Really Zeke was not so very courageous. He wished he had stayed at home. He tried to whistle, but his lips failed to function. An attempted song ended in a gurgling rattle. The eerie, creepy notes of a screech owl's voice were wafted to Zeke's ears; a creepy sensation tingled up Zeke's spine. As he neared the graveyard he increased his pace. Just as he came about even with the abode of the dead, a piercing, unearthly scream rent the air. It came from the graveyard. Zeke suddenly became rooted to the spot, transfixed with terror. Once again the dreaded scream smote upon Zeke's eardrums, but Zeke was unable to move. A short wait; moments seemed like ages. Driven almost to frenzy, Zeke made a mad dash, strange to relate, toward the graveyard, and there in a circle of moonlight he beheld the cause of the scream—two big cats.

The Poor Man

By ROY L. ROBINSON, '29

We stood beside a lovely brook,
The worldly man and I;
He did not see the sparkling stream
That flowed before his eye.

He did not hear the song-bird sing
His most melodious lay,
And even failed to see the flowers
That bloomed along the way.

He gladly talked of all his lands;
He worshipped these alone,
And vainly boasted there and then
That they were all his own.

The power and riches in his fields
Were all that he could see,
And, lost amid this worldly wealth,
He left the best for me.

Poor wretched man, who lives for power,
And never stops to see
The wealth of beauty in the stream,
The flower, or budding tree!

On Primitive Religion

By P. W. COOPER, '28

ALL peoples of all ages, even the most primitive of which we have any record at all, have had some sort of notion of immortality. Anthropologists and philosophers have gathered a mass of material which shows the beliefs and convictions of primitive man concerning himself as expressed in traditions and customs, laws and worship. These writers seem to agree that the idea of God is universal, and so, also, do they agree that man has always believed that somehow he is a spirit, or at least an immortal being able to control his own body while alive, and survive after death. Notions of immortality vary in their conceptions of the nature of the life to come and the degree of personal identity.

There are certain basic ideas that are primary whose development is secondary. Beginning with these simple expressions of early man's beliefs there seem to flow down through the ages beneath the simplest forms of worship and the highest developed religious ceremony an undercurrent of reasons and basic principles which are very much the same.

Tylor states in his "Primitive Culture" that to get at the very earliest notions of the existence of the soul is guesswork; yet he agrees with the other authorities that there is such a belief. It seems to be a consensus of opinion of those who treat the subject that the soul idea began with the attempt to distinguish life from the body—from the attempt to answer the following questions: What is it that makes the difference between a living body and a dead one? What causes waking, sleep, trance, disease, and death? What are those human shapes which appear in dreams and visions? It seems that there were two stages in dealing with these questions: (1) the agreement that man has both a life and a phantom; (2) an attempt to combine these two things under one soul. Tylor gives a general definition of this

soul as a "thin unsubstantial human image, in its nature a sort of vapor, film, or shadow; the cause of life and thought in the individual it animates; independently possessing the personal consciousness and volition of its corporeal owner, past and present; capable of leaving the body far behind, to flash swiftly from place to place; mostly impalpable and invisible, yet also manifesting physical power, and especially appearing to men, waking or asleep, as a phantom separate from the body, of which it bears the likeness; continuing to exist and appear to men after the death of that body; able to enter into, possess, and act in the bodies of other men, of animals, and even of things." Although this definition was not universally applied, it is sufficient to be taken as a standard modified by various peoples.

Belief in a sort of breath-body of this sort, or a kind of life from the body, is clearly indicated by the common use of such words as *psyche*, *breath*, *pneuma*, *spiritus*, and *anima*. This soul, they believed, was capable of taking flight from the body—the fact which they closely associated with the mysteriousness of death. The phenomena of dreams seemed to establish even more strongly this belief. The fact that man could experience in sleep new environment, even with his friends and loved ones who had departed this life, was strong evidence to them that there was more to man than the physical body which they could see and feel and touch.

Evidence of this faith in a spiritual being goes back to prehistoric time. The study of the cave dwellers of the stone ages shows that this is true even in the dim beginnings of human life. This belief is so nearly universal in occurrence that it might be said to exist by a sort of instinct of human intelligence. And concerning this belief Frazer, in *"The Golden Bough,"* comments: "Earliest conceptions of this soul were very probably the result of observing the phenomena of dreams and death. In dreams a man is conscious that he has gone to a distant land and has met others, even those long dead, while his body has remained in one spot. In death his body, which

still has the same appearance, has suddenly lost all power of motion and feeling. The soul has gone out of it and does not, as after sleep, return." Tylor says: "At the lowest levels of culture of which we have clear knowledge the notion of a ghost-soul animating man while in the body, and appearing in dreams and visions out of the body, is found deeply ingrained." In this statement he has reference to the most savage tribes of today, and states that there is a strong analogy between these people and the most primitive. He says further: "There is no reason to think that this belief was learned by savage tribes of today from contact with higher races, nor that it is a relic of higher culture from which the savage tribes have degenerated, for what is here is treated as absolutely primitive." He gives Tasmanian, Algonqui, Quiche, Arowak, Abipone, Zulu, Basuto, and Calabar examples of identification of soul with shadows, and this list might be far extended. Illingsworth comments: "The ghost or phantom seen by the dreamer is seen like a shadow, and from this we get the term 'shade' for soul. The word for shadow, soul, image, and echo were the same."

Primitive man in these dream-experiences realized that he was freer and more independent of space, time and material relations than he could have supposed possible from the experiences of his waking life. It became but natural to trace the spirits of the departed when dreams seemed to reveal their continued existence. Spencer says, "Early men thought something left the body and wandered while he slept. This idea was affirmed when they were capable of acquiring new places and experiences."

These are but a few of the vast number of references that tend to indicate that the soul idea has arisen from the phenomena of dreams and visions and the mysteries that surround death. These also tend to point out that the notion of the existence of a soul is universal in its scope.

There are numerous theories regarding the soul which, although only secondary in importance, are worthy of note. One of these theories embodied the idea that the

soul could be absent from the body and could be called back. Frazer says: "Primitives believed that absence of the soul from the body without causing death was possible. The soul could be deposited in a place of safety outside the body, and so long as it remained there there could be no injury done the body. Man was well so long as the soul was unharmed." There are folk-tales which are evidence of this primitive belief, as the Norse tale, "The Giant Who Had No Heart in His Body." These tales embody just what primitives thought and are corroborated by the practices of savages.

Again the primitive peoples considered the soul as a sort of a manakin born with the child. From Micau we have the following ideas: Man lives and moves because of a little man in him, which is the soul. When a child is born this soul is also born as a kind of double for the child, and goes with him through life. Souls were believed to leave the body through the nose and mouth. The Marquesans, therefore, would hold shut the nose and mouth of the dying man, trying to keep his soul from escaping. When the Hindoos yawned they would snap their fingers to keep the soul from escaping. In Celebeo a fishhook was tied to a sick man's nose and mouth to catch and hold the soul as it went out. There are many other similar examples.

Furthermore, there were doctrines even among the earliest races of plurality of souls. The following are but a few of many references to these doctrines. Roth says the earliest savage tribes had souls for the head, heart, blood, spittle, and even footprint. Every part of the body was believed to own a spiritual double. The Iroquois had separate words for the mind, soul, ghost, life, strength, brain, but a soul for each. Some of the Malanesians believed that a man possessed as many as seven souls of different types. Belief in two or more souls is very frequent among primitive people.

These notions of the soul and immortality are real articles of primitive faith, and give rise to a corresponding set of customs. The fact that prehistoric men reverently

buried the dead together shows that they recognized the ties of family and kinship, and as they laid their tools or weapons and food beside them they must have believed, as do some savages today, that these things would be needed and could be used. Quinet, in "The Creation," says: "In this primeval being in whom I knew not whether I was to find an equal or a slave of all other creatures, the instinct of immortality reveals itself in the midst of the tokens of death. How different does he seem to me after this discovery! What a future I begin to discern for this strange animal who scarcely knows how to build himself a better shelter than that of the beast, and yet who tries to provide eternal hospitality for his dead. After this beginning the rest is easy to believe."

Tylor, Frazer, Micau, Spencer, Caird, Illingsworth, and others assert that implements and other things were buried with the dead, some believing that the soul would return to the body, and others that the soul of the things would accompany the soul of the deceased. Other primitives believed that all they killed would be their slaves in the other world; thus often slaves were bought and killed.

The authors named above agree that very probably there is a strong analogy between the savage races today and the primitive peoples. Tylor discusses cannibalism in South America, Africa, and Australia, where are found the most primitive population. Cannibalism is found in all three continents, and in all three is associated with the conviction that he who eats another's body receives unto himself the life or strength of his victim. The repulsive custom of devouring bodies of dead kinsmen is based on the same notion—that the life of the kindred is conveyed without loss from generation to generation. The enemy whose blood is drunk is totally conquered.

Again, as a medium of expression of primitive man's belief in the soul and immortality was his conception of a God or a supernatural controlling force. Tylor says that early man measured the world about him in terms of his own mind and body, and that the conduct of the world was actuated by desires similar to his. Conscious powers

within the man made him feel that there were great powers in the raging winds and waters of a world of nature about him. Some believed the world was a house and the sky the roof. With imagination they created heaven above and hollowness beneath. The sky was the source of light and father of all things.

Hume asserts that man's fear of the forces of nature led him to seek the powerful forces behind them, and thus became the origin of religion. By a natural process came personification. Man realized the power of these forces and thus came to ask their aid and try to win their favor.

Foster maintains that the gods were created in the interest of overcoming the evils that beset men and of appropriating good that would add to man's welfare. And still further they were created to supply all needs—that need is the mother of the gods. Primitive man built himself with his own characteristics and motives into the world by means of his power of imagination or fantasy. Man humanized nature. Nature to him wore a human countenance, and everywhere human voices welled up from the unsearchable deeps of the world. He suggests that the most important things were dark and hidden to primitive man. Ferocious beasts, storms, earthquakes, conflagration, famine, sickness, and death held terror and horror for him. The two great evils of impenetrable darkness and the unconquerable might of hostile powers provided a terrible situation. And the need of help to cope with this situation impelled the soul to create religion. The gods must do for him what he could not for himself. He said that mere belief in the invisible man-like beings which they called gods could not produce religion, but only that when primitives said, "Not god, but my god!" was there religion.

He believes there were both a social and an individual phase of the origin of religion. The former was based on the attempts to understand death and the things pertaining to the abode of the ancestors, while the latter concerned sleep, dreams, and fear of un-understood forces

of nature. Hope, too, he thinks, played a part in this origin of religion.

Thus it seems that the most primitive men had various notions of the soul and immortality which were fundamentally the same. Furthermore, it appears that expressions of these beliefs were similarly alike in basic principle. And finally, according to authorities suggested above, definite needs prompted the creation of the god idea by primitive man.

Traveling Experiences

By M. W. RANKIN, Shiuchow, China

UPON our arrival in Canton, November 9, I immediately went to see the American Consul about my proceeding to Shiuchow to investigate the mission's property and to be with the Chinese Christians for a few days. The Consul began at once to negotiate with the Chinese Commissioner of Foreign Affairs about conditions up the North River and to prepare a travel certificate, and intended to have him visa it for me. But in a few days the Canton Government changed hands, a Red general taking control of things. I was delayed several days, as we did not know what the consequences would be. The certificate was visaed and I received it on December 5. On December 7 I boarded the train for Shiuchow. On the way up, I distributed a great deal of Christian literature and observed that the people were happy to receive it. The Chinese people as a whole were just as friendly as could be. I arrived at Shiuchow at ten o'clock that night, and was met by one of the Chinese Christians. We went over to the Baptist Church, where I stayed.

On Friday morning two of the Christian brethren went with me over to our compound and we found the soldiers still occupying our residences and the Girls' School building. Upon our arrival there, we started into one of the residences to investigate the damage done, but were stopped by two Chinese guards. We told them that the houses belonged to Americans, but that did not alter the matter. Then we tried to see one of the head officers, but all was in vain. We returned to the city to see the chief officer, and we were permitted to talk to him about our going into the residences. The officer told the two Chinese Christians that I as an American had no proof that the houses belonged to our Foreign Mission Board. The two men refuted him by saying that they were my witnesses, and furthermore that I had one or two pieces of furniture left in the house with my name on the back of

it. The officer was blank for a few seconds, and then confessed that the houses did belong to us, but realizing that our going into the buildings would not benefit him, he refused to let us enter.

I was very happy to see that the Christians had saved most of our furniture. When the second or third battalion of soldiers, which was occupying the residence then, vacated the houses, the Christians having everything ready, made a rush and moved practically all of the furniture out of the two residences over to one of the Sunday school rooms in the church. This is evidence of how the true Christian Chinese will stand by their fellow-workers in Christ Jesus, our Lord. I remained in Shiuchow for several days with the Christians and had a fine time with them. We had a meeting of the Shiuchow Home Board and changed some preachers from one place and another, and made definite plans for the growth of work for the coming year. We are now planning to put on an evangelistic campaign at Shiuchow in the spring and similar meetings throughout the Hakka field. The Christians are very enthusiastic about this and wish that all Christians would unite their hearts and pray that the Lord will give us an opportunity to have such meetings, and that He will pour out His blessings upon them.

During my stay up there I submitted myself to the Lord to be used of Him in giving His gospel to the needy ones. On Sunday morning and Saturday morning I distributed a great deal more Christian literature. Saturday afternoon, I stood on one of the street corners in the city holding Christian literature in my hands and the Chinese people flocked in crowds, saying: "Give me one! Give me one! Give me one." Then on Sunday morning I went around to a temple, which is situated near the river, and found one fellow sitting near the door of the temple selling candy and cigarettes. I began telling him of my Saviour, showing him from the Chinese New Testament, which I had with me, about the true God and the only way to be saved. While I was talking to him others, who came to worship the idol in that temple, stopped and listened to

what I was saying, there being thirty to forty. The young fellow that I began talking to gave his life to God, and I gave him a New Testament. The others who stood around went away very much interested. On that same afternoon my Chinese helper and I went back to the same place. There we found a man who could only understand Mandarin, which is one of the dialects of China. I began talking the Gospel to him in Hakka and the helper interpreted it into Mandarin. While we were telling him of Jesus and His saving power, others passing by stopped and listened attentively. We stood there preaching the Gospel for two hours and before we got through there were at least forty-five to fifty people standing around us. As we went off my Chinese helper said in Chinese, "Ho, ho ki fui," which means in English a fine opportunity. Then he said that the opportunity for preaching the Gospel is greater now than it has ever been. I observed that there was a willingness on the part of the Chinese people for the reception of the Gospel in Shiuchow such as I have never seen before. There is evidence of this everywhere in China now. Paul said, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jews first and to the Gentiles." The evidence of this power is not only in the lives of those who have already accepted Christ, but can be seen working on the hearts of those who have not believed. The people are longing to hear about Jesus and His love.

About two months ago one of our Hakka preachers who had just been employed by the Shiuchow Home Board was captured by robbers and was led up to their den. As they were on their way he began preaching the Gospel to them. After arriving at the den the robbers wanted several thousands of dollars for his release. The young preacher committed himself to the Lord and trusted in Him, for he realized that he was able to bring all things to pass, and began again to preach Jesus unto them. The robbers, being so interested in the Gospel, immediately brought the sum down to \$500. He continued to pray and preach,

and the Gospel began to work on the hearts of the robbers in so much that they released him for \$90. He paid this and as he was leaving the robbers begged him to come back and preach some more about Jesus to them, assuring him that he would be protected. The Gospel is the wonderful power of God.

I intended to return to Canton Tuesday of the week following, but on Monday word came from the Chinese people in Shiuchow that the trains had stopped running, because of trouble in Canton. I investigated and found there were no trains, and that it was uncertain when there would be any. Being absolutely cut off, I was quite anxious about Mrs. Rankin and our boy. On Wednesday I learned that there would be a soldier train going down Thursday. I went over to the station Thursday morning, and after showing my travel certificate to one of the officers I was permitted to board the train. I arrived at Canton station about ten o'clock. Knowing that it was impossible to reach Tungshan at that time of night, I called a man to take my baggage to the Asia Hotel. When we got there we found the door locked, and they did not permit anyone to go in. So I told the man to take my baggage on up to the Christian Book Store. On our way up I met a Chinese policeman. He asked me who I was and where I was going. After telling him, I was told that I could put my baggage into the Book Store. I was not permitted to go beyond this place, as there were several thousands of soldiers between there and Tungshan. Having got my baggage put up, I sought a place to sleep. As I was going down another street I was again stopped by a policeman. He asked me who I was and where I was going, and doubted that I was an American. In fact, he said that I was a Russian, and red at that. Realizing the danger in which I was, I handed him my certificate. When he saw it he said nothing more. I failed to find a place to sleep that night, and so I walked the streets from then until 2 o'clock in the morning. At that time several policemen came up where I was and asked me who I was. I told them and they took my word for it, but asked me

to go on away from there. I went down towards Shameen a little way and sat down. I tried to get on Shameen, the British concession, but could not. As I was sitting there trying to make myself contented until daylight, about ten other policemen came up to me, and asked me who I was. I told them, but they did not believe me, and began to discuss among themselves whether to lock me up or not. I immediately handed them my certificate, which relieved them of locking me up. Instead they invited me to go and sit with them. I sat in the police station until 7 o'clock Friday morning, at which time I got into a ricksha and came out to Tungshan. I found everyone all right, and the city in the hands of the soldiers again.

The trouble here in Canton was between the Reds and the anti-Reds, the Red peasants having got control of the city two days before. They looted and burned as they went, destroying thousands of shops and killing hundreds of their own people. If they had remained in power even for one day longer they planned to destroy all foreign property and to kill all foreigners with whom they came in contact. Those two days when the Reds were in control of the city was a time of real terror, and the foreigners were in more danger than they had ever been before in Canton. When the soldiers got back into power they executed five Russians and many Chinese Communists. Russia is the one that keeps stirring up the Chinese with Bolshevistic propaganda and furnishing them with leaders, weapons, and money. But the Lord will conquer in the end.

Claire Ambler

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Reviewed by R. D. BULLUCK, JR.

We had read of the combination of the two famous publishing houses, Doubleday, Page and Company and George H. Doran and Company, and were quite naturally anxious to see the first product published under this new imprint. Therefore we hastened to secure a copy of *Claire Ambler*.

In all his works Mr. Tarkington has never been more than an entertainer, but as entertainers go, he is a master. *Claire Ambler* measures up to his usual standard and is perhaps a little better than any of his other books. This story is not a flaming-youth depiction of a modern flapper. Those who read this story with the intention of finding anything "hot," as the term goes, will be sorely disappointed. This author is to be complimented in that he writes such wholesome, truthful, and enjoyable books.

The story follows Claire from the time she is seventeen until she is twenty-five and is married. This book makes no mention of hip flasks, necking, and some other vices commonly attributed to youth. *Claire Ambler* is a very good picture of a young rattle-brain girl who wants as many admirers as she can attach. To those who are seeking a few moments of enjoyable, light, and wholesome reading this book is recommended.

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FEBRUARY, 1928

NUMBER 5

The Editor's Portfolio

"As Thy
Days . . ."

The Franklin-like simplicity of this statement covers a sermon in practical economics. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." To students it holds a special import. Somewhere in life lies the work that we are to do, and our "strength" or ability in this work will be in proportion to the manner in which we have spent our days of preparation. When the different sports seasons open they find men who have been laboring, drilling, sweating, and training for their places on the teams. They have spent their days in order that their strength may be felt in the fray, and that every effort may give the greatest possible result. It is rugged training, to be sure, but the academic world could find here a good example in thoroughness and application. Nor do we mean teachers when we say "academic world," but rather those persons who expect to be of service in the various professions, vocations, and avocations. Even a tramp who does his job well receives a certain degree of admiration, while his less skillful fellow gets only con-

tempt. The life of Jesse James is made heroic by his ability in his chosen, or forced, activity. How much more thoroughly, then, should those who pursue a worthy cause try to prepare themselves. One of the ways to preparedness is known in educational circles of today as "use of leisure."

There is no better place for the advantageous use of leisure than in a good library, or stretched on a bed of pine needles with a good book for company. A good librarian is as glad to lend her books as a capitalist is his money—and there are fewer gold bricks in the transaction. It is true that a great many of our popular novels are listed in our card catalog that are not to be found, but there are others with which we should become acquainted. If we do not care to read some of these authors whom others praise for what they call "culture," then let us read the popular—read something, if it is nothing but "Peck's Bad Boy," "Diamond Dick," or some of Thomas W. Jackson's work. Bruce Barton has some good reading for you, too, and if you wish to add a touch of color to your conversation, read Gutierrez Najera. Najera was a Mexican poet of the Burns or Poe type of life, but whose poetry is filled with colors that glow and throb with beauty. His work is found in the Library in "Studies in Spanish-American Literature."

**Staff
Change**

A change in the editorial staff has been necessary because of the resignation of one of the Associate Editors, B. T. Henderson. Mr. Henderson has handled the Alumni Notes throughout the past semester and has had his department ready for every issue. He received his license for the practice of law in January, and having finished work for his degree

left school to take up the work of his profession. We enjoyed working with him, and wish him success. In his place on the staff we welcome R. Paul Caudill, a junior, and a man who is active on the campus.

Bumming

Much has been said about bumming. The discussion has gone the rounds, from a lawyer on up through student circles and to the attention of college presidents. There is something to be said on both sides of the question, but we say that we shall be glad to give work on student publications to all of those who run out of work and find it necessary to go to Raleigh, or elsewhere, for the week-end. If some one can start an epidemic of inspiration on the campus we shall be eternally grateful. The January issue of *THE STUDENT* was not a "rip-roaring" success, but its frail and wan condition allows all the more room for expansion in our next issues. How about sending in some work?

The Arch Et Cetera

The new plantings around the front entrance give promise of future beauty and arouse dreams in one's mind. For instance, one wonders how the shadows of our loved long-leaf pine would look falling across the resurrected arch. The addition of the pines is good, and the recent removal of the decaying locust and elm was an improvement, but we are wondering if those noble oaks in the north center of the campus could not be treated and saved. They cannot be replaced. The efforts toward getting ivy started on the new portions of the campus wall are noteworthy, and the fountain looks better, but how about some tennis courts and nets? Spring is coming, you know. And, again, how about that arch?

**Humani-
zation**

Now and then we hear our professors drop a word that actually causes us to think.

We heard a professor talking about humanizing subjects and his ideas struck a responsive chord in us. We wonder, too, if subjects are given with proper thought as to what the student is going to do in life; for example, how he will apply his chemistry, his biology, or his Latin and Greek. We know that there are those teachers who have these facts in mind, but are they not exceptions to the rule? The medical student or chemist should know chemistry for its own sake, but should not the ministerial and law students know it in its relation to other phases of life with which they come in contact?

M. W. Rankin

We are using in this issue an article sent in by Mr. M. W. Rankin, Shiuchow, China.

Mr. Rankin's very informal relation of incidents concerning his arrival in China is interesting in that they give one a glance at what was taking place behind the curtains in the recent bouts between the Reds and the anti-Reds in China. While he was a student here, Mr. Rankin was active in campus affairs, and a good intercollegiate debater. He was graduated with the class of '22 and has since been doing work of much merit in the Chinese field of missions, where he is employed by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Exchanges

J. M. ELLIOTT, JR., *Editor*

The February issue of *The Carolina Magazine*, from the University of North Carolina, is uniquely interesting. We say unique because of the fact that the Negro is featured in this number. The outstanding contribution of this issue seems to be "The Blues: Negro Sorrow Songs," by Guy V. Johnson, who is co-author with Howard W. Odum, of "Negro Workaday Songs." This article reveals a very careful study of the Negro and his blues, and also dips into the history of "The Blues" from the Civil War days to the present. It is interesting to read and throws a light on this weird type of song originated by and so common with the Negro. We consider this issue interesting, enlightening, and educational, and we commend the originality in the idea.

* * *

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of our initial issue of *The Echo* from Furman University. This number is well balanced, possessing variety to a creditable degree. The work of this issue is certainly of mentionable worth and a credit to college literature.

The essays were of unusual interest to us. In the first place, the subjects or titles are appealing, and then the style is good. "The Modern Trend of Biography" is a very readable analysis of the modern tendency of biographers to write biography with sales possibilities in view. In "Buddhism" we have an instructive analysis of this primitive type of worship, its comparison with Christianity, and finally its condemnation.

The editorials of this issue contain quite a bit of constructive thought. We are especially pleased to note the editor's views on the present tendency of critics to go to the extreme either in commendation or in condemnation. Constructive comment is very scarce in the exchange department, due to this modern tendency. In this article, "We Exchange Editors" realize our guilt and hope that this reminder will kindle a new flame in the world of constructive criticism.

The January number of *The Bashaba*, from Coker College, contains some things of literary value, but is not so well provided as to variety. One or two short stories, a few book reviews, and maybe a sketch or two could have been effectively inserted. Even though we commend the idea of the editor in publishing the story "Carmen" in installments, creating interest from one edition for the next, we feel that it is a good plan to have two or three short stories. "Carmen" was the only contribution of this nature.

The lone play, "Maizie Has a Caller," compares with the average and the essays offer intelligent reading matter. The outstanding of the three essays, "Women After the Industrial Revolution," is a clever review of the nineteenth century novelist's portrayal of the women during the period following the Industrial Revolution. This is worth reading.

Alumni Notes

R. PAUL CAUDILL, *Editor*

Terry A. Lyon, LL.B. 1907, is practicing law in Washington, D. C.
A. N. Corpening, B.A. 1923; M.A. 1925, is head of the Bible Department, Mars Hill Junior College.

Wm. Henry Sledge, B.A. 1894, is pastor of Grace Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md.

Lawrence Stallings, B.A. 1916, among whose works are *What Price Glory*, *Plumes*, and *The Big Parade*, is now in Mexico City, the guest of the United States ambassador, Dwight N. Morrow.

Philip P. Greene, M.A. 1913, is a physician in the army school, Washington, D. C.

Willie C. Royal, who attended Wake Forest in 1907-08, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Frederick, Md.

James Dinn Hufman, B.A. 1896, is in newspaper work, Washington, D. C.

Gerald Johnson, B.A. 1911, formerly editor of the *Greensboro Daily News*, and recently head of the Department of Journalism in the University of North Carolina, is with the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. His recent volumes, *What Is News?* and *Andrew Jackson: An Epic in Homespun*, have been most favorably received.

William Heck Pace, B.A. 1903, is practicing law in Washington, D. C.

F. C. Nye, B.A. 1900, is principal of West Jefferson High School.

William Millard Stancell, B.A. 1897, is a minister, working with the Y. M. C. A. in Washington, D. C.

Rex Phillips Mulligan, who attended Wake Forest in 1922-23, is a physician in Washington, D. C.

Wade B. Harrington, M.A. 1910, is practicing law in Washington, D. C.

Horace Edgar Flack, M.A. 1901, is the city statistician, Baltimore, Md.

Charles Bloxton Deshazo, LL.B. 1920, is practicing law in Washington, D. C.

Carey S. Mumford, who will receive the B.S. degree with the Class of 1928, is now an instructor in mathematics at North Carolina State College.

William Henry Sledge, B.A. 1894, is pastor of Grace Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md.

W. O. Kelley, B.A. 1922, M.A. 1923, is teacher of history and English in Wingate Junior College.

Rev. James M. Hayes, B.A. 1917, is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lexington.

Notes and Clippings

ROBERT E. LEE, *Editor*

The reason some professors are always changing textbooks each year is to keep students from writing their jokes on the margin so that the next year's class who use the books may not anticipate their jokes.

¶ ¶ ¶

A Raleigh minister declares that hell is a place of bootleg whiskey, racing cars, theatres, and short skirts. Which prompts the query: "O death, where is thy sting?"

¶ ¶ ¶

NEWS FROM MEREDITH

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

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

¶ ¶ ¶

"Is that all the work you can do in an hour?" asked Sam's new employer.

"Well, boss," said Sam, "I dussay I could do moh!—but I never was one for showing off."

¶ ¶ ¶

Motor cop (after hard chase)—Why didn't you stop after I shouted back there?

Driver (with only five bucks, but presence of mind)—I thought you said, "Good morning, Senator."

Cop—Well, you see, Senator, I wanted to warn you about driving fast through the next township.

¶ ¶ ¶

PARADISE FOR PRESIDENTS

Several college presidents were discussing what they would do after retiring—what they would be fitted for.

"Well," said one, "I don't know that I would be fit for anything, but I know what I would like to do. I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum, so I'd never get any letters from parents."

"I've a much better ambition," exclaimed another. "I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

¶ ¶ ¶

The term "love" is used in tennis because of the net.

¶ ¶ ¶

You're young only once, but if you work it right, once is enough.

¶ ¶ ¶

Most of the girls now have impromptu complexions. They make them up as they go along.

Colored Customer—Ah wants a tooth brush.

Clerk—What size will you have?

C. C.—Better give me the bigges' and stronges' you have—deys ten in de family.

¶ ¶ ¶

James—See that woman with a dirty face, Daddy?

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

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

¶ ¶ ¶

Talk about fast acting! You should see a Hawaiian dancer with her grass skirt on fire.

¶ ¶ ¶

Weary Husband—I've been to every shop in town and they can't match this ribbon anywhere.

Wife—Splendid! I just wanted to make sure so no one else could buy any like it.

¶ ¶ ¶

THE INDELIBLE IMPRESSION

He woke up the next morning with a start. What right had he to sleep when his was the privilege to rehearse in his mind the wonderful evening before. How clearly every detail stood out in his mind. The garden walks, choked with flower petals whose fragrance suffused the air for miles around. Those previous moments with her alone while the orchestra in the distance could barely be heard trying to keep pace with the scores of indefatigable dancers. That wonderful moonlight which just added the necessary atmosphere to make them feel the thrill of living. Her sweet clear voice still assailed his ears while he was still conscious of her exquisite wavy hair. Those protestations of eternal fidelity. Those rash promises, those vows to meet again that very night. All stood out clearly in his mind; in fact, he remembered every little detail except, con-found it, her name.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Who brought up that subject?" said the King of England to the elevator boy in Buckingham Palace.

¶ ¶ ¶

Mike: "'Tis a fine kid ye have there. A magnificent head and noble features. Say, could you lend me a couple of dollars?"

Pat: "I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."

¶ ¶ ¶

Mary had been spanked by her mother. She was crying in the hallway when the minister entered.

"Well, well, what's the matter with my little girl today?" he inquired.

"It hurts," she sobbed.

"What hurts, my dear?"

"The back of my lap."

It used to be chivalry that prompted men to give women drivers the right of way; now it's common sense.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Your handwriting is very bad," said a man to a young college friend who was more addicted to sport than study; "you really ought to learn to write better."

"Yes," returned the young man; "it's all very well for you to tell me that, but if I were to write better people would be finding out how I spell."

¶ ¶ ¶

Father: "Able, what for you go up der stairs two at a time?"

Son: "To save my shoes, fadder."

Father: "Dot's right, my son, but look oudt you don't split your pants."

¶ ¶ ¶

Early to bed, early to rise, would spoil the fun of a lot of guys!

¶ ¶ ¶

"What made you flunk your Latin course?"

"I wasn't in the proper mood."

¶ ¶ ¶

"Mamma," inquired Tommy anxiously, "will the pudding make me sick, or will there be enough for everybody."

¶ ¶ ¶

"I am sorry that I couldn't do this more spectacularly," apologized the murderer to the reporter.

¶ ¶ ¶

A young man in the country had a tender passion, and took his girl some flowers:

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh that I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said the young man in great embarrassment, "there is, but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

¶ ¶ ¶

I kissed her in the dark,
I kissed her in the door,
But when I saw that face,
I kissed her nevermore.

¶ ¶ ¶

Banker: "So you know my friend Smith?"

Lawyer: "Yes, I used to sleep with him."

Banker: "Room-mate?"

Lawyer: "No; classmates."

¶ ¶ ¶

Prof.: "What is the most common impediment in the speech of the American people?"

Frosh.: "Chewing gum."

From a sign in a cemetery: "Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."

¶ ¶ ¶

"This is a dirty deal," said the garbage man as he signed his collecting agreement.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Statistics show," declared the bespectacled woman lecturer, "that the modern, common-sense style of woman's dress has reduced accidents on the street cars by fifty per cent."

"Why not do away with accidents altogether?" piped a masculine voice from the rear of the hall.

¶ ¶ ¶

College graduate, showing his diploma to his father: "Here's your receipt, Pop."

¶ ¶ ¶

Raleigh is so collegiate that a girl will not speak to you if you wear a hat.

¶ ¶ ¶

Old Maid: "But why should a big, strong man like you be found begging?"

Chivalrous Charley: "Dear lady, it is the only profession I know wherein a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction."

¶ ¶ ¶

All is fair in love, war, politics, and fraternity houses.

¶ ¶ ¶

George Washington told his father the truth about the cherry tree. He wasn't so dumb. George knew when he was caught with the goods, all right.

¶ ¶ ¶

Woman's place is on a magazine cover.

¶ ¶ ¶

MUFFLER NEEDED

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

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

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

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The Wake Forest Student

*A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College*

VOL. XLV

MARCH, 1928

No. 6

Evanescence

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

He smiled.

Deep within his heart was pain, flaming keen.

Lurking withunder his evinced humor was Hope, fading and weary.

Hope, persistent, had grasped ceaselessly.

But beauty is evanescent;

And evanescence is tragedy;

And love is evanescent.

"The beauty of the rose," he said,

"Though red and vivid and touching,

Is not for me.

It is to be admired, never grasped;

It fades."

"You," said he, "are a rose, flaming, beautiful, evanescent."

Deep within his heart was pain. . . .

But there are so many charming roses.

He smiled.

Jim Was My Buddie

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN, '29

I KNEW the minute I set eyes on Jim Atkinson that he was my sort of guy. It's been all but ten years now since that first day, and, as they say, many a drop of water's flowed under the bridge, but to me, as I sit here now putting this down on paper, it all comes back just like a picture.

He was foreman on a job down in Jacksonville. Ten-story bank building it was, and Jim was in charge of a crowd of nigger steel workers, and when I loafed in about ten o'clock that June morning he was sweating like an ox, and cussing those poor black devils for all he's worth. Those Florida niggers are the poorest excuses for workers you ever saw any time, the climate being so hot and all, but you let a hot June morning catch one of 'em on a job where there's supposed to be any work done—and, gosh, it would take a saint not to cuss.

Well, as I said, he was walking about. What he didn't call those loafing blacks is too decent to call any black. And that big chesty beam-hoister—he tried to get fresh with Jim. Walked up to him and lowered his eyes like a bull. He was one of those imported nigs. Had been all around, up North and all, and I found out later he had stirred up one or two of the native Florida niggers. Did Jim call his bluff? Well, I reckon there'd be no question if you had been there. Jim was all mad by this time, and he saw red. That wallop he handed the bluffing Yankee nigger was a classic. Oh, my!! And then he turned—but I'm getting off on the wrong track. Any place you start talking about Jim you get yourself in for a long yarn. That's the kind of a fellow he was. He stood six-three in his bare feet, and in personality and all those inside things a fellow has he was just as big.

Me, I had just come in from Montgomery via my usual route—the side-door Pullman, if you know what I mean—and now I was looking for some job or other to keep me

a while in Jacksonville. I hadn't been to Jax in four years, having left there when my dad died and left me alone in the world. I had seen considerable of the world in those years, and had got pretty hard and calloused. Knocking about over the country with not a spare shirt and not an idea of where that next meal's coming from 'll make a fellow that way.

Well, as I was saying, I decided Jim Atkinson (I learned his name a little later) was my kind of a guy, and as soon as I saw him cussing those niggers, and that glorious punch, I decided right then I was going to try to get work with the steel construction gang that was at work under him.

Everybody was busy, it being the middle of the morning, and consequently I had time to look about a little before lunch time, and a chance of a talk with the foreman. The building was on Bay Street, right near the bridge across the St. Johns. I could see the river, shining like beat silver in the morning sunlight. And there was a whole raft of little craft out—tugs, fishing schooners, and one or two liners docked. Away out toward the west I could see the Ford plant, and on beyond there, around a bend in the river, the Seminole was putting out for the Jetties, and the Atlantic beyond. Gosh, it was pretty! Reminded me of those days of happy loafing of the years past. You know how it is with a seacoast town. Well, Jacksonville is a little more that way than the run of them. I wondered why I hadn't spent in Jax more of the four years I had just wasted, or some such place. Atlanta—too crowded, too much of a city. Makes a fellow feel cramped; Birmingham, all smoke; Charlotte—well, Charlotte 'll do in a pinch. They're pretty good to a fellow there, even deadbeats like me. But old Jax—it's the best place, after all. An air of business, and at the same time pleasure always just around the corner. Pablo and Atlantic Beaches, the Casa de Balle and all.

You know how a guy is when he's young, and got his head full of romantic notions. Well, that was the kind of fellow I was when I had left home four years before.

I wanted to see the world, and being young, I thought the world was just as keen on seeing me. I had planned to work in the different cities I went to, but somehow I never got around to do much of it. Things came too easy at first, and later—I had lost my enthusiasm. I got in with a brakeman on a Southern freight between Greenville, South Carolina, and Goldsboro, North Carolina, on my first trip out of Jax. He helped me dodge the bulls, and got a little stuff for me to eat from time to time. Well, you know I made three round trips on that same freight? One crazy thing followed another, and I ended up by seeing pretty much of the South. Southern people treat a fellow pretty white, whether he's that way himself or not, and I can't complain about the way Fate, or whatever it was handled me through these years, did the job.

I had just got into Jax the night before on a Red Ball from Richmond, Virginia, and after sleeping in an old yacht out at the basin, had got up early in the morning, touched a couple of kind-hearted dames out Riverside for handouts that filled me up and made me feel comfortable once more after rough sledding from North Carolina, and about nine-thirty began my stroll down street.

Well, I admit I got to feeling a little sentimental about old Jax. It was a bright blue day, the kind they have there about all the time, and I must have got back something of those old romantic notions I had had after Dad died. All of a sudden, for the first time in more than three years, I wanted to work. I wanted a good hard job—a job that would make me sweat, and get sunburned, and have an appetite; a job that would make me respectable and honest again. A little boarding-house out Hogan Street; a clean shirt and white ducks after supper; a couple of hours at the Arcade or a Honey Bunch show—gosh, I nearly cried. Me!!

Well, I got the job. At twelve o'clock sharp the gangs all quit work and went to some shady place to eat their dinner-pail lunches. Atkinson walked over to a little shed where there was a big sign—almost as big as the shed—which read, "Shore and Ellington Steel Construction

Co.," and I followed him in. He had sat down to a little table, his right side to the door, and was mopping his face with a red handkerchief as I reached the door. He wheeled on the little stool on which he was seated as I appeared at the door, and glared at me from beneath shaggy brows.

"Well?" he questioned.

"I'm after a job," I told him. "And I'm after it hard."

He appraised me swiftly with his keen blue eyes, and he didn't miss a thing. "What are you good for?" he asked, and as he asked it I suddenly realized how little I was good for. I had picked up a few card tricks, and I could print menus on café mirrors. And there my ability in all lines ended.

"Well—" I haggled.

"Don't be ashamed of it," the big man cut in. "You're not the first bird I ever run up with that didn't know a steel girder from a keg of nails. But I must say they don't come often—the super-dumb ones like you."

He turned and opened his bucket of dinner, took out a big ham and biscuit sandwich, cut down on it with his strong white teeth, and turned again to me.

"You're damn' lucky," he said, and added, "if you want to work. We start tonight with a ten-hour white shift on the steel work. My gang's still a little short, and if you're good and sure you want to work and not twiddle your thumbs like I can tell you've been doing all your life—well, the job's open for you."

You can bet your life I snapped him up. We talked a little longer and he told me my hours and pay. I was to work from eight to six, and was to get seventeen-fifty at first. It wasn't just the kind of thing I had figured on—knocked my nights in the head—but as I said before, I liked the boss, and I decided the thing to do was take anything at first, counting on a change later.

"Calligan's my name," I told him when we had finished our business talk. And I held out my hand.

He took it and grinned from ear to ear. "Irish, is it?" he asked.

"Betcher life," I said. "Why, my grandfather—"

"You got nothing on me. Jim Atkinson's my name. Had a aunt that married a Calligan. And grandfathers—why I had a whole sluice of 'em. All Irish."

II

Well, from then on me and Jim was buddies. What I mean, true-blue buddies. I didn't like the night shift. I knew from the first I wouldn't, so in ten days I got a day job. They had taken Jim off the night job less than a week after I signed up, and from the time he was changed 'til I got the day work myself I kept 'em pestered to let me get on with him. For those first few days I hung out in one of those cheap little hotel joints down Bay Street, but when I got the shift I wanted Jim offered me a share of his room in a quiet little place out in South Jax. And believe me the days from then on were happy ones. We'd get up 'bout six every morning, and a little after that Mrs. Davis (the lady that ran the house we were in) would call us to breakfast. At six-thirty we'd start, on foot, for our place on Bay Street. Our place in South Jax was about three blocks from the ferry over into town, and the ferry landing on the Jax side was less than two blocks from our place. So it didn't take us long. We always caught the six-forty-five ferry, and arrived at the bank building just a minute or so before. We had some wonderful talks on those daily trips into town. Dear old Jim was more of a philosopher than you'd have thought from looking at him, and many times his brown, handsome face would crinkle up in thought, and he'd spiel out such deep and ponderous words as would fairly take a fellow's breath. Me, I couldn't always follow him, but I always agreed, because he was so earnest, and believed so hard in what he said.

Together we enjoyed the early morning sights of our beautiful city. Jim loved as well as I did to see the glint of the early morning sun on the St. Johns as we crossed each time; he loved to see the crowds pushing on to another's day's work; he loved to hear the noises of the

trucks and street cars, the loud cries of the newsies selling *The Times-Dispatch*, the still louder calls of the excursion bus drivers hooting up a crowd for their first time out. I fairly lived in all these things myself, and with Jim along to back me up, it was all the more fun, and made me feel real clean and fine, way down deep, if you know what I mean.

I never was a boasting kind, but somehow I always like to feel that I had a little something to do with Jim's appreciation of all these things, and I've always liked to think I was some little responsible for the change that came about in his character. He had got to be a better foreman. He didn't cuss so much, not even the niggers, and believe it or not, he got better results. Mr. Shore, one of the owners of our steel company, got so he would send niggers that couldn't get along with other foremen over to Jim's gang, and nearly every time Jim would manage things so the nigger would stay on and work along with the best of 'em. Jim didn't any more go around slugging fellows like he did that first day, and they respected him just as much as if he had.

Me, I'm a fairly good-sized fellow, but alongside Jim I always felt pretty little and raw. He weighed over two hundred, and there wasn't a pound nor an ounce of fat on him. He didn't have any bad habits, like drinking and going out with bad women, and you could tell by looking at him that he was honest. He always swung along with a stride that kept me almost on the run to keep up, and he held his head high.

Well, we got along fine for about a couple of months. We would go down to the Arcade about once or twice a week, and sometimes on hot nights we'd bum a ride with some fellow down to the beach and take a dip in the surf. Neither of us was much of a hand with the women, both preferring to have our pleasure in other ways. I had heard a newspaper fellow up in North Carolina say the whole race of women was a mistake, anyhow, and although I didn't go him the whole way, I was content to let them keep on their side of the road. Poor fool, I had

to learn that there isn't no side to the road, and sooner or later a fellow's bound to have a collision with one of 'em.

We met Mary Cunningham at the Casa de Balle one night late in August. I didn't dance, and Jim wasn't much of a stepper himself, but once in a while he'd take a notion to trip the light fantastic, and as the Casa de Balle was nearest of the public dancing halls, he usually went there, and I'd trail along.

So this night late in August, as I was saying, we were on the floor, or rather Jim was on the floor, and I was sitting on the sidelines, watching him. I noticed he was dancing with one girl a good deal, and wondered if she was some friend of his that I didn't know about. After a while he brought her over to where I was and introduced me to her.

"Mary," he said to the girl with him, "Johnson here is the best friend I've got in the world." And did I feel proud then? I couldn't have felt any better if the President had slapped me on the back, or Rockefeller had given me a million dollars, or something else like that.

I could only stammer and feel a little hot and uncomfortable, but Mary spoke right up: "I haven't been knowing Mr. Atkinson but about thirty minutes, and I'm sure I've heard him speak of you a dozen times. He's been telling me what pals you are and what wonderful times you all have together."

I stammered again, and about that time the music began again and she and Jim danced away. Gosh, she was lovely. Had on one of those bluish-looking dresses, the color of the sea in the late afternoon. And her eyes, they were blue, too, like Jim's. She was a little thing, looked hardly more than seventeen, with her curly gold hair all fluffy around her face. You know how it is. She was the kind of girl a fellow dreams about marrying.

I figured Jim would want to see more of her by the way he had been with her all the evening, so I strolled along back to Mrs. Davis's place, planning to wait up for him. He got in an hour later, at about twelve-thirty, and as

soon as I saw him I knew something had happened. His face was flushed, and you might have thought he had had a drink, if you weren't sure he didn't.

"Johnson," he said to me, "I've found the girl I've been looking for."

I kidded him a little as he told me about her. She, too, lived in South Jax, I gathered from the confusion of his babbling, and had gone to the Casa de Balle with a boy friend of hers from the office where she worked over in town. Jim didn't seem to have lost any love on this guy, and the only shadow I saw on his face that night was when he mentioned him.

"I'll put him out of the running," he told me, and as he did a fierce light came into his eyes. "And," he added, "if any other man gets in the way, I'll get him out, too."

The anger that came into his voice and the seriousness of his tone scared me a little. He looked like he did that day when he beat up the nigger. A fellow hadn't ought to be like that. Too many little things can upset him, and he might do something he'd later regret.

He wasn't like this long, however, and before long he was at it again, telling me things Mary had said, and guessing if she thought anything of him. He told me a number of things she had said about me, how she had asked him where I came from, and what I did for a living, and other questions like that. I thought that was pretty nice of her, just having seen me a minute, and I was so dumb and all then. I told Jim the only reason she asked about me was because he had told her I was a friend of his. He said yes, he reckoned that was so.

For the next week Jim was a pretty regular visitor down on Lane Street, where Mary lived. One night he came in our room after supper and as he was dressing spoke to me. "Mary's been asking me to bring you along some night when I come down," he said. "Suit you to run down with me tonight?"

I told him I'd be glad to run along with him if he didn't mind. He said they'd be glad to have me, so I got out my Sunday suit, shined up my shoes, and went with him.

Mary met us at the door and held out both her hands. Jim started to take them both, but she snatched her right one away from him and gave it to me.

"What kind of hostess would I be," she asked him, "if I'd let Johnson come in my house all unnoticed, while you got all the welcome? That wouldn't be fair."

Jim mumbled something, and I shook Mary's hand, and we went in and sat down. I was noticing careful to see if I could tell by the way Mary acted how Jim stood with her, but she didn't give herself away. Of course, I wasn't then and still am not much of a judge of those things, but it looked to me that she resented it a little bit when Jim would give her a proprietary pat on the back, or would call her some little name or other. Some girls are like that. No matter how much they like a fellow, they don't like for him to take any liberties when anybody else is around.

Mary surely was sweet. She asked me a lot of questions about myself, and when I got to telling her about my travels up in North Carolina and Tennessee, and other states, she seemed mighty interested. Every time I could I'd put in something about Jim, because I wanted to help him along with her as much as I could, him being my best pal. I could tell she was interested, because she would look up at me as I was talking, with the tenderest, most beautiful smile on her face you ever saw. She didn't say much about him herself. It seemed like every time I'd get real worked up over something I was telling about what he had said, she would get to talking about something else, and before long I'd be telling her again about the view from the top of Chimney Rock up in the North Carolina mountains, or something else like that. I guess maybe it embarrassed her to talk about him—Jim, I mean—so much. You know how some girls are.

Jim didn't seem himself that night. He was quiet as a mouse for most the whole night. I couldn't tell what was the matter with him, if there was anything. After a while he got up real quick.

"Will you please excuse me?" he said to Mary. "I'm afraid it's time I'll have to be going."

"What's the matter, Jim?" I asked him. "You're not sick or anything, are you?"

"I'm pretty sick," he replied. "Guess I'd better be going."

So I got up with him and started to the door, planning, of course, to go home with him. But when we got to the door he turned to me and said in that fierce way he talked sometimes:

"You stay here. I'll get along perfectly by myself. You stay here and enjoy yourself. Enjoy yourself like hell!"

I insisted on going with him, but he didn't seem to want me, and Mary said she thought he'd get along all right. So I stayed on a while longer until about ten-thirty. It must have been about ten when Jim left. After he was gone Mary played some on the piano and we sang a few pieces that we both knew. She sure was a swell girl. She could play the piano as good as anybody I ever heard, and when she'd sing she tilted her face up and looked like she was dreaming. She sang that song called "I Love You Truly," and believe me she sang it sweet. I bet it would have been fine for a fellow to have had her sing that song to him and mean it for him. I wondered if she sang it like that for Jim, or if there was some other fellow that I didn't know about. I sure hoped she felt that way about Jim.

Jim was sleeping when I got home, and he seemed to be resting easy, so I figured that whatever it was had made him sick he was all right now.

Jim was quiet the next day, not having much to say to me all day. I couldn't make out exactly what was the matter with him. But I had seen him have moody days like that before, so I didn't worry much.

Well, it wasn't only the next day. For the whole week after this he seemed strange and distant. I wondered if he had had any trouble with Mary. I had seen her two or three times since that night Jim and I went there and

she hadn't had much to say about how she and Jim were getting along. But she hadn't been talking about any other fellow. So I didn't think Jim was getting cut out, or anything like that.

It was Monday night Jim and I went to see her. Just one week after this I decided to walk the six blocks that separated our boarding-house from her home and see if she knew what was the matter with him. When I got to her home I could see her in the sitting-room playing the piano. She was alone, so I walked in and tipped up right behind her before she knew anybody was in the room. Then some little noise gave me away, and she turned around real quick. Startled, you know.

"Oh, Johnson," she said. "You did give me such a turn!" and she held her hand to her heart and her eyelids fluttered like the movie stars' do.

We talked about one thing and another for a while, and it was not long until I got a chance to ask her about Jim.

"Mary," I said, "you know what a good friend of mine Jim is. He's about everything I've got in the world, and you know I'm interested in him and his friends. Well, he has been acting kind of funny for the last week. He's been mighty quiet, and it looks like something's worrying him. I knew about you and Jim. . . . You know—" I was confused a little, and I paused to see if she'd show that she understood what I was driving at.

I've been bowled over by a lot of different things, but I never had anything to so completely knock me off my balance as her next words did. She stood up real demure and bright looking and took both my hands in hers, and she spoke in a quiet, vibrant voice.

"Johnson, I don't know what you mean. I only know that you're a dear, sweet boy, and that I love you—even as well as you love him. If you weren't such a precious little idiot you'd have known it long ago."

I was completely stunned. My head whirled like it had the first time I went up on the seventh story of the bank building steel structure. I murmured something,

I forget now what, and rushed out into the night. I thought I saw Jim across the street as I came out, and crossed the street. I must have been mistaken about it being Jim. The fellow turned down an alley.

I wandered for a long time that night. I was thrown completely off my balance. Everything I had been measuring life by for the past two months was shattered. I didn't know how I stood.

When I finally got home at twelve o'clock Jim was out. I turned in, but couldn't half sleep. Things just kept turning and turning in my mind. Mary's words—Jim—me, and on around. I knew Jim didn't know anything about how Mary felt, because until tonight she hadn't given any indication that she thought anything of me more than as Jim's friend. Sometimes I thought the whole affair was a joke, a huge joke that would turn out to be cruel and harsh. Late, late in the night, after I had gone to sleep, I was waked by the light in the room. Jim was sitting, fully dressed, on his bed on the other side of the room and was staring at me with the queerest look in his eyes I had ever seen. I said I saw him. I don't know now whether I did or not. It was probably another one of those phantoms that had been haunting my dreams all night.

Well, I might as well get along with the story. The next day was a lifetime for me, and it contained everything—just about—that a man can do in a lifetime.

It all happened so quick I didn't know until it was all over what had happened. Or if I did know, I forgot. Jim and I were working together on a steel joint on the eighth floor of our building. He had his tamping bar (the tool used in getting the joints to fit together right), and we found that I'd have to have one too for this particular joint. So I was slipping by him, carefully, on a twelve-inch beam. Suddenly my feet got tangled in Jim's tamping bar, and I see-sawed precariously. I don't see how in the world I could have been so clumsy, for I had carefully sized up the situation, including the bar, before I tried to get by. Jim must have moved it just as I was getting

by him. But somehow I got the bar between my feet, and every move I tried to make put me in a worse position. I swung desperately from side to side for two or three times, and then I knew that I was falling. Jim reached out his hands to hold me, but it was too late, and it was almost a push that he gave me as I finally lost my balance and fell.

III

They picked me up from a scaffold three stories down, my right leg broken badly just below the hip, and my back cracked and useless. When I waked up in the hospital, Jim and Mary were at my side, both sobbing like little children. It was the night of the day of the accident, they told me, though the hours of semi-consciousness had seemed years to me.

Jim, dear old Jim, was shot to pieces. He would hold my hand and mumble and look in my eyes like he was trying to see on through me. I always knew Jim was true-blue, but never was I surer of it than then. I was almost glad my back was broken, because it made Jim himself again. I thought once or twice then I was going to leave 'em there together. My back—dear God! And I asked Jim to forgive me if I had done anything wrong to him that had made him feel so bad the last week. And he put his fine head down on my bed and sobbed and sobbed.

Mary looked like an angel to me then. She was standing behind Jim and was holding her little head up real high and looked like she was praying. I couldn't talk much. It hurt my back—so. But I told them, Jim and Mary, I hoped if I didn't stay that they would be the kind of friends I had dreamed of their being. I hoped that Mary didn't mean what she had told me the night before. Because, if she had, I couldn't ever mean anything to her. Mary needed a man with a big, sound, whole body. And I knew, somehow, that I'd never have that again. When I spoke to them Jim turned and looked at her, and in a minute she looked down at him. And I went to sleep.

IV

I have a little room all of my own now. And when I come in from the streets at night in my rolling chair, I count the nickels and dimes I have earned with my pencils and candy and the quarters and half dollars—not many of these—I have earned with my sketches—you remember that I used to decorate café windows.

And when I have counted my money and put it in my little box, I wheel myself over to my window and I can see the sun glint on my beautiful St. Johns, and I can hear the noises of the Beautiful City. Beautiful noises.

Printemps

By H. C. CARROLL, '30

Spring and Bower—
Burst into flower.
Love from youth to youth
Failing never, flamboyant ever—
An expression of spring's own truth.

Spring and Bower—
Nothing sour.
Everything sweet all day.
Little misses—long, long kisses,
And love that's not all play.

Spring and Bower—
We'll love our
Girls throughout every hour.
Confidence keeping, more love seeking,
Oh, gee, but spring's a power!

Spring and Bower—
Ho—Ho— E-Yowr!
Isn't it a great, great thrill?—
In love with the girl, head in a whirl,
No thought or chance for ill.

More Tales From the Hills

By M. J. PADGETT, '30

THE two boys stole quietly out at the back door, and plunged into a field of high corn. Disrobing as they ran, the boys raced on; cornstalks snapped. When they reached the pasture fence one crawled under and the other climbed over; on they went—to the old swimming hole.

They had not been in long when one of them saw their father's old ram quietly browsing in the pasture near the pond. Luke crawled out on the bank and squinted, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, at the ram. A large piece of board gave him an idea.

"Tom, s'pose we have some fun with the critter," he suggested to his brother.

"Whatcha gonna do?" asked Tom.

"See that plank? Well, watch me."

Luke picked up the plank, stood it on end and placed himself behind it, his head sticking up above it. He then bleated like a sheep. The ram looked up suspiciously, waited a few moments, and then charged. At exactly the proper time Luke stepped to one side, and the ram crashed against the board. Not having time to check himself, the ram plunged into the pond. He scrambled out, shook himself, blew his nose, and glared angrily at his tormentors.

Work time came; Will Sumlin looked around for his two boys, but they were not to be found. He had an idea that he knew where they were to be found; so he, too, plunged into the cornfield. He had just secreted himself behind a clump of bushes, and peeped out, when the ram charged Luke and the board. Quietly cutting a long switch, he dashed out and fell upon the two boys. Crying, they started for the house, but they did not go far; they had an idea and stopped where they were afforded a good view of the pond.

Will looked around to make sure that no one was in sight. Satisfying himself on that point, he picked up the board, and placed himself behind it just as he had seen his son do. He then bleated like a sheep. The ram did not hesitate, for he was already mad; so he charged savagely. Will started to step to one side, but he was too slow; the thick, strong horns of the ram thudded against the board. The force of the impact was terrific, and Will, board, and ram landed far out into the pond. A few minutes later a crestfallen old man made his way toward the house.

Dark, ominous, black clouds were rolling in from the southwest; lightning flashed, and heavy thunder rumbled and rolled along in the elements.

Joe Dill pounded the ribs of his plug mule with his heels, as he tried to force the animal into a trot. Joe wanted to reach the old deserted shack in Big Gap before the impending storm broke. Occasionally the mule would break into a jog-trot for a few steps, and then settle back to a walk, much to Joe's chagrin.

He reached the shack just as the storm broke. By the aid of the frequent flashes of lightning he found a place to hitch his mule. This done, he dashed through the open door of the shack. He tried to penetrate the Stygian darkness of the room, but was unable.

"Well, ghosts, if you're in here, gosh drat you, come out," he said in a rather braggartly voice.

In response to the invitation some old boxes were overturned, and pandemonium broke loose. Joe was knocked to the floor by wildly-rushing bodies, and he was trampled upon by many feet. A brilliant flash of lightning enabled him to catch a glimpse of his tormentors—a drove of hogs were dashing madly out at the door.

They buried the body of young Olin Shay in a lonely country graveyard. His death carried an element of mystery. He was reported as having been found in bed

in an unconscious state with an ugly bruise on the top of his head. He died the day after he was found.

The rain beat spitefully against the loose window-panes; the wind blew with a fitful, doleful moaning sound as it whipped around the corner of the dilapidated shack.

Jules Shay was restless; he could not sit still; so he arose from his rickety old chair and began pacing the rough, uneven floor. Finally he went back to his seat, took out a dirty plug of tobacco, bit off a huge chunk, and spat viciously into the fire. Then for the fifth time that evening he took a letter out of his pocket and read it. It ran as follows:

"'Tis the moaning of a restless soul—Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

It bore no signature, postmark, or date. This was the third copy of the same letter which he had received in as many weeks. He tore the message to shreds, and dashed them into the fire. He stared at the glowing coals, conjuring up imaginary images. A sudden puff of wind shook the door, and caused him to jump. The puff settled down to a steady blow which made a moanful sound as it whistled through the keyhole. It was too much; he must pace the floor; he arose, took one step, and—his heart seemed to skip two beats and his blood seemed to freeze. In the semi-darkness of the farther end of the room he saw a ghostly white face—just a face—no body supported it. With horrible fascination, he gazed at the apparition. It remained a few moments, and then vanished through the window. This was too much; with a sound that was half yell, half curse, Jules bolted through the door, and was swallowed up by the darkness.

The entire community was buzzing with excitement—Jules Shay had confessed to the murder of his nephew, Olin. Why?

"Must be cracked," said one member of the group in front of the small country store.

"Maybe it was his conscience," ventured another.

"Nope, wasn't his conscience. He never had any," said one of his neighbors.

"Here comes Deputy Sheriff Tims," said Abe Jones.

"We'll ask him what he thinks about it."

"Tims, what do you think of the confession? Do you think Jules is crazy?" asked Abe.

"Crazy?" repeated the sheriff. "No; he was just guilty. I suspected him when I learned that Olin had a large amount of insurance. So I wrote the letters."

"But how about the face in the room last night?" persisted Abe.

"That was easy," said the deputy. "I just tied a false face to a fishing pole and poked it through the window."

"Bananer-Oil"

By ERSKINE X. HEATHERLEY, '31

What's th' use to whine an' worry
'Cause you have t' work an' toil?
Take my tip an' hang th' hurry—
Feed yer boss bananer-oil!

Why so bloomin' melancholy?
Does yer teacher fuss an' foil?
Call her "Sweetie"; praise her folly;
Feed 'er on bananer-oil!

If yo' daddy gits too nervy,
Er won't share his money-coil,
Hug 'is neck an' call 'im "Dearie"—
Feed him on bananer-oil!

Oh, how soothing, cool an' balmy
To a feller's "hard-luck boil";
Just apply it softly, calmly—
Goodest ole bananer-oil!

The Professor's Story

By RICHARD PASCHAL, '31

THE life of a college professor is far from being uninteresting. He is in contact with the very best and brightest and ablest of our young men at the time when they are most fertile in expedients. Most of their plans and aspirations are on the side of right, and are constructive. Such are matters of everyday occurrence and excite no comment. Only occasionally does the college student exercise his ingenuity for his own pleasure or for real mischief. But in the course of my career as teacher I recall several such, and some of the schemes they set on foot. I am telling here of one which came to my notice about a quarter of a century ago. I have said nothing about it hitherto, since the student who was concerned in it might have considered my telling of it a betrayal of confidence, but now that a rather premature death has put an end to his brilliant career in a distant state, I am sure there is no reason why I should keep it longer to myself, especially as I may in this way be able to clear up what has long been a mystery to many of the older people of Wake Forest.

About the year 1903 we had a student named Gunnison, the older brother of one of our most distinguished alumni. He was tall, vigorous, and athletic, and of superior mental ability, but he was without that public spirit which causes young men to put their athletic ability at the service of coaches, while only in a few of his classes did he take sufficient interest to make passing grades. He was exercising his mind in other ways, which were not always entirely innocent. It became my duty to check him in several of such diversions, or rather, to assist the president in the matter. I may say that the president of that day was much the best detective I have ever known, and he often excited Gunnison's wonder as he told him the whole story of his mischievous activities. Accordingly,

Gunnison became very wary. He let no student, except his most trusted friends, and no citizen of the town know of his pranks. He enjoyed them all to himself. And it was almost accidentally that I detected his connection with a series of events which kept our town mystified for nearly three months.

When Wake Forest first installed its electric lighting system it used big carbon arc lights for its streets. One of these was placed over the middle of the street at the southwest corner of the campus. Great was our rejoicing when we could walk around town at night without carrying a lantern. We were now an electric-light town, and, as John Charles McNeill declared, "the lighthouse of the Hurricane."

All was going well until one night the light at the southwest corner of the campus was out. The next morning the chief of police, who was also electrician, in his daily rounds to replace carbons, found the big white globe of this lamp in fragments directly beneath it. He replaced the globe and anticipated no further trouble.

But what was his surprise to find the second globe also lying in fragments in the middle of the street on his rounds next day. The chief of that day was somewhat of a detective. He had shortly before had occasion to exercise his detective ingenuity in a vain effort to discover what students were setting off giant cannon crackers in the town contrary to the law and the statute. So far from succeeding, he had been almost deafened by explosion of these terrific bombs right at his back. Now two lamps broken in succession led him to suspect the students who used the firecrackers. Making a diligent search of the street near the shattered lamp, he soon found the hull of an exploded cracker of the largest size. Taking it in his hand, he bore it proudly downtown and told of his theory of the breaking of the globe, receiving much commendation both in the stores and from the throngs which gathered in that day at the railroad station to meet the trains. The faithful and cunning chief

was on the right track. The matter must be brought to the attention of the college faculty.

That night the faculty had a meeting which lasted until eleven o'clock. Many motions were made, many speeches delivered. It was finally decided that the president should make a talk at the chapel the next day and tell the students that such boorish vandalism must cease, and warn them that anyone caught with a cannon cracker would be expelled from college. This the president did the next morning, taking twenty minutes of the time of the first recitation period, which at that time immediately followed the chapel service.

After a day or two, when the chief had already gained the status of a hero in his own eyes and in those of the mayor and corporation, he condescended to replace the globe. It really seemed that he had located the source of the trouble, and that the remedy had been found. The light continued to burn every night for more than a week.

But after about ten days, as he was making his daily rounds he again found the globe in fragments. This time he was enraged. He boldly announced that he would have the college pay for the broken globes if the students must break them. Again he set out to search for the fragments of a cannon cracker to establish his theory of the students' guilt. But this time he was not successful; nothing of the kind was to be found. While he was standing there in perplexity help came to him from an unexpected source, and in a few minutes he was led to believe that his former theory of the breaking was all wrong.

At that time there were two young men on our medical faculty, whom I will call Fred and Watson. Both of them had just enough of the dandy about them to make them mighty good company. Every afternoon when they had completed the work of the day they would take an hour to dress and polish their shoes. Then taking their canes they would walk for an hour before supper. On the afternoon before the breaking of the last globe they were taking their walk as usual. They had been down the road which crossed the creek below where the golf-house

now stands, and were slowly making their way back. Turning the corner of the road, they saw, not fifty yards away, a drunken fellow in a ramshackle buggy, driving a long, bony horse at a two-forty rate right towards them. At the sight of the youthful professors he set up a terrible yell, and larruped his horse into even greater speed. "Git out of my way, yaller shoes!" he yelled; "give me room; I know you would like to have some of my good lick." Dashing one to each side of the road, they barely escaped the wheels, and did not escape the great shower of muddy spray which flew from a mudhole in the road over their fine clothes, ruined their linen, and ran down the back of their necks. "By gum!" said Watson, "if I had a gun I would kill you," while Fred said something about putting his fist right between the eyes of the drunken scoundrel. But his horse had taken the scoundrel out of hearing.

Going on up the road in their bedraggled condition they observed that the globe was again broken. They had seen it all whole, dazzling in the evening sun, as they passed down the road, and remarked on its beauty. This was what they had come to tell the chief. They further told him that they were certain that the drunken driver, who was well known to them both, had broken that globe, and all the globes, with his whip, which was of extraordinary length. In fact, no one else could have broken this last globe. They had been down the road only a few minutes and would have heard any cannon cracker had one been exploded there. This seemed most probable to the chief. He had seen this man in town just before he discovered one of the breakings; and he determined to set a trap for him and nab him when he came to town again. He put in a new globe and all went well for several days.

However, the chief was not quite satisfied, and kept on the lookout. And soon his diligence was rewarded by his taking the real culprits, as he believed, almost in the act. While he was engaged in replacing the carbon in this lamp one morning, two or three Negro boys whose home was down the road a short distance were passing. Something

strange in their movements caused him to turn to observe them more closely, when they evinced signs of fright; their legs trembled and they showed much of the whites of their eyes as they tried to keep the chief in sight while continuing their course up the road. Immediately he called them to stop, and found that they were everyone clutching stones the size of walnuts in their hands.

At last the mystery was solved. So the chief reported to the mayor, as he led the three trembling black boys before him. He had caught them with rocks in their hands, ready to break the globe. The mayor was not one of those numbskulls who have to be knocked down with evidence to be convinced of the guilt of an accused person. A year previously he had been described in a speech before the students by a brilliant young orator from Wilkes as "deaf, dumb, and blind." But this was not quite true. He could see a little out of one eye, he could hear when one spoke in his ear, and he could utter the one word "guilty," if not glibly, yet distinctly. And when it came to a trial in his court he was never known to fail to utter it. Accordingly, he was, as I am sure all will admit, an ideal mayor. When the boys were brought before him he said "Guilty," as usual, and, sending for their father, told him that the boys must be whipped in the presence of the chief. The father took them home, whipped the poor lads with the usual Negro fury, and continued the flogging until each of them, who at first stoutly denied breaking the globes, confessed to the breaking of them all.

The chief, highly elated, was making his way back to town and had got just under the arc light when the ring of breaking glass startled him. Turning his face to look up, he caught a piece of the shattered globe on his cheekbone, where it left an ugly gash from which the blood poured profusely. At first he hastily looked around to see who had broken the globe, but finding no one, he was the more dumbfounded, and then was seized with fright. He left the place with hasty steps, crying as he went, "The devil is in this; I am not going to have anything more to do with that lamp." And he did not. That corner

of the campus was dark for the remaining few weeks the chief remained at Wake Forest. He left town, being sure that "the devil was in it," and probably holds that view today.

But Gunnison was the real culprit, as I had suspected from the beginning. He had his lodgings in a house hidden from the street by a large magnolia tree, about seventy-five yards from the light. But how he could break those globes and not be detected was difficult for me to understand. Yet everything marked him as the doer of the deeds. He was often around as the chief was telling his various theories, and always his face was covered with a smirk of amusement and satisfaction. Again, as often as I fell in with him on my way home he would always bring up the subject of the broken globes and make contemptuous remarks about the chief's theories. On the morning when the Negro boys were whipped he had been the sole spectator beside the chief. When it was over he had made his way hastily to his room across the field. I was coming out of the house to go to the college when I observed him dash into the front door of the house where he lived. Soon I saw him reappear, this time with a gun in his hand, and a very strange-looking gun it was, something over six feet long. Intent on his purpose, he put it to his shoulder, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger. But I heard no report. Instead, I heard the ring of breaking glass and saw from my position that it was falling on the chief.

Gunnison, seemingly much pleased, was convulsed with silent joy, and did not observe my presence until I had come to the porch steps and accosted him. There was nothing for him to do but to show me how he had done it. First, he showed me that while the magnolia effectually cut off vision from the street, there was one opening in it through which the lamp was visible at the place on the porch from which he had fired, but easily visible only for a tall man; I had to tiptoe to see it. The noiseless gun was one of his own contrivances. He had offered it to the

National War Department, but had got no reply. He intended to try Germany.

"But, Mr. Gunnison, how could you stand by and see those poor, innocent Negro boys punished so unmercifully?"

To this question he replied: "Innocent! innocent! They are not innocent; they deserved every lick they got, and more. They did not break the globes, but they have been doing something far worse with the rocks they carry in their hands. They have killed almost every bird on this street. You will remember that sweet mocking-bird that used to sing on that cedar yonder near the lamp. Professor Cutler told me he had been coming for years, and he loved him like one of his children. He called him 'Old Bob.' Well, those boys killed 'Old Bob,' and almost broke Professor Cutler's heart. I am glad they were whipped."

This story changed my purpose towards Mr. Gunnison. After a few days, in which he had had a conference with the president, he left Wake Forest. I next heard of him in Germany, and that he had become suddenly very wealthy. Afterwards he became known as a brilliant writer of short stories. When the great war came on he entered the service of his country. Unfortunately, in the very closing days he got a whiff of gas which finally brought him to an untimely grave.

Curls

By HENRY J. OVERMAN, '28

Thy mystic curls are to me
As mists above a moonlit sea;
Tendrils of a clinging vine
Twining 'round this heart of mine.

Making every minute seem
Essence of the sweetest dream;
Captured glory out of Heaven—
Greater wonder than the Seven!

Asleep I dream of shining tresses,
And their magic doubly blesses
While my soul true rapture knows
And the fire within me glows.

For such treasure men have died—
For such beauty angels vied;
One slight touch with mortal hand,
And this dark world's a fairyland.

Japan's Cinderella

By E. B. DOZIER, '30

A IKO, come here, dearest," said the old mother feebly, as she lay weak on her futons (quilts).

Obediently the girl slipped over to the bedside. She was young and very beautiful. Her slender form bent tenderly over the wasted body of her mother, who was the only one left to her. The father had died years back, and the two had struggled on together. The girl budded and blossomed forth under the tender care of the aging mother. Care had weighed down heavily on the frail little woman once so dependent on the father. Now she was broken and on her deathbed, leaving her daughter by herself.

"Aiko, child, it won't be long now before I will be gone, and I must talk to you." Pausing, she looked tenderly in the face of the lass, then earnestly she began again: "You are young and unusually beautiful, with your deep, black, sparkling eyes, wondrously shaded by those verdantly growing eyelashes. Then, too, you have that lustrous crown of silky, black hair combed becomingly over the smooth, unfurrowed forehead. How can a youth resist the enchantment of those pearly teeth behind the smiling curves of those red, red lips, like the snows of Fuji sparkling behind the opening and closing red lacquered doors of a Buddhist temple? Your complexion is as smooth as the rippleless sea lying placidly before one's eye. I rejoice that you are beautiful, but I fear greatly for you on account of this very fact. Many a youth will seek your hand in marriage. But, my girl, they will not consider the comeliness of your character, chiseled finely into what you are; all they wish will be to have a house-keeper who is beautiful—one who can command the envy of others. But where true love does not enter in, there can be no happiness. 'Tis not often that a girl can choose the one she wishes to marry here in Dui Nippon (Japan).

You shall have this privilege." Then beckoning Aiko nearer, she placed on her head an ugly, black wooden bowl, which completely hid the hair, brow of the girl, and shaded the eyes. She then said, "Promise, my little one, that you will wear this till your marriage ceremony." Silently the lass nodded her head in reply.

Scarcely a week slipped by before the mother was laid to rest in the village cemetery beside the father. Alone in the world, Aiko tried to find some kind of work to keep body and soul together. During those days she often longed to be with and wondered where her mother was.

The rice fields were golden with the heads of grain bent under the weight of plenteous harvest. Tsuda, the farmer, magnate of the vicinity, advertised for workers. In reply, Aiko went to his field and hired herself with the other country lasses.

"Hanako," whispered Kimiko, "isn't Aiko funny-looking in that dirty-looking bowl? I wonder why she wears it? She's always been the prettiest girl in the countryside." Thus a titter of suppressed humor ran through a crowd of country girls dressed in their black kimonos and pantaloons.

The boys, who also were hired for the harvesting, looked askance and talked about the queer appearance of this poor girl. Though aware of these facts, Aiko persisted at her work in gathering the rice into sheaves. She was mortified by the slighting remarks made about her.

One day one of the girls came over to her and said, "Aiko, why do you wear that bowl on your head?" and she tried to pull it off, and it groaned piteously. Terrified, the maid leapt back and ran screaming to her comrades. "Aiko is bewitched," sobbed the terrified girl. "She's bewitched!" This did not help matters in the least, for the other girls and boys began absolutely to shun her.

As the days of harvesting were drawing to a close, Tsuda, the owner, came out into the field to spend the day. It did not take him long to see that Aiko was one of the crowd. He also saw the strange head-dress of

the girl. He inquired of his foreman if this was the way she usually dressed. The foreman said, "Tsuda sama, every day she has come dressed exactly like that." Then Tsuda turned to his foreman, "How well does she work? Is she willing? How much does she do?"

"Taisho," replied the foreman, "she works harder than the rest, her work is better, and she does almost twice that of the rest."

"She must be remarkable," mused Tsuda, as he watched the bent form deftly gathering the rice into sheaves. There was something that attracted him to her. He was unable to ascertain it.

When the harvest season closed and the laborers came to the mansion for a feast and their pay, Tsuda called Aiko aside and spoke to her: "Lass, I know not why you wear that bowl on your head, but you have proven faithful in your work. I hear your parents are dead and you are in need of work. My wife is sick and needs some one to look after her. I think you can do it. Will you?"

Abashed, Aiko stood silent for a moment, and then she said, "Tsuda sama, I will do my best."

"Good! What is your name?"

"Yoshimura, Aiko, sir."

"Aiko, come with me to my wife's bedroom."

He led the way and Aiko followed respectfully. Entering a darkened room, they could scarcely see the bed of the invalid in the center of the room. "Yoiko, I have brought you a nurse," remarked Tsuda. "I think she will be a comfort to you. Now, Aiko, there is your mistress. Nurse her back to health. I must go and pay the workers."

Without the banqueters made merry while within Mrs. Tsuda was carefully attended. Aiko flitted here and there about the room, setting things aright. Whenever called she instantaneously dropped her work and went to the side of the pallet. Night drew near and the din of the revelry died away as the workers left the grounds happy and content.

Days and weeks passed and Mrs. Tsuda gradually improved. She became greatly attached to the lovable Aiko, for the girl had tended her as faithfully as if she had been her mother. It seemed that Aiko had found a new mother and a new father, for Tsuda was also attached to this maiden wearing the black wooden bowl.

Almost a year had elapsed when Mrs. Tsuda was again well. And it was almost two years since the lad was sent away to school. Danjiro was coming back home after two years of study in the University of Kyoto. The home was almost topsy-turvy in expectation. All the servants made a special effort to get the house in order, much to the confusion of the others. "Danjiro sama must have the very best. He has been away at the august capital city, Kyoto. Nothing can be too good for him." This was what was on the lips of each person. Aiko had remembered how everyone in the village saw him go to Kyoto and was expectant with the rest.

The day arrived, and late in the afternoon the palanquin was carried in on the shoulders of four sturdy footmen. They carefully lowered it and out stepped the waka danna (young master). "Okaerina sai mashita," chorused the eager servants at the door. Smiling, he nodded to them and walked to the house. There his father and mother greeted him at the door. "Welcome back, son! We are glad for you to be with us again."

"'Tis good to be home again. I hope you are well," replied the lad to his father's salutation.

The supper was ready and happiness and contentment pervaded the atmosphere. And after supper the lanterns were lighted and Danjiro told the delighted couple of his varied experiences while at the University of Kyoto. Open-mouthed the two listened to the interesting tales of their boy.

This excitement and interest gradually wore off as the various tales were retold over and over again. The father was afraid that his son would be unwilling to settle down in a country village after his university training. But somehow the lad was content and did not show any desire

to travel or go away. The father wondered why his son was so content to stay at home. Curious, he watched as closely as he dared, and found the boy was in love with Aiko. So one day he called Danjiro to him and said, "Son, I have noticed that you are fond of our servant-girl with the wooden bowl on her head. Do you love her, or what is your affection for her?"

"Father, you mean Aiko, don't you? Well, I do love her and would like to marry her. She comes from a good family, but was forced into such servitude. She has appealed to me because she is gentle, thoughtful, pleasant, intelligent, and most of all, she is sympathetic. She has a real character. I want for a wife just such a girl. I care not for a beauty."

"Son, I, too, think Aiko is the girl you should marry. Now we must get the consent of the family council."

A few days later Tsuda presented his son's wish before the gathering of the elders. Almost simultaneously a voice of opposition arose from each member present. Even Mrs. Tsuda disapproved. So it seemed settled. But Danjiro was not satisfied, and was persistent. So at last the family conclave met again. This time Danjiro presented his own case. "I have been to the university and have learned that where there is no love there is not a happy marriage. I wish to be obedient to your wishes as long as I can, but Aiko is the only one I can marry and be happy with. She is born of gentle blood; she is beautiful as well as a real character, and she loves me as I love her."

"Danjiro," ventured his uncle, "we understand your viewpoint, but we do not see that it will help us to be laughed at because Aiko sama has that queer head-dress. Yet I think that if you can stand the test, we can."

Reluctantly all acceded to this request of the boy.

"Thank you," said Danjiro in elated tone. "I know that we will all be happy."

So wedding preparations were made. Though Aiko had no trousseau of her own, the Tsudas provided her one. The house was again all agog for the ceremony. The

banquet was made ready, for the whole countryside was invited. Everything was in readiness.

As the sun rapidly dropped to the western horizon in a blaze of glory, the couple walked with Mr. and Mrs. Hoshino to the sitting-room. Ushered to the cushions of honor in front of the tokonoma (alcove of honor), they seated themselves. Just at that moment Danjiro asked Aiko if he might lift the bowl from her head. And as he tried he was startled by its groans, and left it there. The ceremony of the san san kudo (three times three—nine times) was entered upon. Danjiro sipped and passed the cup to Aiko, and as she lifted the cup to her lips the bowl with happy laughter broke into a myriad pieces and each piece was of gold. Startled, the go-between drew back, but soon saw what had happened. And Danjiro turned to look at Aiko and there appeared the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Just then Tsuda and his wife opened the door and beheld the beautiful bride. But standing aside till the ceremony was over, they waited. Then with joy they presented the couple to the assemblage of banqueters.

Whut a Wirl

By ERSKINE X. HEATHERLEY, '31

Did ya ever feel disgusted,
Mortified, and half disgraced,
Lack a jellyfish 'at's busted,
Er a nigger, punkin-faced?

Did ya ever want t' run an' hide,
Er fall right thru th' floor,
Er drag yerself away aside
An' end it all fer shore?

Th' other night I felt like 'at—
Oh, whut a funny wirl!—
I dreamt that I was very fat,
An', wusser still, a girl!

The Historical Development of Elementary Geometry

By K. T. RAYNER

"Geometry is a true natural science—only more simple, and therefore more nearly perfect than any other. We must not suppose that, because it admits the application of mathematical analysis, it is therefore a logical science, independent of observation. Every body studied by geometers presents some primitive phenomena which, not being discoverable by reasoning, must be due to observation alone."—A. COMPTON, *Positive Philosophy*, Bk. I, chap. 3.

INTRODUCTION

THIS study is an attempt to trace in a brief way the history of what we commonly understand to be the content of plane and solid geometry as it is taught now in our high schools and colleges. In order to do this we have gone back to the first beginnings of the study and practice of elementary geometry. Since elementary geometry is the foundation for all advanced work in the field of geometrical reasoning, it is highly important that we know something about how we got this great science, which is the highest exponent of the principle of logical reasoning from abstract rules and laws. Also, a knowledge of its origin and development is highly essential for all those who are to stand from day to day and teach this science to the youth of our land. A knowledge of this will make the teachers more appreciative of the subject and will impart to them a keener understanding of their work and will give them a greater determination to lead their pupils to feel as they themselves do about it, and create in them a high regard for this great study such as most pupils do not get in our present methods of instruction.

NAME

The name "geometry" is derived from two Greek words, meaning "earth" and "measure," and, therefore, was synonymous with our present English word "surveying."

As we of today understand the science which is the subject of this paper, this word or name is a misnomer. We pay very little attention to mensuration in our geometry today. It has come to mean a system of logical deductions, one after the other, built on a few laws laid down at first. Yet the name "geometry" has come on down through the centuries, and is likely to remain with this subject. If we accept the testimony of the Greeks, geometry had its first beginning in the Valley of the Nile, where the annual overflow made it necessary to lay off land every year. Naturally the name was chosen which would suit the work being done. Thus "geometry" came to be the name of this science of measuring land, which in later years developed into a purely abstract science of logic and reasoning, as we have it today—quite far removed from its lowly origin, and concerned with quite different things from those of its first efforts.

TYPES OF GEOMETRY

There are several types of geometry, such as intuitive, demonstrative, synthetic, projective, non-Euclidean, and others. But in this paper we shall study only the first two mentioned, and shall study them in the order mentioned, since that is the way the science first came into being, and since plane and solid geometry, as we commonly use the terms, do not mean any other geometry except intuitive and demonstrative. To the development of these two types we shall now turn our attention.

I. INTUITIVE GEOMETRY

We can never know the date of the appearance of intuitive geometry, since that date would be the first time that man made any measurement to find out any knowledge of his surroundings. All early geometry of every people and race was necessarily intuitive; that is, it sought facts concerning mensuration without in any way attempting to prove these facts by any process of reasoning. And no mensuration was made for which there was not first a need of the knowledge. Intuitive geometry,

then, grew up as the needs of the people grew. As time went on, they needed to know about such simple figures as the triangle and square. In order to learn this information they resorted to measuring, which was the only method they had of finding it out. Later on, as need arose, they turned their attention to other figures, and in this way accumulated a good store of practical knowledge on mensuration long before the advent of what we call demonstrative geometry.

We find our first trace of geometry in Babylonia, where simple plane figures, such as parallel lines, triangles, and squares, were used in divination. This was the first use made of the science, outside of measuring, as cited above. Later we find the Babylonians using the right triangle and the circle, with the circle divided into six equal parts, as evidenced by the wheels of their royal carriages. We believe, also, from the evidence of the six-pointed star (the Babylonian sign), that these people had divided the circle into three hundred sixty degrees, and were using in their counting what we call the sexagesimal system. However, we have no written accounts of the above discussion, and the facts may be stressed too much. Yet we do know that these people made some contribution to the beginning of this science of geometry, even though it seemed crude.

Our first written account of geometry takes us from Babylonia into Egypt, where we find in the Ahmes Papyrus (c. 1550 B.C.) that the Egyptians had before then been using considerable knowledge of intuitive geometry in their buildings and other works. They had developed formulas for different areas of different shapes of land, which they had to use every year in laying off the land after the overflow of the Nile. They had also attempted to find the area of a circle, but they had missed the correct formula by a considerable amount. All these formulas had been worked out by simple measuring and checking the results. In this way they got their knowledge of practical geometry, which they used when needed. They had learned the well-known property of the right

triangle, in the case of sides in the ratio of 3:4:5. By the use of ropes with knots tied according to this ratio, they could easily lay off a right angle, and hence by its use they laid off the foundations for their temples and pyramids, setting them in any desired direction of the compass, though they had never dreamed of a compass. In fact, Egyptian geometry is mainly, though not entirely, made up of the measurement of figures and solids, and, therefore, we can hardly call it a science. We look in vain for any theorems or proofs, or for any logical system of deduction. Undoubtedly all their work was intuitive. Yet it served as a beginning, and has ever since been the rock on which rests our modern science of logical deductive geometry.

In China, as early as 1100 B.C., we find intuitive geometry being used. Here the right triangle is mentioned in the "Nine Sections." What they may have done before this date and left unrecorded we shall never know. Later on, after 1100 B.C., we find many other examples where the Chinese used mensuration in building, etc., but nowhere do we find any evidence of any proof. Hence we conclude that all their geometry was, like that of the Egyptians, plainly intuitive.

We find a similar condition in India. Their native geometry gives plenty evidence of simple mensuration of a very high degree of perfection, considerable ability being shown in the rules and formulas they had made up. Yet there is no trace of any proof being used to test the correctness of their measurements.

The Romans cared little for mathematics aside from its practical value. Even though very near to the Greeks, they seemed to get little of the Greek learning, and none of the cultural value of mathematics. Being by nature hard and warlike, they cared little for the finer things of life. They understood the mathematics used in the measurement of land, and the laying out of cities and buildings. They also had good knowledge of the engineering of warfare. Beyond this they cared nothing for mathematics at all. Any demonstrative geometry, or any logical

proofs for their mathematics, is wholly lacking. The science of geometry, with them as with the other nations mentioned above in this study, never rose above the level of plain and simple intuition. These races of men had not yet reached the stage where they could see any use for mathematics except the utilitarian value. Geometry as a science or reasoning was wholly unknown to them.

II. DEMONSTRATIVE GEOMETRY

Demonstrative geometry was purely Greek in its origin, and in the Greek civilization it received its only encouragement for more than one thousand years. At first the Greeks sought to prove deductively the many theorems discovered by the Egyptians and others, which had come on down through the years to them. Later on the Greeks did much actual research work, and established many wholly new theorems, bearing not only on geometry, but on arithmetic and algebra as well. In this great achievement the Greeks did not work separate and apart each to himself, but the work done is the result of the different schools that grew up in Greece from time to time and passed away for different reasons. So, in our study we shall review the work as done by these different schools, taking them in chronological order.

a. THE IONIAN SCHOOL

This school was founded by Thales (c. 600 B.C.), and flourished for two centuries. Thales himself was not such a great geometer, but he succeeded in proving some five or six theorems previously discovered by intuition. This is our first record of a strictly geometric proof being developed and used by any race or people. Thales is supposed to have got these theorems during his stay in Egypt. We don't know just how he hit upon the plan for these proofs, neither do we know anything about the form of teaching used in the Ionian School. It is all lost in obscurity. But the contribution of this first Greek school of geometry may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal.
2. If two straight lines intersect, the vertical angles are equal.

3. A triangle is determined if its base and base angles are given.
4. The corresponding sides of equiangular triangles are proportional.
5. A circle is bisected by any diameter.
6. An angle inscribed in a semicircle is a right angle.

Other theorems not listed were studied and proved, and we find even that early that Anaxagoras, a pupil of this school, spent much effort in a futile attempt to square the circle. About 400 B.C. the Ionian School ceased to devote any study to mathematics, and went into the study of philosophy.

b. THE PYTHAGOREAN SCHOOL

This school was founded by Pythagoras about 529 B.C. It was largely attended from the first, drawing later the very best of the mathematical intellect from all parts of Greece. Even women enrolled as students, a thing never heard of before, since it was not deemed necessary that women should know anything about mathematics. The students were all divided into two classes, called "Probationers" and "Pythagoreans." Only a few were made "Pythagoreans." These were the best scholars usually. These soon organized into a secret order, thus keeping many of their theorems and proofs secret from the "Probationers," and from the world at large. This secret order later grew to such an extent that it got control of the state, but it was soon overthrown, and Pythagoras was killed. The order, however, kept active for two hundred years or more, though at times they were dispersed by order of the state. This school did a great work, as will be seen from the following summary:

1. Pythagoras knew and taught practically all the theorems relating to parallels, triangles, and parallelograms, such as are found in Books I and II of Euclid's "Elements." However, some of his proofs were not rigorous, and often he just assumed the converse of a theorem without any proof, which, as we know, is not always true.

2. The sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to 180 degrees.

3. If one straight line meets another line, the adjacent angles are equal to two right angles.

4. If two parallels are cut by a transversal, the alternate-interior are equal; the exterior-interior angles are equal, and the interior angles on the same side of the transversal are equal to 180 degrees.

5. The square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle equals the sum of the squares on the two sides.

6. A circle may be circumscribed about a regular pentagon.

7. Any plane about a point can be filled with equilateral triangles, with squares, or with regular hexagons.

Such, then, in brief, is the contribution from the Pythagorean School to the science of abstract logical geometry. Many other things were studied and accomplished by them in related fields, such as philosophy, astronomy, etc., but they do not come under the scope of this paper, hence no discussion will be given them.

C. THE SOPHIST SCHOOL

This school sprang up in Athens shortly after the battle of Salamis, and was made up partly of the dispersed Pythagoreans. However, no secrets were allowed; everything was done openly. For the first time tuition was charged for instruction. This school was principally a school for rhetoric, but yet it did enough work in mathematics and astronomy to deserve honorable mention.

Much time and labor were spent in a futile attempt to square the circle, to trisect an angle, and to duplicate a cube. Neither of the last two problems could be solved without some idea of measure, and the Greeks refused to add the idea of measure to their geometry. As for the problem of squaring the circle, it can never be done exactly by any method. Hippias worked on the trisection of the angle, and Hippocrates on the duplication of the cube. Antiphon and Bryson, in trying to square the circle, brought into use the method of exhaustion by inscribing a square in a circle and doubling the sides of the square a large number of times. The inside polygon

would approach the circle as a limit, but would never get to coincide with it. Hence there would always be a difference in the two areas. The one good result from this effort was the bringing into existence later of the notion of limits, which plays a very important part in mathematics of every sort.

d. THE PLATONIC SCHOOL

This school was founded at Athens (390 B.C.) by Plato, a pupil of Socrates. This was shortly after the Peloponnesian War, and Athens had lost her political power. However, she still happily retained her intellectual leadership in the ancient world. Over the door of this school Plato placed these words: "Let no one who is unacquainted with geometry enter here." This shows his very high regard for the study, notwithstanding the fact that Socrates, his old teacher, cared nothing for the study of mathematics at all. Plato was not a great mathematician, but was more of a philosopher, like his famous teacher. However, we find in his school such brilliant pupils as Eudoxus, Menaechmus, Dinostratus, Athaneus, and Helicon. These are enough to make any school famous. Their contribution to geometry may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. A point is the beginning of a straight line.
2. The point is the boundary of a line.
3. The line is the boundary of a surface.
4. The surface is the boundary of a solid.
5. If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal.
6. Many other definitions and axioms similar to the above.
7. Plato (c. 375 B.C.) invented the method of analysis.
8. Menaechmus (c. 300 B.C.) discovered the conic sections.
9. Eudoxus (375 B.C.) added several theorems, and added to the three proportions three others of his own discovery.
10. Divide a line into mean and extreme ratio.
11. The volumes of two cubes are to each other as the cubes of their radii.

Of all these theorems the one most famous was, "Divide a given line into mean and extreme ratio." This is often called the "golden section," for it is the secret of well-proportioned buildings, pictures, etc., and all those things

relating to the beautiful in structure. This school also discovered other theorems of more or less importance, but we have mentioned enough to show the importance of the Platonic School, and to show where we got some of our most useful theorems in plane geometry.

6. THE FIRST ALEXANDRIAN SCHOOL

This school was founded, probably by Euclid, about 300 B.C. The brilliant Platonic School in Athens lasted only sixty-six years, when Philip of Macedon forever broke the power of Greece, and transferred the center of the intellectual world to Alexandria. Thus, even in our brief study, we have seen geometry take a feeble root in Egypt; we have seen it transplanted to the Ionian Isles, and from there to lower Italy and to Athens, where it developed a great deal. Now we see it transferred to the land that gave it birth, where we shall see it grow into a complete, beautiful science, unlike anything of its kind in the world.

Euclid, the probable founder of this school, was not himself an unusually brilliant mathematician, though he wrote several books on mathematics, physics, and music. He was, however, the greatest textbook writer that the world has produced, possibly. Certainly his "Elements" is the world's greatest and most popular textbook, and it is chiefly on its success that the fame of Euclid rests. Among some of his other works we find the following:

1. Pseudaria—Elementary Geometry.
2. The Data—Elementary Analysis.
3. Division of Figures.
4. Porisms—Midway between Theorems and Problems.
5. Surface Loci—Revolutions of the Second Degree.

There are other works of his relating to physics and music, but since they do not come in this study, we shall pass them by.

THE "ELEMENTS"

Since this is the work on which the fame of Euclid rests, and since it is chiefly the source of all our plane and

solid geometry, we shall now give some discussion to its contents, which may be briefly divided as follows: Books I, II, III, IV, and VI treat of plane geometry; Book V treats of the theory of proportion; Books VII, VIII, and IX treat of arithmetic; Book X, of the division of straight lines; Books XI and XII treat of solid geometry, and Book XIII treats of the regular solids. This comprises what we generally mean by Euclid's "Elements." Later on Hypsicles added Book XIV, and Damasius added Book XV, both of which books were on regular solids. Thus we see that we are indebted to Euclid for our plane geometry, but that he did not give us so very much solid geometry. Much of this was worked out after the "Elements" was written.

We do not know definitely how much of the "Elements" is Euclid's own work. We believe, however, that he got a larger part of his material from the eminent mathematicians who preceded him, and added to this such theorems as he had worked out himself, combining it all in one whole, coördinating and systematizing the material, and presented to the world its most nearly perfect piece of logical deductive reasoning. This was indeed enough for any man to do.

The first printed edition of the "Elements" was published in Venice (1482), a translation from the Arabic by Campanus. Other editions of this appeared at Ulm in 1486, and at Basel in 1491. The first Latin edition, translated from the original Greek by Zambertus, appeared at Venice in 1505. Pacioli (1509) brought out an edition, and an edition appeared in Paris in 1516. The first edition printed in Greek was brought out in Basel in 1533, by Grynoeus, which was for one hundred seventy years the only Greek text. In 1703 David Gregory brought out at Oxford all of Euclid's extant works in the original Greek.

The first English translation was made in 1570 from the Greek, by H. Billingsley, of London. In 1758 Robert Simson published an English edition, which, until a few years back, was the foundation of nearly all our school

editions. Simson, in his work, corrected a number of errors in the Greek copies, which errors are not attributed to Euclid, but to the various copyists through whose hands the manuscripts had passed. Since then many editions have been gotten out by different ones, and more and more of the original material has been left out. Our modern school edition usually contains only the first six books, together with the eleventh and twelfth. In these books we find all our plane geometry, and some of our solid, borrowing the rest of solid from the contributors who came after Euclid.

The great mathematical genius of this school, and one of the greatest of all times, was Archimedes (278-212 B.C.). His three works on plane geometry are: "The Measure of the Circle," "The Quadrature of the Parabola," and "Spirals." The "Measure of the Circle" contains, among other things, three propositions on the area of the circle. Here he found " π " to be less than $31/7$, and more than $3\ 10/71$. This was a valuable contribution. "The Quadrature of the Parabola" contains twenty-four propositions concerning conics, and "Spirals" contains twenty-eight propositions on the properties of the curve now known as "The Spiral of Archimedes." However, these works do not relate at all to plane and solid geometry as we understand the meaning of that term today, and so we shall do no more than merely mention them.

In solid geometry the extant works of Archimedes are the "Sphere and Cylinder" and "Conoids and Spheroids." He considered the "Sphere and Cylinder" his greatest work. It contains sixty propositions, arranged in two books. Three of the most common are:

1. The surface of a sphere is 4 times a great circle.
2. The volume of a cube is $\frac{4}{3} \pi r^3$.
3. The volume and surface of a sphere are equal respectively to $\frac{2}{3}$ of the volume and surface of the cylinder circumscribed about the sphere.

He also further advanced solid geometry by adding thirteen semi-regular solids, each bounded by regular

polygons, but not all of the same kind. Heretofore there were only five solids studied in solid geometry.

His "Conoids and Spheroids" contain forty propositions on quadrics of revolution, and is mostly concerned with their volume.

Other famous mathematicians were produced in Alexandria. For instance, Appolonius wrote a great work on conics, which does not come in the limits of this study. Others wrote on astronomy and applied mathematics, neither of which we are to discuss here. But we have seen from the above discussion that an enormous amount of work was done at this Alexandrian School. However, the work was cut short and the school broken up about 30 B.C., when Rome definitely undertook to govern Egypt.

f. THE SECOND ALEXANDRIAN SCHOOL

This school began about the beginning of the Christian era, just as soon as Rome had restored order throughout Egypt and the Mediterranean world. The scholars of all nations flocked to Alexandria to study in the famous library there. Geometry no longer held first place in the school, nor in Greek thought itself. It had been supplanted by theory of numbers, philosophy, etc. The idea was beginning to grow that geometry was a finished product, and that other fields offered larger returns for labor. Yet there was a good deal of work done here which should be mentioned, though really Greek geometry reached its high-water mark during the period of the First Alexandrian School.

Menelaus (c. 98 A.D.) proved the following:

1. Several theorems on the congruence of spherical triangles.
2. The sum of the three sides of a spherical triangle is less than a great circle.
3. The sum of the three angles of a spherical triangle is greater than two right angles, and less than six right angles.

Pappus (c. 300 A.D.), the last of the great mathematicians of the Alexandrian School, wrote a book in eight sections, which was chiefly a summary and explanation of the greatest works that preceded his, rather than a

book of original work. However, he added several theorems of his own in both plane and solid geometry, but they do not come in an elementary course. He also added much information to mechanics and applied math.

About 130 A.D. (?) Theon of Alexandria brought out an edition of Euclid's "Elements," with notes, which has been very valuable in helping us to understand and appreciate Euclid more. Theon was no great mathematician, and hence made little original contribution. His daughter, Hypatia, wrote a splendid commentary on the conics of Apollonius, and some other works, all of which are lost. She was the last of the Alexandrian School to pay any attention to mathematics. The Christian theology from this time on absorbed men's thoughts. So we see that the establishment of the Christian religion marked the final end of the Greek scientific school. However, this school, in giving to the world the science of geometry, made one of the greatest of all gifts of learning that the world has ever received from any race or creed, and in this manner, if indeed it had done nothing else, forever impressed upon all future generations some stamp of the great Greek culture and learning which has always been the admiration of the world. Its importance is well summed up in the following quotation:

"It is doubtful if we have any other subject that does so much to bring to the front the danger of carelessness, of slovenly reasoning, of inaccuracy, and of forgetfulness, as this science of geometry, which has been so polished and perfected as the centuries have gone on."—DAVID EUGENE SMITH, *The Teaching of Geometry*, p. 12.

CONCLUSION

The geometry which has been briefly discussed in this paper, and which was written in Greek, did not come to us direct from the Greeks at first. The Arabs, after the decline of the Alexandrian School, translated much of the Greek geometry into their language, from which much later it was translated into Latin by European scholars, and still later translated from the Latin into English. We see, naturally, that in so many translations many

changes were made, and some things just accidentally left out. Often the original copy has been lost, and we have had to depend on the translation for our information. The Arabs lost quite a few of the Greek manuscripts, but saved most of their own translations.

The English translation of Euclid was used for a long time in England and America, even though it contained all the hard and exact reasoning of Euclid himself. In 1794 Legendre published, in Paris, an edition of Euclid in which he rearranged the propositions in logical order, separated theorems from problems, and simplified the proofs, without, however, lessening the rigor of the ancient method of treatment. An English translation of his work was immediately used in England and America. Though it was abandoned in America many years ago for more modern and better American editions, it remained the standard text in England until recent years. Today there are in both countries many textbooks on plane and solid geometry, better arranged and more attractive than that of Legendre, and one only has to select the one he likes best. Under such conditions it is hard for us to realize what struggles the old mathematicians had to undergo to bring geometry to its present perfection. A knowledge of the history of this struggle will create within those who love and teach this science a deeper love for and appreciation of this great gift from the Greeks.

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The Editor's Portfolio

Classism

One of the most important suggestions made at the recent senior smoker was made by the dean of the college. Dr. Bryan suggested that the class get together each evening on the campus and create some real class spirit—an asset that will hold the individual members of the class together when we no longer gather 'mid the deepening dusk of the old campus. Only a short time is left to us, so let us make the most of this. Let us gather somewhere on the campus and sing our college songs, tell our college stories, and dream our college dreams. Can we afford to miss them; shall we not look back upon the days without them as days of lost opportunity—as the running of the mill when no grain was in the hopper? Beautiful evenings are just ahead, and we need not wait for the construction of the mystical seat that is to be our gift. Let us lounge upon the grass, nestle around the trunks of our splendid oaks, and forget for a few minutes that each of our professors has assigned a thousand or so pages of parallel reading. Let's learn more about one another instead of so much about King Tut and Sinclair Lewis, or their theories, contributions, and fallacies.

**Campus
Cosmetics**

Well, now, we don't know why or wherefore, but we are hugely pleased with recent cosmetics that are being seen on the campus. We may be a rabid, rampageous, rapscaillious, reckless rhapsody of riff-raff, but we do like to see our campus made more beautiful. We see the whole movement, and appreciate it. This is especially true in regard to the treatment that the oaks are receiving.

Elections

And now elections are almost here. If there are to be reforms they should be on foot, for we want few hasty acts of legislation; they are not a part of any well-ordered community. If there are to be platforms, let's see them. If there are to be insurrections and rebellions, let's enjoy the prospect while the water heats. Somebody has suggested that we have semiannual reports from the college publications. They contend that as the students pay the publication fees, they should have financial reports of the standing of the publications. Is this a reasonable demand? It seems that they have a right to know where the money goes.

**Corporeal
Versus
Incorporeal**

If people of the different professions and walks of life are to be drawn closer together, it seems to us that a good bit of the work is to be done in the field of secondary and collegiate education. Much progress has been made toward bringing collegiate work into the realm of the student's needs, and these needs have been modified by the actual contact that the student is to have with life. But there are other steps to be taken. Let's take the ministry as an example. Here we find a body of men who are going out into the world to establish social contact with a greater variety of people than probably any other body of people. If they are to work with people they must be acquainted with things that are of interest to their people as well as with theories and spiritual ideas. Is modern education meeting this need fairly? Are these

students leaving college with the equipment that is necessary for the best results in their work? Is a degree that requires nearly one-half of its work in language wisely proportioned? This overbalancing is not confined to the ministry, either, but is found in both medicine and law. In each of these three professions there is a striking lack of time devoted to the social sciences. The same is true of the other sciences: geology, zoology, botany, astronomy, commercial and physical geography, physics, and chemistry. We are not proposing a remedy; not placing our own opinions above the more mature experience of those in charge, but we should like to see these leaders of the different branches of study get together and in an unselfish and impartial manner adapt the curriculum to modern needs. Otherwise, the curriculum will gradually be warped out of shape by the pressure of necessity and the same friction will result that has happened between the high schools and colleges.

Coaches

The athletic situation at Wake Forest reminds us of the government of Mexico. We have a wealthy, resourceful body, but there seems to be a lack of leadership. What we need is an Obregon, and prospects are that we have one. The new coaching staff seems to be getting an admirable grip on the prospects, and it is the candid belief among the students that if the old rigidity of the Garrity régime returns it will bring with it more fruitful years. The Cofall-Miller combination is taking on a very business-like attitude. Again we say, LET'S GO!

Alumni Notes

By R. PAUL CAUDILL, Editor

F. D. King, B.A. 1908, is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Sanford, Fla.

E. R. Settle, B.A. 1910, is principal of Traphill High School, Traphill, N. C.

D. M. Royall, B.A. 1922, B.S. 1924, is practicing medicine in Salemburg, N. C.

C. P. Harris, B.A. 1921, LL.B. 1922, is practicing law in Wilson.

B. E. Morris, B.A. 1921, is pastor of West Avenue Baptist Church, Statesville, N. C.

N. A. Melton, B.A. 1909, is serving for the eighteenth year as principal of Fruitland Institute, Hendersonville. The fact that there is just being completed a new seventy-five thousand dollar building under his leadership speaks well of his service.

L. E. Andrews, B.A. 1924, is principal of Lamston-Woodville High School, Lamston, N. C. Mr. Andrews was president of the student body his senior year at Wake Forest.

G. M. Beam, B.A. 1912, LL.B. 1913, is practicing law in Louisburg.

Dr. Henry J. Langston, B.A. 1913, B.S.Med. 1915, of Danville, Va., has distributed his essay on "How the Family Doctor Can Increase His Usefulness and His Income." This essay tied with another for second prize in the contest recently conducted by *Southern Medicine and Surgery*.

W. L. Robinson, B.S. 1927, is studying medicine at the University of Richmond.

R. H. Boone, B.S. 1927, is principal of Pilot School, Pilot, N. C.

Dr. Richard J. Crozier, B.S. 1915, of Raleigh, is associated with Dr. W. C. Horton, in "The Healthatorium," which is described as a "fountain of golden wealth in health."

E. A. Harrill, B.A. 1911, lawyer, has removed from Hamlet, N. C., to 1533 Grand Central Avenue, Tampa, Fla.

R. W. Sullivan, B.S. 1920, M.A. 1921, who was instructor in chemistry here from 1920 to 1924, and who since that time has been head chemist for the Colloidal Equipment Corporation of New York City, has recently joined the research staff of one of the oldest and best known chemical companies in the United States, the Grasselli Chemical Company, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Notes and Clippings

By ROBERT E. LEE, Editor

Rastus had just rolled out three naturals to the gaze of his brunette opponent.

Snowball: "Say thah, Rastus; Ford dem dice, Ford dem dice."

Rastus: "Whufoh yo' means, 'Ford dem dice'?"

Snowball: "Yo' knows what ah means; ah means shake, rattle and roll, niggah; shake, rattle and roll."

¶ ¶ ¶

Bill (who has caught his father kissing the maid): "Whatcha doin', Dad; kissin' the maid?"

The Father: "Bring me my glasses, son; I thought it was your mother."

¶ ¶ ¶

A little girl, left in charge of her tiny brother, called out: "Mother, won't you please speak to baby? He's sitting on the fly paper, and there are lots of flies waiting to get on."

¶ ¶ ¶

One good thing about Mr. Ford's aeroplanes—they'll never hold back traffic on the hills.

¶ ¶ ¶

College Spirit

Visitor: "You have a wonderful college here."

Freshman (modestly): "Thanks."

¶ ¶ ¶

Wife (to husband in bathtub): "For goodness' sake, Henry, don't start on *that* song! You know we haven't much soap left."

¶ ¶ ¶

"Did you ever fall in love with words?"

"Yes, with these words: 'Enclosed please find check'."

¶ ¶ ¶

Sonny: "Mommer, Papa wouldn't murder anybody, would he?"

Mommer: "Why, certainly not, child. Why do you ask?"

Sonny: "Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying, 'Let's kill the other two, George'."

¶ ¶ ¶

The Accused: "I was not going forty miles an hour—not twenty—not even ten—in fact, when the officer came up I was almost at a standstill."

The Judge: "I must stop this, or you will be backing into something. Twenty dollars!"

The National Pastime—A Commentary On Its Technique

(As various authors would write it)

Professor of Biology: By an amœboid movement of the labial processes they both extended pseudopodia, bringing them into physical coalescence, and the two dwelt together, not in a state of parasitism, nor yet in a state of commensalism, but in an unmodified condition of mutualism; both organisms being benefited by the union.

Professor of Chemistry: $(LiPs)_4 + (ArMs)_4 = (KISS)_{12} (SqZZ)_1$.

Professor of Economics: There was a decided downward trend in the current of his lip fluctuations, occasioned by bearish tendencies, but it was met by a corresponding upward movement of her lips, the market resting steady in spite of the tense interest shown in the day's activities. The supply was fully equal to the demand.

Professor of Law: Inheriting from a former owner all grazing rights in the property, and by virtue of a freehold estate in her lips, held as real property title arising out of contract, and with title ratified by her silent consent to his continued possession, he claimed the products of his property, personally collecting the *fructus naturales*, and using a receipt smacking of illegality.

Professor of Mathematics: Disproving one of the most fundamental laws of mathematics, he pressed out the full curves of her ellipse into two parallel lines, and the two bodies went off at a tangent into infinity.

In English: He passionately pressed a burning kiss upon her ruby lips.

In American: Sweet Batootie! but he bipped her one on the mug—right on her talking machine. His finger-tips played "Home, Sweet Home" on her backbone, and she was thrilled to a fare-you-well.

¶ ¶ ¶

"Pop, I got in trouble at school today and it's your fault."

"How's that, son?"

"Remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was? Well, 'Helluva lot' isn't the right answer."

¶ ¶ ¶

Commercial College Student (who has proposed and been accepted): "Goodnight, dear. Directly I go home I'll write you a letter confirming our conversation of this evening."

¶ ¶ ¶

Jones: "Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

Smith: "That's all right; my dog ate your hen."

Jones: "Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."

¶ ¶ ¶

The modern girl doesn't mind a fellow's knowing his onions if he only doesn't eat them.

"I've fired that printer."

"Why?"

"He put 'applesauce' after Senator Hoople's speech instead of 'applause'."

§ § §

And now comes the story of the dumb Frosh who thought that "No Man's Land" was the women's gymnasium.

§ § §

To a Bluebird, or Something

(Written after an evening's struggle with modern poetry)

The river is gurgling,
The pigeon doth coo;
The air's full of fumes
From the vegetable stew.
Cocoanuts fall
From the family tree;
Lionel Strongfort
Is vitality.
The critics are crazy—
They think this is art.
Little Annie Rooney
Is my sweetheart.

§ § §

The passengers in the big car speeding toward the railroad crossing began arguing whether or not they could beat the train.

"Don't get excited," said the driver, "I can easily make it."

"And I say that you can't," shouted the front-seat passenger. "The train will beat us by twenty seconds."

"Gwan," said the driver, who kept increasing his speed while the argument continued.

Finally a passenger in the rear seat, who had said nothing so far, remarked as he clutched the sides of the rushing car. "For my part, I don't care a hang who wins this race, but I hope it won't be a tie."

§ § §

He who laughs last is trying to think of a dirty meaning.

§ § §

Sandy wanted to take his wife for an airplane ride. The airdome proprietor told Sandy that if he would take a new pilot and not make any noise or speak, in order not to rattle him, the price would be cut to half rate. After the airplane had come down the pilot complimented him on keeping silent.

"Thank ye," answered the Scotchman, "but you almost had me when me wife fell out."

§ § §

"She has taste," said Hullabaloo, the cannibal chieftain, as he took another bite.

If Demosthenes had lived today he would have doubtless discarded pebbles for a brand of cigarettes advertised as an important aid to vocal culture.

¶ ¶ ¶

There's been a new association formed to combat the crime wave and we suppose that the first thing they will do will be to pass a law making it unlawful to commit crimes.

¶ ¶ ¶

Girls used to wear their stockings out at the knees, but today they wear their knees out of their stockings.

¶ ¶ ¶

A stranger who was rather deaf entered a little Scotch church. He seated himself in a front pew and placed an ear-trumpet on his knee. An elder of the kirk, who had never seen an ear-trumpet, watched him with suspicion. When the minister entered, the man lifted the trumpet from his knee, but before he could adjust it he felt a tap on his shoulder and heard the indignant elder saying:

"One toot, an' you're oot."

¶ ¶ ¶

He (twice nicked by the razor): "Hey, barber, gimme a glass of water."

Barber: "Whassa matter; hair in your mouth?"

He: "No; I wanna see if my neck leaks."

¶ ¶ ¶

A collegian's heart is like a Ford coupe—always room for one more.

¶ ¶ ¶

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

¶ ¶ ¶

Foreman: "Yes, I'll give you a job sweepin' and keepin' the place clean."

"But I am a college graduate."

"Well, then, maybe ye better start on something simpler."

¶ ¶ ¶

A motorist was arrested in Durham recently, according to the *Herald*, charged with going forty miles an hour. "If the officer says so, I guess it's so," responded the prisoner. "I'm sorry I broke the law, your honor, but—I'm kind o' proud of the old fliv."

¶ ¶ ¶

"Well done," exclaimed the workman, as he climbed out of the well.

¶ ¶ ¶

He seated himself in the parlor and anxiously awaited her arrival. Presently the door opened, but alas!—it was only her little brother.

"Hello," exclaimed Gushpot. "Is your sister busy?"

"She seems so," replied the youngster, "but I don't know what she's doing. She's standing in front of the mirror, blushing just awful, and whispering to it: 'Oh, Mr. Gushpot, this is so sudden.'"

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WILLIAM BAILEY ROYALL

SEPTEMBER 2, 1844—JANUARY 27, 1928

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, WAKE FOREST COLLEGE 1866-1870
PROFESSOR OF GREEK, 1870-1928

The Wake Forest Student

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William Bailey Royall

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By G. W. PASCHAL

DR. WILLIAM BAILEY ROYALL, for more than sixty-two years head of the Greek department in Wake Forest College, died on January 27, 1928. After the death of Gildersleeve he might well have been regarded as the dean of the Greek teachers of the country if not of the world. And he had other claims to that distinction besides long years of service. He was second to none in the accuracy and precision of his scholarship, his keen appreciation of the niceties of the Greek language and the beauty of its literature. During the entire period of his teaching, which embraced all but the last two years of his professorship, he was able to inspire his students with much of his own passion and enthusiasm, with the result that Greek has continued to occupy a place of distinction in Wake Forest College such as it has in hardly another institution in the land.

Dr. Royall was the son of Dr. William Royall and of Elizabeth Bailey Royall. His father, of a colonial family of Charleston, was distinguished as a scholar and thinker and as a minister of the Gospel, and for many years was a professor in Wake Forest College. His mother was a daughter of Dr. William Bailey, a graduate of the Royal School of Surgeons of London. On September 6, 1871, he married Miss Sarah Hall, an accomplished lady of a prominent family of Columbus County. With her he lived in restful happiness until her death in 1919. To them were

born four sons, William, John, Robert H., and James B. William and Robert are ranchmen in New Mexico, John is in business in Philadelphia, and James is an attorney in Jacksonville, Florida.

For an account of Dr. Royall's birth and early years we have the following statement which he made himself for an article by Dr. A. T. Robertson in the Baptist Standard of February 19, 1925:

"I was born in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, in sight of the city of Charleston, on September 2, 1844. My father in 1850 became a missionary in Florida. He had always been very fond of Greek, and when I was nine or ten years old, as a sort of recreation, he began to teach me this language. I soon began to realize its beauty, and the ambition was enkindled in me to learn it thoroughly. In 1855 my father was called to a professorship in Furman University. At the age of twelve I was prepared to enter college and went through half of the junior year at Furman, when my father was called to Wake Forest College, from which institution I was graduated in 1861. My professor of Greek at Furman was Professor P. C. Edwards, a great scholar and Greek enthusiast. During the year 1859 I was brought under the magnetic influence of Dr. John A. Broadus, which had much to do with sharpening my appetite for the rich things that are to be found in the wonderful language in which Plato and Paul spoke and wrote."

When young Royall matriculated in Wake Forest College in January, 1860, he found the institution, freed at length from financial embarrassment and with a fair endowment, already in good popular and scholastic standing. Such young men as T. H. Pritchard, J. H. Mills, A. J. Emerson, and J. D. Hufham had graduated from its classes. Dr. Wingate, the young and saintly president, had in his faculty Professors Simmons, Royall, Foote, and Walters. They rigidly enforced entrance requirements which at this day would carry credit for not less than fifteen units, including four years of Latin and two years of Greek. In the college course four years of Latin and four years of Greek were prescribed. Every student recited three times a day, once before breakfast, once in the forenoon, and once in the afternoon. In the intermediate periods of not less than two hours each the stu-

dents were required to be in their rooms preparing for the next recitation. With such training it is little wonder that the college of that day, with fewer than a hundred students, turned out men who were very giants, but I mention it to show what training in Latin and Greek an enthusiastic student who had begun the study at nine years of age must have had when he graduated after eight years devoted to their study. The records show that Royall's interest in these studies was unabated at Wake Forest. His grades in all his courses in both languages were around 95 for the three terms he was a student in the college.

Graduating in 1861 in the same class with Dr. Royall, at a commencement a month earlier than usual on account of the impending war, were F. A. Belcher, J. T. Deans, W. R. Lindsay, D. C. McMillan, L. R. Mills, J. B. Richardson, T. F. Toon, and C. S. Wooten. Like the most of the others, young Royall was soon in the war. In September, 1861, when barely seventeen years old, he joined the Santee Artillery. Later he became commissary sergeant of the Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment, of which his father was chaplain, and served in this capacity until the end of the war, when he brought home to Wake Forest Grant's parole from Appomattox.

During the war the college had suspended operation. In November, 1865, the trustees had a meeting at Forestville and authorized the resumption of work in January, 1866. Young Royall, who during the fall of that year had been teaching at the Forestville Academy with the strictness of discipline learned in army life to the utter amazement and surprising improvement of a class of hitherto unruly boys, was asked to join with his father, Dr. William Royall, and Dr. W. G. Simmons in starting again the work of the college.

Thus at the early age of twenty-one he began his remarkable career as teacher of Greek. For full sixty years he continued to teach his classes; for two years longer, until his death, in fitting recognition of his great services, he was kept as head of the department.

In his first class, in the spring term of 1866, he had under his instruction such men as H. A. Brown, J. C. Scarborough, J. B. Brewer, F. P. Hobgood, and R. P. Thomas, sixteen men, in all, of the sixty-seven registered in the college for that term. These were the first of a long line of young men, coming up class after class, for sixty years. Many of them attained distinction as scholars, as preachers, as lawyers, as doctors; others worked in humbler spheres. But whatever their work, Dr. Royall followed all with his interest and love. He seemed to be able to name every man he ever taught and great was his joy in talking of them. In the article by Dr. Robertson, mentioned above, Dr. Royall said:

"Of the men whom I have taught there are found representatives in nearly every walk of life. Many have become able and useful ministers of the Gospel, and some of these have attained eminence in our own country and in other lands. From my classes have gone out seventeen presidents of colleges, three of these colleges being state institutions, the A. and E. in Raleigh, Clemson College in South Carolina, and Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.; many heads of academies, governors, members of Congress, professors of Greek in colleges, professors in theological seminaries. Among those who have been my students are to be numbered physicians and surgeons who have won distinction. The law has also been furnished from these classes with men who have stood high in the profession. Others from my classes have not been worse off in the business world on account of their having studied Greek."

Since many in his classes were preparing for the work of the Gospel ministry, he felt that their character and ability as preachers depended largely on the training he should give them, and that through them it was his responsibility and task to give the Baptists of the State able leaders for their religious work. With this conception of the sacredness of his profession he conducted his classes as in the fear of God. He did not shirk the toil and drudgery of drilling beginners in Greek, nor did he lose patience with them when they showed themselves slow and dull. In his upper classes his students came to appreciate his great ability as a grammarian and the accuracy and delicacy of his interpretations of Homer, Sophocles, and

Plato. Dr. A. T. Robertson recalls how his men "reveled in his charming insight into the beauties of Greek diction." During the first thirty years his teaching was confined to classic Greek; after 1897 he taught the Greek New Testament, also. The quality of his instruction is sufficiently indicated by the standing his men took in their post-graduate work in such universities as Chicago and Johns Hopkins, and in the theological seminaries of the North and the South. But his work as teacher went much further than training men in the niceties of Greek grammar and the beauties of Greek literature, further even than his inspirational influence in causing many to pursue the study of Greek after their college days were over. Students have got these things from other teachers; from Dr. Royall they got much more. The quiet dignity and native majesty of the man commanded their respect and admiration; his patience excited their wonder; his sympathy and spirit of helpfulness caused them to love him; his purity and saintliness, revealed in many an unstudied word and beaming from his kindly face and gentle eyes, provoked responsive desires in their own hearts to live the pure life he led and dwell in the Saviour's love as they felt he dwelt in it. Since his character was such, it is no wonder that his students came to love and venerate him, and to consider him, as one of the ablest of them has said since his death, "one of the greatest teachers of Greek the world has ever known."

Though he had offers to go elsewhere, his devotion to this work kept him at Wake Forest. At first his salary was an indeterminate amount. Afterwards it was \$600 per annum, then \$750, then \$1,000, then, when he was made a full professor in 1871, \$1,200. Only in the last few years have the Wake Forest salaries been respectable, even on the well known low standard of salaries of college professors. We learn from Professor Mills in his article, "Forty Years in the Wilderness," that when salaries were at the lowest, side meat was about 35 cents a pound, flour \$26 a barrel, and kerosene oil \$1.50 a gallon. "Still," says Professor Mills, "Professor W. B. Royall and I had

learned to live on the east wind in Lee's army, and I can see how he and I managed to live"—for they were not then married.

For two years, from June, 1882, to June, 1884, from the resignation of the presidency of the college by Dr. T. H. Pritchard until the election of Dr. C. E. Taylor to that place, Dr. Royall was chairman of the faculty, and had all the duties of the chief executive officer. In those years the college was doing some of its best work. Dr. Royall had not sought the place and thought to resign it after the first year. The following extracts from his report to the Board of Trustees show how at that time, as always, Dr. Royall was looking to God to bless the College and its work. He says:

"The good hand of God has been upon our beloved college during the session now closing. Faithful instruction, diligent application to study, excellent order, and exemption from dangerous epidemics have marked the year's record. More than all this, we believe gracious influences from the Divine Spirit have given tone and direction to a large proportion of the work done. . . . In conclusion, it is with unfeigned gratitude to God for His gracious guidance, and with sincere appreciation of your confidence, that I now surrender to you the trust which you gave temporarily to my hands, nearly a year ago. I have sought to do the work, which was thus unexpectedly put upon inexperienced shoulders, as in the sight constantly of Him with whom is the final reckoning, and who 'of God is made unto us Wisdom.' "

On coming to Wake Forest as a student Dr. Royall, along with his father, mother, and sister Mary (Mrs. Hobgood), on February 25, 1860, joined the Wake Forest Baptist Church, and continued a member of it until his death sixty-eight years later. During all this time, when he was at Wake Forest, so long as his strength held out, he was a constant attendant on the church services, especially the prayer meetings, and gave to them something of his own sweet, worshipful spirit. In the fall of 1860 he paid the thirty-dollar fee and became a life member of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina. Before the Civil War, when yet a mere lad, at the behest of President Wingate, he went with a fellow-student into

the region even at that time called the "Harricane" and established a Sunday school and a place of worship, which long ago developed into Woodland Church.

In November, 1866, he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and was ordained on the first Sunday evening in April of 1869. He was already assisting his father with his churches, and was soon engaged as a regular pastor. For thirty years, from 1874 to 1894, he was pastor of the Forestville Baptist Church; for twenty years, of the Youngsville Church; for thirteen years, of the Rolesville Church. His congregations were very fond of him, and he greatly loved them and his work among them. Though he was not a great orator, his sermons always had a Gospel message in simple, chaste language. On the death of Dr. Wingate in February, 1879, he was chosen to preach the funeral sermon.

For fifty years he was secretary of the Board of Education of the Baptist State Convention. For nine years, from 1872 to 1880, he wrote the reports of the board for the convention. How thoroughly he was in sympathy with this work may be seen from these reports.

During his last years, as during all his years, he found great joy in talking of religious and spiritual matters. He had simple, childlike Christian faith, a faith not corrupted or tarnished by the religious controversies and disputes of the years in which he lived. He was familiar with the writings of Channing and Emerson, but he was unmoved by their Unitarian teachings; he admired Robert Browning, but his gospel was the New Testament; he was pleased with the classic elegance of Matthew Arnold, but while Matthew Arnold's profound skepticism moved him to deep sorrow, he himself always dwelt on the well fortified heights of Christian assurance. Day and night he meditated on the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament. They were almost his meat and drink during his last dark years, when he was confined to his bed. He never felt that he had attained to a full measure of their divine truth, but he was all the time searching out their riches. Though the strictest of any sect, Pharisee or

other, could not have found any flaw in his orthodoxy, he was quite free from every kind of bigotry and intolerance. Christians of other denominations were still Christians for him, and he respected the non-Christian and the pagan. For the penitent seeking the way of life, for the weak and erring, for the young man feeling his way through clouds of doubt, he had the proper words.

It is not so generally known how many were Dr. Royall's interests in the fields of literature and the fine arts. He was not only familiar with the literary masterpieces of Greece and Rome, but was thoroughly conversant with the whole range of classics of his own tongue, with Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, Tennyson and Browning, Lamb and Coleridge, Kingsley and Newman. Likewise he had a comprehensive knowledge of the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture. Traveling in Europe in 1903-04, in company with his wife, he found not his least pleasure in seeing the artistic treasures of the Old World. He spent many hours in the British Museum, the Louvre, and in the many art galleries of Rome. He saw the stately cathedrals and basilicas and other famous buildings in the countries he visited, and could speak of them in a most interesting way.

On his European trip, in all places he visited, his native dignity and grace as well as his scholarship and culture and intelligent interest gained for him, with both scholars and dignitaries of church and state, reception and recognition. Nor did "the noble Greek scholar at Wake Forest," as Dr. Robertson affectionately called him, fail of recognition at home. In 1887 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Judson College, in 1907 that of Doctor of Laws by Furman University.

I can barely mention many of the fine personal qualities of Dr. Royall which so much endeared him to his friends. All the children of the town loved him, because he loved them. Late in life he said, "I am conscious of a gravitation in my heart towards children, and these I number among my very best friends." His circle of acquaintances and friends was wide, including nearly everyone

who had been connected with the college as trustee, friend, member of the faculty, or student, since 1860, and in addition very many who had been prominent in church or state in our commonwealth. He always spoke of them with the sweetest Christian charity; if one had done well he rejoiced; if one had failed he sorrowed. His judgment of men and things impressed his hearers as free from passion and prejudice and singularly discriminating and correct. But his conversation had its greatest charm when it was of those whom he had known with some intimacy. In his presence they had doubtless revealed their real and best selves. And it was of them in these nobler aspects that Dr. Royall thought and spoke, without extravagance, but with sympathy and love such as to make others see them as he saw them.

Words would fail me to tell of the patience and resignation with which he bore the bodily afflictions of his last years, loss of the power to walk, loss of sight. But though for the last two years he was confined to his bed, his sweet Christian spirit did not leave him. He was still a great joy to his friends, who in great numbers continued to find their way to his home. He kept informed of things abroad, of the concerns of the town, of the work of the College and of the Wake Forest Church. He knew of the church services, the attendance on them, the text and character of the sermon. The pastor of his church and others often visited him and talked of the things of the Kingdom of God. The pastor I think never, and some others seldom, left without offering prayer, and their prayers under the quiet spiritual influence of Dr. Royall's bedside were veritable sweet communions with God. His death was that of a saint for whom the hope of glory was about to be realized. And at the funeral the sorrow of the mourners from far and near who filled the Wake Forest Church was not as the sorrow of those without hope; in the words of the speakers and on the faces of the hearers, even amid their tears, there was an expression of triumph and joy. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Memorial Addresses •

I

By WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT

DR. ROYALL was born in Mount Pleasant, a suburb of Charleston, September 2, 1844, a son of Dr. William Royall and Elizabeth Bailey Royall. Under his father's guidance he began to study Greek at nine years of age. At twelve he was ready for college and entered Furman University. When he was half through the junior year his father was called to Wake Forest College, where the youthful student was matriculated in January, 1860, and graduated in 1861, not yet seventeen years old. From 1861 to 1864 he was commissary sergeant of the Confederate States Army. Bringing from Appomattox General Grant's parole, he taught at Forestville the fall of 1865. In January, 1866, he began a career as teacher of Greek in Wake Forest College which established a record in American education, for at his passing he had held continuously the same position for sixty-two years.

Along with his college work, Dr. Royall was pastor of neighboring churches—of Rolesville fifteen years, of Youngsville twenty years, of Forestville thirty years. He was secretary of the Board of Education of the Baptist State Convention for the long period of fifty years. During the interval between the retirement of President Pritchard and the installation of President Taylor, 1882-1884, he was chairman of the faculty. For the year 1903-4, accompanied by Mrs. Royall, he studied in the British Museum and in Rome and his beloved Athens.

There is no time for the appraisal of Dr. Royall's scholarship in the classics, his precision, care, sympathy, and inspiration as a teacher, the grace, charm, and elevation of his manner and bearing, or the sweetness and beauty and radiance of his spirit which, like the image of Pallas in the citadel of ancient Troy, has been the palladium of

*Wake Forest Baptist Church, January 29, 1928.

our community life, composing its differences, silently holding its standards high. But I must be permitted to refer to my own deep obligation to this Prince of God, who led my own heavy and blundering steps in the lovely paths of Greek culture and who reassured my waywardness and insecurity by his serene and radiant faith.

Shortly after hearing of his going I caught myself saying, "And so we bury Dr. Royall next Sunday." But I recalled at once what Socrates whom he loved so deeply said to Crito who had asked, "But how shall we bury you?" "As you please," Socrates answered; "only you must catch me first, and not let me escape you." And then I thought of the figure above Egyptian sarcophagi presenting the head of a man and the wings of a bird in token of the Egyptian faith in the escape of the spirit from its physical limitations. And then of the word of the angel at a sepulchre in old Jerusalem, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

II

By R. T. VANN

Yesterday morning when the wires flashed over the world the tidings of Dr. Royall's death thousands in America and in Europe paused with bowed head and softening heart in reverent memory of him. And those thousands represented all classes: the godly, the godless, the cultured, the illiterate, the white, and the colored. For the empire of goodness embraces humanity.

I first knew Dr. Royall during my three years of college life away back in the seventies of the last century. I had just entered college as a sophomore, and he had been here but a few years as teacher. Then in the 80's I knew him again as his pastor for six years. At least, so read the minutes; but he was more a pastor to me than I could be to him. During these years I knew him as a fellow-worker in meetings, as citizen, neighbor, husband, son, brother, and father. In all the forty years since I have kept in touch with him in repeated visits to the college, so that

I came to know him well. And knowing him thus, in all life's relations, I can say with all heartiness that I never knew him to utter a word that he might later have wished unsaid, nor to do a deed that he might have wished undone.

In reviewing the life of Dr. Royall one thinks instinctively of many Scripture verses; but the two that first occurred to me and have not left me yet are those which introduce the book of Psalms: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." And as I repeated those words to myself I said, "When the Psalmist wrote those words it looks as if he might have had in mind William B. Royall." And if he had he could hardly have drawn a picture more true to life. As I saw him, he was scholarly without pedantry; strong without rudeness; gentle without effeminacy; saintly without pietism; and thoroughly human without guile.

Knowing as we do his noble parentage we might imagine that it was easy for him to ascend, as he did, "the hill of the Lord," and to stand, where he did, "in His holy place"; but we should be mistaken in such a fancy. He had to fight his battle like every other man, and win the character he bore. In his mature and later years, for example, he was noted for a gentleness of spirit which nothing could ruffle. But by nature, I am told, he was a man of violent temper, which occasionally flamed in volcanic outbursts. The energy which manifested itself in that form he retained to the last; but he kept his fires banked, so that they glowed only within.

Here was a minister of God too modest, too self-distrustful, to take his proper rank among the world's great orators. And yet he stands out in the centuries as one of the world's really great preachers; but it was in what he was rather than in what he said. I have heard that in the early days of the French Revolution, when a raging mob would listen to no advisers, a venerable, gray-haired man,

noted for his lofty character, was presented to that mob, with this request: "Citizens, be still and hear eighty years of goodness speak." And immediately the storm ceased and there was a great calm.

We shall soon leave this body in its sleeping chamber, our cemetery; and ere long, I am sure, a fitting stone will mark its resting place. I could wish that on that stone might be carved these words from the immortal allegory, describing the night spent by good Christian in the Palace Beautiful: "The pilgrim they laid in an upper chamber whose window opened toward the sunrising. The name of that chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day. And then he awoke and sang."

III

By J. W. LYNCH

I first saw Dr. W. B. Royall at the Beulah Association in the summer of 1883. My meeting with him in the little country church marks one of those cross-roads in life where in one brief hour plan and purpose are changed into unmapped directions and destiny is made. I was there by accident, as it were, with no special interest in the occasion. My plans had been made to enter a Presbyterian college. A heat prostration in the Middle West was the cause of my returning home for recuperation and of my being at the Beulah Association. My father had been a Presbyterian and all his people, including my companion cousin in our youthful adventures and struggles in a strange land, were and are of that noble church.

I do not recall a word of Dr. Royall's public address or private conversation, but I do know that I at once fell in love with his Christlike face and his winsome personality. As I looked at the saintly man I little dreamed that in a few weeks I was to sit at his feet in study, later to become his pastor, and finally to be his close neighbor and colleague in the college faculty. The sequel of our meeting in this casual way was that I followed Dr. Royall's face

to Wake Forest, even as the Wise Men followed the Bethlehem star.

Dr. Royall was one of my few great teachers, and no man, however learned, knows intimately and remembers gratefully more than four or five. It takes a great soul to make a great teacher, and this is why Jesus was the greatest of all. He was the world's greatest soul.

I could give many reasons why I, in common with thousands of others, loved and revered Dr. Royall, but the limitations of time compress my heart and restrict my words.

I loved his inoffensive goodness. Superlative goodness is the most charming thing in the world, for it is true even as the Book says, "He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend." Dr. Royall's heart pulsed with the purity of a mountain spring and his words were as chaste and gracious as pollen-laden flowers. Jesus called His friends "salt" and "light." Some are like the salt, pungent and aggressive and even militant; and some are like the light, gentle, beautiful, and beautifying. Dr. Royall was light. Its beauty was in his face; its gentleness was in his voice; its clearness was in his words. In his daily walk and conversation he incarnated the Beatitudes and ensouled Paul's thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

Great as Dr. Royall was as a teacher, he was equally great as a pastor. He had the shepherd heart. Indeed, he was the pastor of the men who were officially his pastor. We who ministered here had in our hearts for him some of the feeling John the Baptist had for Jesus on the banks of the Jordan. "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" It was God who said, "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Dr. Royall's soul mirrored this oriental imagery. Pastors, teachers, students, and folks here and hereabouts, found in the lee of this great heart refuge and shelter and solace in their suffering, sorrow, and sin.

On the occasion of my last conversation with Dr. Royall he recited in Greek Paul's truly scientific words: "While we look not at the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." And he was blind! Milton's touching allusion to his blindness intrudes and in paraphrase I lay it upon his long darkened eyes. The seasons returned, but not to him returned day, or the sweet approach of even or morn, or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose, or flocks or herds or human face divine. But so much more did the celestial light shine inward, plant eyes in the heart, irradiate, that he might see and feel and tell of things invisible to mortal sight. Like the prophet of old, he endured as seeing him who is invisible.

Great souls preceded Dr. Royall to this place; some are here now, and we devoutly pray it may thus continue unto the end. But Wake Forest has known, knows not now, and never will know a grander soul than the one just surrendered to the eternities.

"Green be the sod above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None loved thee but to praise."

Confederate soldier, great Hellene, spiritual shepherd,
good-bye!

Comrades in books, our classrooms are draped today
and Wake Forest's Pierian Springs are brackish with the
salt of human tears.

IV

By W. R. CULLOM

Out of the many things that crowd into one's soul and clamor for expression in this hour I shall try to emphasize the one phase of Dr. Royall's life which seems to me to stand out as the central thing in that great life. I am thinking of him as a personal witness for God and for the reality of the things of the spirit throughout his long and

useful life. I doubt if any man ever associated with Dr. Royall for any length of time to go away from such association with serious question in his mind as to the eternal verities.

In one of his letters Paul exhorts his friends at Philippi to have in them the same mind which was in Christ Jesus. He then passes on to show what was, to him, the central thing in that mind, namely, its spirit of self-renunciation and of loving sacrifice. He goes on further then to exhort that they shall work out in life and conduct what God works into them; and it is all to the end that they might be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without reproach in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation among whom they were to shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life (Phil. 2:4-16). Dr. Royall came as near to fulfilling every syllable in this exhortation as any man that I have ever known. And surely it is no extravagance to say that such witnesses constitute the most valuable asset of our holy religion in any generation. Is it not true, however, that such a testimony has been of peculiar value in the generations through which he has lived? It was about the time that he reached maturity as a man and as a Christian that there began to come from several sources a stream of literature whose undisguised purpose it was to break up the fixedness and the rigidity of men's thinking in the field of religion. Much of this literature served a useful purpose. Much of it also created great confusion and brought in its train many sad shipwrecks of faith. I am thinking now of the time when one of these books made its appearance on the Wake Forest campus. Many question marks were raised by it in the minds of our students. All sorts of discussions went on amongst us. One day in the midst of this mental upheaval the elder William Royall, the father of our present Dr. Royall, passed by one of these discussion groups. His tall, dignified, stately form wore around its shoulders a woolen cloak which gave to him a striking resemblance to one of the old Hebrew prophets. One of the students pointed to him and said:

"Mrs. Blank may say what she will in her book, but there goes an argument for God, for the Bible, and for the Christian faith which no man can question."

From that day until this such books have come in larger numbers, their messages have been increasingly subtle and vigorous, and the confusion has been correspondingly greater, more widespread, and more disastrous. But through all these years the good work referred to by the student when he pointed to the father has been carried on and even emphasized and underscored by the life of the worthy son of this honored and lamented father. And let me say, too, that I am sure that nothing could please him better than to have his name thus linked with that of his father.

This testimony of Dr. Royall has, moreover, been many-sided and quite varied. His life was an instrument of many keys. If I were asked, however, to select the central note—the key-note—in this testimony I should say at once it was this: The Bible is God's message to the human soul and Jesus is the Son of God and the Saviour of men. When he was sure that he had the mind of the Bible on any subject, he was equally sure that he had the mind of the Eternal God on that subject. He was always as quiet and gentle as the lamb in expressing himself with reference to these matters; but there was always beneath that quiet surface a deep and unshakable conviction that might well be characterized by the strength of the lion. Jesus as revealed in the Bible—not the Jesus of men's speculations—was the touchstone of every issue for him. And at the risk of repetition, let me say that these convictions were not merely intellectual certainties with him; they were the very warp and woof of his life. He knew them because they had made him what he was.

And how beautifully, heroically, simply, and helpfully his life gave expression to these great certainties of our holy faith over and over again, in season and out of season. I recall distinctly a conversation with him years ago on the subject of books. He said to me:

"Brother Cullom, I always estimate a book by its influence on my attitude toward Jesus. I would sooner have a book that

would neutralize my love for my mother than one that would tend to compromise my loyalty to Jesus."

And so it ever was with him. Whether in his classroom or in the faculty meetings; whether in the college chapel or in a country pulpit; whether in personal contact with men or addressing the multitude from the platform or through the printed page; whether speaking with a little child or conversing with the learned ones of America and Europe; whether as a boy-soldier in Lee's army or in the more difficult task of rebuilding the ruins in the trying days of reconstruction; whether in the bosom of his family, beautifully loving and tenderly loved, or in the days when in the Providence of God it became necessary to make new adjustments; whether in the strength of manhood or in the days when the double grip of age and disease brought on a weakening of the outer man day by day—whatever the alternative, his testimony as to things eternal was strong, consistent, unequivocal, convincing, indisputable.

Nor did such faithful testimony go unrewarded, even while he was in the flesh. I would not for any consideration lay bare secrets that in the nature of the case are sacredly personal. But I do not believe that he himself or those who are closest and dearest to him will object to my lifting the veil for a moment on two experiences which are gloriously eloquent as to the working of God's goodness, power, and help in the midst of life's most trying experiences. One of them occurred in the month of June, 1919. At the request of the denomination of which he and I were a part, I was away from Wake Forest at the time. It was in Watauga County that the news reached me that she who had walked by his side for so many years had been suddenly snatched away from him into her eternal home. She had planned with him so helpfully through the years of their strength; she had taken thought for him so beautifully and tenderly through the years of his growing weakness. When the news came to me, I said, "What will he do? How can he survive it?" As soon as I could I came to him and with the simplicity of a child

said to him, "Dr. Royall, tell me frankly how it is with you in this hour of trial?" His reply was: "The good Lord, who has been with me all the way, is with me now, and is making his strength to abound in my weakness." It was the testimony of one of the strongest of those in his immediate circle that every one of them leaned hard upon him and upon his faith in that dark hour when mother went home.

The other experience has to do with those closing years and months when he was unable to leave his house, and finally, for more than two years, when he was unable to leave his bed. One of the strong spirits of our community said but a few days ago:

"When I go into Dr. Royall's room and witness the beautiful manner in which he conducts himself, I go out feeling that I am too insignificant for any use in the world. But, coupled with this feeling is also the burning desire to do something that is worth while."

What a testimony to the power and the value of simple, unpretentious goodness! No pulpit exposition or appeal could be so eloquent or so forceful. Those who have watched him in these days can never doubt that "God is, and that He is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him."

In his passing surely we may well cry, "My father, my father, the horsemen and the chariots of Israel!"

"The tumult and the shouting dies.—
The captains and the kings depart,—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

V

By J. W. BAILEY

Robert Browning sought for the burial of the great Grammarian the highest mountain-top.

"Here," said he—

"Here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosed,
Stars come and go.

Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

So might we seek the mountain-top for the resting-place of the body of our great teacher, save for the consideration that he was not only a great grammarian, but also a great soul, a great Christian, a true saint of God. The mountain-top is not for the end of such as he. Rather, here upon this moment in his progress, we recall the going over of Mr. Valiant in Bunyan's allegory. Gathered here on this side the river, we behold him passing into its waters saying, "O Death, where is thy sting?" and as they grow deeper, saying again, "O Grave, where is thy victory?" And as he reaches the other side, with a little exercise of that faith which was the life of his life and the soul of his soul, we may hear all the heavenly trumpets sounding. They are welcoming home one of the dearest of the children of God—at last into his Father's house; at last and forever into the arms of the unfailing Elder Brother. There is in those sounding trumpets not only the note of joyous welcome, but also the note of triumph. For that shining host recognize in him one who overcame the world, even as did his Master—one in whom proof of the power of grace was perfected even as it was in John Woolman and St. Bernard.

What a triumph of Christian grace this life was! What a challenge in our age when compromise, when half-dealings are the rule, when so great a multitude of Christians have struck their flags to earth's temptations.

I have said that Dr. Royall was more than a great grammarian. He was more than a great teacher of Greek. The man in the teacher, and the teacher in the man, were combined in a rare unity. His life was simple, as are all great lives. It is not difficult to delineate his character; but it is beyond mental power to appraise its value or to measure its force, or to pronounce its eulogy. Time itself will not suffice to put an end to his usefulness. His seed have been sown by all waters, and the harvest of him is for all generations.

As a teacher his predominant characteristics were understanding and gentleness.

He understood his subject. He had recaptured the spirit of the Greek language and literature. No man ever sat at his feet and thought of the Greek as a dead language. In him it had had a resurrection, and was as vital with truth and beauty as in the days of Plato and Sophocles. He understood his students. He knew how to bring forward the backward man and not less how to keep humble the more advanced. He understood his task. To teach Greek was not his purpose. None knew so well as he that his subject was souls, and his purpose that they might have life, and have it more abundantly. Time may erase the lessons in Greek, but the accumulating years serve only to increase and enlarge this teacher's impressions upon the soul.

And how gentle he was! His voice was musical with quietness and modesty. If ever he lifted it, I do not recall the incident. If ever he gave his pupils so much as a sharp glance of the eye, I have no recollection of it. If ever there was a manifestation of impatience, I did not observe it in the more than three years that he was my teacher. And yet his classroom was as decorous as a shrine. There was a quietness there, an earnestness there that savored of devotion. I wondered by what magic he achieved his discipline. By the restraint of force, he gave play to power. It was sufficient. Ten days in his classroom and the careless boy became the devoted student. I did not understand that when a stu-

dent, but years later I came upon David's song of praise to Jehovah, in which he said—

"And thy gentleness hath made me great."

Pondering upon the line a moment, I thought of my old teacher—the word "gentleness" brought him to mind, and I not only understood David's meaning, but for the first time apprehended the secret of Dr. Royall's power. It was the gentleness of great love.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out
of sight."

With his qualities as teacher were combined his qualities as a man; and of these the outstanding characteristics were purity of heart, humility, and consecration. But of these I may not speak here—for I have reached the limits of the time allotted me, and others have spoken of them.

We look backward a moment down the long course of his career. How straight is the path, how beautiful, how radiant! There could be but one terminus to such a path. This is the end of the journey, but not the end. On the other side all the trumpets are sounding. For every tear here there are ten thousand shouts of joy there.

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh,
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die."

VI

By A. PAUL BAGBY

And, now, what more can be said? The tributes which have been paid to Dr. Royall by these five men who knew him so well—these five men out of the multitude throughout the world, who in their hearts sing praises to God that this servant of His touched their lives—have been glorious and almost complete. I have never in my life heard the equal. What more, then, can I say?

My words have at least this weight: They are the words of one who knew Dr. Royall only in the years of his physical weakness. For just six and a half years I have been privileged to be his pastor. Of course I had already known before coming to Wake Forest of this great, good man. I had been a pupil of Dr. A. T. Robertson, the great Greek scholar, who himself had studied under and been inspired by this master of Greek. Yet, I saw him through the eyes of one who never sat in his classroom, or knew him in the years of strength's full bloom. The halo that was about his head for me was not one which was the result of years of personal touch. Yet, it was as truly real and glorious as any that human eyes could see. Yes, I knew him only a short time, but I honored and loved him without reserve.

I do not mention again his many elements of strength and glory—of God's strength and glory in him. These have been spoken of, and you know them so well. I am not even thinking now of his perfect joy and peace over on the other side. He has surely entered into that—God's perfect joy and peace. I was talking to him some time ago about that wonderful final part of the Apology of Socrates, after he was condemned to die, which reads in part:

"Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were, a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain.

"But if, on the other hand, death is a removal hence to another place, and what is said is true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I indeed should be willing to die often, if this be true. In other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal, if at least what is said is true.

"It is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to everyone but God."

I finished the reading. "What a leap Socrates took without the aid of any revelation save an inner one," I said. And Dr. Royall, the greatest Grecian of them all, quietly quoted: "But we know in whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day"; for he was also one of the greatest Christians of them all.

We can't help but think of his entering in, instead of his exodus. But, yet, this is not what comes to me with most force just now.

I am thinking rather of how he brightened the glory land when he went in Friday morning. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." The redeemed of the ages, the angels of heaven, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost rejoiced indeed to welcome our friend and helper and *their* friend and helper into the glory land. Heaven is brighter for them and brighter for us, because W. B. Royall is there.

The Torch Bearer

By G. W. PASCHAL

Our friend was like some towering giant oak,
Majestic, with its trunk and lofty crown
Of leaves, a joy to look upon; its shade
Fit place to ponder youthful hopes and fears,
But hiding in its mighty stem a scar,
Left sixty years ago by thunderbolt
Which tore one summer noon right through its top
And rent its bark and sap with ugly wound;
Such was our friend. A sturdy, healthy boy,
He shot up like an ash on mountain-side,
And reached heroic stature; but in that age
When youth are fairest, and their unrazored cheeks
Retain the blush with roses like a maid's,
He followed Beauregard amid the swamps
Of Ashley, to drive the foe into the sea;
And there, intent on following vantage up,
By day, by night, in thick pocosin drank
Fell swampish poisons, which confused his blood,
And with fierce fevers burned away
His manly, youthful vigor, and left his frame,
Though powerful still, yet weakened; wherefore all
His days he had to keep disease at bay
With healing waters, diet, and physicians' arts.
For sixty years he won the fight; but when
His full, ripe age was rounding on fourscore,
The insidious swamp-born fiend 'gan press him sore,
And first assailed his limbs, and brought him down
To staff and crutch; and then, unpitying, struck
With cataract and blindness both his eyes,
And stretched him on a bed of numbing pain,
Where full two years he lay. But grim disease
Was powerless to reach the inward citadel
Of his strong heart and brain; far safer these
Than Roman Capitol set about with foes,
What time from sleep awakened by cackling geese

Strong Manlius dashed the Gauls to steepest death,
And left the later Manlius proudest vaunt
With which he charged and slew that giant Celt,
And took his necklace; hence Torquatus called.
Nay, never lost he to his latest day
His quick, keen interest in human things:
What did the Briton? What the Turk and Moor?
And what his townsmen? Science, letters, men,
And all the problems of our human life
Were his concern; and pure he kept his heart
Through blind, dark years and grievous sufferings,
Unruffled, patient, meek, a Christian still,
Nor, like that Theban seer, Tiresias,
Flaring in anger at the Theban king,
Who passed unwitting to his own sad doom,
And jibed him with stinging, bitter iambic taunt
For being blind in eyes and ears and mind;
Unlike, again, to blind *Œdipus*' self,
Who cursed with curses not unfulfilled
Those brother-sons who turned him out of doors.
Our friend had gentler ways, and blessings fell,
Not curses, from his lips; and his dark days
Were filled with visions differing far from those
Tiresias saw, recalling that day in youth
When willing, unwilling, with unlawful eyes,
The effulgent, radiant beauty he stood to see
Of Pallas *Athene* bathing, and lost his sight.
More holy thoughts were his—the sanctities
And joys sincere of simple Christian life,
And visions of his Lord as He sat and taught
On flowering slopes of Galilean hills,
Or turned and saw and healed that trembling one
Who dared to touch His garment's hem;
Or when into His gracious arms He took
Those little children and blessings on them spoke.
Sometimes, like Paul, he climbed the very height
Of seventh heaven, and saw unlawful things
To mortal sight; with Cluny walked the hills
All jubilant with song and bright with throngs

Of angels, and sat in saintly councils; and stood
With John on Patmos and heard the voice of Him
Who walked among the mystic candlesticks,
Say tenderly: "Be faithful thou till death,
And I will give to thee a crown of life."
With visions such, and thoughts on holy things,
He nourished his waning days; sometimes he scanned
His life with backward look, and told his friends
His hopes, fears, aspirations, purposes,
Such as I here, in halting words, set forth:

I

The years roll on, my course is done;
And like the youths of old,
Who in relays their races run,
I've yearned a torch to hold;
But not to feel an olive bough,
The Olympic victor's coveted prize,
Rest cool upon my tired brow,
And hear my praises rise
In shouts of thousands, e'en as when
The fleet young Greck came from the goal
And heard his name, his city's fame,
Proclaimed in Pisa's roaring bowl.

II

'Twas Freedom's torch I first espied,
And grasped with eager hands;
"Press on! press on!" the fathers cried,
"Bear not the tyrants' bands."
And trusting maids hailed me their knight:
"Our champion thou! Beat back the foe."
And on I sped with all my might.
But blasts of hate did blow,
And blinding sleet of leaden hail
Beat down our runners, brave and stout,
And that good brand I held in hand,
The torch of Freedom, flickered out.

III

In ruined land, though sad my heart,
I heard fair Hope's soft call:
"Courage, arise, do manly part,
The past must not appall."
I raised her torch and showed its light
To those my comrades in their gloom;
It cheered them to spring up and fight,
Nor suffer abject doom.
They came, those resolute sons of war,
To train and win the art and power
To quicken men to strive again;
And Victory wreathed them with her flower.

IV

In reverential hands I took
Fair Learning's beacon ray;
For other there was none to look
Before, and guide the way
Where souls might swell with fuller life
In Greece's purer air, and know
The ardor of Homeric strife,
And *Cædipus*' tragic woe,
And drink thy fountains where they spring,
'Mid Muses' haunts, sweet *Hippocrene*!
Or lie beside wise *Plato*'s guide
With *Phædrus* on an Attic green.

V

The torch of Faith I've held in hand—
My Saviour gave it me;
Obedient to His blest command,
"Let shine," I willed to be—
The lamp I took in sacred trust,
A child, I've kept until this day;
To pleasant pastures of the just
It led with brightening ray;

And since my mortal eyes are dimmed,
And darkness shrouds me 'round,
Its strong, clear light dispels my night,
And guides my steps on holy ground.

VI

Sometimes I ponder on His word:
His glories 'round me break;
I'm walking near my gracious Lord
By Galilean lake.
Sometimes I see an angel band
Fly low across the purpling sky:
"Beloved of God! the day's at hand;
Rejoice, thy Lord is nigh!"
They pass, and leave me in my gloom:
But soon for me they'll hover down;
For through the dark I see a spark,
And by it gleams a crown! a crown!

Reminiscences and Personal Tributes

I

By J. L. KESLER

TO me Wake Forest College is not an institution. It is a spirit—a spirit incarnate in a group of men. I cannot think of Wake Forest apart from these men. I cannot think of these men apart from Wake Forest. They are Wake Forest to me. When I think of Wake Forest, I think of them—quiet, human, scholarly men—no sham or pretense, inseparable from a continuous consecration, their prestige not in their titles and degrees, but in themselves, their fruits, the good life, the unfailing contagion of courtesy, genuineness, the love of learning, and the love of one another.

Dr. W. B. Royall was one of these men—a teacher, so quiet, so unobtrusive, so apparently effortless and artless, and yet within the unhurried class period he got more work done, more discriminating and artistic clearing away of disturbing Greek obscurities, more insights fell into our muddled misunderstandings, more help in the hints and suggestions which we had to work out for ourselves, more effective teaching, than in any class with “efficiency” and “speed methods” that I have had the privilege of observing. He was an artist as a teacher.

As a man and a Christian, a quietness and loveliness, an entire naturalness and absence of pretense of any sort, gave one an impression of a reserve and sincerity rarely felt, and commanded a deep reverence and love from his students. I never knew a student, nor anyone else who knew him, who did not love Dr. W. B. Royall. His Christianity was inseparable from his life. The man and the Christian were one. To one who had never believed in Christianity before, belief came easy as he saw it in him. His life as he lived it in every unostentatious and kindly way, with characteristic unpretentious and unfailing interest in everything good to the end,

comes like a benediction to all of us who knew him and loved him in his prime. He was a good friend, a quiet scholar, a great teacher, a Christian so like Jesus that, as one recalls his life, a fuller and richer understanding of Christianity steals out of his memories like a new revelation. Him whose life made all life better for us we can never forget.

II

By A. T. ROBERTSON

Dr. Royall was a great teacher of the Greek language. He loved it, and that is essential if one is to win his students to love it also. The pretty terms in the Greek were not mere conceits with him, but fine distinctions that were worth while. Next to his rare scholarship, the outstanding feature of Dr. Royall is his saintliness. He did not pose as pious. It was not affectation with him. He was simply and genuinely spiritual. He lived with Christ and it showed in his words, his walk, his expression.

He expected his students to work, and that expectation was seldom disappointed. One year, I recall, while still a student with him, he was overworked and asked me to correct the exercises of one of the classes for him. I felt honored by his confidence in me, though I knew, of course, that he would look over my work to correct my mistakes. But it was a pleasure to me to know that I could lighten his burden even a little. I cherish his love and his memory as a blessing on my whole life.

III

By J. CLYDE TURNER

Thirty-two years ago, as a seventeen-year-old lad, I entered Dr. W. B. Royall's classroom for the first time. From that day he was my friend. As a teacher he inspired in me a love for the Greek language, so much so that I took a year's work under him which did not count on my course. But I came to admire him most as a Chris-

tian gentleman, the best representative of Christ I have ever known. I always felt that I wanted to do right when he was near.

I recall one occasion when this was impressed on me in a special way. One cold night some mischievous students removed the stovepipes and doors from all the classrooms. I suppose they thought this would mean the adjournment of all classes the next day. If so, they were disappointed, for the professors, wrapped in overcoats and mufflers, were in their places. Most of them passed the matter by with some light remark and went on with their classes. But when we came to Dr. Royall's room it was different. Thin and frail, he sat there in his usual place. When the students were seated he said (and there was a strange tremor in his voice), "Young gentlemen, I have always tried to have it comfortable for you here, but I couldn't do it this morning." His voice and manner were such that I felt that if I had been guilty I would have fallen on my knees then and there and asked his pardon. His very presence made one want to do right.

For several years I was out of the State and did not visit Wake Forest. When I came back Dr. Royall was more feeble, but still had a keen interest in the college and the outside world, especially his old students. I think he never forgot one of them. A little more than a year ago I went in to see him. In our conversation I told him I was going to Statesville, my old home, to hold a meeting. To my astonishment he called the names of the pastors of the three Baptist churches there.

I shall carry the blessings of the influence of this great and good man through the remaining years of my life. Heaven is a dearer place to me since Dr. Royall has gone over there.

IV

By HUBERT A. ROYSTER

The influence of Professor William B. Royall upon my life and my work is inestimable. He taught me patience, accuracy, love of truth, the spirit of justice. He led me to love the Greek language, its literature and its philosophy, with abiding love; for it has never left me and I am still pleading with students—and especially medical students—to court the Hellenic passion. It is the pleasant path to aristocracy of intellect, and even practical understanding in all science, all arts, all professions.

A personal example: Once in a competitive examination in medical school I happened to win because in answering a so-called "catch question" I made a stab at the derivation of a Greek root and got it. The examiner came up to me and asked where I had studied Greek. After I told him he said, "Well, you had a great teacher." Never shall I forget the embarrassment and yet the secret joy which Dr. Royall exhibited when some years afterward I related to him this incident.

There was something about Dr. Royall which breathed the very essence of the ancient Greeks. Nice, fine shades of meaning in thought and speech; love of learning for learning's sake; devotion to the good, the true, the beautiful—all these he exhibited in purest type. When he wrote he used Greek idioms; when he spoke, he formed Greek syntax. As he lived he proved the effect of a noble language and civilization upon a noble Christian character.

When I came to know Dr. Royall in later years and in different circumstances, I found the man himself within—a person of strong mentality, quick perception, infinite wit, and withal very human. To his last moments there was interest in things of the mind and heart, a selfless concern for men and affairs around him. He was not free from fire and fervor even then, but always gentle and just. Here was a man without guile.

V

By D. A. TEDDER

My recollection of Dr. Royall consists largely of four pictures:

1. Teaching Prep. Greek. He would look at a little note-book, find the name of a student, ask that student a question, and look earnestly to see what kind of looking fellow answered to that name.

2. Learning to ride the bicycle. I was rooming with J. D. Larkins at the old Hicks home. About daylight one morning I heard a fall against the front fence. Dr. Royall had "crashed" while learning to ride his new "safety" bicycle.

3. The perfection of his English while talking to a student.

4. His sadness when talking to an individual of his disappointment at having accomplished so little in the study of Greek as compared with what he had hoped to accomplish.

VI

By E. Y. WEBB

I knew Professor Royall for thirty-three years. I observed him during four years of my college life. He was a gentle, scholarly man. He always impressed me as being so pure in mind and heart that he never harbored in his kindly breast an evil thought.

He was an unusually patient teacher. I never saw him exhibit the slightest temper in his classroom or show impatience with a backward student. He took infinite pains in trying to teach his boys the difficult Greek language. Among the thousands of young men that he taught, I believe there is not one who did not love him almost unto veneration.

I visited him during his last long, sad illness. He bore his afflictions with beautiful Christian fortitude and never spoke of his illness unless directly asked about it. He

was a student and a scholar to the very end. In all my association with men for the last forty years I can point to no more beautiful, gentle, kindly Christian character. Indeed—

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

VII

By ROBERT H. MCNEILL

The histories of nations have been likened to the biographies of their great men. It is true that the greatness of nations is largely due to the preëminent qualities and virtues of the outstanding men who become the leaders of political, military, civic, or religious thought. So it is that the true eminence of states or their institutions is due to the high qualities of the leaders who give themselves devotedly to states or their worth-while institutions. Hardly do we remember, but for a fleeting day, the name of the man who simply acquires great wealth or fame, unless acquired or used in the service of the people. While there is an almost universal desire for wealth and power, yet he who acquires either and rests satisfied and fails to devote the life, thus enlarged, in capacity for service, to serving the needs of others, will pass from the scene of his activities without the lasting or loving recollection of his fellows. These are not mere platitudes, but truths of universal application.

Service is the badge of permanent honor and continuing appreciation. More and more is this being recognized, and less and less is the accumulation of wealth being treated as evidence of achievement worthy of emulation.

The real servant of mankind is he who gives himself, typifying the example of the Great Servant and Great Saviour. Surely our loved and lamented Dr. Royall followed this Great Exemplar and gave himself, and all of himself, to the youth of his country.

Thirty years ago, when this writer studied under him, Dr. Royall was in his physical and intellectual prime. He was distinguished in appearance, benevolent in manner, and always sweet and humble in spirit. His personality and life were unfailing sources of moral and intellectual uplift. The boys thought of him as one above other men in his nearness to the higher things of life and the spirit. They venerated him then, as succeeding classes did, year by year, because they had an instinctive feeling that he lived in an atmosphere above that of every-day mortals. His influence was touched with a divine spark.

Such was the influence of Dr. Royall's life for more than half of the college's history—for more than half a hundred years.

He served well his generation, and in doing so was a great servant of God.

"They serve God well
Who serve His creatures."

Wake Forest is wise to hold her great professors on duty to the end. Like Dr. Royall, many others have grown in wisdom and grace as their years have increased. In paying our tributes of love and reverence to the memory of Dr. Royall, it seems fitting that we should also recognize anew the debts so many of us owe him and his faculty associates who labored with him. In their noble and unselfish service to others they have builded with infinitely more wisdom than those whose aims and ambitions have been to serve only themselves.

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The Editor's Portfolio

In Memoriam

The expansion of cultural education, just as economic, industrial, or territorial expansion, has its pioneers and heroes, and in the front ranks of these pioneering heroes stood the late Dr. William Bailey Royall. His name will be honored and his memory will be fresh through the coming years, while others strive to carry on the banner that he lifted. For sixty-two years Dr. Royall occupied a place on the teaching staff of his Alma Mater. He was the last of the "Old Guard," of which Wake Forest is so justly proud. Half a century ago, when Dr. Wingate, as president, steered the College through the breakers after the Civil War, he had as his supporters Professors Simmons, Taylor, Mills, and Dr. William B. Royall—a galaxy of teachers, pioneers of the noblest type, such as are seldom found in the history of any institution. Dr. Royall is also the last of the Class of 1861, except Council S. Wooten.

After four years of service in the Confederate Army, most of which time was spent under Robert E. Lee, Dr.

Royall and a few others struggled to resume the work that had been for four years discontinued at Wake Forest College. In his reminiscences of these days he speaks lovingly of "the peerless Lee," of the formation of friendships that were to play such an important part in his later life, and of the struggle that he made for his Alma Mater. At no time, however, does a tone of conceit or self-importance creep into his reminiscences.

To the present student body this great teacher is little known, personally, but those of us who have seen classes of students on their way up Faculty Avenue toward the teacher's home have longed for such an opportunity as called them thus upon a pleasant pilgrimage, eager for the contact that brought a richer current into their lives. Now this loving pilgrimage of the students has been finished and the true pilgrimage of the teacher has begun. He now belongs to the ages, but the current that he set in motion sweeps onward and bathes the world in a wave of mystic beauty and tangible utility that is not transient. To the memory of him—the student, soldier, teacher, philosopher, and friend—we lovingly dedicate this issue of *THE STUDENT*.

Explanation For some years it has been the custom of *THE STUDENT* to publish memorial issues dedicated to the memory of those great teachers who served the College through a long period of time. Many men have given the better part of their lives faithfully to the College, but there are those who stand as beacon lights along the road over which Wake Forest has advanced. Memorial issues have been dedicated to John Bethune Carlyle (1858-1911), who was assistant professor of languages in Wake Forest College, 1888-91, and profes-

sor of Latin language and literature, 1891-1911; Charles E. Taylor (1842-1915), professor of philosophy in Wake Forest College, 1870-1915, and president, 1885-1905; Luther Rice Mills (1840-1920), professor of mathematics in Wake Forest College, 1867-1907, and bursar, 1876-1907; John F. Lanneau (1836-1921), professor of physics and applied mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1890-99, and professor of applied mathematics and astronomy, 1899-1921.

In this issue, dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. William Bailey Royall, we are making some changes from our regular issues. We are eliminating the Exchange department and the Notes and Clippings. We are also using the standard cover only on the usual issue, while a thousand extra copies, printed for distribution among the alumni, carry the standard design on a white background instead of the gold.

Alumni Notes

R. PAUL CAUDILL, *Editor*

Dr. George W. Paschal (B.A., 1892), Professor of Greek Language and Literature in Wake Forest College, who for many years was intimately associated with Dr. W. B. Royall, first as pupil and later as professor, contributed the biographical sketch which appears as the first article in this issue of *THE STUDENT*. Dr. Paschal received the Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago in 1900. He was Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek in Wake Forest College, 1896-99; Associate Professor, 1906-11, and Professor since 1911. He is engaged in writing a history of Wake Forest College, several chapters of which have already appeared in the quarterly Bulletin of the College. He is also engaged in writing a history of the Baptists of North Carolina.

* * *

The first five of the memorial addresses of this issue were made by alumni of Wake Forest College.

The first address is by Dr. William Louis Poteat (B.A., 1877; M.A., 1889), Professor of Biology and President Emeritus of Wake Forest College, who was given the honorary degree of LL.D. by Baylor University in 1905, by the University of North Carolina in 1906, and by Brown University in 1927. Dr. Poteat has been Professor of Biology in Wake Forest since 1883, and was president for twenty-two years, 1905-27.

Dr. James W. Lynch (M.A., 1888; D.D., 1902), who made the second address, has been Professor of the Bible in Wake Forest College since 1923. He was pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church and chaplain of the College, 1899-1909, with the exception of one year, when he was pastor at Roanoke, Va. During the first three years after he left Wake Forest in 1909 he was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Durham, and then pastor of the First Baptist Church, Athens, Ga., until his return to Wake Forest College as Professor of the Bible in 1923.

Dr. R. T. Vann (B.A., 1873; D.D., Furman University), who served as pastor at Wake Forest, 1883-89, and was president of Meredith College, 1900-15, made the third of the memorial addresses.

The next address is by Dr. W. R. Cullom (M.A., 1892; Th.D., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1903; D.D., Richmond College, 1915), who has been Professor of the Bible in Wake Forest College since 1896.

Mr. J. W. Bailey (B.A., 1893), distinguished attorney of Raleigh, made the fifth of the addresses. Mr. Bailey was editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, 1893-1907.

Dr. A. Paul Bagby, pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church and chaplain of the College, made the final memorial address. Dr. Bagby received the B.A. degree from Richmond College in 1898, the M.A. degree in 1899, and the Th.D. degree from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1906. He has recently resigned the pastorate at Wake Forest, which he has held since 1921, and will go to Wilson as pastor of the First Baptist Church the first of next June.

* * *

The "Reminiscences and Personal Tributes" of this issue were contributed by seven well-known alumni of the College: Dr. J. L. Kesler, of Vanderbilt University; Dr. J. Clyde Turner, of Greensboro; Dr. A. T. Robertson, of Louisville, Kentucky; Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh; Mr. D. A. Tedder, of Shelby; Judge E. Yates Webb, of Shelby, and Mr. R. H. McNeill, of Washington, D. C.

* * *

Dr. J. L. Kesler (B.A., 1891), of Vanderbilt University, is one of the ablest members of the distinguished class of '91. He has spent his life in the classroom. His first love was Biology, and he taught that subject successively at Howard-Payne College, Brownwood, Texas; William Jewell College; the Baptist Female University (Meredith College); Georgetown, Ky., and Baylor University. In 1902 he became a member of the faculty of Vanderbilt University as Professor of Religious Education. For religion is a subject in which Dr. Kesler has also specialized, both in a practical and technical way. In every field in which he has labored Dr. Kesler has exercised great influence in the policies of his denomination. Before associations and conventions he is a master; he is most effective when some great theme or occasion calls out his powers.

* * *

Dr. J. Clyde Turner (B.A., 1899) has for many years been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Greensboro, where at almost every service his auditorium is crowded to capacity. Under his leadership this church and the Baptist cause in Greensboro have had phenomenal development. Dr. Turner knows how to organize and to secure the coöperation of all, young and old, in the work of the church. But it is the rare quality of his preaching that especially distinguishes him. He has an attractive personality and a pleasing bodily presence; his voice, though not strong, carries to every one in his large congregation, and is sweet, flexible, and sympathetic; his manner is modest; his sincerity manifest. His sermons are short but adequate discussions of his themes, and are in clear and simple language, often with brilliant illustrations. They are not primarily theological, nor designed to settle ephemeral disputes of a denominational or sectarian character, but they are adapted to quicken his hearers to vital impulses, and make them alive to spiritual

things. His words go to the heart of people of all ages and degrees of intellectual power and culture who come in throngs to hear him preach. And they come because there is in his preaching a spirituality for which the hearts of men are always hungry.

* * *

Dr. Hubert A. Royster (B.A., 1891), has for more than a third of a century been one of the foremost physicians and surgeons of the State. While a student of the college he was prominent in his society, the Euzellian, and in all kinds of student activities. He was an enthusiastic athlete, playing in 1888 as quarter-back in the first intercollegiate football game ever played in the State, that between Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina at Raleigh on Fair week. He was also a member of the baseball team which had a part in making that game an intercollegiate sport in the State; in this he played in the field, and in 1891 helped win the game from the University, in Raleigh, by mounting the fence and "smearing" what would have been a home run. This interest in athletics he still maintains, and plays no mean game of golf, and sometimes writes on the subject, his "To Golf or Not to Golf," which appeared in the "Golf" magazine, being a classic. He was the first prominent alumnus to come to the help of the college athletic management in the effort to secure the Walters property, 155 acres, which was bought primarily that the College might have land for athletic development, and on which are now the golf links and Gore Athletic Field. For the purchase price he made a contribution of \$500, and by the promise of his coöperation in raising the remainder, gained the approval of the Board of Trustees for the enterprise. The land was bought, but soon after our country entered the war, which put an end to the campaign for funds. It was quite fitting that he should establish the "Royster Athletic Medal," given each year to the graduate who has the best scholastic record among those of the class who have been members of the athletic teams of the College. Dr. Royster studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and reflected honor on Wake Forest by the excellent preparation he showed. Here, too, he took part in student activities, being a member of the glee club of the University. Dr. Royster's professional services and attainments are well known, and need not be discussed here. He loves the College and has high ideals for it; he would have its students be excellent in scholarship, clean and manly in their lives, and of high aspiration—and he believes in pure athletics.

* * *

Mr. D. A. Tedder (B.A., LL.B., 1898) is now an attorney of Shelby, N. C. Since his graduation Mr. Tedder has divided his time between the practice of law and literary work. He keeps a warm place in his heart for the College, and has warm personal friendship for such members of the faculty as he knew when a student here.

E. Yates Webb (B.A., 1893) is judge of the United States Court of the Western District of North Carolina. He has had a long and honorable political career. Soon after his graduation he was sent by his native county, Cleveland, to the State Legislature, as representative in 1898 and as senator in 1900. In 1902 he was elected to the National House of Representatives, a position which he held until his appointment to his present position in 1919. As a congressman Mr. Webb served with much ability and distinction, being chairman of several of the most important committees of the House, among them the Judiciary Committee. He was the author of the so-called "Webb" law, the anti-liquor law that was the forerunner of the Eighteenth Amendment, and he had a leading part in working the resolution for submitting that amendment through the House of Representatives. He was also the author of a law for protecting American commerce against pools and combinations of foreigners, which law is also known as the "Webb" law, and has proved most valuable to our business interests. Along with his distinction in the service of the State and Nation his friends like to think of him as a man. His frankness, cordiality, his courage and unswerving integrity of character, are dear to all who know him, and have won for him general admiration, even among his political opponents. Perhaps no Democrat has taken more pleasure in Mr. Webb's career than has Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, a Republican, and a man of like character with Mr. Webb.

* * *

Mr. R. H. McNeill (B.A., LL.B., 1897) soon after his graduation began the practice of law in Washington, D. C., where he has attained much prominence in his profession. In his student days he was already showing those qualities—ability, courage, industry, loyalty to his friends and to his convictions—which have since characterized him. His loyalty to the College is manifested in his sending his son to be a student of it, and in furthering its interests as opportunity offers. He is vice-president of the general Alumni Association.

* * *

Mr. Robert E. Royall (B.A., 1870), the only surviving son of Dr. William Royall, and brother of the late Dr. W. B. Royall, has been president and manager of the Royall Cotton Mills of Wake Forest since they were established in 1900. Since 1891 he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the College, in which position he has rendered invaluable service. In the Wake Forest Baptist Church he has been one of the most prominent and influential members. With the exception of short periods he has resided at Wake Forest all his life, where he and his family have contributed most largely and most helpfully to the social, political, educational, and religious activities of the town.

Dr. H. A. Brown (B.A., B.Ph., 1871) is pastor emeritus of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem. For several years he has been contributing a series of religious and devotional articles to the *Biblical Recorder*. He was one of the first students to register in the College after the Civil War, in January, 1866, and was a member of the first class in Greek taught in the College by Dr. W. B. Royall.

* * *

Mr. John B. Brewer (B.A., 1868, M.A., 1871) has for several years made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Claude Gore, of Rockingham. He also was one of the students of the first term after the Civil War and a member of the first Greek class of Dr. W. B. Royall. He has had a long and distinguished career as an educator, having been president of both Chowan College and of Danville Woman's College. Under his administration Chowan College had perhaps the most brilliant and successful period in its history.

* * *

Mr. Council Simmons Wooten (B.A., 1861) is the only surviving member of his illustrious class, now that Dr. W. B. Royall is no more. He is well known all through the eastern portion of the State, and is regarded by all who know him with love and veneration and pride. He has had quite a distinguished career. Soon after the Civil War he studied law in the famous school of Judge Richmond Pearson, at Richmond Hill. He has pursued the profession of law both in North Carolina and in Texas, where he resided for several years in Fort Worth and Comanche. But he has been very hard to wean from his first love, the plantation. As often as the Wake Forest alumni have a meeting in his reach he is there, and by his presence and words adds to the joy of the occasion.

* * *

Dr. A. T. Robertson (M.A., 1885) almost since his graduation has been at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., first as a student, and later as Professor of New Testament Greek. His "Grammar of New Testament Greek" established his place among the foremost scholars of the world in that subject. Dr. Royall regarded Dr. Robertson as the brightest flower of his labors as a teacher of Greek.

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The Wake Forest Student

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Wake Forest College*

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No. 8

Ad Magistrum

By BENJAMIN SLEDD

*For he was a priest to us all,
Of the wonder and bloom of the world.*

I

"Socrates was a madman; Plato, his dupe;
Xantippe was a martyr and a saint;
Athens was justified."—So had decreed
We Junior Greeks, in solemn council met;
And even Ranunculus, our grind of grinds,
Who lived on stems and roots and aorists
And read Homer's long strings of ships and lands
With the same zest as Hector done to death
By brute Achilles and more brutal gods,—
Nay, even he, the whisper got abroad,
In some unguarded moment had confessed
Plato's Republic was at times obscure
And, now and then, the Dialogues prolix!

Yet here was Socrates come back to earth,
Yea, in the very flesh; and, still more strange,
Not Greek he spoke and taught, but Latin now;
And Forum, Capitol, and Palatine
He made real as our Virginia Hills;
Himself beloved as never Master was,
In Academe or yet by Tiberside,—
Hands ever reached to lifted hands below
And heart made younger by the touch of time.

Spite of these forty years, I see him now
 As first I saw him on that autumn day,
 Slouching along the College walk alone,
 A grey-clad figure, virile, loose-knit, stooped,
 With stout oak stick across his shoulders laid,
 Hands clasping either end. And how he paused,
 His keen blue eyes twinkling with kindliness,
 And greeted us, a silent, helpless herd
 Huddled about the Chapel door,—his lambs
 He called us, waiting for the shears!
 And his we were, henceforth—following his voice
 Whither he would; thorny and rough at times
 The way might be, and shorn even to the quick
 Our tender fleece; nay, all but skinned alive,
 When round and round our stupid ears he sent
 His keen-edged wrath; but following to the last
 The Shepherd we had come at once to trust
 And by and by to love.

And how we trooped
 Daily a motley flock through the great doors,
 Down a dark narrow hall, then up a stair
 And down another hall, into his room.
 Here, tilting back his chair against a desk
 That served no other use, some well-worn books
 Piled on a table at his left, he sat,—
 With spectacles pushed up a wide white brow,
 And in his hand a pencil stub that rolled,
 Of its own motion, hourlong back and forth.

II

Latin!—it was his very meat and drink.
 Vergil!—sum of the beautiful, the true, the good.
 Horace!—an heritage for the elect alone.

In season fit the poets must be read,
 The Master never wearied telling us.
 Horace was ripe for autumn's mellow moods;
 The *Æneid* for winter and its strenuous sports;
 The *Georgics* when the blood's alive with spring.

Vergil came first. And how the Master stormed
Against the senseless ways of pedagogues!
Not milk for babes nor pap for dolts, these lines,
But meat and wine for men who marched and fought.
And while he read, as Romans *should* have read,
We listened, wondering if the strange new words
Stumbled and grumbled over by each in turn,
As on the steps we huddled in the sun
And waited for the bell,—were these the same?
Now pulsing, thrilling, with the rhythmic strength
Of marching legions; skimming now as light
As Dian's feet glimpsed in a moonlit glade;
Now rumbling out the wrath of prisoned winds,—
Were these the same?—And in our rooms once more
We agonized to ape the Master's way,
And mouth and beat the Poet's music forth.

III

Latin he taught us, yet his restless mind
Had made his own the best of every land.
With Grecians he could be a very Greek;
Untie for Germans knotty lines in Faust;
Resolve the Orphic mists of Emerson
Into the sunlit dew, or school our ears to hear
The prophet's voice in ravings of Carlyle.

Prowlers in alcoves soon he made us all,—
Tasters of books, drinkers at fountain-heads
Of poesy and myth and fairy lore;
A chance-fallen word sending us voyaging
With Keats and Shelley over magic seas;
Trafficking the Laureate's golden-minted lines;
Even venturing into thorn-hedged Browning-land,
And finding many a princess waiting there
Only the strong, true knight to break the spell.

Poets and stars had made in the old days,
The Master said, a goodly fellowship;
And straight I grew a watcher of the skies,

Devourer of everything about the stars;
And saw arise new heavens and a new earth,
Standing night after night on Culvert Knoll
To watch the Bear, with all her mighty train,
From winter sleep emerged, sweep round and up
The spacious North, till great Arcturus burned
A twilight beacon on the eastmost hill,
Bidding the Roman husbandman, of old,
As now the Italian peasant, sow his seed.

IV

Untraveled and home-keeping all his life,
Daily he conjured up some storied place,
Seen as with living eye; yet over all,
The light of long ago and far away.

One asks about the Claudian aqueduct:
Behold it, not with shattered bases fouled
By noisome weeds and poison-reeking pools,
But as the lonely wayfarer sees it still,
Some April sunset from the Appian way,
Yonder across the darkening Roman Plain,—
Its mighty arches in their broken march,
Spectral and gray, against the purpling hills.

The Forum? Still majestic in its ruin,—
Not utter desolation, stark and bare
Even of the shroud of turf and flower and tree
The long unhindered years had woven round
The ghost of Ancient Rome; but seen as now
On moonlit summer nights,—the Palatine,
Down leaning broken walls and cypress-trees,
Filling the emptiness with marble's gleam
And restless shadow-shapes, till once again
Fancy builds up rostra and temple and arch;
And palace looming, front over pillared front,
A cloud-like glory against the midnight sky.

Was it a Sunday-evening Bible class
(For gladly would he teach and gladlier serve)
Down with the River folk at Beechenbrook?
Today we come to well-loved Galilee,
And, lo, the dark-blue lake breaks on our sight,
The solitudes around spotted with herds,
The little white-faced towns, the blazing sands,
Darkened all day with fisher gear and craft;
The grimy boats at sunset putting forth,
All night under the hard, cold Syrian moon
(Even now emerging wraith-like from the hills),
To toil in silence; to return at dawn
With empty nets and hear from shore a voice
None disobeys—"Put down your nets once more."

V

Companionship!—Not Socrates himself
More loved to find an ear wherein to pour
The exhaustless overflowings of his soul;
And happy was the young man chosen in turn
To share the old man's walks down Whistle Creek,
To ramble homeward by the River Cliffs,
Or watch sunset and moonrise from the slopes
Of Brushy Hills.

Secrets of wood and field,
Who knew so well? Who better understood
The patient mastery of beast and bird?
The hermit thrush sang to him unafraid;
The chipmunk, starting at its own shadow, came
Daily a pensioner of his conjuring hand;
Nor surer was the truant boy to know
Where the wild grapes last hid in winter woods
Or first the arbutus told shyly of spring.

And argument!—Not Socrates himself
Could surelier mesh his victim round and round
With logic's subtle web, then set him free
With one swift, mocking stroke of keen-edged wit.
And at the staid old "Franklin" once a week

The Master ranged at will over the field,
His errant spear toppling antagonist
After antagonist into the dust;
Or, lacking other foe, with point reversed,
Would charge and grandly overthrow himself!

VI

How had the Master's eyes lighted and laughed
That day I ventured first to approach his chair,—
Bringing half-hidden a worn old book, nameless,
With only "Carminum" on the hither page,
And on the other "Liber," one to four;
A treasure dug up from the attic waste
And guarded through the years how jealously,
Safe hidden at night from even old Milly's eyes
And daily smuggled out to fields and woods
Where none was by to mock; and pored upon
Till word and verse and stanza were learned by heart,
Their meaning still unguessed, but woven round
On every page with fancy's magic web.

But now the Master smiles and turns the leaves
One after one with loving touch, as though
He, too, had found a treasure without price.
At once the book is made a subtle bond
That more and more draws age and youth together,—
Something outside of learning's daily round;
Life to be shared under the wayside trees
And in our walks far in the lonely hills;
And as the Master chants some favorite ode,—
With hand and voice alike interpreting,—
It is the Poet speaks; and now we stand
With Horace on a festal day and watch
Pontifex, with silent Vestal Virgin by,
Ascend the Capitol,—told in a line
That can alone bring back Rome and her gods;
Or yet we climb past Tibur's tangled shades,
And, lo, that line of Sabine hills unbroken
Save by one shady valley, sheltered round

At once from winter's rain and summer's sun,
 The cool *Digentia* murmuring down amidst,
 With garden, never-failing spring, and wood
 Haunted alike by Poet and by Pan;
 And house where neither gold nor ivory gleams,
 But holy hearth with seasoned fagots piled,
 The shining *Lares* and the unbought feast;
 Or, summer past, *Soracte* standing there
 All white with snow, his groaning pines low bent,—
 Glanced at by Horace as he turns and bids
 Grave *Thaliarchus* heap the hearth with logs
 And melt the cold and pour, with warmer cheer,
 From Sabine jar, the vintage four years old,
 Gladly committing to the Gods the rest.

VII

After a bitter week of rain and cold,
 One sunny morning, wandering out of Rome
 As chance might lead (*Horace* will tell you how),
 I blundered on that perfect solitude,
 All cypresses and tombs—*St. Gregory's*,
 Outside the walls; and round and round I climbed
 The mound amidst; at length to stand atop
 In breathless wonder—could it be?—to find
 The vision I had sought in vain how long—
 Yonder far to north, that whiteness glimpsed
 Against the blue; and at my side to hear
 The Master's long since silent voice entone
 "*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum*
Soracte"—not in old-time wistfulness
 Of life-long yearnings unfulfilled, but now
 As one who says: "Together we have seen!"

And when the noonday bell had called away
 Laborer and loiterer from the walks and graves,
 I heaped the marbles of a ruined tomb
 Into a witness of that hour.

And now

Take these poor offerings, Master, from the hands
 Of one to whom thy saving hands reached down:
 Hail, Master; and, a little while, farewell!

Answer, "I Do"

By W. A. SULLIVAN, JR., '28

I HAD spent a week of my summer vacation on Mr. Wrenn's farm, which is located in the mountainous district of Western North Carolina, but nothing of interest had happened during the whole time I had been there. I was beginning to tire of the quiet and sameness of the farm, and so had planned to spend the remaining few days that I had "off" in a resort town about forty miles away.

Mr. Wrenn was a fairly prosperous farmer—far above the average in his community—who insisted that I spend part of my vacation with him and his family each summer, and I had done so for the past three years.

It was about nine o'clock at night; he and I were sitting on his front porch dozing. Neither of us had spoken a word for five minutes or more, and I was just getting ready to go up to my room and start packing my suitcase, when, with startling suddenness, the telephone inside the hall rang one "long" and two "shorts."

"That's for you, Mr. Wrenn," I said. He awoke with a start, got up from his chair and, yawning, went inside the house to answer the phone.

"Say, Bill, how'd you like to go to a wedding tonight?" asked my host, as he came out on the porch again a few minutes later. "A feller just now phoned to me, and he says that they's a couple that wants me to meet 'em at Mount Zion Church about ten o'clock tonight and marry 'em. Would you mind driving me over there? It ain't but 'bout seven mile over in the Hatches settlement."

"Why, surest thing, Mr. Wrenn," I answered. "I'll be glad of the chance to get to drive you over and take in a swell wedding at the same time. But you're no preacher. How can you marry 'em?"

"I'm justice of the peace in this district. I thought you knewed that. I marry on an average of two or three couples a month. Get out my car, and I'll go in the house and get my law book, an' we'll be ready to start."

So I got out his car while Mr. Wrenn was getting ready to go, and in a short while we were on our way to the scene of the wedding.

It was a dark, cloudy night, and the road over which we had to go was extremely rough. So it took me fully half an hour to get to the church where we were supposed to meet the couple who wanted to get married. We drove up and stopped in front of a little country church set in the midst of a large grove of oak trees.

Not a sound could be heard, except the chirping of insects and the calls of a distant hoot-owl, nor was anybody there to get married. We waited around—thinking every minute somebody would surely come—for almost an hour; but still no one came. Finally, I began to think that we were either the victims of a practical joker or else some enemy of Mr. Wrenn's had lured him to this lonely spot with the intention of foul play. And the more I thought about the latter possibility, the more plausible of the two it became. Because I had heard much about feuds that were still carried on between certain families in mountainous sections, and only that day I had read a newspaper account of a farmer being shot by an unknown person while on his way home. The thoughts of being shot or clubbed to death by some heartless mountaineer were not at all pleasant, and I discovered by this time that my desire of an hour before for excitement had subsided quite a bit. Already I could picture the commotion that the finding of our dead bodies would cause the next morning. All this time I was trying to convince Mr. Wrenn that we had come out on a wild-goose chase, and so, finally, we decided to return home and face the dangers that might be lurking by the roadside at any place on our way back.

I started the automobile motor and was just ready to move off when I heard a deep, gruff voice to one side of the car call out:

"Hold on thar, jes' a minit!"

My fears had been confirmed, I thought, and my first impulse was to make one last desperate effort to escape by throwing on all the power of the car and fleeing. But then I thought of the bad roads and knew that this would be folly. So I cut off the motor and waited for the owner of the voice that we had heard from the inky darkness to appear.

"Howdy, Squire. Sam figgered you'd be up fer leaving if he didn't git here purty soon. So's I cum on afoot to keep ye from going back to hum 'fore him and his gal cud git here," said a tall, unshaven, lanky mountaineer, who, by this time, was in the range of the lights of our car. He looked to be about twenty-five or thirty years old.

"Why, hello there, Jim!" said Mr. Wrenn. "What's the idea of keeping a man waiting like this in th' middle uv the night? I thought somebody was hankering after gettin' hitched up. Was it you that called me on the phone?"

"Naw, thet wa'n't me," was the reply. "It 'uz Sam Taylor. Him and Nat Baker's gal's gonna git hitched up, if he kin pack hef over here 'thout her ol' folks ketchin' on. That's th' reason he hain't here now. 'Cause he had ter wait 'til the ol' man an' his wife got off ter bed. Ye know, they's powerful sot agin Sam er marryin' 'er, but Sam, he driv over ter Montville terday atter th' licenses, and all hell and high water cain't keep 'em frum gittin' married now. He said fer me to foot it over here through this "gap" an' tell ye he'd be on in his ortermobile soon's he cud, if you'd wait that long."

It seemed that Mr. Wrenn was acquainted with my would-be assassin; so my fears began to vanish and I began to catch the spirit of the approaching wedding.

"How ol' you say this Baker girl is, Jim?" asked Mr. Wrenn of the newcomer.

"I 'low as how she orter be goin' on sixteen years ol'. Sam told 'em over ter Montville she 'uz eighteen, when he got the licenses. But I know better'n 'at. She's smart as a brier, though, an' she'll make Sam a hard-workin' woman, I figger. Ain't nair one o' them Baker gals knowed nothin' else but hard work sence they 'uz borned."

After waiting for fully another half hour, we saw a dim light appear on top of a wooded rise, which seemed to be about a mile away. It moved slowly at first. But as it began to descend to the valley below along its zigzag course its speed increased and it became so dim that it could hardly be seen. After a few minutes a familiar rattle and the irregular firing of a car could be heard down in the valley below us. And soon the disturber of the peaceful mountains began to make its ascent to the top of the ridge where we were waiting. The one light which the car possessed would flare up brightly for an instant, then die down to a faint red glow. The gasping of the engine could plainly be heard now. Only two of the cylinders seemed to be firing, and the other two would take intervals of spasmodic back-firing, which resounded like shots from a gun against the surrounding mountainsides. But in spite of the opposition given to the two faithful cylinders by their shirking brothers, they struggled feebly but steadily on, as if they sensed the great responsibility that rested upon them and dared not fail their master and mistress-to-be on such an important occasion. Finally, with one last heroic effort, the shaking, squeaking, wheezing ancient automobile rolled into the churchyard and died a natural death. White clouds of steam were pouring forth from the radiator of the car.

Its occupants, a medium-built man in a pair of new overalls and a rather robust mountain girl dressed in a plain gingham and calico dress, alighted from their limousine without the assistance of a footman and came rather bashfully up to our car. The bridegroom led the way and the bride followed a few feet behind him.

"So you're the fellow that's bin keepin' me waitin' out here for the last three hours, are you?" asked Mr. Wrenn as the mountaineer came up.

"I wouldn't of kep' yer waitin' so fer sech a long spell, but it jes' couldn't be help," answered the bridegroom. "I hed a little trouble with my cyar. Hit hain't bin runnin' good fer two or three days now. Gonna git Ed Mickey to do some work on it soon's I git a chanct."

"Alright; we won't argue 'bout that now," said Mr. Wrenn. "Let's see your license."

The mountaineer handed the important document to the magistrate without saying anything.

"Well, I guess it's all right," said Mr. Wrenn, after glancing over the paper; "so there ain't nothin' for me to do but marry you. Do you want to go inside the church?"

"Naw, right out here's good enough far's I'm concerned, if ye kin see by yer cyar lights."

The girl, who had been standing silently a few feet back of her future husband, now gave a step forward, touched his elbow, and whispered something to him.

"She wants to go inside thar," said the man, pointing to the church.

"Shore! Anyway suits me," said Mr. Wrenn. "Jim, go and see if it's unlocked, and light a lamp."

The door was unlocked, and soon a dim gleam of light beamed feebly out the door and windows. So the four of us, Mr. Wrenn and I in front and the bride and groom behind, slowly felt our way through the grove up to the door of the small, unpainted wooden structure. An oil lamp on a wall bracket furnished all the light that we had.

When the couple who were to be married got just inside the church door the man stopped and said to Mr. Wrenn:

"Wal, I reckon this here's fur enuff."

So they stopped in the aisle and Mr. Wrenn read the marriage ritual from a law book which he had been carrying under his arm. When he finished reading the clause directed to the girl he said to her, "Answer, 'I do.'"

The girl, in a high-pitched, frightened voice, repeated after him, "Answer I do."

I became somewhat amused at this, but succeeded in controlling my mirth until after the wedding was over.

When the pair had been pronounced "man and wife," the bride looked up at her husband, gave a little giggle, and followed him out into the darkness.

Mr. Wrenn and I started toward our car, and just as we reached it the form of the newly-wed husband came in view.

"Hold on thar a minit, Squire. I purty nigh forgot to pay ye fer yer trouble. How much is it?"

"Oh, 'bout three dollars, I reckon," said Mr. Wrenn, getting in the car.

The man hesitated a moment before saying anything.

"Wall—er, I'll have ter git ye ter wait on me fer a dollar uv it. I jes' got two dollars, atter payin' fur them licenses."

"Well, that bein' the case, they won't be no charges," said Mr. Wrenn, "and here's five dollars to go on a weddin' tour."

The mountaineer looked down towards the ground for a moment, slowly reached for the bill that Mr. Wrenn was holding, crammed it in the pocket of his new overalls, shook Mr. Wrenn's hand, and walked away without speaking another word.

Studies in Philosophic Thought

I

Behaviorism

By EDWARD HARRIS KEMP, '28

BEHAVIORISM can trace its beginning to the work done in animal psychology during the first decade of the twentieth century. In an article on "Behaviorism" published in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, C. Lloyd Morgan, the British psychologist, is given as the real founder of our American school of animal psychology. Thorndike was one of the pioneers in America, and after him came Yerkes, Davis, Porter, Watson, and others. All of these psychologists, beginning with Morgan, thought that animals should be studied through the method of observation under controlled conditions throughout their life span, but they objected to the interpretation of the actions and responses of the animals according to subjective terms of human behavior. The rich results obtained led to similar studies in man as a member of the animal kingdom. Swift, Lashley, and Ruger were some of the earlier psychologists who became interested in this work.

The behavioristic theory was first presented, however, by John B. Watson in his two papers, "Psychology as the Behaviorist Views It" (1913) and "Image and Affection in Behavior" (1913), and in his book, "Behaviorism—An Introduction to Comparative Psychology" (1914). In these works Watson used the terms, "behaviorism," "behavioristic," and "behaviorist," for the first time.

Behaviorism, as defined by John B. Watson in his volume, "Behaviorism," published in 1925, is the study of the "behavior or activities of the human being." The contrast between this theory and the old structural, or Titchenerian, psychology is first seen in the subject-matter of the two. The old psychology held that "mind" or "consciousness" was the subject-matter of psychology.

Quoting Watson again, "Behaviorism claims that 'consciousness' is neither a definable nor a usable concept." He goes on to say, "So far in his objective study of man no behaviorist has observed anything that he can call consciousness, sensation, perception, imagery, or will." Not finding them, he has reached the conclusion that these terms should be dropped. In the introduction to his book, "Behaviorism," Watson says: "In approaching subjective psychology for the first time, the reader meets with one great difficulty. He comes in from the world of things—a world which he can manipulate, hold up, examine, and change about. When he comes to subjective psychology he leaves all this behind; he has to face a world of intangibles, a world of definitions, and it takes him weeks to find out what this kind of psychology is about. Because behavioristic psychology deals with tangibles, the reader sees no break between his physical, chemical, and biological world and his newly-faced behavioristic world."

The behaviorist, then, began to work with tangible things, observable things—the actions of human beings. He discarded subjective terms such as sensation, affection, perception, and even emotion and thinking as they had been defined. For the behaviorist thinking is a purely objective act, in fact, a muscular response. The muscular activity is talking, either aloud or sub-vocally. The behaviorist says that there is no essential difference in talking and thinking, that the same muscles are employed in the latter as in the former, to a slight degree at least. The behaviorist, since he does not recognize "consciousness" as existent, observes in human conduct only the physical stimulus and the physical response.

In his article, "What the Nursery Has to Say About Instincts," published in "Psychologies of 1925," Watson says a child is born with certain types of structure which force him to respond to stimuli at birth in certain ways, as, for instance, sneezing, breathing, etc. He calls these responses "man's unlearned behavior." Everything else that we have been accustomed to call instinct he calls

"man's learned behavior." In other words, he laughs at the inheriting of temperament, talent, capacity, and the like, and says that "slanting" or early training accounts for this. The type of structure, of course, is inherited. Watson does away with the idea of "instincts," saying that the child is forced to do some things at birth because of his structure.

When a child is born, then, there is a very small range of stimuli to which he will respond. As the child develops the range is made greater by the process called "conditioning." For instance, it has been found that only two kinds of situations (stimuli) call forth the response "fear" in the infant, namely, removal of support and a sudden, loud noise. However, if a furry object or a paddle be presented and the sudden, loud noise made simultaneously for a number of times, the child will show fear when the furry object or the paddle is presented without the sudden, loud noise. In other words, the stimulus has become "conditioned."

Responses are of two kinds—"external" and "internal" or "explicit" ("overt") and "implicit." As the child develops, responses may become more and more complicated. The goal of behaviorism, as stated by Watson in his "Behaviorism," is "to be able, given the stimulus, to predict the response, or, seeing the reaction take place, to state what the stimulus is that has called out the reaction." Watson proposes to work toward this goal—which he claims is not insuperable—by accurate formulation of the phenomena of behavior in terms of stimulus and response. The chief difficulty, he says, lies in the fact that stimuli which do not at first call out any given response can come later to do so through the process that I have already described under the term "conditioning."

That responses may also become conditioned, Watson shows by the following experiment: One day the sight of a puppy called forth from a two-year-old child the response of play or laughter. Later that afternoon another unconditioned stimulus (the biting of the child by the puppy) called forth a different response, screaming

and withdrawal of body. The next day the sight of the puppy called forth, not the original response of play and laughter, but the conditioned response of screaming and withdrawal of body. The response has become "conditioned."

The behaviorist proposes to study the behavior of a nation by the same method of observing the stimuli (or situations) and the responses.

This theory seems simple and logical at first glance, but let us pause to think before we accept such a radical theory as fact, and see if its assertions and assumptions are scientifically correct. In the beginning, let us remember that man cannot know finality, or totality; there is much that man may never grasp. In examining the theory of Behaviorism we at once recognize the insurmountable difficulty of the task that the behaviorist faces, namely, that of observing and recording all of the possible stimuli (or situations) and all of the possible responses. This seems to be an impossible task. Is behaviorism, then, to be classified as a science?

In the next place, when Watson says that consciousness does not exist and that the physical stimuli and responses are alone existent, he is assuming that the physical body and all physical things are absolute reality. This naturalistic assumption is open to grave objections. "But," says Edgar S. Brightman in *"An Introduction to Philosophy,"* published in 1925, "if physical things (matter moving in space) be truly real and all that is truly real, then all thinking is simply a form of physical motion (reaction to stimuli, behavior). If this be taken seriously, it is hard to see why one set of motions of matter in space is any better or truer than any other. What logical right has any set of motions to 'judge' the others as false or inadequate; indeed, how can it judge at all? That is to say, the naturalistic basis of behaviorism makes all judging, all distinctions between truth and error, as well as values, impossible—unless one surreptitiously assumes a conscious mind around the corner that is thinking about motions and behavior and judging them."

Behaviorism would define memory as purely muscular or physical activity. Watson has dealt with it as a conditioned reflex. For example, if a certain sound, as a siren whistle, means fire to us, there is a nervous pathway which carries the stimulus. If one sound may mean two things, there are two pathways. If this be true, is not mind like a phonograph record? How, then, would one account for adjustments, summaries, etc.? And how would one account for the fact that among a world of stimuli only a very few call forth responses? The stimuli are present—why, then, do we not have the responses?

What is the behaviorist going to do with the facts of introspection? Do they not exist? Brightman, whom I have quoted once before, says that there is no point in the behaviorist criticism of introspection unless it be true that there are introspective facts. He says that behavior can symbolize the past or the future by words or gestures, but that these words or gestures only convey meaning because consciousness interprets them. He asks how any amount of behavior, apart from conscious thought, could ever express "always."

We see that there are innumerable points upon which this theory may be attacked. What, then, shall we say of behaviorism? It seems that it is not a psychology, but merely a physiological theory. Behaviorists have done a good deal of valuable work, and will probably do much in the future, but their contribution will be in the field of physiology rather than in the field of psychology.

II

Pragmatism

By O. T. BINKLEY, '23

THE word pragmatism comes from the Greek word *Pragma*, and it has almost the meaning of our word active or efficient. The term is used to designate a philosophical attitude and a theory of truth.

This philosophical attitude is pluralistic, voluntaristic, and naturalistic. It leans toward utilitarianism. For the pragmatist there is no significance in disputes about questions that have no practical bearing on experience. In regard to God, reason, and matter, the pragmatist inquires as to their cash value. Whether God or mechanical laws are responsible for the past history of the world is, for him, a meaningless question. Charles Pierce, in his "How to Make Our Ideas Clear," says that our beliefs are really rules for action. He holds that to develop a thought's meaning "we need only determine what conduct it is fitted to produce; that conduct is for us its sole significance." William James expressed this attitude in "What Pragmatism Means" when he said, "Theories thus become instruments, not answers to enigmas, in which we can rest."

As a criterion of truth pragmatism is the theory that the test of the truth of all thinking is to be found in its practical results. In general, there are four types of this doctrine of pragmatism. The humanistic type holds that what satisfies human nature as a whole is true. The humanist would say, "Whatever fulfills my purposes, satisfies my desires, develops my life, is true." The experimental type is based on the laboratory methods of the sciences. It says, "Whatever can be experimentally verified is true; or, what works is true." Then the pragmatists of the nominalistic type say that any idea is simply a prediction of certain expected possible results. The results are said always to be concrete particulars; nothing general, universal, or abstract. The pragmatists of this type hold that universals are mere names for the particulars to which they may lead. And by the biological type the pragmatic test is found in the function of thought in adapting the human organism to its environment. John Dewey insists upon this essentially practical character of all knowledge. He eliminates the concept of an absolute and reduces reality to the flow of experience. This general theory of truth was summed up by James: "The true is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as

the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving."

There are some wholesome aspects of the doctrine of pragmatism. If it is true to its claim, it is free from prejudice, and is sincere. It claims to be favorable to the freedom of thought. And it probably has had a wholesome influence upon philosophy by eliminating many wordy subtleties. Then, also, it is based mainly on the laboratory method of science. There is something to be said in favor of the scientific method which takes ideas as hypotheses, deduces conclusions from them, and tests these conclusions by experience. The scientist is not ignored who says, "Results count; he reckons ill who leaves them out." And speaking in behalf of pragmatism, James says: "Her manners are as various and flexible, her resources as rich and endless, and her conclusions as friendly as those of mother nature."

There are, however, very serious objections to pragmatism. In the first place, it is vague and ambiguous in its meaning. Practical is a relative term, and what the pragmatist means by practical and satisfactory results is not always clear. He says, "Let the facts speak for themselves," but he is not clear as to his definition of a fact. This ambiguity of pragmatism is emphasized by many important critics, including Creighton, Brightman, Royce, Lovejoy, and Fite.

Furthermore, an idea which leads to practical results may or may not be a true idea. It is obvious that untrue ideas sometimes lead to results which are practical. For example, the belief of Roman Catholicism and the belief of Christian Science have both led to practical results. Yet it is impossible for both beliefs to be true at the same time. The idea that the World War should be fought led to practical results, but that does not mean that it was a true and right idea. Therefore, pragmatism must be a narrow criterion of truth.

Moreover, the biological type of pragmatism refutes itself. It claims to be free from prejudice and to stand for freedom of thought. But it confines experience to the

biological world. The field of psychology and the realities of the spiritual realm are left out. Thus pragmatism fails as a good theory of truth. For, as Brightman says, a good criterion of truth must be inclusive of all types of experience, all objects of knowledge and belief. To pick out one of the special sciences as the source of the criterion of all truth is arbitrary procedure, as pointed out by Brightman in "An Introduction to Philosophy."

But there is another false aspect of the doctrine of pragmatism. James says, "Truth is made, just as health, wealth, and strength are made, in the course of experience." But truth is not man-made any more than gravity is man-made. A judgment's being true is independent of our knowledge that it is true. The idea that Mars is inhabited is a true idea or a false idea now, even if the idea is outside of our knowledge. So truth exists whether man thinks of it or not.

The pragmatic standard of conduct is a ~~low~~ standard. It is made by man, and must, therefore, be narrow and imperfect. It eliminates conscience and encourages selfishness. It would say, "Keep out of war with a great world power, not because war is wrong, but because it costs money." The pragmatist confines the standard of right to practical results, but, as Spinoza has pointed out, these results never satisfy.

There has come to be a practical standard of things that is prevalent in almost every field today. This pragmatism emphasizes certain aspects of experience that should not be ignored. But it does not go far enough. It fails to take into account the points of view of all sciences, of universals, of ideals, and of values. Therefore, we must condemn pragmatism because it is neither clear, nor self-consistent, nor inclusive.

III

Idealism

By O. T. BINKLEY, '28

ALL those who have a desire to know the truth are seeking for the path which leads to reality. Idealism is the belief that one must look to universal principles, which lie back of all physical appearances, in order to find reality itself. It says that the universe is a system of universal laws which are perfect in their unity, that they are one. There is a Supreme or Divine Mind for and through whom this universal order exists. The world, then, is but appearance, and God, the Ultimate Reality, is disclosing Himself in that appearance or aspect or reality.

Idealism, therefore, is in striking contrast with materialism. According to materialism, the universe is simply brute facts under the control of mechanical law, as claimed by Baldwin in "A Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology." It reduces mind to an incident in the process of evolution, contingent upon a highly developed nervous system; and it destroys all that is spiritual. On the other hand, idealism says if one seeks for the basic things he will not find them in matter and motion and mechanical force, but in experience, in thought, in intelligence, in religious and ethical ideals. According to idealism, as Patrick has pointed out in his "Introduction to Philosophy," "Mind is the realization of the whole evolutionary movement, itself creative, as we know that it is, of newer values such as art, philosophy, literature, and science, and appreciative of older values, such as beauty, righteousness, and truth. The principle of materialism is blind necessity or fate, but the principle of idealism is a purposive system of universal laws which are not dependent upon the material things which we see. The idealist goes back of things, which are not what they seem, and finds principles which are independent of time, space, and man's development.

This idealism has been the philosophy of many of the world's greatest thinkers. Therefore, to review the his-

tory of this doctrine would be to review the history of philosophy. There are, however, some names which cannot be omitted in this discussion.

An idealist of idealists was Plato. He taught that the significant things, the real things, in the world are universal ideas: beauty, truth, justice, and goodness are illustrations of these real things. He said that the enduring things, the things worth while, are the things we think about, not the things we perceive with the sense organs.

Leibnitz, also, made a contribution to idealism. He gave expression to a doctrine of monads. Each monad is a center of force, not necessarily materialistic, and is independent. The universe is a harmony made up of these units, and back of the universe is God, the Supreme Center of Force, which influences the universe and is uninfluenced by the universe.

Idealism was greatly strengthened by Kant. As an idealist he went far towards saving religion and science from extreme skepticism in a very significant period of the history of philosophy. He held that mind is something which is given one. This mind is an inner, orderly mind. Experiences change, but this inner part remains the same. And all that we know of the world about us must be known in terms of the laws of the mind.

There is a combination of the doctrines of Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Kant in the doctrine of Hegel. He says that there is a sort of universal mind or force that is existent in and governs everything; and there is the idea of constructive development. Since Hegel's death many systems of objective idealism have arisen. They represent a powerful stream of thought in the world. All these men put spirit above material, and in this sense are true idealists.

Some objections, however, are offered to idealism. Those who demand a scientific demonstration of everything try to discredit idealism on the ground that it takes into account laws which cannot be seen. It is true that by definition science is limited to the things which can be observed; but it is also true that back of the things we

observe is some hidden dominating force or principle. The law of gravitation has not been observed; but functions of it have been, and no one doubts the existence of it. The change from the death of winter to the life of spring is silent and unseen. Yet we do not doubt that back of that change is some hidden, universal principle or first cause.

Again, those who always apply the pragmatic test charge idealism with indifference to the affairs of the practical world. They say that action is needed rather than reflection. This is not true. Notions of value do not determine existence or operation. If ever clear thinking about values, the goal of progress, and the place of religion in life were needed, it is now. Does man need God? Does he need the ideal values of the good, the true, the holy? Is service worth more with or without God? If these questions have any importance, idealism is the true servant of humanity. In fact, as Brightman says, to discard idealism in favor of pragmatism would be like throwing the captain overboard because he studies the charts instead of shoveling coal.

There is much to be said in favor of idealism. In the first place, it is not contradicted by science in spirit or in fact. Science, as it digs deeper and deeper, is coming to principles. The scientist sees a cell divide and form two cells. But that division comes in keeping with some universal principle which lies back of it. Idealism suggests that reality is not in the cell, but in the principle back of it.

Moreover, idealism is free from narrowness. It takes all of the sciences into consideration. It recognizes the fields of physics, biology, and psychology. It acknowledges the phenomena and the laws governing those phenomena in each of these fields. However, it goes further. Pragmatism eliminates all spiritual realities and attempts to satisfy man with the pleasure, wealth, fame, scientific knowledge, and love of this world. But idealism recognizes the spiritual world which is hidden by the veil of the physical, and of which our souls are a part. The instru-

ment of knowledge in this spiritual realm is faith. In this knowledge alone can one feel absolutely certain. One cannot prove scientifically the existence of God, but through faith we know that there is a God. Science does not prove immortality. But eternity has put in the heart the thought of it and the demand for it. And through faith one knows that he has eternal life. There is no conflict in universal laws. The physical, mental, and moral laws make up the system or unity, and in the end there is an infinity of knowledge, of love, and of beauty we shall attain.

Thus idealism takes into account all of the facts: the fact of mind as well as the fact of matter; the fact of the spiritual as well as the fact of the material. And in this way it saves from the grasp of materialism the things which we have always held most sacred—our minds, our souls, and our faith in God and immortality.

The Professor's Reminiscences

By RICHARD PASCHAL, '31

IN the last two decades of the past century Mrs. Baker was the "washlady" for the college students. She had her home in a small house in the yard of the brick house next to the railroad to the north of the campus. In these days there was no regular laundry accessible to the college students, not even a heathen Chineese, and of necessity nearly all the students had Mrs. Baker to wash, starch, and iron their collars and cuffs and shirts. She did her work well—genuine home finish. Her only competitors were Negro women who had not acquired Mrs. Baker's skill in turning out white, glossy, stiff linen collars and cuffs. Accordingly, she had a practical monopoly of all the better class of work.

In person Mrs. Baker was the typical washwoman in all except her color: she was white, not black. She was large and fat, tipping the scales at some two hundred and twenty-five pounds; in age somewhere between forty and fifty, and, unless provoked, the soul of good humor.

She had a husband whom the students called Mr. Baker, a rather thickset old fellow somewhat older than his wife. He was always dressed in an unbrushed wool hat, and a coat and vest and pants drab with age and tobacco juice, and shoes which had never been blacked. One seeing only his face might have mistaken him for a mummy escaped from a museum, had it not been for the scant white beard on his chin and the stains of tobacco juice which ran from one corner of his slanting mouth, which stains were less distinct, however, because they approximated the general color of the skin of his face.

His sole function and duty in life was to solicit work for his wife; and on Monday mornings to collect the soiled clothes from the students' rooms and return them after Mrs. Baker had transformed them by her magic starch and iron.

He met all trains and was the first to accost every freshman and ask for his washing. Professor Stewart liked to tell how, when he had come to the college as a callow youth from Robeson County, he expected to find the president and faculty at the train to meet him; when he got off the train he saw no one except Mr. Baker; he had never seen a college president or professor, and thought possibly Mr. Baker was one or the other, until he greeted him with the words, "Young man, I should like to get your washing."

What charm Mr. Baker had would be hard to discover, but Mrs. Baker washed and toiled for him like a slave; kept him in tobacco and provided him with Sunday clothes; and as the sequel of my story will show, was entirely devoted to him.

I have said that Mrs. Baker had a monopoly of the better class of laundry. Her charges were moderate, never more than twenty-five cents a week; but to some of the students of that day even this charge seemed excessive. For those were the days when a Negro woman would do the washing for a large family for forty cents. Among those who chafed under the extortionate charges of Mrs. Baker was Commy Stearns, the "center rush" on the football team—and withal a great orator. Now, it so fell out that at a mass meeting of the students Commy, speaking for the common good, decried Mrs. Baker for her heartless overcharges for washing, and declared it was time "to sit down on her." Immediately a fellow-student named Robert Bruce, now a teacher in a famous law school, arose and moved to appoint Commy a committee of one "to sit down on Mrs. Baker." The motion was carried by a roaring viva voce vote, and Commy found himself committed to a task which he contemplated with about the satisfaction that a rat would have had if appointed a committee of one to bell the cat. But young Bruce and all the other students were aroused beyond measure, seeming to picture in their minds a desperate struggle between the big center and the big washwoman

as he tried to carry out literally his proposition to "sit down on her."

Commy, getting the commission, felt that he must carry it through. Bruce and the other fellows kept him to his bargain, and kept watch, intending to be spectators when the gigantic football man braved the madonna of the tubs. But Commy, with shrewd Scottish cunning, disappointed them. He cut the Philosophy class one day and went to see Mrs. Baker. Just what happened no one ever knew, but a student who was coming to his room in the big house saw the last of it. Mrs. Baker was standing on her little porch, shaking her fists, stamping the floor, and hurling excited feminine epithets at Commy, who was coming toward the gate, never looking back, with his head drawn down in his collar, much in the attitude of a man who is trying to get away from angry bees without being stung.

The student who was the spectator at this scene not only greatly annoyed Commy by asking him at the dinner table to tell how he succeeded in his task of "sitting down on" Mrs. Baker, but he did a much more inexcusable thing in exercising his ingenuity to worry the good Mrs. Baker.

Shortly after this, one morning, she found the following note under her door:

My dear Mrs. Baker:

I want \$1,000 at once, and must have it. A friend of mine will start for Europe in a week or two with a show. He wants a man exactly like your husband to show as a typical Georgia cracker and is willing to pay \$5,000 for him. I need money so bad that I shall steal Mr. Baker and sell him to my friend unless you can pay me \$1,000 in the next week. Just put the money in a handkerchief and hang it in the box bush where Mrs. Wilson's old granny hen roosts. Either the \$1,000, or I kidnap Mr. Baker, and you will never see him again.

On finding this letter Mrs. Baker took it to Mrs. Wilson and had it read. On hearing it, Mrs. Baker's distress was beyond belief. She had no thousand dollars, and she already pictured to herself Mr. Baker in a cage and being carried over the sea, where she was certain he would be drowned or eaten by sharks or swallowed by a whale even

as Jonah was. And if he escaped these things he would be carried around strange lands and mistreated and killed.

It was in vain that Mrs. Wilson told her that it was a hoax; that nobody wanted her husband; it was only some student trying to have some fun out of her.

On looking at the letter closely Mrs. Wilson was surprised to see that the handwriting was that of the president; and on her advice Mrs. Baker took the letter to him. He, too, in his impressive way assured her she had nothing to fear, and he succeeded in modifying her alarm to some extent. She went back home and, following the president's suggestion, which was conveyed also to Mrs. Wilson, said nothing about it.

But after that Mr. Baker did not go out of nights, and when he was collecting and distributing clothes he had with him a brawny nephew of his.

Our student would doubtless have been much conscience-stricken had he known how much trouble he had caused. But so quiet was Mrs. Baker about the matter that he would have concluded she had not got the letter had he not seen her going with it to the president's office. Believing that she would keep her eye on the box-bush he had named, he hung a placard on it with these words, "Beware! Time nearly up." The next day Mr. Baker was kept in, being reported as sick by the nephew who acted in his place with the laundry.

There were no further developments for several days—and then Mr. Baker was missing. He was gone and nobody knew when he left or whither he had gone. When last seen he was on the street near Dr. Westerlake's store.

Mrs. Baker was frantic. She appealed to the president again; she had known all along they would get Mr. Baker. Now they already had him and were on the sea with him and she would never see him again—and she wrung her hands in agony. Soon all the town and all the students were looking for Mr. Baker, for it was impossible not to be affected by the grief of his devoted wife, though all but the most simple knew her anxiety was groundless. So

Ingenuity Unsanctified

By TED THOMPSON, '31

SITUATED a cautious little off the beaten track, in a sequestered clearing surrounded by huge oaks and scrubby pines, lay Forest Gardens, known to passing motorists two miles away on the main highway as a reputable tavern where one, if he heeded the highway signboard injunctions, might find a home-cooked chicken dinner. Forest Gardens was also known to many others who were not passing motorists. It was identified with two other totally different organizations in a totally unlike way.

To the one organization—the evening crowd of pleasure-seeking city dwellers—Forest Gardens was a habitat of high-powered entertainment where couples might go and eat and drink and dance and make merry in general until Morpheus reflected sadly on his lost art and solaced himself only with thoughts of many a sleepy head on the morrow.

To the other organization—the hard-faced force of Federal prohibition officers stationed seven miles away in the city, together with the inquisitive county constabulary that frequently ran out from the city to visit the place—the roadhouse was an irritating reminder that the law had to be enforced.

It was more than that: Forest Gardens was an indelible splotch on an otherwise excellent police record. Indelible it was because no member of either the county or Federal force had been sharp enough to detect the dispensing of intoxicating drinks there, a suspicion which had long ago blossomed into fact.

Neither had any one of the several raids which had been conducted on the place at various times yielded more in the way of liquor than a few pocket flasks, pitched by their owners into the nearest corner at the first alarm.

Orders to "Keep an eye on Forest Gardens" had become a stock command, both with the chief of the rural force

and the director of the Federal unit. And though it was virtually known to defenders of the law that patrons of Forest Gardens were being served with liquor, efforts to discover how it was dispensed had always left officers in a quandary.

To be sure they kept a weather eye on the place, swooping down in twos and threes on surprise visits, and at other times dispatching lone emissaries who watched vigilantly from a secluded corner table. But the huge Negro head-waitress, who was usually near when visitors entered, either spotted these and passed the word along, or else the officers were poor sleuths. Forest Gardens continued to be known to nocturnal merrymakers as an ideal place to spend the evening.

One night after the paper had been put to bed on the big press two reporters wandered outside and down to rural police headquarters for a check-up on late arrests. When they entered headquarters they found "Big Blonde," a rural patrolman well known to the staff.

"Big Blonde" was physically a colossal monument to the law; otherwise he was an amiable chap to those who sometimes went with him on a "call." He was engaged in changing from his uniform into civilian clothes, preparatory to paying one of his little after-midnight visits to Forest Gardens. Unlike other members of his department, "Big Blonde" had never before visited the roadhouse without his dusty blue uniform; and one hardly recognized him as a rural officer in his civilian apparel.

They parked the big department automobile where the shadows fell thickest and stood for a moment surveying the scene that was unfolded before them in the clearing. Lifting a heavy foot, the plain-clothes man scratched a match and lit a fag, then cupped the flickering flame in his beefy palm and held it for the reporters.

Forest Garden sprawled long and low among the trees. The building, like many others in that vicinity, had formed part of an army camp where thousands of soldiers were encamped during the war. It had been remodeled to suit more modern tastes, however, and one hastened

down a hall-tunnel paved with cheap carpet and brought up at a swinging door through which he passed to the kaleidoscopic interior.

The room beyond the swinging door was large, and its walls a dusky black. Ranged in uneven circles around the edge of the room were tables, and in the center of the room, beyond a velvet rope which protected the diners, was the dance floor. Covering the dance floor was a film of corn meal, used by the management in lieu of the customary wax. At one end of the hall, in a slightly elevated alcove, presided the orchestra.

"Terrible joint," said "Big Blonde," as they settled around a table and looked over the menus handed them by a Negro waitress.

His statement appeared to be in immediate contrast to the breaths of sweet night air that fanned in through the window close by. Somewhere outside could be heard the eerie cry of an owl under the moon, and near the window ran a stream that splashed pleasantly from stone to stone until it lost itself in the thick woods.

They lighted up for a pre-dinner smoke, knowing that it would be some time until the waitress returned with their food; and, in the words of "Big Blonde," "turned their headlights on the mob for a glimmer of something interesting."

It has been written that there are crowds and crowds. But the roadhouse crowd is like no other in the world. Night after night it is a repetition of itself. Like history, it repeats itself, but never betters itself. It calls for music, and it dances in its curious, jumpy fashion, and it pats its nervous hands at the musicians. Jointless boys with callow, lifeless skin whom you somehow know work behind a counter or hold small jobs in an office; girls with pretty young faces and eyes a thousand ages old; lewd women dressed in flashing colors; a fricassee of blithesome fly-by-night creatures bent on robbing life of a laugh, a thrill, a mawkish pleasure—with never a thought of the Piper.

After it dances it returns to its table and drinks from an extra glass, and perhaps orders a sandwich that it

doesn't want. And after that it talks for a brief while, and looks at its partner with eyes made bright and glossy and hard by the stuff that it drinks from its extra glass. Then it calls for more music and repeats itself and repeats itself, until at last the orchestra strikes up its goodnight tune and the roadhouse crowd goes wavering off to its home, wherever that is.

"Big Blonde's" visit to Forest Gardens was made with a vague notion that he might stumble upon something of more than common interest. He knew, he said on the way out, what he would find at Forest Gardens: drinking and dancing. But it was useless, he argued, to put under arrest every individual with an odor of liquor on his breath.

What "Big Blonde" wanted most, he declared as they ate, was to catch the bootlegger who was selling liquor at Forest Gardens. He was a "slick" duck, whoever he was; for no amount of sleuthing had brought any results hitherto.

"Catch the bird who's peddling the stuff so slick and you've done all you need to do," said "Big Blonde." "I know that everybody who comes in here don't bring a bottle with him, yet nine out of ten that come in sober go out drunk, or mighty nigh drunk." "Big Blonde" swept his belligerent gaze around the room and continued.

"I've watched the people in this place all night, and I ain't seen a bottle yet. But all you've got to do is to look out there and you can tell how many of them have got liquor in 'em." He made a rueful gesture that took in the dance floor and its swaying figures.

"Liquor's being sold right here in this place and before the eyes of everybody, yet nobody sees it; and if you'd ask one of 'em where he got it he'd sober up right quick and hurry home. The only thing I can think of is these water pitchers here, an' I know blame well they ain't full of liquor."

"Hardly," his companions agreed, and motioned to a dusky waitress to bring on the pie.

"I'm going to ask that big fat head-waitress if she knows anything," said "Big Blonde" resolutely, "and if she don't, I'm going home."

He leaned back in his chair and motioned to the head-waitress, an elephantine Ethiopian, who fairly waddled instead of walking across the floor.

"Listen here," began the plain-clothes officer in a confidential undertone.

They failed to hear the rest of his speech.

Shortly the elephantine Negress straightened up and gave them all a close scrutiny. Then, obviously satisfied that they were a trio of stags merely drinking around and desirous of another one before leaving, she elected to show where a drink might be purchased in the establishment.

She extended her left hand and placed it over "Big Blonde's" empty glass. A tiny stream of liquid poured into the tumbler, accompanied by an unmistakable odor.

Three gasps escaped simultaneously from three equally astonished spectators, and the next instant the head-waitress' left wrist was in "Big Blonde's" right hand. The stream of liquid went wild and shot across the table under stress of the patrolman's iron grip.

"I reckon your little jig is done danced, Black Bottom," said "Big Blonde" calmly, running a hard but amazed eye over the woman.

The Negress rolled her eyes and shrieked.

"Big Blonde" pressed his knuckles against the Negress' protuberant breast and the stream of whiskey sprang a foot further on its unguided way across the table.

It was with something more than astonishment then that they saw the long arm of the law pull from the head-waitress' full breast a full-sized hot-water bottle, half filled with whiskey, followed by an arm's length of small rubber hose.

More Tales From the Hills

By M. J. PADGETT, '30

I

BILL SANDERSON, hermit, laid aside the copy of a tri-weekly newspaper and gazed thoughtfully into the fire. He had just read an account of the escape of "Hook" Dugan from the county jail. It stated that "Hook" was a cruel, vicious, and dangerous criminal—a killer—a slaughterer. It also said that "Hook" preyed upon people in the rural districts who were reputed to have money, and that he killed his victims in a most horrible manner: he would hang the satanic iron hook which terminated the stump of his left arm—the hook which had given him his grim sobriquet—in the throat of his victim and rip out the windpipe. He usually selected a dark, stormy night for his crimes. And Bill was well aware of the case which had led to "Hook's" recent arrest.

Bill was not a coward—oh, no!—but the thought of a diabolical, loathsome, lacerating, cold iron hook tearing his flesh seemed to grip him. Didn't he have fifteen hundred dollars in his trunk? Didn't the neighbors say he hoarded money? Didn't "Hook" attack just such people as he?

A hard gust of wind blew one of the loose windowpanes from the sash and it fell to the ground with a crash, causing Bill to jump. Wind and rain began pouring in. He took his overcoat from a nail in the wall and stuffed it into the opening. He then took his double-barreled shotgun and leaned it against the head of his bed.

Bill sat bolt upright in bed. Something had awakened him, but he knew not what it was. With taut nerves and rapidly beating heart he listened. Suddenly he heard a scratching sound in the direction of the window, and then silence. He gripped his shotgun and tried to pierce the gloom, but he could not. Moments which seemed like

ages passed, and then suddenly he heard his overcoat pulled through the opening in the sash. Bill aimed by instinct in the direction of the window and simultaneously pulled the triggers. Two spurts of yellow flame pierced the darkness; there was a deafening roar, a horrible gurgling sound, and then followed a deathlike silence.

Bill did not go out, but spent a sleepless night in bed. He saw, in his mind, a face all bloody and horribly mangled—torn to shreds by two heavy charges of squirrel shot.

As soon as it was light enough he went to the window and looked out. An exasperating sight—too, one that relieved—met his gaze: he saw his partially devoured overcoat and the carcass of his cow.

II

Memphis Joe, a time-worn knight of the road, occasionally flashed a tiny flashlight as he trudged and groped his way along the railroad track. He had been kicked off a freight train by a grouchy, irritated brakeman. Memphis was trying to reach a station, or some place, to escape the cold, biting wind—a wind which cut to the bone like frost-bitten razor blades.

Memphis flashed his light and turned the rays from one side of the road to the other. Finally they rested on a signpost which told him that he was just one mile from a station; his heart thumped with joy. Shelter! Perhaps a fire! He quickened his pace, but he had gone only a few yards when he discovered something which took some of the newly acquired anticipations of joy from his mind. He hesitated. The idea of crossing a trestle in the dark did not appeal to him. He picked up a stone and threw it; he heard it strike—a very high trestle, he concluded. Again he hesitated, but a strong gust of the icy wind caused him to decide. Memphis had gone about fifty yards when he heard something that caused him to stop. He listened intently. Again the sound—the long-drawn-out, lonesome wail of a locomotive whistle smote upon his ear drums. A spear of horror tipped with fear and barbed

with icicles seemed to transfix Memphis. Chills raced up and down his spine, and cold sweat oozed out upon his brow. Once again he heard the whistle—and now the rumble of the wheels and the ceaseless rhythm of the exhaust. He did not know how far he was from the end toward which he was going, but he did know that he could not regain the end he had started from. He stumbled on. The noise of the exhaust suddenly ceased. Memphis knew what that meant: the train had just topped a ridge and was starting down the long mountain grade. On he went—on! Now he could see the blinding glare of the headlight. Something must be done quickly! By the aid of his feeble light he selected a crosstie which projected a little farther than the rest, and squatted on it like a frog, and waited. Memphis felt the trestle quiver as the long, heavy train came on it; and then he swung off, holding to the end of the tie.

Moment after moment passed; his cold-benumbed hands were rapidly weakening. He knew that eternity stared him in the face.

"Gawd have mercy on my pore soul!" he cried in anguish. "Forgive my sins."

His grip broke, and he plunged down into the gloom—three feet to the earth.

"Now ain't that hell!" he said with disgust.

The Wider Fellowship

By WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT

(Address to the Council of English Teachers, Raleigh, March 23, 1928)

YOU are to be counted happy. On two accounts. You work on the morning side of life where dew still shines. Your ministry there must surely keep you young and bright and hopeful. You are happy, also, in the type and field of your ministry. An old Greek philosopher described education as friends seeking happiness together. I think of you holding boys and girls by the hand, the best of friends, leading them through the flowery land of literature, where you have been long at home. Your infectious enthusiasm is given back to you in the glowing response of youth. And the farther you go afield, the greater the mutual happiness. You resent the limitation which the school calendar imposes upon your ranging through this lovely English land, for none is fairer, none richer. But you have to hand them on to another friend and guide, the college professor, for yet wider fellowship, and turn to another group reaching up over the rim of the morning, your happy experience renewing itself perpetually.

For this I take to be your chief function. Certain preliminaries are, of course, presupposed. The forms and mechanics of the language have been mastered. The habit of correct expression has been established. The ability to read aloud and convey the sense and feeling has been well started, at least. No mean achievements these. Somewhat rarer, too, than we might wish. Perhaps it would be extravagant to expect them oftener. For no child goes to school to acquire his mother tongue. He takes it with him. It is his mother's tongue. In many instances the more's the pity. Not infrequently a lifetime is too short to strike off this handicap. Our critics ought to remember, moreover, that in America we are conducting the first experiment of educating the entire population, the classes of culture and opportunity for

generations back and the classes of no such background as well. The difficulty of the situation is enhanced by the amazing inventions of English "as she is wrote" in the newspaper sporting page which the young people read first, often exclusively. It is hard to say which bears the palm for vulgar and stupid effort at humor, the funny paper or the sporting page. That sort of reading digs deeper the ditch in which our so-called American language flounders.

But these preliminary and fundamental phases of your task are taboo in this particular meeting. Nevertheless, you will perhaps permit me to say that they are not to be set sharply off as technical drudgery endured as a dismal road into a beautiful country. For in addition to being basal to literary appreciation, they connect up with what you probably consider the finer aspects of your career in two other ways. They may be associated with the delights of literature even from the first, and they supply the opportunity of that impact of spirit on spirit which is, after all, the greatest of our teachers. Consider these two matters in some detail.

There is probably no better way to correct slovenly and inaccurate speech and writing than by the pressure of the opposite example. The teacher's example, in the first place. His conscience about spelling, a false orthography stinging him as would an impropriety of conduct. His meticulous respect for each of the syllables of his words, including the last syllable. His nose for the right word. His scrupulous precision carrying a whip of cords for the irreverence of a slip in syntax.

More constant and more effective is the pressure of the printed page wisely chosen. But everything is dependent upon the awakening of interest in it. It must be sought, not imposed, if the best results come. You are the purveyor of this beneficent contagion, the mosquito carrier of the plasmodium of this reading fever. And I venture to think that the business would be facilitated by beginning at home. The geography of the home acres, of the school surroundings, is the first step to the geography of

the world. So the creative literature flowering the last dozen years in our region, more specifically in the Carolinas, would naturally be the easy first stage of interest in the continent of English literature. For Mr. Lewis Mumford's "Golden Day" of American letters from 1830 to 1860 appears to be dawning again after the long "Gilded Age"—dawning here, not in New England or the West. The University of North Carolina, so they say who seem to know, is the herald of this dawn. There are Howard Odum and Paul Green, James Boyd and Anne Bridger, all our own, and but a little to the southward are Julia Peterkin and DuBose Heyward. Somewhat parochial? That is their good fortune. Instead of sighing for a vanished past like Nelson Page, they are reporting the present situation—the fading Cavalier, the two kinds of Negro, coast and inland, the main body of farmers, the "delectable mountains," no static dead society, everybody busy making a living, the economic prosperity of the State providing leisure for this creative work. These writers are doing for their section what Emerson did for New England. It will be possible to reconstruct the Carolina landscape and society out of their works. Another tremendous advantage comes of their sticking close to their mother. From her, as Mr. Stallings says, they learn how to talk. The people around James Boyd speak as people did in England three hundred years ago. The current language is that of the great Elizabethans.

What is vastly more important than the formation of correct habits in the use of the language is the enrichment of the inner life of our people by awakening the love of books. After all, it is the personal contact of pupils with pupils, of teacher with pupils, which mainly educates us. The gifted man who educated youth at Princeton and the world at Washington said that the best part of the college day lay between the close of class periods one day and the beginning of class periods the next day. It is our fellowships that educate us. And this, not simply, as Bacon says, "a man's wit and understanding doe clarifie and break up in communicating and discoursing with a friend,

wherein he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation." It is rather because our fellowships make the opportunity for the subtle play of life upon life which is the heart of education. Our fellowships form our ideals, they infect us with their virtues or their vices, they set our standards, they determine our emotional attitudes, they fashion our life. And the books which we read, what are they but the extension of the range of personal fellowship? For a good book, as Milton says, is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. Here again spirit touches spirit to guide, to arouse, and to enrich, that is, to educate.

If I were asked what America most needs, I should answer to build up on the inside. It is quite possible for a man to achieve professional or economic success and be empty or a boor. Back in the eighties Matthew Arnold declared that we had handled our political problem well and had made good progress in our industrial organization, but that our civilization, with all its dazzling efficiency, remained uninteresting, lacking elevation and beauty. We do our work well, but we still lead meagre lives. We are progressive in the machinery of life, but backward in the elements which go to build up a complete human life. Somehow the educated seem not to be educated. We are tyrannized by superstition. We are intolerant. We are easy victims of the demagogue and the propagandist. Boredom is said to be the American malady, which is to say that we are destitute within, having scant inward resources and a narrow range of interests.

Here is a challenge to the intelligence and patriotism of teachers of English and all other friends of youth. And now that science is emancipating us from absorption with our primary needs and increasing the proportion of our leisure, the opportunity and the obligation are all the more insistent to enrich and expend our life for its higher satisfaction and uses.

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The Editor's Portfolio

Congratulations, Mr. Overman The retiring editor of THE STUDENT, who completed his year with the college magazine with the memorial issue to Dr. William B. Royall, is to be heartily congratulated upon the very excellent magazine he has produced through the months of 1927-28, and upon the constructive, conservative, and wholesome policies which he has upheld throughout the year. Practically every issue of THE STUDENT for the past year has been a well-balanced and readable magazine. Particularly vigorous and helpful has been the editorial policy adhered to by Mr. Overman, and further, the topics chosen for editorial discussion have always had about them a timeliness that is as refreshing as it is unusual in a monthly magazine.

The editor who assumes charge of THE STUDENT with this issue only hopes that throughout 1928 and 1929 he may serve as efficiently and as well the needs and wishes of the students and faculty as has Mr. Overman. THE STUDENT is now concluding the second year of its existence since its awakening, in 1926, from a somnolence that had existed for two years prior to that date. It is our sincere conviction that each succeeding issue since its

renaissance has, in some way, been an improvement over its predecessor.

The present staff plans no radical revision of policy of *THE STUDENT*. Perhaps it would not be left entirely in the hands of the staff to attempt such a revision, were it desirable. It is our only hope that we may give the students of Wake Forest College a magazine to which they may point with increasing pride, not because of any spectacular features which one or another issue may possess, but because of its thoroughness, literary merit, and consistency of policy.

Two Days

Two such memorable occasions as the inauguration of President Gaines on April 25 and the memorial service to Dr. William A. Johnson on the following day are seldom to be found in such close proximity. The notable gathering of learned men for the inaugural exercises was in itself an inspiration such as one encounters only seldom in a lifetime; and the heartfelt tribute paid Dr. Johnson in the chapel service the following day was in its every detail a perfect service of its kind. The college had for so many days been keyed up for the gathering of the great on the campus for the ushering in of Dr. Gaines as the eighth president of Wake Forest College, and the plans for this event were in themselves so auspicious, that one might expect any service which immediately followed it to be in the nature of an anticlimax.

The service to Dr. Johnson was in no particular an anticlimax. The golden words that were loosed from the very souls of the speakers of the occasion, all of whom had been intimate associates of Dr. Johnson, were evidently genuine, and the grief behind them poignant.

The two days, April 25 and 26, of this year nineteen hundred and twenty-eight will for many, many years live in indelible impression upon the minds of those who were here then. Both of the occasions had been carefully

planned in advance, but it is for the spontaneity of expression that they will go down as great days in the history of the college.

A Belated
Compliment

Today, thanks to the untiring and noble efforts of the members of the Buildings and Grounds Committee of the college, the grounds and material equipment of Wake Forest are as well kept, as attractive, and as tidy as any in the State. This committee, composed of Dr. J. H. Gorrell, Dean D. B. Bryan, Bursar E. B. Earnshaw, and Mr. Walter Holliday, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, has within the past two years seen to the completion of the stone wall around the campus; the abolition of muddy walks, and the cementing of the ground adjacent to the Hunter Dormitory—that ground that was in times past designated by disgruntled students “the college swimming pool”; has been active in the planning and setting out of new shrubbery and the planting of grass on bare places; and has made Wake Forest College a spot of cultivated beauty. The committee has labored without any material increase in the appropriations for the upkeep of the grounds and buildings, and deserves the sincere thanks of the Wake Forest students and professors.

Slightly more than two years ago the Buildings and Grounds Committee, along with the Investing Committee and others of the college contingency, singly and collectively, came in for a rather severe raking over the coals at the hands of a number of reforming students. It is our happy privilege now to pass to this Buildings and Grounds Committee a belated bouquet, and to extend our congratulations to the members of the committee for having made ends meet—yes, meet, and even lap over a little.

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