



THE
**WAKE FOREST
STUDENT**

Vol. XLVI

No. 1



October, 1928

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

LH

1

W4

S78

V.46-47

Some of the Publications We Print--

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
OLD GOLD AND BLACK
THE RALEIGH STUDENT
N. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL OBSERVER
N. C. TEACHER
THE WATAUGAN
N. C. ODD FELLOW
THE TECHNICIAN
N. C. CHRISTIAN
ALUMNI NEWS
THE UNION HERALD
and others

IF YOU WANT QUALITY
—We give it
IF YOU WANT SERVICE
—We furnish it
IF YOU WANT SATISFACTION
We guarantee it

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.

Crozer Theological Seminary

Tuition and Room-rent free.

Scholarships available for approved students.

Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:

- I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma.
- II. Resident Course with special emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree of A.M.
- III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course. Seminary degree of Th.M., University degree of Ph.D.

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

CASTLE THEATRE

Operating Primarily for Amusement
of the Student Body and Faculty of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Mortuus Est Magister (<i>Poem</i>)	3
BENJAMIN SLEDD	
Water Bound	5
W. A. SULLIVAN, JR.	
Rubén Darío	9
I. Biographical Sketch	
G. H. MCNEILL	
II. "The Hymn to Gold"	
<i>Translated from the Spanish by S. N. PARKER</i>	
The Last Catfish Stew	15
M. L. GRIFFIN	
Metropolis (<i>Poem</i>)	17
ELBERT A. MACMILLAN	
The Electron	18
ELBERT A. MACMILLAN	
The Unworrying Lad	22
F. MARTIN HOWARD	
Alone in the Woods	27
H. H. McMILLAN	
Portraits	29
ARIEL	
Some Cameos (<i>Poems</i>)	33
EDWIN B. DOZIER	
Book I of the Faërie Queene: A Study	34
A. L. AYCOCK	
The Editor's Portfolio	46

The Wake Forest Student

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College

VOL. XLVI

OCTOBER, 1928

No. 1

Mortuus Est Magister

By BENJAMIN SLEDD

In that last Easter term the Master's strength
Had broken down, under the weight of cares;
And in the Long Vacation rumours came
He would be set aside—"retired," they said.

On opening day, all shepherdless, our flock
Sullenly gathered round the Chapel door,
Huddling away from raw September winds
That whirled the fallen leaves about our feet.

The Master was not there! Never again
Would the grey figure slouching come
Along the walks, a greeting in his eyes
For all his lambs,—each of us called by name,
With added word that left the heart aglow.
Not ill, but broken on the wheel of toil,
The Master lay, and waited for the end.

Silent and hostile, in the Master's room
His Senior Class, pride of the old man's heart,
Awaited one put in the Master's place,—
A mannikin with titles numberless,
Fire-new out of a famous foreign mint,—
Our silence needing but a leader's voice
To break out in rebellion loud and fierce;
When word like wildfire ran over the room
From Cyclops' panting bulk blocking the door:
"The Master is coming out! is at his gate!"
And down we stormed, and out, and formed in line,
Bareheaded, reverent, either side the door;
While tall Bell-Wether and his next in rank
Took each an arm and helped the Master in,
And up the steps, and put him in his chair.

But no! His chair, table, and books were gone,
 And in their place a lecturer's reading desk,
 Shining and new, and tall revolving chair.
 "Oh, never mind! He could stand up for once!"
 And as the Master leaned over the desk
 And gazed at us once more with beaming eyes,
 The Mannikin, a roll of manuscript
 Displayed under his arm, paused in the door,
 With looks of pompous, injured dignity,
 A sparrow at an eagle ruffling up:
 But our mute warning kept the words unsaid
 On lips agape.

"Give the new boy a place,"
 The Master said; and the room rocked with glee
 As to a seat tiptoed the little man.
 "And now," went on the Master, "a review
 Of Roman History, Law and Literature,
 In brief." And as he kindled to his theme,
 Even the New Boy forgot his manuscript
 And listened like old Wordsworth's three-years' child!

But in the midst the Master paused, tottered,
 And would have fallen, but for the score of hands,
 The wee man's first of all, stretched out to save.
 We made a couch of jackets, overcoats,
 What not, heaped on the floor, and laid him down
 And gathered round,—a mute, despairing flock,
 Knowing this was the end. And one by one
 We knelt and lifted up the thin white hand
 And laid it to our cheeks in mute farewell.

The poet tells us how, with their own hands,
 His scholars bore the dead Grammarian
 Up to fit burial on the mountain-top.
 We bore our Master down the college walks,
 Through the staid town which never knew his worth,
 And on the hilltop left him to his sleep.

Water Bound

By W. A. SULLIVAN, JR.

CHARACTERS:

JOHN CRAWLEY.....A mountaineer farmer
SARAH CRAWLEY.....His wife
MRS. GEORGE CRAWLEY.....A stranger
CHAUFFEUR

STAGE SETTING: A fairly large room in a log cabin, with a door to the right opening to the kitchen, and a door in the center opening outside the house. A large fireplace is in the left end of the room. A window is on the right side of center door. A bed, chairs, and a table are arranged conveniently around the room. A small oil lamp is burning on the table.

A heavy rain is heard falling on the roof; the wind can be heard blowing on the outside. SARAH is sitting before the fireplace, with folded hands, looking into the fire.

[Enter JOHN with unlighted lantern in his hand. Removes coat and hat before taking a seat beside the table.]

JOHN: Wal, I 'low as how it's raining 'bout as hard as I ever seed it sence I bin borned, and the way th' wind's a blowin' 's a sight. It blowed my lantern out 'fore I tuk a dozen steps cumin' frum th' barn.

SARAH [looking up as JOHN takes his seat]: Why, John Crawley, what's th' matter with yo' for'ed? It's bleedin' ail down on this side!

JOHN [rubbing his fingers on the side of his forehead]: By gad, I didn't know it broke th' skin. Why, I run in that dang garden gate out thar' cumin' frum th' barn. It 'uz spread wide open right acrost th' path. Th' wind musta blowed th' button off.

SARAH: Weil, I do say! Wait a minit, an' I'll go get a little warm water an' wash it off, an' tie it up. Why, you mighta hurt yo'self real bad like. I bin tryin' to git ye to fix that button; it's bin loose I don't know how long, an' I bin propping it with th' end o' that ol' chicken coop. [Goes into kitchen at right.]

JOHN: Don't know's ye need to put yeself out any. It hain't nothing but a scratch. [Puts a stick of wood on the fire and sits back down.] Wal, I rec'on th' river 'li be plum' out o' its banks, an' all over th' bottom, ef it keeps this up long. It shore wuz raring an' a snortin' when I cum from th' store. Ol' man Jed Stewart sez it's th' highest it 's bin sence '81. An' we bin livin' here eight year this comin' spring, an' it's th' highest I ever seed it.

SARAH [Returns with a pan of water and piece of white cloth for a bandage]: Law, it don't seem like it's bin eight year since we

moved from Georgia; then agin it seems longern 'at. [*Pulls up chair beside JOHN, and begins washing the blood from the side of his forehead. Neither of them says anything for a while; then SARAH takes the corner of her apron and slyly wipes her eyes. JOHN turns around and sees her.*]

JOHN: What's aillin' you, Sarah?

SARAH [*tries to be calm*]: Nothing much, John; but ye know I've had my mind on George ever sence this rain set in. It 'uz rainin' like this when th' news cum that he got kilt by th' Germans, an' I jes' bin settin' here ponderin' how he mighter suffered 'fore he died, an' apt as not he never had a soul to tie up his hurts. [*Wipes her eyes again, and ties the piece of cloth around JOHN's head.*]

JOHN: I know it, Sarah, an' I don't rec'on we'll ever know nothin' 'cept what that telegram said. It jes' don't seem right some time, but I 'low th' good Lord knows what's bes' fer us. He wuld of bin thirty year ol' this cumin' spring ef he 'uz a livin'. [*A knock is heard at the door.*]

SARAH: Listen, John, wa'n't that somebody knockin' at th' door?

JOHN: Naw, I rec'on not. It mus' be th' wind blowin' them winder shetters agin th' side o' th' house. [*Another knock is heard.*] Danged ef it don't sound like sumbody, shore nuff. [*Gets up and opens the center door. A gust of wind blows out the light, but the blaze in the fireplace dimly shows a uniformed figure of a man standing in the doorway.*] Howdy do. Won't ye cum in? 'S purty raw outside, ain't it? [*Lights lamp again, and sees negro in a chauffeur's uniform standing just inside the door.*]

CHAUFFEUR: Yassuh, yassuh, it sutny is. Ah—ah, my boss dun sent me up ter see ef we cud git lodgin' fer a little while. Dis here bridge down here done gone an' washed away, and we turned around an' 'uz gwine back ter dis here nex' town ter ketch a train, an' sumpin got th' matter wid de car, an' we cain't get no fudder tel it's fixed. Mista Gawge's a fixin' on hit now. He want ter know ef he kin bring 'is wife an' youngun' up ter warm a little, tel he gits hit fixed.

JOHN: Shore, Shore! Tell 'em to cum right on in. I'll git my lantern an' go down thar atter 'em. Ma, you build on a good fire, an' I'll go down thar an' pack 'em up here in no time. [*Grabs his coat and hat, lights his lantern, and goes out center with the chauffeur.*]

SARAH [*puts some wood on fire, and goes in the kitchen, returning shortly with a coffee pot*]: I'll put some coffee to heatin' on th' fire here, 'cause they'll need it, an' they hain't nothing bettern coffee to warm a body up in cold weather. I jes' hope that pore woman an' child hain't froze clean ter death. [*Looks out the window.*] Here they cum a'ready. They cyar musta stopped right in front uv th'

house. [SARAH opens the door, and a well-dressed young woman carrying a young baby comes in, followed by JOHN.]

JOHN: Here we be, ma. I jes' brung 'em right on in. Now jes' make yo'self to hum, an' git up close to th' fire. Ma'll take ye coat. I swan, ef I don't believe the little chap's asleep.

MRS. GEORGE CRAWLEY [coming closer to the fire]: How are you? I certainly hope that we will not inconvenience you in any way. But I didn't have any idea how long it would take to fix the car. So I thought it would be best to bring the baby in where it is warm. I have to be so careful with him just at this age.

SARAH: Why, law, we're jes' as glad as kin be to take care of ye. Have a seat. It never crossed my mind that th' river 'ud git high enuff to wash th' bridge away. Hit's a mighty good thing ye cyar give out jes' when it did, 'cause they hain't nair house but ourn less'n five mtle away on this side o' th' river.

JOHN: Now, jes' make yeself to hum. What we got here's purty rough lke. But ye shore air welcome to it, ef ye kin put up with it. Ma'll take care o' ye, an' I'll go see ef I kin help out with th' car. I don't know much erbout them sort o' contraptions, but I mought kin hold a lantern er somethin'. [Exit center.]

SARAH [sitting down]: I don't see how they kin do much fixin' on th' ortermobile tonight. They could leave hit 'til morning, looks lak.

MRS. CRAWLEY: Well, I tell you, George—that's my husband—is in an awful hurry to get down to Atlanta to attend to some very important matters, and so he doesn't want to lose any more time than he can possibly help. He is trying to fix the car, so we can get back to the little town that we passed through last, and catch a train on to Atlanta. Our chauffeur is all right as long as the car is running all right, but he is not a very dependable mechanic. George was with the aviation corps during the War; so, since the War, working on cars has become a sort of hobby of his.

SARAH: I had a boy who driv a airship in th' War, too, but he never did come back. His name 'uz George, too.

MRS. CRAWLEY: I'm so sorry. It's strange how many sad cases were caused by the War. When my husband came back, after he had been held as a prisoner by the Germans for over six months, he went back to his old home-place, and found that his father and mother had moved away. Nobody seemed to know where to, and he hasn't been able to find a trace of them since. I feel so sorry for him, for he has tried every imaginable means to locate them, but without any success. We've been married for nearly four years now, and he has made quite a success in the brokerage business, but I don't believe he will ever be completely satisfied until he finds his parents.

SARAH: Well, now, hain't that quare? We moved from down in Georgia up here in th' mountains, 'bout a month atter we got word that our George 'uz kilt. We jes, wanted ter git away frum ever'thing that 'ud put us in mind .uv 'im, and we bin here ever sence. But it don't do much good, 'cause I jes' caln't keep my mind offa 'im, an' John's th' same way. [*Wipes the tears from her eyes with her apron.*] Ye know he 'uz our only child.

MRS. CRAWLEY: I know it must be awful. [*Pauses for a moment.*] I believe the baby is warm enough now. Will it be all right to put him on the foot of the bed here?

SARAH: Yes'm, that'll be the very thing. You can spread that quilt over him, an' he kin jes' sleep right along.

MRS. CRAWLEY [*Puts baby on the bed, and returns to her seat*]: Pardon me, but I don't believe I told you my name. It is Mrs. Crawley.

SARAH: Weil, we both got th' same name. Mine's Sarah Crawley, too.

MRS. CRAWLEY [*standing up*]: Is it possible that my husband could be your son?

SARAH [*slowly shaking her head*]: No, child, that caln't be. I still got that little yellow piece of paper whut says that George 'uz kilt.

MRS. CRAWLEY [*excitedly*]: I know, but there could have been a mistake. Maybe your son wasn't killed, after all. What part of Georgia did you move from?

SARAH: Why, we usta live in Martin County.

MRS. CRAWLEY: You are George's mother! George is still alive! [*Rushes to her. Hugs and kisses her.*] Oh, —!

SARAH: You mean that——?

MRS. CRAWLEY: I mean that your son is still alive, and has been looking for you all this time.

JOHN [*from the outside*]: By gad, by gad! I caln't believe my eyes ner my years neither! Wait here tel I break th' news to ye ma!

[CURTAIN]

Ruben Dario

By G. H. McNEILL and S. N. PARKER

I. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By G. H. McNEILL

RUBÉN DARÍO, foremost poet of the Modernist Renovation in Latin American letters, and perhaps the greatest the new world has produced, was born in 1867 at Leon, Nicaragua. His maternal grandmother told to the child horrible tales of headless monks, mysterious hands, sinners carried off by the devil, so impressing his early years that a neurotic sensitivity followed him all through life.

He was able to read before he was three years old; when he was twelve a daily newspaper printed one of the several rhymed elegies he had already written. Soon he accepted a position as newspaper reporter, which he left to become instructor in grammar in a colegio at the age of fourteen.

Continuing his preparation for his life's work, Dario was persuaded to go to the capital, Managua. Here he was given a position in the National Library. During this interval Dario read everything he got his hands on.

At the tender age of fourteen the young poet announced his intention to marry. This proved to be nothing more than an amorous love affair. This incident was closely followed by the most reckless epoch in Dario's life. Love affair followed love affair in rapid succession. With each of these came a verse to the loved one.

The journalistic career of Dario was really begun in Santiago, where he secured a position on "Le Epoca." He lasted here but a short time, and then went to the Valparaiso "Heraldo." Here his first assignment was on sports! Which he did so very well that he was invited to leave. Dario had always cherished the secret ambition of becoming a correspondent to "La Nacion" (Buenos Aires). Through the influence of his friend, the Chilean poet,

Eduardo de la Bara, he was accepted on "La Nacion." It was this newspaper that taught him, he tells us, his journalistic style.

June 22, 1890, marked another important date in the unusual life of Rubén Darío. It was upon this day that he was finally married to Rafaela Conteras, in civil form only, however. The religious ceremony, which was to take place shortly after, was postponed on account of a revolution that broke out in Salvador that very night. Becoming involved in a political issue, Darío was forced to flee into Guatemala. It was six months later that the religious ceremony of marriage took place.

Two years later Darío was sent to Spain as Nicaragua's delegate to the Columbus centenary. Here he formed the acquaintance of such men of letters as Menéndez y Pelayo, Castelar, Nuñez de Arce, and Valera. These men later influenced his writings considerably.

It was on his return home that Darío had the most severe shock of all his life. Upon reaching Laon he was informed of his wife's death. For a week he resorted to the forgetfulness of drink, in the face of the terrible blow. The fact that the bringing up of his child was entrusted to other hands does not prove any special paternal affection.

Darío next comes to our attention as Consul from Columbia to Buenos Aires. He did not proceed at once to Buenos Aires, but instead took a boat for Paris. Here the poet was in an ecstasy of glory. "Paris, to me, was a sort of Paradise in which the essence of earthly happiness was breathed."

From this period until 1906 Darío was increasingly active in his journalistic and prose work. He was employed during most of this epoch by "La Nacion."

The last years of Darío's life were gloomy ones, especially those which wound up his career. After he had received a tumultuous welcome in the various countries of South America, the enthusiasm for the writer cooled almost to a negligible quantity. On a visit to New York he was presented with a medal of honor by the Hispanic

Society of America. With the exception of this incident the coming of Dario to America was hardly noticed, except in intellectual circles.

Dario was stricken in New York with double pneumonia; he was able, however, to make his way to Guatemala, thence to Leon, where he died on the 6th of February, 1916.

II. "THE HYMN TO GOLD," TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH
By S. N. PARKER

That day there arrived a vagabond with the appearance of a beggar, perhaps a pilgrim, or perhaps a poet, under the shadow of the tall poplar trees that line the broad street of the palaces; where there were contests in haughtiness between the onyx and the porphyry, the agate and the marble; where the tall columns, the beautiful arches, the gilded cupolas were receiving the pale caress of a moribund sun.

There appeared behind the glasses of the windows, in those vast edifices of wealth, the countenances of elegant women and of charming children. Behind the iron gates could be distinguished extensive gardens, green lawns dotted with roses and shrubs swaying uniformly and languorously, as if under the law of rhythm. Farther on, in the spacious drawing-rooms, there must have been purple tapestries, brodered with gold, white statues, Chinese bronzes, vases ornamented with pictures of rice fields on a blue background. There were great curtains, gathered like a skirt, adorned with opulent flowers, where the Oriental ochre made the light scintillate on the silken sheen. There were Venetian mirrors, mahogany, cedar, mother-of-pearl and ebony, and the open black piano, which, smiling, showed its keys like a row of beautiful teeth; crystalline chandeliers, whereon the numberless tapers raised up the aristocracy of their white wax. Oh, and beyond! the massive, time-gilded frame containing the picture autographed by Durand or Bounat in superb watercolors, the rosy tone seeming to emerge from a pure sky and to enwrap in gentle echoes everything from the

distant horizon to the humble tremulous grass. And beyond that . . .

(The evening dies. . . .)

There arrives at the gates of the palace a flaming, varnished carriage. A couple gets out and enters the house with such arrogance that the beggar soliloquizes thus: "Decidedly, the young eagle and his female are going to their nest." The horses, noisy and excited, after a crack of the whip, draw away, the carriage making the stones flash fire. Night.)

Then into that madman's brain, which a wornout hat covered, there budded something like the germ of an idea, which passed to his breast and oppressed him, then to his mouth, made into a hymn which burned his tongue and made his teeth chatter. He had a vision of all beggars, of all suicides, of drunkards, of rags and ulcers, of all those who live—my God!—in perpetual night, measuring the darkness, falling into the abyss on account of not having a crust of bread to fill their stomachs; then of that happy couple, the soft bed, the luxury, the golden sparkling wine, the satins and silks that laughed at the familiarity of the blond lover and the dark-haired sweetheart, covered with jewelry and flaxen lace, of the great hour-glass that fortune had placed there to measure the lives of the rich, which instead of grains of sand, ran in golden coins.

That species of poet smiled, but his face had something of a Dantesque air. He drew from his pocket a stale piece of bread, ate it, and gave to the wind his hymn. Nothing more cruel than that song after the bread crust.

"Let us praise gold!

"Let us praise gold, king of the world, which carries happiness and light wherever it goes, like pieces of a shattered sun.

"Let us praise gold, which is born of the fecund womb of the mother earth; immense treasure, blond milk of that gigantic udder.

"Let us praise gold, torrential river, fountain of life, which makes young and beautiful those who bathe in its marvelous currents, and makes old those who do not enjoy its waters.

"Let us praise gold, because of it are made the tiaras of the pontiffs, crowns of kings, and imperial scepters, and because it pours

itself over their robes like a solid fire, and floods the cloaks of archbishops, gleams on the altars and sustains Eternal God in his radiant reliquary.

"Let us praise gold, because we may be depraved and it provides for us a screen to cover up the wild debauches of the tavern, and the shame of adulterous bedrooms.

"Let us praise gold, because on leaving the die it carries on its disk the proud profile of the Cæsars, and goes to replete the coffers of their vast temples, the banks; it moves machinery, gives life and makes fat the privileged maniacs.

"Let us praise gold, because it gives palaces and carriages, fashionable dresses, knee-flexes to adulating spines, the grin of eternally-smiling lips.

"Let us praise gold, father of bread.

"Let us praise gold, because it sustains in the ears of genteel ladies the diamond dewdrops, at the end of those blushing beautiful caracoles; because, in the breasts, it feels the palpitations of hearts, being on the hands the symbol of love and holy promise.

"Let us praise gold, because it seals the mouths of those who insult us, arrests the hands that threaten us, and puts bonds on the wretches that serve us.

"Let us praise gold, because its voice is enchanted music; because it is heroic, and glitters on the bucklers of homeric heroes, on the sandals of goddesses, on the tragedians' buskins, and on the apples of the Garden of the Hesperides.

"Let us praise gold, because of it are the strings of the great lyres, of it is the hair of the tenderest of loved women, the grains of wheat, the overskirt that clothes Olympic Aurora at sunrise.

"Let us praise gold, the reward and glory of the laborer, the booty of the highwayman.

"Let us praise gold, because it goes through the carnival of the world, masquerading as paper, silver, copper, and even lead.

"Let us praise gold, yellow like Death.

"Let us praise gold, classed as base by the hungry; brother of coal, black gold that incubates the diamond; king of the mine, where man struggles and the rocks are torn asunder; powerful in the west, where it is dyed with blood; flesh of idols; fabric of which Phideas wove the garment of Minerva.

"Let us praise gold in the trappings of the horses, and in the chariots of war, in the hilt of the sword, the wreath of glory that girds brilliant minds, in the cups of the Dionysian festivals, in the pin that wounds the bosom of the slave, in the meteor's train, in the champagne bubbles resembling the boiling of molten topaz.

"Let us praise gold, because it makes us cultured, educated, and young.

"Let us praise gold, because it is the lodestone of all friendship.

"Let us praise gold, purified by fire, as man by suffering; beaten by tarnish as man by envy; maltreated by martyrdom as man by need; framed in a silken purse as man in a marble palace.

"Let us praise gold, slave, scorned by Jerome, cast out by Saint Anthony, reviled by Macarius, humiliated by Hilarion, cursed by Paul the Hermit, who had for a castle a rude cave and for friends the stars of the night, the birds of the dawn, uncouth wild beasts, and the savages of the wilderness.

"Let us praise gold, calf-gold, marrow of the rock, mysterious and silent in the interior, but tumultuous when it breaks out into sunlight, into full life, sounding like a clash of kettledrums; fetus of stars, residuum of light, incarnation of ether.

"Let us praise gold, become a sun, wooed by Night, whose ebony gown he sprinkles with brilliant stars, after the last kiss, like a horde of sterling pounds.

"Come! miserable drunkards, solemn paupers, prostitutes, beggars, vagrants, gutter-mongers, bandits, mendicants, pilgrims, and you, exiles, and you, idlers, and above all, you, oh poets!

"Let us join ourselves to the happy, to the powerful, to the bankers, the semi-gods of the earth!

"Let us praise gold!"

And the echo carried away that hymn, a mixture of a moan, a dithyramb, and wild laughter; and since now the dark cold night had fallen, the echo resounded in the darkness.

An old woman passed and begged an alms.

And that something of a vagabond, with the rags of a beggar, perhaps a pilgrim, perhaps a poet, gave her his last crust of petrified bread, and withdrew into the terrible shadow, muttering between his teeth.

The Last Catfish Stew

By M. L. GRIFFIN

CATFISH stew is mighty good stuff, 'specially when it's made right. I know, because I've eaten it lots of times. And for picnics and family reunions it's about the best dish you can get. I've been to many family reunions, and the most inviting thing about the whole business for me is the prospect of getting some real good catfish stew and honest-to-goodness black coffee. This coffee you get at clubs and boarding-houses doesn't even look like coffee, much less taste it. To find real coffee you've got to go down to the creek bank and get somebody who really knows how to make it for you.

But I started to tell about the catfish stew—something that is truly worth eating. Of course, it has to be made just right, and the right person has to make it. Catfish stew can't be made out of just anything or of catfish alone; you've got to have roastin' ears, beans of all kinds, potatoes, tomatoes, onions (plenty of these), some kind of fat meat, butter, and any other kind of fresh vegetable you can find, besides the catfish itself. So you see that the catfish are only a small part of a real, honest catfish stew. And of course it all has to be brewed in a big black pot down on the creek bank where you catch the fish. And you have to cook it till the fish meat comes off the bones. Then it's ready for eating. And such eating you've never seen the like of in your life! Steaming hot catfish stew and black creek-bank coffee with soda crackers—that's food fit for a king, if you want my opinion of it.

But I started out to tell about a certain catfish stew that was held once upon a time.

Down in the country where I originated these stews are very much in vogue during the spring and summer months, and I make it a habit to attend and participate in them whenever it is possible for me to do so. There's always a certain group at these memorable gatherings,

commonly known as the "Catfish Crowd"; and I must say they do justice to the title. The preacher of our church is 'most always there, partly to lend dignity to the crowd and the occasion, but chiefly because he likes catfish stew as well as the rest of us do. Then there's a big part of my mother's family, and all their friends, and besides these just lots of others, all of them belonging to the "Catfish Crowd." And just about every one of them is present for every meeting, too.

A summer or two ago the crowd was having stews almost every week, always with a full attendance. Everybody was thoroughly enjoying those stews—they just couldn't seem to get enough of the delectable dish. Accordingly, as a grand climax, they planned the biggest party and the finest stew of the summer.

Fish of all sizes and in all quantities were caught for the occasion, and were prepared in the traditional way with as many extras as were practical. The cooks were priding themselves on that stew and everybody was getting ready to enjoy the fisherman's finest dish. And there was a memorable crowd present for the occasion, too. The preacher was there, and many other folks who had not been in regular attendance, but had heard of these parties and were anxious to participate in what promised to be the biggest, best, and finest one of the whole summer. In order to dignify the ceremonies a little, the preacher was asked to return thanks over the pot, and he did this in a very praiseworthy manner. Then it was time to eat!

Everyone had provided himself with the standard equipment of a pasteboard soup bowl, a paper cup for coffee, and a small box of soda crackers. The women folks did the serving from the big black pot that had been set off the fire. One by one the members of the party filed by and got their dish of stew. But only a few were destined for this privilege, for after about six had been served there was a sudden screaming among the servers and a bewildered howl from the men.

The cause of the whole commotion was this: an old gray cat had suddenly bounded through the crowd and leaped head first into the boiling pot of catfish stew. Undoubtedly he soon realized that he was in the wrong locality, for out he bounded and was off like the wind, howling and screaming at every bound.

But it was too late then—the stew was spoiled, and the party was ruined. Not a soul could be bribed to taste that stew—not even that which the cat had never touched. The next day the whole thing was played up big in the local paper. And, needless to say, that was the last catfish stew for that summer.

Metropolis

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN

Your craggy spires reach up frantically—
Up to dizzy heights,
Up into the clean blueness;
Your myriads of tiny, crawling subjects mill about crowded
streets.

You, Metropolis, are their conception of Bigness.
Their souls worship you.
Their souls see nothing higher than you.

But in the endless stretches other planets gleam,
Spin silently round their orbits,
Glimpsing at times a dull and tiny star—
Your home, O proud Metropolis.
What though your skyscrapers rose ten times their height,
Till Earth's surface cracked beneath the load!
Earth yet would be—but earth,
Dull, and dead, and lost—
Like you, O proud Metropolis.

The Electron

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN

SINCE Professor J. J. Thomson, the English physicist, in 1897 succeeded in verifying the hypothesis offered shortly before by Sir William Crookes that there is a separate existence of particles of mass smaller than the hydrogen atom, there has come about a complete revision of the scientific conception of the fundamental unit of matter.

Sir William Crookes, in his work on the so-called "cathode rays" that proceed in luminous streams from the cathodes of highly exhausted vacuum tubes, reached the conclusion that these tiny particles constitute a new or what he called a "fourth state" of matter. Until this work of Crookes' the hydrogen atom had been regarded as the ultimate unit of matter, and it is not surprising that this new theory met with no little strenuous opposition at the hands of the recognized authorities of the day.

It was not until the quantitative experiments on cathode rays of Professor Thomson in 1897 that the scientific world was entirely convinced of the soundness of the new theory. These experiments, however, served to convince the most skeptical that the hydrogen atom is not a solid particle having a certain diameter, but is in itself a system resembling in more than one particular our solar system, and consisting for the most part of empty space. In fact, through the work of Thomson, Rutherford, and other eminent physicists, we know today that if the hydrogen atom were enlarged to a diameter of one hundred yards, the proton, or positively charged nucleus, would have a diameter not greater than that of a pin-head, and the one negatively charged electron, rotating in its orbit about this proton, would not be greater in diameter than the proton, and would have only 1/1850th of the mass of the proton.

In experimenting with the cathode rays, Professor Thomson learned that the negatively charged particles

composing the rays move with velocities varying between 20,000 and 50,000 miles per second, and that the mass of the particles is about $1/1850$ th of the hydrogen atom. The fact that the introduction of magnetic and electric fields into proximity with the vacuum tube in which the rays are given off causes a deflection of the rays was instrumental in determining the mass of the particles.

The dimensions of an electron are estimated at about a hundred-thousandth of the dimensions of its orbit. The electron, moving about one of a certain set of orbits, in the case of the hydrogen atom in which there is only one electron, chooses the orbit nearest the nucleus. In this case the distance between the nucleus and the negatively charged satellite circling it is reckoned at half a hundred-millionth of a centimeter. The electron, swinging dizzily about this tiny orbit, manages to cover about 1,400 miles in every second. In doing this, it traverses the distance about its orbit 7,000,000,000 times in one-millionth of a second. In the case of helium, the second element in the periodic series of the elements, there is a double positive charge on the proton, and consequently two electrons swinging about on two orbits around the proton.

It is interesting to note here that in the case of elements having more than one positive unit of electricity on the proton there is a corresponding increase in the number of electrons. In order that equilibrium may be preserved, this condition must hold. Thus, lithium, with its three units of positive electricity on the proton, has three electrons; oxygen, with eight positive units, has a corresponding number of electrons; and uranium, finally, with its ninety-two units of positive electricity on the proton, has ninety-two electrons revolving about its nucleus. In this latter case the ninety-two electrons revolving about the proton as satellites in a solar system mark off a corresponding number of elliptical orbits. These orbits lie in all dimensions about the positively charged nucleus.

When light is given off from an atom there is concrete evidence at hand which leads us to the theory that the radiation is due to the jumping of an electron to an orbit nearer the nucleus of the atom. In this change the atom loses energy into the surrounding medium in the form of light waves. When an electron is transferred from an orbit relatively near the nucleus to a point farther away, energy is taken from the surrounding medium which is utilized in making the change. There results in this case an emission of light of a characteristic frequency when light of the same or greater frequency has been absorbed. The return of this electron to its first orbit requires the addition of no energy from without; instead, the process gives rise to light belonging to a line of the atom's spectrum.

The method by which an electron passes from one orbit to another, presumably instantaneously, has not been satisfactorily explained. It seems that the electron passes from one orbit to another in no time at all. It is moving in one orbit, and, without the passage of time, it is moving in another orbit. Perhaps there must come a complete revision of our notions of time and space before we can understand the intricacies of this opint.

It has been shown by experiment in measuring the velocity of an electron at different speeds that the mass increases as the velocity of light is approached, and that the origin of the mass of the electron is purely electrical. It is possible that the electron, then, is but a charge of electricity, possessing, because of this charge, the characteristic property of matter.

Another theory of the arrangement of electrons about the atomic nucleus of an atom—a theory conflicting in some points with that of Bohr, explained above—is that proposed by G. N. Lewis and developed by I. Langmuir. According to the Lewis-Langmuir theory, the electrons are arranged around the nucleus in concentric spherical shells. The atom, then, is static, and there is not as in the Bohr theory the rapid rotation of the electrons about the nucleus. The innermost shell can have no more than

two electrons in it, the next no more than eight. For elements of a higher atomic number than ten, the electrons occupy more than two shells. This theory is utilized in studying and predicting various chemical and physical properties of elements.

Chemical reactions and changes are believed to involve only the very outside electrons of the atom. These electrons are known as valence electrons. In the case of metals of high heat and electrical conductivity, the slightest change in potential in any part of that metal results in a stream of electrons passing from atom to atom. Certain free electrons are believed in the case of such metals to pass on by impact with one another their heat vibrations. The fact, borne out by constant experimentation, that those metals having a high heat conductivity also are high in conductivity of electricity, bears out this theory.

There lies before the scientist and the inventor a vast unexplored universe within the atom. Work has progressed rapidly within the past thirty years. We may point to the development of the vacuum tube and the consequent high development of the radio and the X-ray as significant evidence of the progress that has been made. But there lies ahead an undreamed-of series of miracles. We have every reason to believe that it is due to the unlocking of the stores of energy within the sun of our solar system that this body continues to give off its tremendous amount of heat. Perhaps there is stored up within the atoms of our world sufficient energy to accomplish untold mechanical feats. The secret of this great storehouse, if revealed today to a war-hardened, selfish world, might result in the complete annihilation of civilization. Perhaps when man does solve the ultimate mystery he will be sufficiently wise to utilize the wealth of revealed power to his advantage and uplift.

The Unworrying Lad

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

MIDDLETON, looking at his recently arrived guest—an old friend, though much younger than himself—whom he had not seen for a year or more, marveled wistfully at the young man's youth; at his careless, easy-going manner; at his characteristic spirit of insouciance, and his excellent trimness of figure and charming good humor. Wherry was obviously an unworrying, light-hearted lad.

Middleton himself was an honest old man, a lovable old chap. He had worked for the majority of his years upon the modest salary of a bookkeeper of average ability, in the meantime begetting and upbringing a liberal-sized family. His pleasant, wrinkled old face evidenced a most kindly disposition, but his bespectacled eyes were not quite so bright as they had been in his earlier days, before the years of toiling over ledgers and the debilitating worry of living. Now that he was in his fifties, he looked upon young Wherry as embodying the essence of youth. Wherry had long been an unsolved mystery to the bookkeeper. Several years before, in a different town, Middleton had been a bookkeeper in an office where this youthful, good-natured, unworrying guest of his had been a very minor clerk. Yet this minor clerk had apparently always lived well. And there had always been a flare and a flash to Wherry—Wherry the carefree and the adorable.

And now, after two or three years, Wherry suddenly drops in upon Middleton and his family. Twenty-six and sparkling, he talked humorously in a light-hearted vein with the whole family. His amber eyes and careless smile endeared him to every one, young and old alike.

He dressed well, apparently as a matter of little concern. In truth, Middleton had often marveled at this. He himself drawing a more liberal pittance for his wearying labor, found life ever difficult. Wherry, always draw-

ing the minimum pay, apparently fared well and was carelessly happy!

"Wherry, lad," he queried at length, "have you ever married?" Old Middleton was curious, and though his mouth was very pleasant, his book-wearied eyes behind his glasses were serious and wondering.

Wherry's body tensed imperceptibly; to the old book-keeper, however, only a spirit born of a light mood was obvious. "No, sir!" he laughed, lazily blowing cigarette smoke from his lips; "I have never yet—uh—annexed a wife. The truth is," he added banally, "I find it difficult enough to take care of myself, to say nothing of a—uh—family!" If there were any hint of worry or weariness hidden in the amber eyes just then, no one remarked it. Though his speech was mildly uncertain, his easy carelessness was reassuring. And old Middleton's admiring belief that Wherry never worried over anything was obviously confirmed, for presently he was witticising pertly, and the entire Middleton tribe laughed heartily.

.

Promptly at one o'clock every day Middleton, after returning from his noonday lunch, went with the firm's money to the bank. Possibly not because of any difficulty in securing an honest office boy did this daily routine devolve upon him; but, rather, because the careful-souled old bookkeeper insisted upon doing the actual banking of the firm's money, for which he was held directly responsible.

So, feeling refreshed after his midday meal with his family, having been talkative with young Wherry, who had conversed even more gaily and carelessly than usual, Middleton once again carried his company's two-thousand-dollar deposit to the bank.

The bank was more or less crowded as usual. One o'clock being within a short period of closing time, two or three human lines, terminating at the various tellers' windows, wriggled about impatiently. Thus Middleton, entering the bank at his customary time, took his place

at the rear of one of these uneven lines, finding himself, as usual, near the door.

Some one took his place behind Middleton with no undue notice. But when the old bookkeeper felt the crawling clutch of a hand upon his deposit books of money, and the simultaneous insinuation of something hard and pointed against his left kidney, a shiver froze his back. More by reason of an instinctive thought for his firm's money than by virtue of any thought for his own safety, he, instead of meekly submitting, whirled uncertainly to one side of the line in an erratic jump.

As quick as his turning had been, he caught but a swift glimpse of a man with hat slouched low over his eyes, as something spat flaming smoke with a loud report. Something whistled as it clattered into the top of the bank. And even while Middleton looked about, striving to see clearly through his glasses, there was a hasty, mad scrambling at the entrance as the holdup man made his exit, upsetting several incoming people. Within a very short space of time there was another loud report out upon the street.

Old Middleton, trembling with excitement, cached his firm's money hurriedly into his coat as he was perforce ushered out of the bank by the maddened mob. And out upon the sidewalk a still more excited mob was gathering. Through the shifting openings made by the network of nervously moving legs, Middleton could obscurely discern the figure of a man sprawled upon the street, with a uniformed officer bending above him. Some one, then, had been shot.

From some involuntary, some stronger impulse than inspired by mere curiosity, Middleton with swift strength shouldered and pushed his way through the crowd. The policeman was busy above the prostrate form, angrily commanding the mob to keep back and give the man air. Seized by some subconscious foreboding, Middleton looked on with quickening pulse.

The cop suddenly raised himself, and glancing about at the crowd, directed a man to call an ambulance. Thus

it was that Middleton was able to see clearly the fallen man. His dimming old eyes now flared up and peered through his glasses in sudden horror. Amber eyes, dim and rapidly drooping, having roved uncertainly about the crowd, met his own.

"Why, Wherry, man! what's all this?" asked the old bookkeeper, his worn voice weak. He kneeled beside the figure of the young man and gently raised his head with a shaking arm. Wherry's shirt was crimson, and blood was issuing from his lax mouth. His eyes had closed spasmodically, and when they opened weakly again they met the moist old eyes of Middleton with poignant remorse.

"How—why, Wherry, my lad, how did you happen to be here in the way?" Old Middleton was talking brokenly, vastly grieved that Wherry should have been accidentally wounded for another's attempted holdup.

Again Wherry's eyes closed tightly and he breathed heavily. Blood welled up slowly from his mouth, passing up from his pierced lungs. Only for his splendid stamina of body would he have been conscious at all.

Again he looked into Middleton's bespectacled eyes with tragic terror and regret. "I never—intended to be—dishonest," he said, his voice weak and broken. And, then, at the stunned, slowly comprehending look in the older man's eyes, he continued uncertainly: "I seemed driven; it—it appeared the only way out—" He coughed, and as if realizing that a sable curtain were draping itself swiftly about him, he gasped through a trickle of blood: "It was—for—her—for her . . ." His amber eyes drooped in a glassy half-stare.

.
A coat-pocket gave up this letter, with the obvious intention of later posting:

" . . . And this seems the sole course for me to take. For years I have tried to be practical; and I have never been able to keep apace. I cannot live prudently and economically as you do—I have only gone deeper and deeper into debt. . . . And there is a girl—who loves me quite as well as I her. But there

has been no way out. I could not marry her when I could not even take care of myself. . . . My life has come to be a portion of hell—and this seems but the one thing for me to do. God as my witness, I did not come to see you with this in mind—but you will not suffer for it; the company will not . . . and it will clear me, and I can marry *her*, and go way off some place and begin all over again. . . .”

With many repetitions and implorings for forgiveness for what he intended to do within the day, the letter ended, signed in young Wherry's careless scrawl.

Wherry himself—the careless, adorable, unworrying young man with amber eyes—reposed stilly, coldly.

Alone in the Woods

By H. H. McMillan

LET me ask those who perchance may read these lines to think of the joy and recreation it is for a lover of the woods to be back among them again after a separation of seven years.

I have just returned from a stroll alone in the golden woods and silver-gum swamps that follow the course of the Lumbee. Though alone, I was not lonely, for I carried my gun and was accompanied by a dog. Would that I could share my thoughts and emotions with you!

I have recently returned from China, where two things are conspicuously denied the missionary. The first is the woods and the other is "aloneness." China has some beautiful scenery. In fact, the more one travels throughout the world, the more he is impressed with the fact that God has been impartial in painting His landscape. It is China's economic problem that has pushed the woods far back from the more densely populated sections of the country. And almost before the autumn leaves have fallen and the grasses have lost their bloom, they are gathered up as fuel. No longer can one see even a trace of those primeval forests such as I enjoyed today pressed in between the Lumbee and the cotton fields. One wonders how long the beautiful woods now remaining in North Carolina will resist the lumberman, the wood-chopper, and the forest fires.

In the midst of a busy, rushing mission life I have occasionally taken a half-day off for a hunt. I would turn my face toward the woods (such as they are), but—never alone. When the Chinese children, who are so abundant and whose daily life is so monotonous, see a "foreigner" with a gun and dog they come from every direction and follow by the hundreds. There has never yet been discovered any way to escape them or induce them not to follow. I remember one Thanksgiving afternoon in Soochow several missionaries started out early

after dinner. A drove of our small friends came tagging on behind as usual. As the afternoon passed and our shadows lengthened, the children began to fall away, but one little urchin followed close on our heels. He wore his straw shoes off his feet and still, barefooted, he followed. It was in the night when we returned to the city weary and footsore, yet our small companion was with us, unwilling to admit fatigue. Being solicitous for these innocent and fun-seeking children, one hesitates to fire his gun, knowing at the same time that the hillsides are dotted with the country folk gathering straw, leaves, and shrubs as cooking fuel for the city population.

So one can imagine what a day like this means to me after twice seven years in a land where the woods are gone and where one is so seldom alone.

But these were no ordinary woods that I entered this autumn day. They were laden with the sweetest and most precious memories. My mind went swiftly back to the time when I used to follow through these same woods and swamps the "older" boys with their guns and dogs.

No clump of woods is ever the same to one who has gone through them with John Charles McNeill. Here I would come to where Arch and Jim twisted many a rabbit out of that very same hollow gum. Here is where Buck and I fought and finally killed the coon with dear cost to ourselves and clothes. Those ducks flying overhead remind me of the ducks we used to shoot on the sandhills just after sunset. And so it goes as the afternoon spends itself.

Those were happy, wholesome days, and today is a day of memories, holding sweet communion with the past. More than once I stopped and silently lifted my voice to God in gratitude for such a heritage.

Portraits

By ARIEL

I

JIMMIE REDMON, aged six, is an anemic little piece of a fellow, but he stands squarely upon his feet and sticks a scrawny, dogged little chin out at the world. His black hair might have been cut round a saucer, and is straight and shiny. He has started to school, and although the whole process of class work is a terrible bore to him, there are recesses and "the giant strides." Giant strides, it may be explained to the uninitiated, consist of a metal pole ten feet in height, to the top of which is attached a revolving bearing with some eight or ten chains dangling from it, their lower ends equipped with handles. During recess-time there is always a great clanging of these chains against the sides of the poles and a great rush for places. Jimmy periodically is afforded the privilege of being allowed to wind his chain about those of the other children, with the result that he is swung in a wide, high arc far above the others. His little torso writhes with joy on such occasions, and his cup of happiness brims over.

Jimmy has a great deal of respect for his teacher, Miss Parker, and never makes faces at her when she has her back turned. He does, however, become sadly bored at times, and amuses himself with the delightful pastime of pinching, with his big toe and the next in line, the tender calves of Mary O'Brien, in the next seat. Another diversion which has quite endless possibilities is the throwing of tiny pebbles, scrupulously gathered during recess.

II

"BUTTONS" WELCH rates as a sophomore, although he has already had two years at a large university. He is a tall, slim-hipped youth, who wears, in addition to the "hottest" of suspenders, an assemblage of the latest collegiate sweaters, striped trousers, and loud cravats. He spends all his spare time, of which he has an abundance, in the most popular smoke shop in town. He

knows the betting odds on every football game worth mentioning, and when poker-playing leaves him flush, he risks five or ten on his favorite. In spite of the fact that he considers himself quite a connoisseur of football teams, he usually manages to lose his bets, upon which occasions he is wont to "drown his sorrow" with the choice distillate of old boots, waste paper, and rotten corn. Having had university training, it is but natural that he feels just a slight sense of superiority to most of those about him. Of course, there are a favored few, likewise habitués of the smoke shops, whom Welch considers his friends.

He doesn't like his new Alma Mater, being especially disgruntled with the football team, the professors, the buildings, and the class of students who attend. He is not a literary person, but he is fond of having one of his professors find him in the library reading *The American Mercury*. He is peculiarly fond of the Americana section in this periodical, and after acquainting himself with the choice ignorance and grammatical blunders of the worst newspapers in forty-eight states and the District of Columbia, he strolls about the campus feeling immeasurably superior to the average man (all, of course, being "average" except himself).

He considers himself a typical, blasé, college man. As such he couldn't work up much enthusiasm over Lindbergh, and takes particular pains never to be, or appear to be, thrilled over anything which delights his inferiors. He envies George Jean Nathan his eminent position, thinks the realism of Sinclair Lewis is the only kind worth producing, and wishes other American writers could take lessons from the profound Mr. Mencken.

III

JOSEPH ROSWELL HOUSTON, having tried vainly for three successive years to make the college football team, should be by this, his senior year, slightly disgruntled. But Joe is not that kind of boy. He is no longer a member of the squad, having been released gently by the coach some three days after practice started. But he is an ardent follower of the team, and

never feels the slightest glow of guilty pleasure when the team gets licked by some overpowering score. Joe is unfortunate, in the modern point of view, in being much of a dreamer. Once, after he had finally got into a high school football game as a substitute, an eminence toward which he had been toiling for months, he let a punt get by him and lost a perfectly good game for his school. Most people, the coach included, attributed the error of omission to plain dumbness, but as a matter of fact it was because Joe had become interested in a bank of feathery, golden clouds piled up in the east to reflect the slanting rays of an afternoon sun.

Joe is yet a dreamer of dreams. There are dreams of great train wrecks, in which he is the hero and is alone and unaided in saving the lives of hundreds of people. (A rather indefinite procedure, but it worked out splendidly in Joe's mind.) There are dreams of making, in some painless and ill-defined manner, a million dollars and of turning over, with a bored gesture, a couple of hundred thousand to the college for "gymnasiums and things."

Joe, as a consequence of these dreams, is alone much of the time. Because he has formed the habit of walking about the campus involved in the ramifications of a particularly intriguing vision and is unaware of those students he passes, he has gathered the reputation among some of those who do not know him of being "just a bit queer."

He makes good grades in the work he likes and gets a bare pass on the work he doesn't like. He plans to teach English after he leaves college, and may succeed. But it won't hurt him too terribly if he doesn't.

IV

SOMEONE has said of Paul Wilder that "he spends all his waking hours regulating the world, and at night goes to sleep and dreams he's H. L. Mencken." I hardly think Paul ever had a real nightmare of the kind suggested, but there is little doubt that he does spend a considerable proportion of his time worrying

over the affairs of others—matters out of his control and beyond his jurisdiction. To put it briefly, Paul feels himself divinely appointed as a sort of godfather to the universe, and it is easy to believe that the fall of a sparrow, if it is not noted by God on high, is certainly carefully watched and commented on by Paul Wilder.

One wonders, perceiving Paul for the first time, if it matters much whether or not he is concerned with vast world problems, and whether, in any case, his opinion would matter much one way or the other. For he is an unattractive, abject bit of humanity. He is short and pudgy, with dark oily skin, and a dank, heavy mop of hair pushed wearily back from a pale forehead. His general appearance belies the fiery blueness of his eyes, which are always peering anxiously from behind beetling eyebrows. The fact that he is overweight and carries his excess *avoirdupois* badly would indicate to a stranger a laziness that is utterly lacking in Paul's makeup. True, he doesn't run about when there's nothing happening, but only let a fire break out within the town, or let out a rumor that there's an interesting (even mildly interesting) case on the municipal court docket, or that a visiting professor of astronomy has come to the college chapel for a lecture—let any one of these or a thousand other minor incidents be brought to Paul's attention, and watch those pudgy pounds get up and go.

Paul should be a newspaper reporter. He has a nose, as well as eyes, ears, hands, and feet, for news. On the other hand, he should be in politics. To hear him speak, one would gather the impression that he is absolutely familiar with all phases of politics, and knows every weakness of each party and faction. But there are so many other things with which Paul is perfectly familiar that I, who am not so versatile in the affairs of other people, am loth to suggest a career for him. But, poor fellow, he has gone, lo, these years without choosing a definite work for himself. It's hard to understand. He knows how to advise everybody else what to do, and finds time to do so; but he never got around to himself.

Some Cameos

(In Imitation of the Japanese Verse Form)

By EDWIN B. DOZIER

THE CHERRYBLOSSOM

A pink floweret,
Almost forgotten among
The green and umbrette,
Endures until evensong
Gently hides her from the throng.

THE MAPLE

Golden leaves, and red
Tinged, grace anew the same
Old tree, kissed by winds:
Autumn paints in color-flame
Beauty's soul for ev'ry name.

THE BOAT-RIDE

Swish and splash the oar
Strikes the dark and trembling sea;
Swish and splash, and more,
Stroke on stroke the boat with me
Glides down the moon-track for thee.

Book I of the Faerie Queene: A Study

By A. L. AYCOCK

WHEN Spenser began his *Faërie Queene*, in which he had for a "general end . . . to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline,"¹ he apparently had a well worked out plan in his mind, as is indicated by his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh.² The Fairy Queen held her annual feast of twelve days. On each day some knight undertook an adventure to right a wrong.

The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who failing before the Queen of Fairies desired a boone (as the manner then was), which during that feast she might not refuse: which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during the feaste should happen, that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee failing before the Queene of Faërles, complayned that her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faëry Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that explot. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked by the Lady. And estesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, vz.

A gentle knight was prickling on the playne. &c.³

¹ Letter from Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh, dated January 23, 1590, and published with the first three books of the *Faërie Queene*, 1590.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

This knight, afterwards known as the Redcrosse Knight from the red cross on his shield, is accompanied by the suppliant lady, Una, riding on the white ass, and the dwarf walking. As they proceed across the plain a storm arises and they seek refuge in some nearby woods, where they become lost. After wandering around for some time, they come to "*Errours den*"—

A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:⁴

Redcrosse, after being almost overcome, enmeshed in the dragon's coils, slays the dragon and the company proceed.

Soon they meet a hermit who leads them to his cell and offers them his hospitality for the night. It turns out that this hermit is none other than Archimago, an enchanter. By means of a seductive dream-spirit in the shape of Una, Archimago tries to poison the knight's mind against Una, but fails. Then

Canto II he takes the dream-spirit resembling Una and another resembling a squire and, placing them in the bed together, calls in the Redcrosse knight. Convinced that his lady is false, the knight rushes away, carrying the dwarf with him. When Una awakes she follows him, herself in turn being followed by Archimago, who is disguised as the Redcrosse Knight.

As the Knight of the Redcrosse proceeds on his journey with the dwarf, he meets a knight accompanied by a lady. A fight ensues in which the strange knight, Sansfoy, is slain, and the lady, who calls herself Fidessa, but who is really the witch Duessa, pretending that she is a king's daughter held captive by Sansfoy, travels on with the victor. As they stop to rest under the shade of some trees, the knight breaks a twig that begins to bleed. The tree then tells the story of having been treacherously deceived by the witch Duessa, he and his sweetheart having been turned into trees by the witch. Only when they have been bathed in a living well will they be restored to their former normal states. When the knight's lady, none other than this same Duessa, hears the story she faints, and the knight picks her up.

⁴ *Faërie Queene*, I, 1, 3.

Canto III In the meantime Una, in search of her knight, meets a lion which fawns upon her and follows and protects her. Seeing a rustic girl, Abessa, Una follows her home, much to the horror of the girl and her mother, Corceca, who fear the lion. During the night Kirkrapine tries to get into the house with some presents for this girl Abessa, who is his mistress, but as he enters, the lion springs on him and kills him. Una and her guard fare forth the following morning, and she meets Archimago, whom she mistakes for the Redcrosse Knight, so perfect is his disguise and his explanation for having left her. She is disillusioned when Archimago is overthrown in a fight with another strange knight, Sansloy. Una becomes the captive of Sansloy, who kills her lion.

Canto IV After reviving from her pretended swoon, Duessa guides the Redcrosse Knight to the House of Pride. Here they find revelry and feasting. In a very elaborate pageant, Pride, or Lucifera, is drawn in a chariot by six animals, each of which is ridden by one of her counselors who, with her, represent the Seven Deadly Sins. Idleness rides an ass, Gluttony a pig, Lechery a goat, Avarice a camel, Envy a wolf, and Wrath a lion. In this pageant Duessa takes a prominent place and seems to feel very much at home; the knight, however, stands somewhat aloof. Sansjoy comes in and challenges the Redcrosse Knight to combat for having killed Sansfoy, Sansloy's brother. Duessa has the combat arranged for the following day and secretly promises Sansjoy her aid.

Canto V In the combat that follows, Redcrosse overthrows Sansjoy and is about to kill him when Duessa interposes a cloud and makes him invisible to the conqueror. The witch then pretends to hail the Knight of the Redcrosse victor, and exclaims,

Thine the shield, and I, and all.

That night, however, she carries Sansjoy to hades, where she has his wounds healed and him restored to life and health. The dwarf, who has been investigating, learns the true nature of the castle and warns the knight of their danger; they flee.

When Sansloy, Una's captor, tries to make her "the vassall of

Canto VI his pleasures vilde," first by entreaty and then by force, he is surprised and scared by "a troupe of *Faunes and Satyres.*" Una dwells with these simple folk for a while, and is finally rescued by one Sir Satyrane, with whom she sets out to find her lost knight. They meet a man who tells them that Redcrosse has been slain. Sir Satyrane goes in pursuit of the slayer, and they fight. His opponent is the same knight who had overthrown Archimago disguised as the Redcrosse Knight and had captured Una. Una, fearing recapture by the *Sarazin*, Sansloy, flees, pursued by Archimago, who, hidden, had witnessed the combat and her flight.

Canton VII Upon her return from hades, Duessa sets out to find the Redcrosse Knight; she finds him seated near a fountain, the waters of which have made him very faint. There the giant Orgoglio finds them and makes them captive, Duessa, apparently a very willing one, becoming the giant's mistress. The dwarf, seeing his master fall, goes with his horse and armor to find Una. He tells her the whole story of Archimago's trickery and Duessa's treachery. They meet a goodly knight and squire who turn out to be Arthur and his squire. She tells her story and they set out together to rescue her knight.

Canto VIII Arriving at the giant's castle, they find Duessa seated upon a dragon, a "many-headed beast." Arthur and the giant engage in a conflict. When Arthur is about to be overcome the covering falls from his shield and the shield blinds the giant. Arthur then kills the giant and slays the dragon. Searching the filthy dungeon beneath the castle, he takes the keys from Ignaro and sets the Redcrosse Knight free. Then they catch and strip the false Duessa, exposing her in all her filthy hideousness for the vile witch that she really is. After staying at the castle long enough for the Knight of the Redcrosse to recuperate, the company set out once more.

Canto IX On the journey Arthur tells of his birth and of his education under Timon and Merlin. He also tells the story of a Fairy Lady who came to him in a dream. He is now on his way to find the lady, who is the *Queene of Faëryland.* The knights then exchange gifts and part, Arthur going his way and Una and her knight going

theirs. As they proceed they meet a man fleeing from Despair. They go to Despair's den, where Redcrosse, persuaded by Despair, attempts to commit suicide. He is rescued by Una, who reminds him of his mission, and they continue their journey, arriving soon at the House of Holiness.

Canto X At the House of Holiness they meet the sisters Faith, Hope, and Charity, and their servants, Zeal, Humility, Obedience, and Reverence. Redcrosse also meets Patience, Amendment, Remorse, Penance, Mercy, and others, and is there purged of his sins and beaten with flails until he is purified and ready for his final adventure. After a few days spent in contemplation, he and Una set out on the final lap of their journey.

Canto XI The knight and Una finally arrive at her father's castle, which is besieged by the dragon. Redcrosse immediately begins his fight with the dragon. The battle rages with varying fortunes until the dragon pushes the knight into a well (or spring) at the close of day. This well happens to be the Well of Life, and by the next morning the knight is recovered from his injuries and is as fresh as ever, ready to renew the battle. The knight is again sorely wounded and almost killed by the sting in the dragon's tail; he is revived a second time by the fruit of a nearby tree and the stream that flows near it. On the third day he is completely victorious, slaying the dragon and thus freeing the captives. Una approaches, and they enter the castle rejoicing.

Canto XII Una and her champion are welcomed by her mother and father, and the knight, who has now proved his worth ("won his spurs"), is promised Una for his bride. The people turn out in large numbers to view the slain dragon, and in this scene occurs one of the few touches of humor found in Spenser's work. The wedding is postponed for a time by a message from Duessa, brought by none other than the crafty Archimago. Duessa claims that the Redcrosse Knight is engaged to marry her. The whole plot is disclosed, Archimago is imprisoned, and Una and her knight are married. After this the Redcrosse Knight spends only a few days with his bride; then he returns to finish his service for his *Faërie*

Queene. Thus in his first book Spenser traces Holiness through his trials, temptations, and conquests.

In structure this book is less complicated than some of those that follow it. If we forget for the time being that Spenser had any other purpose in the first book of his *Faërie Queene* than that of telling a story, I think we would be justified in reading and enjoying it for that alone. The plot is fairly well worked out, and the action is fast enough to keep the reader interested. The hero and heroine set out with a definite goal in view, and soon the hero has a chance to prove himself. Then the villain appears in the person of Archimago and causes the hero and heroine to become estranged. The "other woman" then makes her appearance in Duessa, and there follow a series of adventures, after which, through divine intervention, the lovers are reunited. Having triumphed in the end, the hero marries the heroine; the villain and his accomplices are duly punished. The story then links itself up with the succeeding stories by having the hero, the Rederosse Knight, return to the services of his sovereign, the Fairy Queen.

In the later books of the *Faërie Queene* Spenser not only introduces new characters, but he also carries over several of those introduced in the first book, thus making the plot less carefully knit together and more complicated and the movement somewhat slower. It was not his primary purpose, however, to tell an interesting story, as such, but "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline, . . . perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised," the whole to be "cloudily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises."⁵ It is only when we begin to study this work as an allegory that its full significance becomes apparent.

The ethical meaning of the allegory in the first book of the *Faërie Queene* as given by Miss Winstanley may be summarized briefly as follows: The Rederosse Knight as the patron saint of England, guided by Truth (Una) or Protestantism, is in search of Holiness, having as his great task to slay the dragon of sin which keeps mankind in subjection. Aided by Truth, he conquers Error, but is separated from Truth by Hypocrisy (Archimago) or Catholicism, and is then led by

⁵ Letter to Raleigh, *op. cit.*

Duessa (false-faith) or another phase of Catholicism, to the House of Pride. Una, or Truth, being found and defended by the lion, or power of Reason, Truth and Reason terrify Corceca (Blind Devotion) and Abessa (Superstition). Attacked by Lawlessness (Sansloy), Truth is rescued by the satyrs—plain, uncultivated people who receive Truth when the upper class cast it aside. Redcrosse, escaping from the House of Pride, is captured by Orgoglio, another type of Pride, and is rescued by Truth and by Arthur, the perfection of all the virtues. "The wicked Duessa is stripped and exposed." Weakened by the consciousness of sin and having lost his moral courage, he falls a victim to Giant Despair, but is rescued by Truth, who takes him to the House of Holiness. Purified here by Repentance and Penance, fortified by Faith, Hope, and Charity, and strengthened by a short period of contemplation, he sets forth again. Succeeding in slaying the dragon of sin, he is rewarded by his marriage to Truth, "typifying without doubt the final acceptance of Protestantism by the English nation."⁶

Padelford has somewhat the same attitude about the ethical meaning of the allegory in this book; he links it up very closely with the theology of Calvin, giving numerous quotations from Calvin's *Institutes* with parallel passages from *The Faërie Queene*.⁷

In the spirit of this theology, Spenser chooses as the hero of the first book "a tall clownish young man who rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place," yet who, when clad in the armor of a Christian man, "seemed the goodliest man in all that company," so recreated was he by the Grace of God.

It is thus the grace of God that converts this rustic into a professed knight of holiness, and likewise it is the grace of God alone that establishes him as an actual knight of holiness.⁸

This, the author points out, is illustrated in several instances. Having been separated from Truth and made a prisoner by Orgoglio, another type of Pride, Redcrosse is helpless and is only rescued by Arthur, "the personification of the grace of God." Yielding to a fit of religious melancholia, and about

⁶ Lillian Winstanley (editor), *Spenser: The Faërie Queene, Book I*, Cambridge, 1924, pp. viii-ix.

⁷ Frederick Morgan Padelford, "Spenser and the Theology of Calvin," *Modern Philology*, V, 12 (1914), pp. 1-18.

⁸ *Op. cit.*, pp. 12-13.

to commit suicide, he is saved by Truth, who snatches the dagger from his hand and reminds him that he is one of God's elect. In the House of Holiness there "is a pictorial setting-forth in systematic form of the mode of obtaining the grace of God, and of Christian growth therein."⁹

Miss Winstanley has also worked out a very elaborate and detailed political allegory for this book.¹⁰ Since it is rather long, I shall only indicate her identification of the chief characters. Duessa as she first appears is Mary Tudor. In the last canto she is Mary, Queen of Scots. Orgoglio represents Philip II of Spain. The imprisonment of the Redcrosse Knight, the religious genius of England, in the castle of Orgoglio represents the Spanish marriage and the temporary triumph of Catholicism. Duessa does not want Redcrosse killed, but in the power of Orgoglio (Philip of Spain). Arthur, who rescues the knight, is represented as Leicester. Ignaro, the keeper of Orgoglio's castle, represents ignorance under the Catholic rule. Archimago, the personification of Hypocrisy, is identified as an ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. Abessa is identified as Elizabeth Barton, Nun of Kent, a stupid country girl whose mother is Corceca or blind devotion. Kirkrapine is a representative monk or abbot who is slain by the lion, or Henry, who dissolved the monasteries. Of the three brothers, Sansfoy is Sir Thomas More; Sansloy, Edward Courtenay; and Sansjoy, Reginald Pole. Miss Winstanley does not claim the entire credit for this interpretation, but suggests that Padelford and Upton made some suggestion also.¹¹ She does claim the major part of it, and considers it a valuable bit of scholarship.

The historical interpretation of the allegory in Book I is, I believe, the most important contribution I have been able to make to Spenserian scholarship, and will, I trust, prove of general interest. I have spared no pains to make it accurate.¹²

If Miss Winstanley's interpretation of Spenser's allegory be correct, it would seem that Spenser has not only succeeded in his purpose "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertu-

⁹ *Op. cit.*, p. 13.

¹⁰ Lillian Winstanley, *op. cit.*, pp. viii-xliii.

¹¹ *Op. cit.*, p. xxiv, notes 3 and 4.

¹² *Op. cit.*, p. iv.

ous and gentle discipline," but has also given an excellent allegorical political history of an interesting period in the life of the English nation.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding pictures in this book is the pageant in the House of Pride. In this Spenser has pictured the deadliest of the Seven Deadly Sins, Pride, drawn in a chariot by six animals on which are mounted the other sins, her counselors. Though in his use and treatment he has made the picture his own, the device is an old one, and was used by his predecessors and contemporaries. Professor Lowes has made a study of this pageant and its antecedents with some very interesting results.¹³ The following tabulation will show his comparison between Spenser's and Gower's use of the Seven Deadly Sins. The order of the sins is Spenser's; numerals indicate Gower's.

SIN	BEAST		OBJECT CARRIED	
	GOWER	SPENSER	GOWER	SPENSER
Pride.....	lion.....	lion.....	eagle.....	mirror
Idleness (3).....	ass.....	ass.....	owl.....	breviary
Gluttony (5).....	wolf.....	swine.....	kite (-+ vessel of wine)	boozing can
Lechery (6).....	goat.....	goat.....	dove.....	burning heart
Avarice (4).....	horse.....	camel.....	hawk (-+ bources)	[gold]
Envy (1).....	dog.....	wolf.....	sparrow hawk.....	[toad]
Wrath (2).....	boar.....	lion.....	cock.....	burning brand

SIN	MALADY	
	GOWER	SPENSER
Pride.....	frenzy.....	
Idleness (3).....	lethargy.....	fever
Gluttony (5).....	"loup roial".....	dropsy
Lechery (6).....	leprosy.....	pox (?)
Avarice (4).....	dropsy.....	goat
Envy (1).....	fever.....	leprosy
Wrath (2).....	cardiac.....	spleen, palsy, etc.

The writer then discusses at some length the different objects carried by the sins and the maladies with which the sins are afflicted. He accounts for the difference in the treatment by the two poets by considering the purpose each had in mind.

Spenser has all of his sins masculine except Pride or Lucifera. The reason for this is obvious when we remember that they are Pride's "six sage Counsellours."¹⁴ To heighten the effect and to bring out more clearly the characteristics of each

¹³ J. L. Lowes, "Spenser and the *Mirrouir De L'Omme*," *P. M. L. A.*, XXIX (n. s. XXII), 388-462.

This table is from page 396.

¹⁴ *Fairie Queene*, I, iii, 18.

sin, Spenser uses four devices. First he pictures the character itself, with its attributes. Then he places it on a beast that would be most easily associated with that particular sin, as Gluttony and the swine. Each carries in its hand an appropriate emblem, and finally each has a disease which illustrates something of the qualities of the sin—Gluttony and dropsy being one of the best illustrations.

Another table by the same writer¹⁵ shows the manner in which the Seven Deadly Sins were depicted in four works, and the similarity of treatment. Only the beasts are given. The table follows:

SIN	GOWER	SPENSER	ASSEMBLY OF THE GODS	ANCREN RIWLE
Pride.....	lion.....		lion.....	lion
Idleness.....	ass.....	ass.....	ass.....	bear
Gluttony.....	wolf.....	swine.....	bear.....	sow
Lechery.....	goat.....	goat.....	goat.....	scorpion
Avarice.....	horse.....	camel.....	elephant.....	fox
Envy.....	dog.....	wolf.....	wolf.....	adder
Wrath.....	boar.....	lion.....	boar.....	unicorn

There is no special attempt here to show that Spenser is especially indebted to the other works, but to show that the Seven Deadly Sins was a very popular theme, especially as handled in pageantry.

Spenser's House of Pride reminds one of Chaucer's *House of Fame*, not from identically similar incidents, but from the gorgeousness of the whole, and general "impressions." In Chaucer we get a revue of the famous (and infamous) persons of antiquity, while in Spenser we get a parade of the Seven Deadly Sins. Both houses have very insecure foundations. Let us consider first the *House of Fame*,

That stood upon so high a roche,
 Hyer stant ther noon in Spaine.

But at the laste espeyed I,
 And found that hit was, everydeel,
 A roche of yse, and not of steel.
 Thought I, 'By seynt Thomas of Kent!
 This was a feeble foundement
 To bilden on a place hye;
 He oughte him litel glorifye
 That her-on bilt, god so me save!' 16

¹⁵ Lowes, *op. cit.*, p. 399.

¹⁶ *The House of Fame*, Bk. 3, ll. 1116-1136.

As to Spenser's House of Pride, we find that—

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breathe of heaven shaken it:
 And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.¹⁷

Another one of the many passages in Spenser that remind one of Chaucer is the catalog of trees given in this book.¹⁸ A similar catalog appears in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.¹⁹ Miss Winstanley calls attention to another passage in Chaucer²⁰ from which she thinks Spenser copied his.²¹ In the same connection she calls attention to the fact that Spenser at times adopts a Chaucerian habit of noting time by the constellations and by the positions of the stars, quoting several passages from each to illustrate. His use of astronomy, however, is not confined to the *Faërie Queene*, but he uses it in the *Shepherd's Calendar* and other pastorals.

Other instances of Chaucer's direct influence on Spenser might be noted. He is also indebted to numerous other writers, as every author is, and is especially indebted to the general influence of the Renaissance. To study his sources would be to review most of the literature existing when he wrote. As numerous streams are gathered into one vast reservoir and their energy is there changed and sent out over thousands of wires, just so Spenser is, as it were, a vast storehouse where the streams of literature have been gathered, and, being revitalized and given a new impetus, have flown into the poetical "Pierian Spring" of every important poet since his day.

The more one reads and studies Spenser the better he is able to appreciate what Hazlitt must have had in mind when he said, "Of all the poets, he is the most poetical."²² J. B. Fletcher has interpreted the appellation "The Poet's Poet" as

¹⁷ *Faërie Queene*, I, III, 5.

¹⁸ I, i, 8-9.

¹⁹ 11.2919-2923.

²⁰ *Parlement of Foules*, 11.176-182.

²¹ *Op. cit.*, p. liv.

²² William Hazlitt, *Lectures on the English Poets*, New York, 1849, p. 41.

meaning that Spenser is read mostly by poets or that many poets are indebted to him.²³ The latter is very true, and holds good with the more modern poets as well as with those immediately following Spenser. The poets of the English Romantic Movement were especially indebted to him. Keats was an ardent admirer of *The Faërie Queene*, and some of his earliest poetry is a direct tribute to Spenser.²⁴ Corson says of Keats:

Probably no English poet who has used the Spenserian stanza, first assimilated so fully the spirit of Spenser, before using his stanza, as did Keats, and to this fact may be partly attributed his effective use of it as an organ for his imagination in its 'lingering, loving, particularizing mood'²⁵

The Eve of St. Agnes is perhaps one of Keats' most successful poems written in this stanza. He seems not only to have used the stanza, but also to have caught a good deal of the Spenserian spirit. Byron used this stanza in his *Childe Harold*, Shelley in his *Adonais*, Tennyson in his *Lotos-Eaters*, and Thomson had used it in his *Castle of Indolence*.

Spenser as a word-artist would make an interesting study in itself. Several examples of his ability along this line are found in the first book: the House of Pride, the House of Holiness, the cave of Despair, and the den of Error. When he wants to paint a picture of loveliness, none is more beautiful than Una as she greets her victorious knight in her father's home; but when he wants to depict the opposite, Duessa, as she is shown up in her true form, presents as loathsome a picture as one could well imagine. Well might Fletcher, Hunt, and others call him the "Painter of the Poets."²⁶

²³ "The Painter of the Poets," *Studies in Philology*, XIV (1917), 153-166.

²⁴ *Imitations of Spenser*, written in 1813.

²⁵ Hiram Corson, *A Primer of English Verse*, Boston, 1892, p. 24.

²⁶ Fletcher, *op. cit.*; Leigh Hunt, *Fancy and Imagination*, London, 1891, "Spenser," pp. 62-120.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

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



Subscription
\$2.00 a year.
Advertising rates
on application

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

ELBERT A. MACMILLAN.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
R. PAUL CAUDILL, R. D. BULLUCK, JR.....	<i>Associate Editors</i>
M. L. GRIFFIN.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
R. K. BENFIELD.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
DR. H. B. JONES.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

VOLUME XLVI

OCTOBER, 1928

NUMBER 1

The Editor's Portfolio

Back Through the Years

"THE STUDENT is designed to advance the educational interests of the State, to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and alumni of the College, and to be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read it."

The above words compose a part of the first paragraph of the first editorial of the first Wake Forest STUDENT, that of January, 1882. In the first regular issue of THE STUDENT for 1928-29 can there be found a better keynote, a better statement of policy, than this stately bit of Victorian rhetoric?

"To advance the educational interests of the State."

This seems today somewhat ambitious, if not presumptuous. But who is to say that there is not yet a need for such an advancement? It is a far cry from 1882 to 1928, but there is still room for enlightenment, and perhaps after all there does rest with the editors of THE STUDENT

a heritage and a potential power for constructive work in this respect.

"To encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and alumni of the College." Surely this is an aim towards which *THE STUDENT* may well work today. There has never been and will never be a time when the man who is able to express himself forcefully and well, whether on paper or by word of mouth, does not enjoy an advantage over his neighbor not so well equipped. Our ideas have undergone striking changes in many particulars since 1882, and we of the younger generation sometimes tend to feel that anything farther back than 1900 is hopelessly out of date and not to be considered today. But we have not in our most advanced thinking gone beyond the above sentence—"To encourage and develop a taste for literary effort . . ." Certainly this is an important function of the college of liberal arts of today, and an aspiration for another editor, forty-six years after.

". . . To be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read it." That, too, is our hope for the new *STUDENT*. Down through the years, from the tanned old pages of the college magazine of another day, this fragment comes as a final hope for us who are toiling in another day. It is not so easy now, we have reason to believe, to give instruction to a restless, wandering assemblage of young people. New methods have brought new standards, new concepts, and new, increasing demands. But we are entering this work of editing the College monthly magazine with a jealous desire to give both instruction and pleasure to Wake Forest students and any others who may read. We are putting our hearts and our honest efforts into *THE STUDENT*, and we hope that those to whom we are writing will bear with us.

The editor will appreciate suggestions from students and faculty members, and hopes that *THE STUDENT* of 1928-29 will prove itself a worthy successor to those tomes of the past.

"The Great God
Football"

Such is the title of an article in the current issue of Harper's Monthly. Mr. John R. Tunis, under whose name this suggestive piece of work appears, is making the point, and justifying it by a recitation of gate receipts and expenditures at a number of the larger universities of the country, that America worships beyond all else about this time of the year the Great American Game, football. According to Mr. Tunis, the Game has become an obsession with us, and we are paying such homage to it as would delight even Gaius Julius himself.

All of this may or may not be true. But it occurred to us that there is another and perhaps more important way in which we of the colleges enslave ourselves to the Game. To be sure we go to see the games. Everybody does. But the striking thing is that we must follow our favorite, whether it is up the peaks of sudden glory or down past the crags of the valley beneath. And when we lose, no matter how good sports we may be, we can't keep down that feeling of despair. Sometimes, in a half-hearted effort to forget our sorrow, we jest playfully after our team has gone down in the slough of despond. "Oh, well," we say with our lips, "it's only a football game." But the Great God Football, looking down from his eminence, chuckles softly and knows that our spirits, keyed so highly but a few short hours since, are leaden and gray, and that life for us is a complete and dismal failure.

But Time, the great healer, works hand in hand with the Great God Football, and this latter personage chuckles again as he sees our spirits rise with the passing hours and hears us as we ask our neighbor, whose heart has also been leaden, what he thinks about our chances in the coming game with Rah Rah College.

And there is yet another chuckle when our neighbor, he of the erstwhile leaden heart, replies: "If you ask me, we've got at least an even break, and a darn good chance to win!"

Efficiency Where It Is Needed Editor Mattison, of the 1929 Howler, has happily combined the time, the place, and the event. His clear, crisp statement at chapel recently of the affairs of The Howler and of his plans for the new book is worthy of commendation, and comes at a time when such a statement is badly needed. The 1928 annual was mismanaged in more than one particular, and creating a rough-house on the campus during the greater part of the spring semester was in no small manner justified. As Mattison stated in his address to the students some days ago, there was criticism of what was considered an unfair manner of dividing apportionments for the five non-supporting sections in the annual. It is the plan this year to apportion to each man whose picture appears in the book a proportionate part of the aggregate bill for these five sections. Also, Mattison announces that there will be no misplaced pictures in the 1929 annual. A careful check will be made of the registrar's records in arranging the students in the classes in which they should appear.

Other details of new management might be mentioned, but the important thing is that Mattison and the staff of The Howler have made their position clear, have taken the students into their confidence, and have, at the outset, forestalled any friction which might have developed later.

Voluminous Whispers If the reports being circulated against the principals in the current political campaign are "whispers," one rejoices that a more vigorous form of campaign propaganda has not been resorted to. Indeed, the whispers toward which an endless array of political speakers and writers have cast their venom for the past few months have been well termed stage whispers, and one shudders at the very thought of a "shouting campaign"! So far as the southern states are concerned, the "whispers," ere they arrive at the Mason and Dixon line, have become stentorian voices, and are being hurled from the front pages of the

newspapers and from public platforms. The first time a "whisper" is heard it is consuming two-column block headlines on the front pages of the press and is receiving space on the editorial page.

To cite an example, we hear, by way of the newspaper, that Miss Mary Doe has seen Al Smith, under the influence of intoxicating beverages, driving an automobile at a reckless pace down Broadway. Along with the whisper, the Associated Press tells us that Smith cannot drive an automobile. Hoover is declared by the Governor of Mississippi in a public speech, broadcast over the radio and the wires of numerous newspaper services, to have stopped over in Mississippi and paid a call on a dusky citizen of that state. Republican headquarters prove, in the next day's papers, that Hoover did not call on said dusky citizen, and that the Governor was talking through his hat.

One thing is certain. So long as whispering is conducted under public supervision, and is corrected by wary campaign managers before it is well on its way, there is little danger of serious damage one way or the other.

THE STUDENT

Medium

of

Literary Expression

at

Wake Forest
College

Subscription \$2.00 the Year

Advertising Rates
on Request

—

M. L. GRIFFIN, Business Manager

THE
**WAKE FOREST
STUDENT**

Vol. XLVI

No. 2



November, 1928

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I Think of You (<i>Poem</i>)	53
CHARLES A. MADDRY	
-Something Different	54
F. MARTIN HOWARD	
Locke and Comenius—A Comparison of Their Educational Contributions	58
GLADYS SLEDD	
Three Poems—Revelry; The Poet; Youth	66
F. MARTIN HOWARD	
Armistice Day Address	68
WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT	
Two Essays	74
ARIEL	
Cold Night	78
ELBERT A. MACMILLAN	
The Historical Development of College Algebra	82
K. T. RAYNOR	
Cameos (<i>Poems</i>)	97
EDWIN B. DOZIER	
The Editor's Portfolio	98
Exchanges	102

The Wake Forest Student

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College

VOL. XLVI

NOVEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 2

I Think of You

By CHARLES A. MADDY

In early morn
The sun new-born,
I think of you.

At midday bright
With noon-sun bright,
I think of you.

When evening falls
And slumber calls,
I think of you.

So be it morn or noon or night,
In all my thoughts I have delight,
Because I think of you.

Something Different

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

WITH a clicking whir Brant Stafford pulled the copy from the typewriter, swung his chair about lazily, and propping a lengthy leg across the edge of the desk, scanned through the item he had just written. Obviously his liking for the content was but an indifferent one. Same old thing, he said to himself for the several-hundredth time. Always the same dry local items of news: commonplaces of the State building, brief write-ups of dry lectures, the routine of city court.

Brant, young reporter on the Morning Herald, heartily wished that he might get a break to write something different. He was fed up to nausea with his limitation to city news. For Brant Stafford, newswriter, harbored the secret conviction that, given a chance by the gods—of even the minor god in the front editorial sanctum—he could punch out upon his typewriter a very commendable feature story, one that would be mentioned for its freshness of style and originality of handling. His limitation to city stuff was hampering his style, as it was; he craved to write something different.

He glanced again at the copy he had just withdrawn from the typewriter.

“The Sea-Gull, new and elaborately finished yacht of T. Hayden Roberts, editor of the Morning Herald, will break its mooring tomorrow afternoon for its maiden voyage, having on board besides its Captain McKenzie and crew, its owner and——”

And thereafter followed the names of the party as Brant had hammered them out upon the machine, with a brief concluding paragraph explaining that the smart new Sea-Gull with its party would take a cruise of several weeks, swinging down the Southern coast and ultimately out to a group of tropical islands.

Well, conceded Brant, after glancing through the copy,

that was a little better than the usual routine news, although even it was local stuff.

"Locals! locals!" Brant lowered his young leg from the desk with impatience. "Ye gods! this powder-house of local stuff will drive me nuts!"

But it was just at this juncture that he temporarily suspended his anathema against local stuff. The new society editor, but a week with the Herald, came easily into the room and stopped at his desk. She, too, was local "stuff."

And as Brant glanced up into her face it suddenly occurred to him that this young woman reporter was more than mere local stuff. She was very good-looking, very interesting, very different local stuff.

"Mr. Billings," she told Brant, her young lips red and smiling, "wants to see you."

"Yes?" said Brant. "Then it must be that another bonehead is giving a lecture tonight, or another city official is to be out of the city for the week-end, or another—say, Mistress Society Editor, have you found any way to animate social activities as they appear on paper? Does the writing of your line of goods prove interesting? Or do you find yourself afraid to strike a match for fear—"

"Oh," she smiled, "interesting enough. Same old thing every day, of course. 'Mr. and Mrs. John Smith announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary, to'—and so on. Births, parties, deaths." She laughed good-naturedly, her lovely hazel eyes bright in her vivid face, and passed on to her own desk stationed over in one corner of the room.

Brant's admiring eyes followed her. "All girls," he said to himself in irreverent paraphrase, "are divided into three parts, namely, eyes, smart, scant clothes, and shapely legs. Hum-m-m—that is, all pretty ones." He went into the adjacent room, and dutifully addressed himself to Editor Billings.

The city editor, contrary to newspaper tradition, was a nervous little man, quick of movement and despatch, with stern face but twinkling eyes. He looked up from a piece of copy before him.

"Have you written up the item about the old man's yacht?"

"Yes, sir." Brant threw the copy upon the editor's desk.

Billings glanced through it hurriedly. "Still think we're keeping genius confined by keeping you on the local beat?" He glanced at Brant's young face, his eyes twinkling.

The young reporter colored. "Well, sir, local stuff is a bit dry. I'd like to try my hand at something different."

Editor Billings smiled dryly. "Hum-m-m. That's not a bad ambition, but it all proves dry and routine when you grind away at the business long enough."

He was thoughtful a minute. "The old man," he continued abruptly, "wants one of the staff to go with his party on the yacht cruise tomorrow." He watched the young reporter's face.

Brant's face warmed at this and his eyes kindled.

"Nixon," the editor added, referring to the Herald's feature writer, "Nixon, you know—"

Brant's new-born enthusiasm faded. Of course, there was Nixon—he was the feature writer. "I suppose he'll cover the trip, then?" He spoke his thoughts aloud almost unconsciously. There was a faint trace of disappointment.

"Nixon," Billings went on, "is covering that case at Bankston."

Brant's hope revived. Perhaps he would be sent to Bankston, then, to take Nixon's place on the murder trial. "I suppose he will come in from Bankston tonight?" he asked, failing to consider the interruption.

"No, he won't come in from Bankston tonight," the little editor's firm mouth said with mock asperity. "Quit interrupting me!"

Brant mumbled a word of apology and grinned. Editor Billings at that grinned too. "Nixon," he said, "is going to remain through the case at Bankston. You're going with the old man and his party. It's your vacation time, anyway."

Brant could not submerge his rising interest.

"And," added the city editor, "I want to have a different feature story out of you when you get back. Get on the good side of the old man. He's cold as the north pole until you are closely associated with him. Here's your chance."

Young Brant Stafford was not yet sophisticated and hardened by the strenuous newspaper game, and his enthusiasm was high. But when, the next day, he went on board the Sea-Gull to find there ahead of him the new society editor, with all three parts in lovely unison, the young reporter's interest continued to soar. And the Sea-Gull, too, although not actually soaring, did presently weigh anchor and glide lightly out to sea.

Although it was not known at the Herald office, and about, that the new society editor was the very personable progeny of Editor-in-Chief T. Hayden Roberts, City Editor Billings did know it. However, it was not until some three weeks later that out of the morning's clutter of mail and press telegrams the little editor found something relating to young Stafford's promise of a different story. It was communicated to him by telegraph despatch, reading:

AM TRANSMITTING HEREWITH STORY YOU
ASKED FOR AND I PROMISED STOP TRUST IT IS
SUFFICIENTLY DIFFERENT STOP ON BOARD ROB-
ERTS YACHT THE SEA-GULL JULY FOURTEENTH
DASH MARRIAGE OF MISS FRANCES ROBERTS
YOUNG DAUGHTER OF T HAYDEN ROBERTS
EDITOR AND OWNER OF NASHTOWN MORNING
HERALD TO MR CHARLES BRANTON STAFFORD
OF THE HERALDS REPORTORIAL STAFF TOOK
PLACE ON BOARD THE ROBERTS YACHT SEA-
GULL TODAY STOP

"Well," mused the city editor, his editing pencil beginning unconsciously to function, "perhaps this is a bit different!"

Locke and Comenius--A Comparison of Their Educational Contributions

By GLADYS SLEDD

TO compare and analyze the contributions of Locke and Comenius, we must first know the educational aims of these two men, what their conception of education was, and the method each developed.* Accordingly I shall first discuss each man separately, with reference to these points. With the facts before us, I shall then discuss the educational contributions of each man.

Religion determined for Comenius his educational aim. When I speak of religion here, I do not mean the religious education of the reformation, which worked only for the regeneration of the individual, and consisted mostly of scripture reading, and the learning of the catechism, but the religious idea of Comenius that worked for the good of society as well as the individual. These two religious conceptions are similar, but their fundamental purposes were different. With Comenius the ultimate religious end was to obtain moral control over oneself, which could only be secured by knowledge of oneself and of all things.

Comenius had this idea because he considered that man is the highest, the most absolute, and the most excellent of all created beings; that the life beyond is the ultimate end of mankind, and that this life is merely a preparation for eternity; that man has a natural craving for knowledge, which Comenius considers is learning, virtue, and piety, and that the seeds of knowledge are implanted in every man; that the mind of man is unlimited in its aspiration, and that there is no boundary either in Heaven nor outside of Heaven for the mind—it is free.

Comenius believed that the mind and the body of man were in perfect harmony. He compares it with the world as a clockpiece put together with many wheels and bells and arranged in such a way or with such art that throughout the whole structure one part depends upon

the other, through the harmony and perfection of the movements. This bodily and mental harmony can only be made possible through education.

To Comenius education should consist of an encyclopedic organization of human knowledge. Education, to him, should give an accurate anatomy of the universe, dissecting the veins and limbs of all things in such a way that there should be nothing not seen, and each part should appear in its proper place and without confusion.

Comenius wished, in advancing this idea of universal knowledge, to group his facts or knowledge around universal principles, or in other words to arrange human knowledge so that the arts, sciences, and languages could have as a basis the universal law; then study could proceed from what is best known, by slow degrees, to what is less known, until all knowledge becomes expanded, bringing about a greater development of human power and happiness.

To introduce his aim and educational conception, and to show how they could be applied in the education of the child, Comenius wrote "The Great Didactic," "The School of Infancy," "The Teaching of Languages," and the "Austrian Plan." In each of these he gave the different methods for developing his educational aim and conception.

Comenius begins with the little pre-school child, from infancy to the age of six years. His "School of Infancy," dealing with this early phase of the child's education, has taken a permanent place among the classics which deal with the period of childhood. He believes that the early childhood years require an abundance of sleep, fresh air, and exercise. Most of the child's exercise should be in the form of amusements, for Comenius remarked, "A joyful mind is half of health, and the joy of the heart is the very life-spring of the child." He thought that these exercises for pleasure also provided for the pleasure of the child's eyes, ears, and other senses, laying the basis for a later development.

The mental training of the child during its first six years should be based upon the requirements of two

classes of study: (1) those which furnish the material of thought, such as nature study, geography, and household economy; (2) those which furnish the symbol of thought, such as drawing, writing, and language.

Under the first head, the mother is urged to teach her children geography through outdoor lessons. For example, to teach direction let the child find his way home from the market. Later the geography and nature study and language can be combined in field lessons, in the orchard, in the forest, and by the river. Stories are very good for developing the knowledge of the child in connection with these subjects.

In the second group the child should be allowed to draw, write and talk as much as he cares to, and whenever he wants to, for in doing this he will acquire the habit of doing things that will be expected of him later in life. But in every lesson and in every attempt of the young child, the object should be placed before him to prevent him from having only a childish idea of the object.

Moral and religious training Comenius stressed, for the fundamental aim of his education is moral and religious. He believes that the parents should live as models before their children in teaching them virtue, temperance, and frugality, and that a child should be punished for acting immorally.

Religiously the child should be taught the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and many hymns. These should be taught from memory and early in the life of the child.

In his *Great Didactic*, Comenius gives his method for instructing the school child or youth in sciences, in arts, in languages, and religions. He has, to do this, three types of institutions. First, the School of the Mother Tongue, the age being from six to twelve years; second, the Latin School, the age being from twelve to eighteen, and last the University. In the first two, the School of the Mother Tongue and the Latin School, Comenius has certain general principles of instruction and regulations.

He believes that education should be open to all classes

and sexes, and that parents should send their children to these public schools. The subject of instruction should be common to the whole range of knowledge and should be based upon the inductive method. Everything should be taught according to one and the same method. The same subject should be taught in each grade, but advanced in thought and requirement according to the child's age and mental ability. The subject should be correlated, especially writing, spelling, language, and nature study, and the textbooks should be full of pictures and suited to the mental development of the child. There should be no corporal punishment except in misbehavior. The school day should be divided into play and recitation periods, and the teachers should be better trained.

In the teaching of the different subjects, Comenius stressed the correct method of instruction, for to him it was a panacea for most of the ills of all teaching.

To teach a love for and knowledge of the sciences, the teacher must see that his pupils learn everything through actual observation and sense perception. Everything as far as possible should be placed before the senses.

In teaching the arts three things are necessary: a model for the pupil to imitate, material on which the pupil can work, and instruments for accomplishing the work. Practice and guidance by the teacher are very important in mastering these subjects.

The teaching of language should be joined to the study of objects. These objects should be suited to the intelligence and interest of the child. Each language should be learned separately—first the Mother Tongue, then Latin, then Hebrew and Greek.

Religious instruction is very important and children should be given specific instructions in piety. This should include meditation, prayer, and examination. In his religious training or methods Comenius does not hold to his realistic theory. He makes no provision for suiting his religious instructions to the age of the child, centering it mostly around memory work and readings written by religious men. The pinnacle of his education is religion; his

methods of teaching it are weak, and failed to have any influence on his followers.

The methods suggested in his other books are like these that I have given. The only exception is his Austrian plan, which was a plan for a seven-graded school, with organization, instruction, class periods, and course of study similar to ours today. In fact our type of organization in the elementary school is based upon this plan of Comenius.

The contributions of Comenius to education can now be considered from two standpoints: the way in which his ideas of reform were carried on, and the way in which they were enlarged by such men as Francke, Rousseau, Basedow, Pestalozzi, Fröbel, and Herbart. The last three of these men are the most important. So I shall only consider them. With Pestalozzi, the vital principles of his reform, love and sympathy for the child, were given him by Comenius. Pestalozzi began with the child at birth, believing that the mother should be the first to nourish her child physically and mentally because she was appointed so by God. This, we recall, was also Comenius's cherished desire and idea in the School of Infancy.

Comenius and Pestalozzi stand alone in proclaiming the doctrine of universal education.

Pestalozzi's method of study of nature was inherited from Comenius. Comenius was the first to emphasize the study of geography, Pestalozzi was the second. Both gave their lives for the sake of education that they might teach beggars how to live like men.

In regard to the educational work of Froebel, it does not detract, says Mr. Monroe, in his *Comenius*, "from the fame of Froebel to say that the root ideas and aims of his kindergarten are to be found in *The School of Infancy*." Froebel joined with Comenius in demanding that women take a responsible part in the education of the child.

Herbart agreed with Comenius in considering simple concrete facts in every field of knowledge, the sure foundation upon which elementary education rests. The doctrine

of interest, Herbart's greatest contribution to education, was faintly suggested by Comenius.

Because Comenius asserts the claim of experimental science in the elementary schools, places the Mother Tongue on the list of subjects of instruction, includes physical education in studies, and by his demand for education of all children, especially girls, who until then had been neglected, he is the father of elementary education.

Locke was not interested in any phase of public classroom instruction, or public school books. He was interested in educating the individual, and developing the intellectual ability of the individual for philosophical reasons. Consequently his educational aim became an aim of intellectual endeavor which was the love of the truth. The guide for attaining this truth was reason, but the mind was only capable of attaining this truth and of formulating it when educated to that purpose.

As a result, Locke's education consisted of a rigid discipline. The reason for this is Locke's psychological idea of the mind. He believes that the mind is a perfect blank to begin with, and that its virtues and powers are worked into it from the outside through the formation of habits.

Locke's method of developing these habits was through experience. His theory was that all knowledge comes from the perception of the senses and the perception of the intellect: that is, from experience. This was the Baconian idea of knowledge, and both Locke and Comenius believed in it, but Locke went a step further and formulated a disciplinary method through which these habits could be developed. His method centered around the three aspects of education: physical, moral, and mental. Here we see that he is following in the footsteps of Comenius, but we must remember that Comenius was developing these three aspects for a religious good, while Locke was developing them for the general good of the individual.

Locke's disciplinary method for training the physical, moral, and mental abilities are presented in two of his works. In the *Conduct of the Understanding* he shows

how the mind can be developed through disciplinary training, and in his *Thoughts on Education* he states his physical and moral training.

Locke makes the aim of these three aspects: vigor, virtue, and knowledge.

The physical discipline is very similar to that of Comenius as stated in his *School of Infancy*. The physical training should begin in the home, and the parents should manage or supervise it. It should consist of plenty of open air, exercise and sleep, plain drink, and diet, no medicines, clothes that are not too warm and made straight. The head and feet should be kept cold, and the feet should often be bathed in cold water and exposed to wet.

Locke's idea was to harden the body and make it vigorous and healthy so it could endure hardships, and execute the orders of mind. As he states in his *Thoughts on Education*, "nine out of every ten men are made what they are, good or bad, useful or not, by their education."

The moral training of Locke is one of his most striking educational points. In it he shows the difference between education and instruction. Education as a whole, to Locke, was discipline, while instruction was the method of developing intellectual education. Comenius with his knowledge of methods and of education failed to make this distinction. His methods of instruction and education were not only theoretically the same thing, but were used for gaining the same primary end, which was religious training.

Locke let the primary object of his moral training work toward developing character. This is to be done by teaching the child to exercise self-control, self-denial, and temperance. The child will not be able to accomplish this alone, but through the guidance and discipline of the parents. They can only develop those virtues by appealing to the child's reasoning ability and by placing good examples before him. Rewards can be offered, but they should be based upon esteem or disgrace, and not gifts. Whipping never develops virtuous habits with a child.

Locke shows a deeper knowledge of child nature than

Comenius. In appealing to the child's natural love for esteem and high reputation he goes far ahead of Comenius's idea that a child can be whipped into being good.

Educationally Locke believes that the mind can be trained to distinguish the truth largely through reflection and meditation. The subject of Mathematics he thinks is the best suited to developing the reason, not that it makes the individual reasonable, but through it he acquires the habit of reasoning, which can easily be transferred to any other subject. For the same reason he advises a wide range of sciences, "to accustom our minds to all sorts of ideas and the proper ways of examining their habitudes and relations, not to make them perfect in any of the sciences, but to open and dispose their minds as may best make them capable of any, when they shall apply themselves to it."

In this phase of education Comenius is superior to Locke because in his divisions of schools Comenius emphasizes specific mental training which today is recognized as being superior to that of the general method stated by Locke.

The influence of Locke's disciplinary education was the basis for most of the elementary education during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England, Germany, and America. It was not until the opening of the nineteenth century that the content studies such as literature, history, geography, and the natural sciences found their way into the elementary grades, taking the place of the disciplinary subjects and method of Locke.

Three Poems

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

Revelry

Liquid-sweet and earthly free,
A bird sings of mad revelry:
Revelry of a man and wine;
Revelry wrought by fruit of vine.

He warbles a note of abandoned care:
Of the flashing eyes of a lady fair;
Of a night of wildness inspired by whim,
Because the lady was not for him.

The bird sings thus to the world around,
Of the disconsolate man upon the ground,
Sobering his mind beneath the tree:
I'm sure it is thus—for I am he.

The Poet

I have been mad,
The poet confessed—
A strange light in his eyes.
All my life long
I have sung only a song
Infinitely sad.
Once it was sad, sweet, exquisite pain.

Now I have fear,
Said the poet, distressed—
But faint hope in his sighs—
That all my life long
I can only sing a song
Ineffably drear.
Now it is mad, vast torturous pain.

Youth

While there still dances
A vestige of the youthful fire
Along the veins of my body
I would like to sing of it
And flaunt my young blood
Before the world of men.

For even now the flame wavers.
It is a fickle thing.
Presently it will die,
Leaving only dry ashes in its stead.
Even now the flame is fleeting—
Leaping up intermittently,
Erratically jubilant and wild.

Soon, I know, there will settle
Upon my head gray hairs and thoughts,
And only an earnest craving
For a vast peace to reign.

But now—now—I yet thrill
To the wilder things:
To things flashy and warm and bright;
To illusiveness and things
Of the will-o'-the-wisp;
To things reckless . . .
Not always noble.

Abstract of Armistice Day Address

WINSTON-SALEM, NOVEMBER 11, 1928

By WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT

SURELY this is a great hour. Are we not thinking of great matters? Are we not swayed by great emotions? Are we not encompassed by great memories? Memories of the resounding collision of millions of men of all climes and races; memories of the advance and recession of civilization itself on the tides of battle along the Aisne and the Marne; of the treasures of our racial inheritance at issue and trembling in the balance of destiny; ghastly memories of the Red Glutton's feast in Flanders stretching through a four-years night of horror; tender memories of youthful gallantry, heroic and radiant, sailing Eastward, but forgetting to sail West again; memories of the happiest day our distressed speck of a planet ever saw. Bergson said that the French people at the opening of the war felt called to a superhuman task and they became grave and solemn as in a cathedral. This is our cathedral. See its walls push out and out and its ceiling lift to give us fellowship with our brothers of all lands. And we—are we not all here, Frenchman and German, Belgian and Austrian, Italian and Russian, Britisher and Turk, Anzac and American?—recalling the horror of great darkness ten years behind us, grateful for the sacrificial devotion of the men who suffered in it, and open to all the suggestions of our tragic experience, all of us together, out of a common agony and a common allegiance to the Prince of Peace, pledge Him and one another that, God helping us, so far as in us lies, that tragedy shall not be reënacted; it is off the boards forever!

Remember, in that high commitment we appoint ourselves no easy task. There are formidable obstacles to be overcome. Look at them. National life seems to have been organized on the basis of international suspicion and jealousy. Alien means enemy. That is possibly the in-

evitable result of the earlier isolation of national groups surviving into the period of intercourse and common interests. Our present world is a new world, but the attitude and habit of the old persist as an authoritative tradition in the new, and the great nations, even in this day of enlightenment and Christianity, look like armed camps. Witness our own. Eighty-three per cent of our national revenue is absorbed by past and future wars. Before the war only two hundred officers were giving military training in our schools; now there are two thousand.

And there is the fighting instinct inbred and consolidated in human nature by millenniums of battle, and a joint resolution, it is said, will not transform it overnight, no matter what names are attached. You might as well have tried to stay Etna's lava flood pouring down on Mascali with a hydrant and hose of the doomed city. This fighting instinct, moreover, is invited to take practical expression in actual combat by its long association with some of the heroic virtues, with courage, adventure, and romance. That is precisely the perilous factor of the problem. War calls out some of the finer traits of manhood and makes them glorious, but war itself is never glorious. Some gentle natures have been brutalized by fear and filth and violence, but many a timid lad, under the challenge of a terrible duty, sprung to a height of nobleness which transfigured him forever. We may hate war with the intensity of blue blazes. We may flame with anger at its confederate slaughter and sicken with disgust that it gets us nowhere, settles nothing. And yet there shine the stars in a field of blue, and our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name our great country. So that war at times connotes patriotism as well as heroism. You will not break that association and substitute another in a day, perhaps not in a generation.

Another powerful influence tends to perpetrate this barbaric tradition and block the road to peace. I refer to vested interests. I have read somewhere in Macaulay that the law of gravitation itself would be even yet in dispute if vested interests had been involved in it. There is a

vested interest which may be described as professional. Military and naval officers and experts believe in their professions, as we do. Of course, they believe in them. Every now and again they deplore the necessity of war and sincerely wish it abolished, but to them it is a necessity and its abolition a utopian dream; you cannot change human nature. And such a judgment, by an insidious fallacy, acquires a degree of authority to which it is not entitled. Because a gentleman out of West Point is skilled in the equipment and handling of soldiers on parade or in battle, it does not follow that he is an authority on national or international policy. Nor is the gold braid of Annapolis, which is the symbol of skill in battleships, any guarantee of a clearer eye or a wiser head for a national emergency. And yet the contrary is constantly assumed, and the doubter is considered disposed of by citing the false analogy of consulting the doctor, not the man in the street, when you are sick. A few months ago these gentlemen gave us an exhibition of the insanity of extravagance of which they are capable. They proposed a naval appropriation which, with all the items involved counted in, amounted for a period of eight years to four thousand million dollars. And this, when not one of them was able to name the enemy or combination of enemies against whom they sought to protect our imperiled country; not one could indicate the point on the horizon East or West over which the threatening funnels would climb to extinguish us. Such a revelation stirs at once our indignation and our pity, for to tremble before a nameless terror is childish.

We have to reckon also with commercial vested interests. There are, first of all, large investments in the manufacture of war materials. What is more natural and human than the practical concern of munitions manufacturers in war propaganda, their solicitude for the safety of our country, so helpless, so beset by covetous foes on all sides. Better be ready, they warn us, amply ready! Especially, so they say, because you will not have to use your munitions if you collect enough of them; whereas

every child knows, and 1914 might have taught these enterprising patriots, that the men who carry guns are the men who get shot.

Note briefly the effect of investment of capital in foreign industries. The foreign lands which invite such investments are as yet unindustrialized and "backward," and require some degree of superintendence in order to insure the steady flow of income into the coffers of the concessionaires. If a local disturbance occurs, of course the investors appeal to the home government to maintain its honor by protecting its threatened nationals and their property. They organize a wide propaganda to push the government into armed intervention, in which our blood and treasure flow out to keep the tide of gold flowing in. Witness recent history in Mexico and Nicaragua.

A third commercial factor in the survival of the folly and crime of war is complex and all but inevitable in a technological civilization such as ours. The coming of the machine some two hundred years ago and its rapid development under the stimulus of the new science divided populations into two groups, the agricultural and the industrial. There was no trouble so long as the agricultural was able to feed the industrial. But it turns out that the need of the industrial for food soon outgrows the local production of food, for the city grows at the expense of the farm. Then you must invade the less industrialized countries and exchange your excess manufactured goods for food, sell shoes in Argentina for beef. This is what is called the "economic necessity." It is easy to see that international competition for such foreign markets carries the perpetual menace of war. In reality there is no such economic necessity. When the industrial population has increased beyond the native food supply, it is necessary to import food so that this population may continue to increase and the "necessity" become yet more acute. Certainly the policy cannot go on endlessly. Either available agricultural regions will be exhausted of their surplus food supply or will themselves become industrialized and require all their own food products.

There is no time to present three several suggestions which have been offered to cut this vicious spiral and overthrow the dangerous tyranny of the machine. I am the more reconciled to this omission on reflecting that they all are clearly impractical.

I beg to present my own view. Here is an elaborate tangle of personal and economic relationships, of greed and ambition, of an exclusive and bumptious nationalism in a world of multiplied and swift national contacts, with a traditional diplomacy to manipulate us in the dark and tangle the tangle yet more inextricably. The situation is intolerable. There is dynamite in it. If it explodes again, it will blow civilization to smithereens. The only way out is Christ's way. The conversion of individuals, classes, governments, and diplomacy to the Christian principle will solve all our personal, social, national, and international problems and bring in the reign of peace in righteousness. Instead of adding machine to machine, plant to plant, and piling up an overplus of production which would break through the peace of the world to find its market, capital, for example, would then spend its surplus to heighten the quality of its products and extend the leisure of its operatives. There would follow as day follows night the freedom of the backward civilizations from the rapacious exploitation of the machine-driven civilizations and the world from the threat of the havoc and stupidity of another war.

But it will help to drop abstract terms. They befog all such discussions. Let us say convert men and women, convert capitalists to the teaching and spirit of Jesus. For what is capital but a group of people who control the work of other people? If both groups are Christian, they will love one another as brothers. There will be no need for conferences and arbitration. The employer and the employee—these two men with different kinds of wealth—will recognize themselves for what they are, brothers in Christ, and coöperation will take the place of antagonism.

And what is the government but the men chosen by the community to conduct its affairs? The policy of the government is the way these men have decided to treat their own people or the people of other groups. If the policy needs to be changed, change these men, convert them to the Christian principle, or substitute men who are Christians. And they will apply in their administrative and legislative activities the Christian principle of justice and fraternity.

It hardly needs to be added that Christ's way is the way for the gentlemen who sit in the foreign offices and embassies no less than for the other members of the government. And the international law under which they operate must come ultimately into accord with the law of Christ. They will spend some of their time and expert intelligence in the study of the causes of international conflict with a view to their elimination, instead of spending all of both in preparation for the next war.

Is this solution also impracticable, a fair but utopian dream? Some practical statesmen entertain it. Woodrow Wilson for one. He said he saw no solution of our international problems except in the application of the principles of Christ. And recently Premier Baldwin declared he could do no work, and would turn over his office to another, if he did not believe and hope that some day the kingdom of God would spread over the whole world. Another thing is to be said. If any group of men or any sphere of activity is not comprehended in the Christian task, I have deeply misread the facts of human nature and the range of the Master's program of redemption. If He cannot save the world, all sections of its life, it is time to ask whether He is able to save one of us.

Two Essays

By ARIEL

On the Passing of An Institution

ONE who has grown a half-dozen years older than the high school children about him can but shed a furtive tear as he visits again the haunts of his earlier teens and finds missing one of the institutions upon which his high school days were virtually dependent. It is that never-to-be-forgotten initiation into the sacred mysteries of the Order of Long Pantsdom of which I speak.

It is amazing that an event so epochal in the lives of a group of former high school children now finishing college should have completely passed before the kid brothers and sisters of this group have themselves been graduated from the public schools. In my day there were five big days in the lives of members of the stronger sex. These were, in the order named: birth, conversion, long pants, marriage, and death. And who, in those days, was to name the most important of these? Certainly if one of my day were called on to name the least important of the five, the third would not be the one.

I shall never forget the mingled emotions of pride, shame, self-consciousness, and worldly-wiseness that accompanied me and my first long pants to school. It was on April 25, 1924, and still that day holds for me memories poignant and clearly limned. It was a beautiful spring day, one of the first really warm days of the year. It was the kind of day that makes one's feet sweat and feel too big for the shoes that cramp them; the kind of day that brings up sudden memories of past joys, of carefree barefooted days, of swimmin' holes and ball games and long bicycle rides. But this day I was launching my craft on new waters. Bygones were bygones, and my new pants tickled my shanks pleasantly, as if to remind them that they were present, in all their woolly newness.

And what a furor the crowd raised when I reached school, after an interminable ride on a bicycle. They

pounced on me with eager hands. They made me get up on the running board of an automobile and make a speech. They hustled me around behind the building, and to my speechless mortification "bumped" me against the obliging flanks of a hitherto bosom friend. They rolled up my new pants legs and disclosed a bright pair of socks supported by spotless garters. (A week later I learned that one mustn't wear garters if one is to be anybody at all. Garters were studiously missing from my wardrobe afterwards.) They added insult to injury by cramming my pants legs under the spotless garters and causing me to run around the school building, thus arrayed, three times.

This was only the beginning. There was a whole day of it. And for other days, progressively less terrible, I was caused to be painfully aware that I had rearranged my order of living and was henceforth a changed man.

But like all initiations, this one finally came to an end, and one week after this fateful first day I could strut with my long pants as well as the next one. I still had some trouble remembering to loosen the legs of my new pants as I sat down, but I was a close observer of this interesting process as practiced by others with a longer standing in the Order, and was by this time well on the way to full and unqualified membership.

All this was in 1924. And now, four and a half years later, what do I find when I return to my old haunts? Are there hilarious groups of boys and girls enjoying themselves at the expense of some novice who wishes sincerely that they were all sweltering in warmer climate? Are four of them bumping some luckless initiate against the corner of a brick building or some slightly softer structure?

No, no. There is none of this now. They are all, from first graders so tiny they can scarcely walk to seniors who should have been in college long ago—they are all of them arrayed in long pants! For the uniformity of it, they might all be enrolled at a military school. There are long pants for youngsters I could easily put in my hip pocket. There are long pants for the big boys. And there are long pants for all intermediate sizes.

Woe is me! Has it come to this? Is there to be found no single male student who has not yet adorned himself with this emblem which in the good old days stood for something real, stood for an accomplishment? There is not one. But hold! There was one, a twelve-year-old youngster over there to the right. I sauntered up to him and after a few preliminary remarks, asked as casually as I could, "And when are you planning to put on long pants?"

The boy cocked an incredulous eye my way, spat vigorously and said: "Put on long pants, your Aunt Emma! I've had on long pants lo these years. I got these golf knickers for a birthday present three days ago."

II

On Posing for a Photograph

THE gentle art of posing for photographs is to me as interesting as a game of golf. In both pastimes there is always an excellent chance of doing better—much better—the next time.

I think I would not be exaggerating if I should say I had posed for a thousand photographs—not much, anyhow. It certainly seems like a thousand. And just as often as I pose, just so often am I confident that next time there will blossom forth in the proofs that will be returned shortly a countenance that will make Rudolph Valentino turn uneasily in his grave and will cause the veteran Mr. Barrymore to tear frantically at his remaining locks. But for some strange, inexplicable reason, this amazing likeness never is returned when the proofs of my pictures come back to me. Always there is the same result. The only difference is that it is a new dollar and a half I have paid for this most recent sitting. As for the pictures, they are the same. Utterly drab and commonplace. The same old nose; listless eyes; a mouth that droops a full inch and a quarter at each side—and of course it's all the photographer's fault.

I guess there's something in the state of mind that causes such uniformly bad results. I approach the do-

main of the photographer with no less trepidity than if I were walking down the last corridor to the electric chair, where my best friend was to strap me in the chair so my girl (if any) could throw the switch. Thus cheerfully accoutered, I sidle into the room, sit solemnly down upon the little piano stool provided for those *condamné à mort*, as it were. The photographer arranges my collar, tilts my head at a precarious angle, and tells me to fixate on a little screw just above the lens of his terrifying camera. I glare sullenly at this screw, ignoring his request that I think of something pleasant, and wait until he squeezes the little bulb in his hand. This done, my face is free to regain its natural contours, and I can again straighten out my head.

The piano stool is revolved for the second sitting, and the photographer again does his worst by my collar and head. Returning to his camera, he again urges me to drop the cares of the world from my shoulders and smile, "Just a little. Just a little." But I am firm and refuse to smile. Of course, to be perfectly frank, I couldn't smile if I wanted to. I couldn't smile if all the world were a stage and all the people fools acting on it especially for my benefit. But the photographer thinks I'm not smiling because I don't want to. Let him think that. And so, once again, I glare morbidly at the designated screw (it's on the other side of the lens this time) and my countenance is once again imprinted on a photographic plate. A little more tugging at my collar and neck, another ferocious grimace synchronized with the squeeze of the bulb, and it's all over. The pictures, of course, are as usual.

Maybe after all I'm not too optimistic in thinking the next time will be better. Surely the next time can't be any worse, and maybe there will sometime be a photographer quick enough to get me before I'm quite prepared.

All of which reminds me that I've a date with the photographer for the annual, and I'm due there no later than three minutes from right now. And somehow I've got a hunch that these shots he gets this afternoon are going to be a big improvement over any I ever had taken before.

Cold Night

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN

BROWN leaves had been sifting down wearily all day. Out of a leaden November sky came a northwestern wind that bit deeply, even through flannel shirts and heavy topcoats. I should never have started a bumming adventure in such weather. Living was bad enough at home in front of a fire—but to be on the highway at the mercy of a none-too-philanthropic public—

I had succumbed to the entreaties of a flighty child-girl in a distant town and had set out the afternoon before, with high spirits and a song in my throat. And now—alone on the highway, forty-three long miles from home and an early dusk rapidly approaching. The trip had been a total washout. The girl talked too much; her nose needed powder; and she was ever waxing sentimental. I loathed her after it was all over and wondered too late why I had left home.

The cold waxed more intense as night approached. Away to the west the dark curtain of clouds lifted a moment just before sunset, long enough to allow a red disc to shed its parting rays upon a seer, drear world. Motorists whizzed by me, unheeding my entreaties, and I stamped about on the asphalt and blew on my fists to keep warm. An ancient Ford with a leaky radiator passed, and before it was out of sight the stream of water left on the road was a slender pencil of ice—a long finger pointing away to the west where lay home, a warm fire, a bed.

Fifteen minutes after sunset, after I had been waiting in one spot for a little less than an hour, a big blue roadster heeded my thumb and creaked to a stop twenty-five yards ahead. I hurriedly overtook my benefactor, finding three men in the front seat. "Crawl in the rumble," a voice from within boomed at me. I had sworn I wouldn't ride a rumble if I never got home, but the prospect of a ride to my front door (I had learned from the license

plate on the front that the car would pass through home) was too much for me. I jerked back the rumble seat and was scarcely seated when the car tore away as a ship from its mooring.

We were headed into a strong wind, and its gusts, combined with those created by the speed of the car, made my seat the vortex of swirling, icy blasts. I sat up in the seat for a time, but finally, by means of a series of contortions, I was able to wiggle my way down into the space allotted to golf bags, tools, and other odds and ends. In this position I was able to close down the seat which I had just vacated.

It took some time, but ere long I had arranged the two suitcases which were in the compartment so that I was quite comfortably situated. The heat from the car soon warmed my aching bones, and for the first time in four hours my hands were not numb. In an ecstasy of bliss I snuggled down in my den, and feeling drowsy, soon began to doze. The rhythmic rumbling of the springs and wheels and the periodic "beep-beep" of the horn were conducive to the sleep that soon found me.

I know not how much later I was awakened suddenly by the terrible shriek of four-wheel brakes. I was thrown suddenly against the back of the seat in front of me. I felt the car lurch perilously to the right, heard a noise as if from a terrific impact, and again was hurled from my position. If my organs of equilibrium informed me aright, the rear of the car swung suddenly to the left, there was another impact, a sickening drop of what seemed a few feet, and then—utter silence. A terrible, sinister silence after the harrowing moment preceding it.

Soon finding my bearings again, I scrambled down to where the rumble seat should open, release me and give me an opportunity to determine the extent of damage caused by the wreck. I maneuvered an arm under the back of the seat and pushed upwards. I was unable to move the seat with one arm, so, after changing my position to permit it, I added the strength of the other arm. Still I was unable to open the folding seat. Suddenly a

terrible thought occurred to me. Suppose the seat locked when I slammed it shut! I pulled and pushed, frantically now, at the stubborn contrivance. Only the play of half an inch rewarded my most vigorous efforts, and gradually it dawned upon me that the seat had automatically locked when I shut it, and now—I am my own prisoner within the bowels of a wrecked, silent car.

Before I had time to think, there came seeping up from the cracks under me slender threads of smoke. Probably just a stray bit of exhaust smoke, I told myself. But the ribbons grew suddenly in size and new ones began to crawl under the seat of the car. God, God! It couldn't be that the car was on fire! No! Why did such a horrible thought occur to me? But again, after a momentary lull, the threads of smoke continued with increased vigor. The smoke got in my eyes, causing them to smart, and into my nose, causing a staccato spell of sneezing. The car was on fire! My God! I could see, through some of the larger cracks, a reddish glow about the car and on the ground beneath it.

In frantic desperation I tore at the relentless seat that held me prisoner. I turned my body in such a way that I was able to push against it with my two feet. But in vain. I was held fast. I wouldn't stop to realize my predicament. To think would be to go mad. I kicked and pushed and pulled in a frenzy of last-minute desperation. It was beginning to grow hot within my cell, my prison, my tomb! I could see the flames licking greedily back from the engine. I took off my overcoat. (Strange that it seemed so suddenly a burden.) Spreading it upon the floor served to stop in a measure the smoke, which was now choking and blinding me.

There was an explosion in the engine. A quick thud of an explosion. My hand, lying on the metal side of the car, sensed heat in the metal. Heat, heat, heat! It had become sickeningly hot within my prison.

I removed my clothing, piece by piece, as the heat increased. My left hand, feverishly groping about in the crevices under the seat above, encountered red-hot metal.

Terrific pain! The stench of burning flesh, my own, arising before I could extricate my hand! The Stoics sometimes burned from their bodies a hand or a foot. Did they? "Man is the supreme, having embodied in him all of the ideal qualities of the universe." Part of the credo of the Stoics. Why should I think of that? But the Stoics, they were fools. Man is nothing more than a puppet. It is my turn to be roasted to death. My strings are pulled and I am cooked alive.

God in heaven, forgive my babbling! My clothes are burning. They have caught fire from the heated metal. My body, now quite naked, is pouring sweat in torrents. I have burned myself badly in several places. My hand, my hand! I have burned it again in the same place, and in snatching it away I have torn a piece of flesh from the bone. I scream, madly, feverishly. I am a madman. Short minutes ago I was freezing on the highway. Now I am roasting in my tomb. Madman! . . . We are all madmen! Only a combination of circumstances, one way or the other, is needed to prove it to the world. . . . I went to see a girl. What was her name? Where is she now? Telling lies to somebody else. She needs a few minutes in hell with me. My clothes are all burning. Red-hot metal surrounds me. I'll push my feet against a sheet of it. God, what an odor! The hair is burned from my body. My tongue, terribly swollen, lolls out. . . . To die, to die!

.
A click, gusts of clean, sweet air . . . hands that hurt, but that lifted me up and away . . . insensibility . . . peace.

The Historical Development of College Algebra

By K. T. RAYNOR

"That a formal science like algebra, the creation of our abstract thought, should thus, in a sense, dictate the laws of its own being, is very remarkable. It has required the experience of centuries for us to realize the full force of this appeal."—G. B. MATTHEWS.

"Many arts there are which beautify the mind of man; of all other none do more garnish and beautify it than those arts which are called mathematical."—H. BILLINGSLEY.

"They that are ignorant of Algebra cannot imagine the wonders in this kind are to be done by it; and what further improvements and helps advantageous to other parts of knowledge the sagacious mind of man may yet find out, it is not easy to determine."—JOHN LOCKE.

THIS study is an attempt to trace the history of the several topics that go into the content of what is termed "college algebra," which is usually taught students during their first year in college. It does not, therefore, go back to the first dawn of algebraic learning and trace the history of the different types, as would be necessary in a paper on elementary high school algebra. The history of mathematics is treated only as it is directly related to advanced work along the different lines.

I. RATIO AND PROPORTION

It is useless to speculate as to the time or domain in which ratio first appeared. One finds that Nicomachus included it in his *Arithmetica*, Eudoxius in his solid geometry, and Theon of Smyrna in his music. The word "ratio" formerly meant computation, while the word "proportion" was used to designate the relation between two numbers. Later the word "ratio" was used for the relation $a:b$, and the word "proportion" was used for an equality between two ratios. At first there were three general types of ratio of integers: namely, a ratio of equality, a ratio of greater inequality, and a ratio of

lesser inequality. It was rather confusing to have so many kinds, and Stifel (1546) spoke out against the last two, which since that time have gradually disappeared.

The idea of geometric proportion first appeared in Euclid's Elements. Especially is this true of such expressions as "by alternation," "by inversion," "by composition," "by division," and "by composition and division." These terms were got from the Greeks by the Arabs, who in turn gave them to the countries of Europe, thus getting finally into England. The Rule of Three came from the Hindus. Bramagupta and Bhaskara both mention it in their works. Robert Recorde in England (1542) first called the Rule of Three by the name Proportion, and Stifel (1553-54) was the first one to emphasize its relation to the field of algebra. Prior to that date the rule had been applied only in the field of geometry.

In 1631 Oughtred introduced the symbol $::$ for proportion, and in 1686 Wallis brought it into common use. Recently it has been practically supplanted by the sign $—$. Bhaskara discussed Inverse Proportion, which results when the ratio of two quantities is equal to the reciprocal of the ratio of two quantities. He also discussed Compound Proportion, which he called the Rule of Five when five quantities were involved, the Rule of Seven if seven quantities were used, and so on. Later on appear such terms as Double Rule of Three, Compound Rule of Three, etc. However, all such long problems were only artificial, and soon passed out, till today there remains the simple but very effective Rule of Proportion, which plays such a large part in practical mathematics and is of the greatest importance in modern research.

II. SERIES

Arithmetic.—The first definite trace of an arithmetic series appears in the Ahmes Papyrus (c. 1550 B.C.), where two problems are given involving such a sequence. They are as follows: "Divide 100 loaves among five persons in such a way that the number of loaves which the first two receive shall be equal to one-seventh of the

number that the last three receive." "Required to divide ten measures among ten persons so that each person shall have $\frac{1}{8}$ less than the preceding one." The first of these problems was solved by Ahmes by the use of an ascending series, and the last problem was solved by using a descending series.

The Greeks also had some knowledge of the theory, for the Pythagoreans gave some attention to it. One also finds some knowledge of it in China about the time of the Christian era. Later one finds in Europe that the rule is the same as that of the East. The rule for finding the n th term is given by Cardan in 1539, since which date the law of arithmetic series has remained practically the same.

Geometric.—The first examples of a geometrical series yet found are due to the Babylonians (c. 2002 B.C.), and tablets containing such examples are still extant. In Egyptian mathematics the first problem on this subject thus far found is in the Ahmes Papyrus (c. 1550 B.C.), which reads as follows:

The ONE Scale.

Once gives 2801

Twice gives 5802

Four times gives11204

—————
Together19607

This seems to have been intended as a deduction of a rule for summing a geometric progression. Here Ahmes found the sum of four terms to be 2800, and to this he added 1 and multiplied the result by 7 in order to obtain the sum of five terms.

Fibonacci (1202 B.C.) gave a similar problem which is solved in much the same way. The Greeks also had rules for summing such a series, and Euclid gave one from which comes the common formula:

$$s = \frac{ar^n - a}{r - 1}$$

The Hindus showed their interest in geometric series chiefly in the summation problems. The following problem is taken from Bhaskara (c. 1150): "A person gave

a mendicant a couple of cowry shells first; and promised a twofold increase of alms daily. How many nishcas does he give in a month?"

The Arabs got the rule for summation from the Greeks, and they have used the rule in a very interesting form in the chess-board problem in the works of Alberuni (c. 1000).

The first modern treatment of the subject is found in the "Algorithmus de Integris" (1410) by Prosdocimo, and by Peurbach (c. 1460). Chuquet (1484) developed the formula further, but not until 1657 was the present formula given by Wallis. All through the Middle Ages there are puzzle problems running through all the mathematical literature, and a good many of them were to be solved by use of the geometric series.

Harmonic.—To Pythagoras is due the credit for the discovery of the harmonic series, out of which has grown the modern science of music. He discovered the fact that the length of a vibrating string which gives a note its fifth and its octave were in the ratio of 2:3:4. This discovery later caused much investigation as to the different heavenly bodies, planets, etc., and to the distances between them, giving rise to such expressions as the "Music of the spheres," "Heavenly harmony," etc. However, this series has no special value in mathematics, and therefore has not been studied so thoroughly as the two others mentioned above. It is very interesting to note that here music first came to be developed, and that it had its origin in mathematical laws.

III. IMAGINARY AND COMPLEX NUMBERS

The first trace of the square root of a negative number is found in the works of Heron of Alexandria (c. 50). He takes $\sqrt{81 - 144}$ to be the same as $\sqrt{144 - 81}$, or $8 - 1/16$. Of course the problem is impossible of any solution, and can only be expressed in some simpler form. Possibly the error cited above is due to some copyist and not to Heron. Diophantus (c. 275), in attempting to compute the sides of a right-angled triangle of perimeter 12 and

area 7, ran across imaginary roots, but he failed to notice any complex roots. Mahavira (c. 850) was the first to state clearly that the negative quantity is not a square, and hence can have no square root. Bhaskara (c. 850) says:

"The square of an affirmative or of a negative quantity is affirmative; and the square root of an affirmative quantity is twofold, positive and negative. There is no square root of a negative quantity; for it is not a square."

In Europe Pacioli (1494) was the first to state definitely that it was impossible to find the square root of $-a$. About the same time Chuquet seems to have found that $\sqrt{-a}$ represents an impossible case. Cardan (1545) was the first to use the square root of a negative number in computation, the problem being to divide the number 10 into parts whose product is 40. He found the number to be $5 + \sqrt{15}$ and $5 - \sqrt{15}$, calling the solution "by the minus root," and proved by multiplication that his work was correct. Girard (1585) had to recognize complex roots in order to establish his law as to the number of roots of an equation.

Wallis (1673) seems to have been the first to have any idea of the graphic representation of these quantities. He held to the idea that since negative roots can be graphically represented, imaginary roots could be represented in some way. He saw that $\sqrt{-1600} = 40\sqrt{-1}$, but yet seemed unable to represent this quantity graphically himself. The great Leibniz also failed to graph it, and it was not until 1797 that Casper Wessel, a Norwegian surveyor, first succeeded in giving the modern geometric theory.

The origin of the names for the different terms is due to several mathematicians of the time in which these terms were invented. Descartes (1637) named the terms "real" and "imaginary." Gauss (1832) gave to the term $a + b\sqrt{-1}$ the name "complex number." The use of "i" for $\sqrt{-1}$ is due to Euler (1748). Cauchy (1821) suggested the name "conjugates" for $a + bi$ and $a - bi$, and the name "modulus" for $\sqrt{a^2 + b^2}$.

IV. VARIABLES AND LIMITS

This subject is chiefly in the field of calculus, but since it appears in some of the higher college algebras some notice will be given to the theory. This modern idea grew out of the notion of indivisibles used by Kepler in 1615, and further developed by Cavalieri in 1635. This method of indivisibles rests on the assumption that any magnitude may be divided into an infinite number of small quantities which can be made to bear any required ratios one to the other. In 1704 Newton published a splendid treatment of variables and limits, which is the first treatment of the idea of differentiation and integration. Leibniz also worked upon the same idea separate from the others, but arrived at practically the same result as did Newton. However, any discussion of these theories would lead beyond the scope of this paper. Only the simplest forms of this theory are given in college algebras, the full study of it being resumed for a course in calculus, where it rightfully belongs.

V. PERMUTATIONS AND COMBINATIONS

The idea of permutations seems to have had a small beginning early in China, for some mention of it is made in the I-King, an early work on mathematics. Also, in Greece, Xenocrates (c.350 B.C.), Chrysippus (c.280 B.C.), and Hippocrates (c. 140 B.C.) made many calculations in permutations. Boethius in Rome (c. 510) gave a rule for finding "n" things taken two at a time. In India Bhaskara (c. 1150) gave the rules for the permutations of "n" things taken "a" at a time, with and without repetition, and the number of combinations of "n" things taken "r" at a time without repetition. Rabbi ben Ezra seems to have known this law and to have used it in his attempt to find the number of ways in which Saturn could be combined with each of the other planets in particular, and, in general, the number of combinations of the known planets taken two at a time, three at a time, and so on.

The first printed matter extant on permutations is in Pacioli's "Suma" (1494), where he shows how to find the

number of permutations of any number of persons sitting at a table. In England Buckley (c. 1540) gave special cases of the combinations of "n" things taken "r" at a time. Tartaglia (1523) applied the theory to the throwing of dice. About this time Buteo studied the problem of the combination lock. In the seventeenth century Pascal showed the relation between the formation of the binomial coefficients and the theory of combinations. Later the theory was fully developed by Huygens, Leibniz, Frenicle, and Wallis.

VI. PROBABILITY

The first mention of the theory of probability is made by Benvenuto d'Imola in 1477 in connection with the throwing of dice. Also, mention of the theory, or rather some application of it, appears in Pacioli's "Suma" (1494). Here two gamblers are playing for a stake which is to go to the one who first wins "n" points, but the play is interrupted when the first has made "p" points. It is required to know how to divide the stakes. Cardan (1539) makes mention of the general problem. But it was not until about 1654 that the theory caused general notice and investigation. This was caused by the fact that Pascal and Fermat were engaged in solving a problem very similar to the one just mentioned. They worked separately and used different methods of solution, but came to the same conclusion. As a result, it is now stated that the doctrine of probability in general was founded by Pascal and Fermat.

The first printed work on the subject was probably a tract by Huygens (1657). In 1708 there appeared an essay upon the subject by Pierre Remond de Montfort. In 1713 Jacques Bernouilli wrote "Ars Conjectandi," the first book devoted wholly to the theory. The second book was De Moivre's "Doctrine of Chances," and the third book was Thomas Simson's "Laws of Chance," published in 1740. But probably the best known work is Laplace's "Analytic Theory of Probabilities" (1812).

John Graunt in "Natural and Political Observations"

(1662) made the first application of the theory of mortality tables. However, the first tables of great importance were those of Edmund Halley in "Degrees of Mortality of Mankind." These tables were superseded in the eighteenth century by the Northampton tables. Later on the Carlisle table was constructed by Joshua Milne. In 1825 the Equitable Life Assurance Company of London constructed an improved table, since which time there have been many improvements by many mathematicians. These tables today are the bases of all work in life insurance, which has gradually become of tremendous importance.

VII. THE BINOMIAL THEOREM

The expansion of $(a+b)^n$ where "n" is a small integer was known in the East long before it appeared in Europe. Euclid (c. 300 B.C.) knew it when $n=2$. Omar Khayyam (c. 1100) first generalized the law for other values of "n." In China Chu Shi-Kie (1303) arranged the coefficients in a triangle, now known as the Pascal triangle, which did not appear in print until 1527 in an arithmetic by Apianus. Tartaglia (1556) showed how the coefficients of $(1+x)^n$ could be obtained from the coefficients of $(1+x)^{n-1}$ by the use of the triangle, carrying his work as far as $n=6$. Bombelli (1572) carried it on to $n=7$, and Oughtred (1631) carried it to $n=10$. In 1665 the rule for our present binomial theorem for positive integers was published. It was the work of Pascal. The generalization of the theorem was set forth by Newton in 1676.

The proof of the theorem developed slowly. Maclaurin (1742) proved it for rational values of n ; Salvemini and Kastner (1745) for integral values; Euler (1774) for fractional values of n ; and Abel (c. 1825) for complex values of n . The generalization of the Binomial Theorem into the Polynomial Theorem was due chiefly to Liebniz (1695), and to Jacques Bernouilli, and De Moivre a few years later.

VIII. INDETERMINATE QUADRATIC EQUATIONS

The study of indeterminate quadratic equations begins with such cases as $x^2+y^2=z^2$. Pythagoras (c. 540 B.C.) gave a rule for its solution. Plato (c. 280 B.C.) also gave a rule which like the one given by Pythagoras is based on a proportion by Euclid. Diophantus, however, is commonly known as the father of indeterminate equations. His work was limited to work in equations of the second degree. In 1600 Fermat extended the study of indeterminate equations considerably. He stated that the equation $x^2-Ay^2=1$, where A is a non-square integer, has an unlimited number of solutions. The work of the present day is but little removed from Fermat's work. One reason for little attention being paid to this work is because it is not definite enough to be of any real service in research or in practical application.

IX. CUBIC EQUATIONS

The cubic equation was early known to the Greeks. The oldest known cubic equation is possibly due to Menaechmus (c. 350 B.C.), although tables of cubes had been worked out by the Babylonians two thousand years earlier. Menaechmus solved the cubic by finding the intersection of two conics. Archimedes used the cubic in cutting the sphere by a plane so that the two segments shall have a given ratio. Diophantus succeeded in solving the equation $x^3+x=4x^2+4$. This equation arose in connection with the problem of finding a right-angled triangle such that the area added to the hypotenuse gives a square, while the perimeter is a cube.

After the time of Diophantus nothing more is heard of the cubic until in the ninth century, when the Arabs and Persians took it up. Almahani took into consideration the old problem of Archimedes, but was unable to do anything more with it than had been done already. Qorra (c. 870) considered cubic equations relating to the duplication of the cube. These he solved by geometric methods, but he was unable to contribute anything to the general algebraic theory. A little later (c. 960) al-Khazin

solved the cubic by the aid of conic sections. Later Alhazen solved cubics by finding the points of intersection of a parabola and a hyperbola. Omar Khayyam stated that it was impossible to solve $x^3+y^3=z^3$ in positive integers. In general, the Arabs thought that it was impossible to solve the cubic equation.

The Chinese did nothing with the cubic beyond some work in numerical equations. Their interests lay principally in applied problems. Likewise, the Hindus cared nothing for cubics except as they applied to mensuration. This attitude greatly hindered further investigation of these equations. In fact, one finds all along in the study of the history of mathematics that small progress has been made in the science when only the practical side of it was emphasized.

In the Middle Ages Fibonacci attacked the problem, and also Regiomontanus worked on it; but neither made much contribution to its solution. In 1494 Pacioli declared that a general solution of the cubic was impossible. Rudolff (1525) suggested three numerical equations, each with one integral root, but his method would work satisfactorily only when $x=12$. However, the solution of the cubic was finally completed by Tartaglia in 1535, much to the surprise of mathematicians. Tartaglia kept his discovery secret, refusing to publish it. Cardan, his former teacher, under promise of secrecy, secured the method from him, which he soon published, in direct violation of the promise he made to Tartaglia. Since Cardan was the first to publish the solution, it is commonly known as Cardan's method. Vieta later simplified the work and discovered the present trigonometric method for the solution of the cubic. Horner (1819) found a method approximating the roots, which method he secured from an old Chinese manuscript. Descartes (1637) discovered a rule of signs by which one can tell the maximum number of positive and negative roots of any equation. Later Sturm (1850) gave a rule for finding the number and location of the roots of any equation. This rule and that of Horner

mentioned above enable one to find approximately the roots of any algebraic equation.

The quartic equation was solved in 1540 by Ferrari, a pupil of Cardan, after many attempts had been made by others. In 1846 Abel showed that the quintic equation could not be solved by algebra alone. However, these equations are beyond the scope of college algebra, and hence no discussion of them will be given in this study.

X. CONTINUED FRACTIONS

The modern theory of continued fractions began with Bombelli (1572). He used this method of getting the square root of 13. The early Greeks, however, knew something of the theory, and their knowledge has come on down through the Middle Ages without there ever being any successful study made of the problem. In 1613 Cataldi wrote out the theory in its modern form, and worked out the square root of 18. Schwenter (1618) found the approximate value of $177/233$ by finding the greatest common divisor. Lord Brouncker transformed one of the formulas of Wallis into a fraction, but went no further. Wallis later took it up and developed it, giving it the name "continued fractions." Huygens contributed something to the theory in his description of a planetarium. Also, in Japan, Hirojiro Kenko (1722) used the continued fraction to get the value of " π ," stating that the plan was due to his brother.

But it remained for Euler to lay the foundation for the modern theory of continued fractions. This he did in his "De Fractionibus Continuis," published in 1737. By the use of his theory he developed the value of " π " and "e," two numbers of great importance in mathematics. Since Euler's time contributions have been made by Lagrange and Galois, though it is principally to Euler that the world is indebted for this splendid theory which plays such an important part in higher algebra and in the calculus.

XI. DETERMINANTS

The Chinese method of representing the coefficients of the unknowns of several linear equations by means of rods on a calculating board naturally led to the discovery of simple methods of elimination. These rods were arranged precisely as we now arrange numbers in a determinant. The Chinese knew how to add and subtract columns and rows, just as is done now in determinants. But this is as far as they got. However, the Japanese, having learned the art from them, added to and developed it a good deal. Seki Kowa, the greatest Japanese mathematician of the seventeenth century, wrote a book in 1683, in which he expanded determinants, though he never applied it to the solution of a set of simultaneous linear equations.

In Europe the theory began with Liebniz, who used it in solving simultaneous equations as the Chinese had done. He carried it no further, and it was not until 1771, when Vandermonde first recognized determinants as independent functions, that the theory really may be said to have made its first appearance. Vandermonde made the first connected exposition of the theory, and may be justly called its formal founder. Laplace, in 1772, gave the general method of expanding a determinant in terms of its complementary minors for any value of "n." Vandermonde had previously developed the expansion of a special case. In 1773 Lagrange, in his "Memoir on Pyramids," made considerable use of determinants of the third order, and demonstrated that the square of a determinant is itself a determinant. Clebsch also made liberal use of determinants in his study of curves and surfaces.

The next great step in advance was made by Gauss (1801), in his study of "Theory of Numbers." Here he introduced the word "determinant," though not in the present meaning, but rather as applied to the discriminant of a quartic. He also suggested the notion of reciprocal determinants, and came very near the multiplication theorem.

Binet was the next great contributor. In 1812 he formally stated the theorem relating to the product of

two matrices of "m" columns and "n" rows, which for the special case of "m=n" reduces to the multiplication theorem. On the same day that he presented his paper to the French Academy, Cauchy presented one on the same subject, in which he used the word "determinant" in its present sense. In this paper he also summarized what was then known on the subject, improved the notation, and proved the Multiplication Theorem more satisfactorily than Binet had done. Therefore, it is claimed that Cauchy began the theory of Determinants as a distinct branch of mathematics.

The second greatest contributor to the theory was Jacob Jacobi (1825). With him the word "determinant" received its final acceptance. He used the functional determinant, which Sylvester called the Jacobian after him. In 1839 Sylvester and Cayley began their work in this field, but a discussion of their works is beyond the range of this paper. Suffice it to say that each of the above mentioned contributed very important theorems in the recent development of the theory.

XII. LOGARITHMS

"The invention of logarithms came on the world as a bolt from the blue. No previous work had led up to it or heralded its arrival. It stands isolated, breaking in upon human thought abruptly, without borrowing from the works of other intellects or following known lines of mathematical thought."—LORD MOULTON.

Such words as those above serve in a feeble way to describe the wonderful invention of logarithms, which was given to the world by Napier, a Scotchman, in his "Descriptio" of 1614, and which was at once translated into English by Edward Wright. Napier had worked at least twenty years on the theory. His idea at first was to simplify multiplications involving sines, and it was a later thought that induced other operations, applying logarithms to numbers in general. In his time $\sin \phi$ was not a ratio, but a line. The radius was called the sinus totus, and when this was equal to unity the length of the line was simply stated as $\sin \phi$. If "r" was not unity, the length was "a" $\sin \phi$. With this explanation one is better

able to understand Napier's definition of a logarithm, which is as follows:

"The logarithme therefore of any sine is a number very nearly expressing the line, which increased equally in the meantime, whilst the line of the whole sine decreased proportionally into that sine, both motions being equal-timed, and the beginning equally swift."

From the above one can see that the logarithms of the sinus totus is zero. Napier later saw that it would be better to take $\log 1=0$.

Henry Briggs, professor of geometry at Oxford, was one of the first to appreciate the work of Napier. In 1615 he visited the distinguished Scotchman and suggested 10 as the base for computation, which Napier had already been considering, and which was soon adopted. The base "e" is not mentioned until 1648, when Oughtred, in his Appendix to Wright's translation of Napier's "Descriptio," shows clearly the advantage of that base for work in the calculus.

In 1620 Gunter, a colleague of Briggs at Graham College, published a table of logarithms of trigonometric functions to the base 10. In 1624 Briggs published his "Arithmetica Logarithmica." In 1625, in Paris, Wingate's "Arithmetique Logarithmique" gave the logarithms from 1 to 1000, together with Gunter's sines and tangents. In Holland, in 1628, Vlacq republished Briggs' tables, filling the gap from 20,000 to 90,000. The theory appeared in Germany in 1630. It got into China through the Jesuits, appearing in that country in 1650 in a treatise by Sie Fong-tsu, a pupil of the Polish Jesuit, John Nicolas Smogolinski. By this time logarithms had already found their way into elementary arithmetics and were being used freely in the extraction of roots of all kinds.

Napier approached logarithms from the standpoint of geometry, whereas at the present time one approaches the subject from the relation $a^m a^n = a^{m+n}$. This relation was known to Archimedes, and to various later writers. It is this relation that justifies one in using logarithms in raising a number to any indicated power, in extracting any desired root, or in simple multiplication and division.

The word "logarithm" means "ratio number," and was an afterthought with Napier. He first called his work "artificial number," but adopted the term "logarithm" before he published his work.

Briggs in 1624 introduced the word "mantissa," meaning "appendix," but it was not commonly used until Euler adopted it in his "Introductis in Analysis Infinitorium" (1748). Gauss later suggested using it for the fractional part of all decimals. Briggs also, in 1624, suggested the term "characteristic," which was used in the 1628 edition of Vlacq. At first the characteristic was printed in the tables of logarithms, but rules were given for finding it which were so simple that it disappeared from the tables about the middle of the eighteenth century, leaving only the mantissa, as it now appears. This is much to be preferred, owing to the varying number of digits in the characteristic of larger and smaller numbers.

From this study, which covers briefly the topics that make up the content of college algebra, we have evidence of the slow and tardy development of some of the topics. As we realize how we get our modern science of algebra, we are made to have great respect for those who through the ages have been constantly searching for the truths that underlie this great science, the oldest known to mankind. Respect for them is increased greatly when it is seen through what difficulties they labored, often against the power and prestige of the established church, and with the opposition of ignorant and bigoted priests. Those who love the science have just cause to feel proud of its achievements.

Cameos

By EDWIN B. DOZIER

PRAYER

Murmuring soul-throbs,
Rising from the heart's censer—
Breathed in purity—
Circle upward, the clearer
Seeking Truth, the Revealer.

THE SQUALL

Boom—splash; boom—splash; boom—
Swirling, seething, stinging waves
Surge back, but to boom
Again in deep ocean caves
Dashing on and on as waves.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

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



Subscription
\$2.00 a year.
Advertising rates
on application

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

ELBERT A. MACMILLAN.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
R. PAUL CAUDILL, R. D. BULLUCK, JR.....	<i>Associate Editors</i>
M. L. GRIFFIN.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
R. K. BENFIELD.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
DR. H. B. JONES.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

VOLUME XLVI

NOVEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 2

The Editor's Portfolio

Compulsory Chapel

There appeared in the November issue of The Atlantic Monthly an engaging article on compulsory chapel in American colleges. Dr. Willard L. Sperry, dean of the Theological School of Harvard University, is the author. His chief premise is a rather widely accepted truth, to wit: a person cannot be driven into manifestation of the finer things of the spirit. The custom of forcing college students to attend chapel services regularly will result, Dr. Sperry believes, in widespread suffering on the part of village churches with which these college students will be associated when their college days are at an end.

Believing that compulsion in attendance upon religious services breeds a hatred for religion in the breasts of college students, the writer half-seriously advises that in such colleges as attendance upon a daily religious service is compulsory there shall also be set aside certain times at which selections from the Constitution of the United States of America shall be read, so that the students shall

be helped to hate their country. Other periods might be devoted to the reading of some one of Shakespeare's plays, so that a desultory hatred of English literature might be materially strengthened. Religion, Dr. Sperry declares, is quite willing to bear its share of the hatred of the students, but objects seriously "to doing all the rowing for an eight."

A criticism of Dr. Sperry's article is that it deals with the problem in too abstract a manner. To be sure, compulsory chapel at his university has suffered an ignominious fate. But the problem is none the less striking outside of Cambridge. President William Allen Harper, of Elon College, is more specific in an article dealing with the same problem in a recent issue of "School and Society." Dr. Harper distinguishes, at the outset of his article, between the denominational college and the state college in this matter of compulsory attendance. He believes that a student, having chosen a denominational college rather than a state college or university, should accept compulsory chapel attendance as a rightful part and parcel of the college which he has chosen.

There is undoubtedly logic in this stand. Wake Forest College, for example, being controlled by the Baptists of North Carolina, may be expected to continue the requirement of chapel attendance. The University of North Carolina, operated by the State of North Carolina, feels no primary obligation for the religious welfare of its students. The distinguishing feature of Wake Forest College is religious education. Without daily chapel services, this feature must become a minor one or disappear altogether.

And thus we must find justification for the continuation of compulsory chapel attendance here at Wake Forest, as well as at other denominational colleges. It is hard for the student in the street, to paraphrase an expression, to perceive this difference between a church school and a state school. And there is, consequently, dissatisfaction here at Wake Forest, as elsewhere. The fact that only 127 students, by actual count, attended the chapel services

recently when it was understood in advance that there would be no "checking," is an indication of the strength of student sentiment.

But as long as Wake Forest College is the senior Baptist college of the State for young men, we shall have compulsory chapel. When compulsory chapel ceases, a part of this Wake Forest will cease. Perhaps there are faults in the system. But it is the best way we know now, and until there is a better one introduced, the present system will continue. It is certain, however, that if attendance is to be compulsory there should always be forthcoming at the chapel hour a talk worth hearing, or some other feature worthy of the hour and valuable to the student. There are occasional flares of student dissatisfaction with the present system and its accompanying idea of compulsion, but we doubt seriously if there are many Wake Forest College students who are being turned from religion because they are compelled to attend chapel. The greater number of those dissatisfied ones have not at any time been overburdened with righteous zeal, and if they are turned against religion, it is likely in spite of chapel, and not because of it.

Blythe Spirit Once more, with all its good-humored crowds, its happy laughter, its carols, and all those good things associated with Christmas, the holiday season is upon us. As this *STUDENT* is distributed, students here at Wake Forest and thousands of others elsewhere throughout the world are counting the minutes until the great moment of departure shall arrive. Shrivelled into insignificance are the petty cares of a world, and for a fleeting few days the world is not earthy and of the earth, but a castle where dreams come true. In a time when the cares of the world are too much with us, and petty differences with neighbors cause friction and altercation, it is a beautiful thing that the Christmas season, with its all-healing powers, shall come to bring peace and good-will to the world. It is a time when the best that is

in all of us is brought almost unwittingly to light. It is a time when the spirit of Christ descends as the falling snow upon a people who, absorbed in worldly cares, have forgotten the things of the spirit. May God speed Wake Forest students and all others who are going home for these joyful days. May the Christmas spirit, with all its significance, all its beauty, and all its tenderness, be in abundance everywhere.

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed, 'God bless us every one.'"

Denominational Supremacy

It has not been many years since there appeared in THE STUDENT an editorial, by S. N. Lamb, if we mistake not, calling attention to the supremacy of Wake Forest and Davidson colleges in the athletics of the State. Wake Forest and the Presbyterian institution happened in those days to be represented by enormously successful athletic teams, so successful, in fact, that one wondered if somehow the state colleges had not taken unto themselves inferiority complexes. Now, as nobody needs to be told, this editorial on "denominational supremacy" seems a far call. Duke University, which is in reality losing the aspects of a true denominational college, is gaining additional prestige, but the other denominational schools are bowing, temporarily at least, before the superior resources of the State colleges. "The Big Five" seems, some writers say, in danger of disruption. But a little coaching and a few new men can cover a multitude of sins, and it is our advice to those who want to eliminate Wake Forest and Davidson from the quintet of superiors in North Carolina athletics to bide their time. A man may be down, but there's always a capital chance for him to scramble to his feet once more.

Exchange Department

In point of literary excellence, the October issue of the *Carolina Magazine*, monthly publication of the University of North Carolina, must be given precedence over the other magazines that have come to this desk. Neatly bound, attractively arranged material, and a certain literary *savoir*, combine to make this issue a really worthwhile magazine.

As a leading article for this magazine, the editors have chosen a sketch entitled "The Timid One," by Joseph Mitchell. The central figure in this ultra-modern dash of the pen is a young girl who takes an automobile ride with a man who parks his car under a tree (" . . . to be still under," Mr. Mitchell confides), and kisses her "like blue steel," however that is. Without much more ado the sketch is concluded with the astonishing statements: "The night was like a pomegranate bush. The night was like blue smoke tangling in the branches of a pear tree. The night settled down like something you couldn't get free of."

In spite of "The Timid one," we shall say, then, the October *Carolina Magazine* is a good one. "Chapter Out of a Novel," likewise by Mr. Mitchell, is another bit of modern realism, far better turned out, in our opinion, than the other sketch.

"Rhymes of An Enamored Youth" are just that, and are well done, especially "Disillusionment." The last stanza goes like this:

"I, too, have waited long
For my loved one to return,
And I have found that I, too,
Must only wait and learn."

John Marshall, the editor, sounds once more the familiar note of the editor sans anything to edit, and we are glad that Wake Forest is not the only place where the editor of a literary magazine ages perceptibly between successive issues.

* * *

We enjoyed especially in the October *Wataugan*, State College monthly, "Success," a short story, and a feature article entitled, "Big-Game Hunting in Africa." One wonders mildly

if it is a policy with the editor not to use verse or if it is the policy of the State students not to write it. Among college students the latter is generally true, in seven languages.

* * *

Our criticism of the October *Acorn* is that two pages out of twenty are about two pages too many to be devoted to humor in a serious college publication. True, there is much to be said on both sides, but in our opinion the November *Acorn*, which for some reason is lacking in a joke section, is a better magazine for the omission. The editors announce, in the October issue, something about their "enlarged idea for the department" (the joke department)—so we are afraid there is to be more. The October *Acorn* contains at least one original conception, Miss Lillian Wheeler's play, "Sir Toby's Wager." An actor each from seven of Shakespeare's plays appears in the cast of characters, and the story evolved from their union is a corking one.

* * *

We have not as yet received a magazine from any woman's college in the State other than Meredith College. Nor have we heard from the *Duke Archive*. The *Winthrop Journal*, the *Chronicle* from Clemson College, and others, have been received and will receive comment in a later issue of *THE STUDENT*. The editors of *THE STUDENT* invite criticism, and will be glad to exchange with any college publication.

THE STUDENT

Medium

of

Literary Expression

at

Wake Forest
College

Subscription \$2.00 the Year

Advertising Rates
on Request

—

M. L. GRIFFIN, Business Manager

Some of the Publications We Print--

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
OLD GOLD AND BLACK
THE RALEIGH STUDENT
N. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL OBSERVER

N. C. TEACHER
N. C. ODD FELLOW
N. C. CHRISTIAN

THE WATAUGAN
THE TECHNICIAN
ALUMNI NEWS

THE UNION HERALD
and others

IF YOU WANT QUALITY

—We give it

IF YOU WANT SERVICE

—We furnish it

IF YOU WANT SATISFACTION

We guarantee it

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.

Crozer Theological Seminary

Tuition and Room-rent free.

Scholarships available for approved students.

Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:

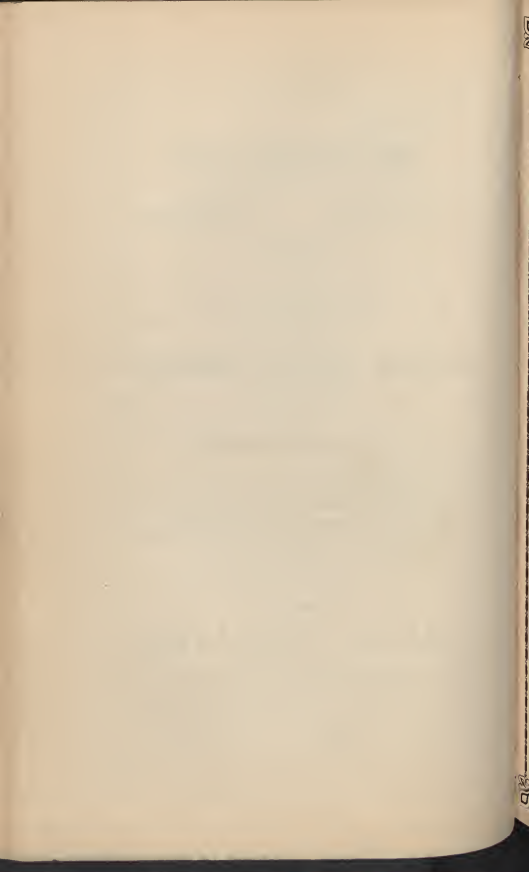
- I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma.
- II. Resident Course with special emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree of A.M.
- III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course. Seminary degree of Th.M., University degree of Ph.D.

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

CASTLE THEATRE

Operating Primarily for Amusement
of the Student Body and Faculty of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



THE
**WAKE FOREST
STUDENT**

Vol. XLVI

No. 3



January, 1929

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Sonnet (<i>Poem</i>)	107
THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.	
General Alfred Dockery	108
G. W. PASCHAL	
At Sundown (<i>Poem</i>)	118
F. HOWARD MARTIN	
The Place of Music in College Education	122
M. L. KESLER, JR.	
The Bell of Miidera	125
E. B. DOZIER	
Chemistry and the Sulphur Industry	130
M. L. SPRINKLE	
From the Campus Wall	137
THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.	
The Commission To Canada In 1776	140
A. L. AYCOCK	
The Editor's Portfolio	155
Exchange Department	158

The Wake Forest Student

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

VOLUME XLVI

JANUARY, 1929

NUMBER 3

Sonnet

By THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.

Apollo's early brightest rays, a cup
No worthier of his might and splendour whole,
The morning-glory to the heavens looks up
And shows to God a simple, honest soul.
A life, too brief, still onward winds its course,
And elims whatever leads to nearer sky;
Though sprung from ground, it seeks its holy source,
Knowing that good and perfect things are high.
This breath of beauty, noble and unstained,
Gives praise to God and purer thoughts to man;
A little plant from last year has remained,
For, humble, it was guided by the Hand.
The sunbeams, love, man's heart these flowers lure:
Would that my soul might be so fresh, so pure!

General Alfred Dockery

By G. W. PASCHAL

ALFRED DOCKERY was among the friends of Wake Forest who served it most powerfully in its early years. In fact, he will always be reckoned among its most able friends of all time. He must also be counted among the first of the great Baptist laymen of the State. And he was a patriotic statesman. It is fitting, then, that his portrait should be among those of other Baptist worthies on the walls of Wingate Memorial Hall. This portrait reveals that "he was a man of imposing personal appearance, of strong intellectual powers, of great energy of character and untiring industry and perseverance," which is the language Rev. John Monroe uses to describe him.

Only partial sketches of his life have been written. We have the obituary notice by Rev. John Monroe in the *Biblical Recorder* of January 14, 1874, and the article in Major Wheeler's *Reminiscences*. But the interested student may find material for a comprehensive biography in various legislative and congressional records, in the minutes of Baptist associations and conventions, in the proceedings of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, and in the files of the *Interpreter*, the *Biblical Recorder*, and the Raleigh papers, the *Star* and the *Register*.

Alfred Dockery was born in Richmond County, North Carolina, December 11, 1797, and died there on December 3, 1873. His father, Thomas Dockery, was a poor man, a small farmer with many children, of whom Alfred was the oldest. Accordingly, as soon as he was able, he toiled in the fields to help his father support the family, and had little time for school. According to his own oft-repeated statement, he never went to school three consecutive months in his life. But before he was thirty-five years old he had acquired no mean education—a fact revealed in his letters and papers; he had become pos-

essed of a considerable property, even the great Dockery plantation on the Pee Dee, long one of the finest estates in the Commonwealth; in addition he had won the confidence and respectful esteem of his fellow countrymen, who as early as 1822 had sent him to the House of Commons of the General Assembly, and who were ready to elect him to any office, even the most exalted, in which he would consent to serve them. In all this he had the help of his wife, Sallie Turner, whom he had married in 1823 and with whom he lived in great happiness until his death.

His public services were important and extended over a long series of years. In 1835 his countymen chose him to be one of their two representatives at the Hillsboro Constitutional Convention, which took upon itself to right the political wrongs under which the western counties had been chafing for sixty years. No more striking evidence of the high regard his neighbors had of his character and ability could be found than in their thus electing him to represent them in this important convention. Here he found himself among the ablest men of the State—Nathaniel Macon, William Gaston, and men of that stamp. And while he learned much from his intercourse with such giants as these, he also commended himself to them by his liberal and generous views, his firmness, his great common sense and sound judgment. He came away from this convention one of the Whig leaders of the State. That party, formed in 1833, developed great strength in the senatorial district consisting of Robeson and Richmond, which sent Dockery as its representative to the State Senate for the years 1836 to 1844, inclusive. An inspection of the Journal of the Senate for these years will reveal how great were the powers he enjoyed in that body, and how wisely he used those powers. He was the champion of all those measures which looked to the development of material resources of the State and the improvement of the life of the people. It is impossible here even to mention the matters in which he took a leading part, but let his atti-

tude on the establishment of common schools serve as an example of his interest in making the State serve its citizens. When he became a member of the State Senate in 1836 North Carolina was still without public schools, but a fund for their support had already been founded. Showing himself a friend of the schools from the first, just so soon as he considered the revenues from the fund sufficient to provide for them, on December 6, 1838, Mr. Dockery presented the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas the Constitution of this State makes it the duty of the Legislature to establish schools for the education of the people; and whereas a faithful compliance with said requisition of the Constitution is calculated to perpetuate the blessings of a free government to posterity, since all such governments must mainly depend upon the intelligence and the virtue of the mass of the people, who are the rightful source of all political power; and whereas this State has now a large fund known as the Literary Fund, set apart by former legislatures for the purpose of diffusing information among the people:

Resolved, therefore, That the Committee on Education and the Literary Fund be instructed to inquire into the expediency of distributing the interest of said fund among the several counties of this State, in proportion to their federal population, to be applied to the purpose of educating the indigent youth of the State, subject to the control, direction, and supervision of a literary board, to be created by the county court of each respective county; and that they have leave to report by bill or otherwise.

This resolution was adopted, and in accord with it the Legislature for the first time made provision for the establishment of common schools. It is hardly too much to say that they had no more zealous friend, none who labored for them more ably and effectually than did Mr. Dockery.

In 1845 he was elected to Congress, defeating one of the strongest men in his district. Perhaps because his plantation required his services, he declined reëlection. But he stood again for Congress in 1851. Already as early as that year the question of secession was raised, and the friends of secession had a candidate in the field. Dockery, though a large slaveholder, was an ardent

Union man, and he could not remain inactive when the cause of the Union was challenged. Accordingly he came into the arena with sword in hand to do battle for the Union. The call was for a valiant man, and one with less courage than Dockery might have hesitated. But he was only anxious to be up and at his foe. Says Wheeler (Reminiscences):

In 1851, impelled by a strong love for the Union, which he believed to be in peril, he boldly bore the Whig Union flag against the organized power of secession led by Hon. Green W. Caldwell, of Mecklenburg, and after one of the most animated canvasses that ever occurred in the State, he was elected to Congress by twelve hundred majority. At the peril of his life in this canvass (for his district ran along the South Carolina line), he boldly proclaimed everywhere his undying attachment to the Union, even declaring that, if elected, he "would vote men and money to whip South Carolina into the Union if she attempted to secede." The excitement was intense, and he was in constant personal danger, yet nothing could deter him from a stern and fearless performance of duty.

The next political campaign in which we find General Dockery was as Whig candidate for Governor against Thomas Bragg, Democrat, in 1854. The Democrats had been for several years in the ascendancy, and were electing their candidates for Governor by increasing majorities at every election. But after a joint campaign with Bragg, which campaign Wheeler calls "the campaign of campaigns in this State," Dockery succeeded in cutting the previous Democratic majority by two-thirds, being defeated by only 2,085 votes. And had the campaign lasted a month longer, such was Dockery's power as a campaigner, Wheeler declares Bragg would have been defeated.

Furthermore, the campaign of Mr. Dockery was so vigorously pressed that it served to coerce the Democrats, whose strength was in the central and eastern counties, to adopt the Whig program of internal improvements, thus opening up roads, railways, and rivers, so as to give the western counties desired communication with the other sections of the State and access to markets. Wheeler declared that "The people of western North

Board of Trustees. Having been honored with this trust, he was faithful in performing its duties. He was at the first meeting of the Trustees at Wake Forest, May 3-5, 1834, and a regular attendant for many years thereafter. Major Sanders M. Ingram, a student from Richmond in the first years of the institution, says that General Dockery was never too busy to lay down his work, get in his gig, and make a three days trip to Wake Forest for a meeting of the board. Another has said that "he made large sacrifices of time, money, and labor" for the college. The records of the Trustees are full of evidence that he put his fine business talents unstintedly to its service.

At first he was especially interested in the manual labor feature. The wealthy planters of the State had the hope that improved methods of farming might be taught at Wake Forest as they had been taught at the original manual labor school of Fellenberg in Switzerland. On this account when the school was opened they sent their sons to Wake Forest in large numbers. But soon Dockery saw that their hopes were not being realized. Only the sorriest kind of farming was being done at Wake Forest. The overseer was a man who knew nothing of southern crops. Dockery saw that this must be corrected. Accordingly, as chairman of the committee on the farm, he advised the Trustees at their meeting at Cashie in October, 1834, that a farmer should be employed who could apply the methods of farming practiced in North Carolina. Calculating that one hundred students working three hours a day—the requirement in force at the Institute—would be equal to twenty full-time field hands, he advised that for the year 1835 a crop of not less than 250 acres be planted—150 acres in corn, 75 acres in cotton, 25 acres in peas and vegetables. He also advised the building of two shops—one for a turner, another for a joiner—in which students might be trained in mechanical arts and at the same time make chairs, tables, and bed frames to furnish the college dormitories. He also donated a fine set of blacksmith tools, which were regarded with

almost personal affection by the youthful students from Richmond County.

The Trustees adopted the suggestions of Dockery, and doubtless, could they have put the farm under the direction of a man of Dockery's energy and resourcefulness, their high hopes for it would have been realized. But the overseers they found were very ordinary fellows. The Trustees prodded them from time to time to plant a field of clover, to repair fences, to cut ditches, and fill up gullies; but it was a hopeless task. Boys were not taught how to farm at Wake Forest, and the big planters were no longer sending their sons to the Institute. Finally, in 1838, the Trustees ordered the suspension of the manual labor system. A committee, of which General Dockery was a member, in a published statement gave as reasons for the action: (1) that the system had proved unprofitable financially to students and Institute alike; (2) that it was growing unpopular with students and patrons.

Two other important services were rendered the college by General Dockery. . Being entrusted by the Trustees with the conduct of the matter, in 1838 he secured from the Legislature a revision of the charter by which the Institute was changed to Wake Forest College. This charter, under which the college was operated until 1912, was in the opinion of many the best of all our charters. The charter of Davidson College, adopted on the same day, contained many of the features of the Wake Forest charter.

The second great service was in securing a loan of ten thousand dollars for the college from the Literary Fund of the State. In 1840 the college was greatly in debt. There was despondency among the friends of the college abroad, and among teachers and students at Wake Forest. This despondency became dejection when President Wait announced to the students one Sunday morning that the buildings and grounds would have to be sold under the hammer. In these circumstances the Trustees, as a last resort, late in the year sought a loan from the State, and

entrusted the matter to General Dockery. But this loan had to have the approval of the State Legislature. To get this approval was no easy matter. The Legislature of 1840-41, like that of seven years before, which so nearly did to death the original charter, contained many strong and influential enemies of the college. But General Dockery also had strong personal and party influence in that body. He was the Whig leader in the Senate, in which the chief opposition developed, and as such had secured the election of Joyner of Halifax to be Speaker of that body. He was thus able to command respectful consideration for any measure he favored. By putting forth his strongest efforts he succeeded in getting the Senate's ratification of the loan by a vote of 23 to 19. Many think that had he not succeeded we should today have no Wake Forest College.

Furthermore, General Dockery was able to impart his interest in Wake Forest to the people of his county and section. Before the war, Richmond, Anson, and Montgomery counties formed a territory in which the college had many friends. They contributed to its support and sent their sons to it for instruction, between them sending to the college more students three times over than all the remaining counties west of the Randolph-Chatham line. Among the first to register was Dockery's younger brother, Mr. James C. Dockery, the founder of the Philomathesian Society, who in 1837 went with Professor John Armstrong to France for further study, and became a professor in the University of Alabama.

Turning now to General Dockery's more personal traits, those most emphasized by his contemporaries were his kindness to every condition of men and women, and his unbounded hospitality. Major Wheeler says that "his benevolence was proverbial. The poor and needy of all races always found in him a friend. No one really in need of help was ever turned away empty from his door." Much the same language is used by Rev. John Monroe, who declares that "he was the very soul of hospitality." His own letters in the Biblical Recorder would indicate

that he kept open house, and entertained not only the high and great of the world, but also whatsoever crank or fanatic that knocked at his door—and he was none the worse off for it.

His interest in his church work continued until his last days. After the War, in the general disorganization of all things in the South, many of the members of his church moved away. Those who were left were in most cases without means. But General Dockery did not suffer the services of the church to cease. Largely at his own expense a regular pastor was continued. Nor was this all. The church built in 1826 had become dilapidated. Accordingly under Dockery's leadership it was torn down, care being taken to salvage the sound timbers, and in its place was erected a beautiful new structure, which, receiving some coats of paint, an unusual decoration for a country church in that day, showed its whiteness from afar, to the great joy of the old man. Yet his interest was primarily not in the church building, but in the young people of the community. As in his early young manhood he had gathered them into the Sunday school and taught them the way of life, so his heart continued to go out to them in his last days. On his dying bed he made the reclamation and salvation of what he called "the gay and giddy world" the burden of his daily and hourly prayer. It was fitting that the old hero, with the contemplation of being soon again with departed children and friends in the heavenly home, should almost in his last breath have uttered the triumphant cry, "Glory to God!"

At Sundown

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

In the purpling dusk
I set my face to the setting sun,
As with brilliant fire
Its lurid banks
Of orange and crimson,
And liquid streaks of somber maroon,
Flame in prodigality
Along the golden West.

A fine warmth is there outspread
And an uncertain closeness;
But stealthily creeping along the horizon
Are purple shadows foregathering—
Shadows of quicksilver years,
Piling up and piling up,
Leading a backward trail
Into a half-forgotten past.

I see in this pageantry
Rich rubies and turquoises and amethysts:
Rare gems of sweet, mercurial moments
Of vanished happiness;
Gems surmounting not a golden band
Nor yet a silver one,
But dear stones held imbedded
In the drab earth of an uncertain past—
A gray pattern of tarnished cloth
Stretched in display
In the deepening glow
Of a retrospective sundown.

Jewels that were not jewels:
Swift years, rare Fashioners,
Have wrought them thus.
Each crimson evening
Has polished their facets,

And more poignantly each time
Gleams their light,
Though farther and deeper
They recede into the purple shadows.

And, ah!
There now in the fading West
I see the scarlet
Of inconstant lips,
Whispering a touch of warmth and promise
From the sundown—
A caress full of promise
Like the sundown. . . .

But there have been many, many sundowns,
Flaming warm and full of promise,
That faded in the dissolution
Of deep Darkness' onslaught.
And the flagrant occidental fan
Has closed,
Fulfilling no promise,
Bringing disquietness afresh.

Twilight gathers,
Settling with chill dissonance
Upon the recent flame
Of the setting sun.
Thus passes Day,
Halting momentarily
With a final gasp
In the thin air of departing life.
Night,
With sudden descent foreshadowed,
Drops swiftly with sable wings outspread.

Piercing through the infinity
Of Darkness' ceiling
Stars appear.
And for the clash of heart
With the wisdom of years
Brooding Night offers

A disconsolate setting,
A disturbing presence
Moves in this enfolding mantle,
Lurking as a ghostly dream
Haunts the sable quietness of sleep.

The crystalline stars,
Remote and incaleulable,
Perforating without form or pattern
The liquid blackness above,
Twinkle with a cold farawayness.
Millions of miles away they are
And otherworldly.

I wander aimlessly
In the troubling darkness,
With poignant thoughts
And silent lips,
Thinking—thinking. . . .
The fruits of Optimism,
What are they?
And of Virtue and Hope?
If they be false,
Shallow illusions
Compose their leaf.

For Disillusionment,
Coming in darkness,
Renders clear the verdict.
If this, then, be the extent
Of all Optimism,
If this the length
Of all Virtue,
And at last this the end
Of all Hope,
There remain nothing of Life
And naught of Sustenance;
For Hope is Life,
And Life fades anon
Like the vanished sunset.

My feet grow heavy;
I fall afraid,
Fearing the wraithlike presence
Lurking about me in the blackness.
It is the unkind ghost of Happiness,
Shifting and elusive
As the will-o'-the-wisp,
Luring on and on
Into treacherous morasses.

Urgent fire of early Youth!
Brief hours of untroubled spirit!
Sweet days of unsophistication!
You are the rare precious stones,
For all your dismal mounting,
In the lost years of a vagrant life!

Place of Music in College Education

By M. L. KESLER, JR.

PUT on something hot, boys; we want some real music." Such were the words heard at one of the college hang-outs on a recent evening. And the raucous strains of a current fox-trot resulted, apparently pleasing the one who had requested "some real music."

The question arises, Was this jazz real music? Was it music at all? To the ear of the untrained the notes issuing from the phonograph in this particular "joint" were pleasant and, in a manner, satisfying. As a matter of fact, the fox-trot was little but a succession of discordant tones with a simple sing-song rhythm, popularly known as "jazz." Or, as an Englishman terms it, "the Afro-American product." Indeed, our friends across the waters have been not at all favorably impressed by our new music, and censure us for our lack of musical education.

How many great composers have we in America produced in comparison with, say, Germany? Very few, certainly, partly because of the relative youth of our nation, and principally because of our neglect of the cultivation of a substantial musical education. We study language and English literature so that we may appreciate the works of our great authors. Why can we not follow the same course in music? The fundamentals of music are similar to the grammar of our language. Notation is analogous to the alphabet, theory to orthography, harmony to etymology, and counterpoint to the syntax of our language. Listening to and trying to appreciate fine music may be compared with the reading of Shakespeare. The first time we attempt either we meet with difficulties, but gradually with experience we learn to search out the finer qualities in each, and are infinitely better prepared for finer appreciation of succeeding readings, either in a master of the language or of music.

If, on the other hand, we accustom ourselves to light music we are not likely to appreciate the arias of an opera. It is simply beyond us. It is only by training that we become fond of the masterpieces of Verdi and Wagner.

A popular excuse for the preference of jazz to the more cultivated forms of music runs somewhat like this: "I don't know anything about music"; and it might be added, "I care less." "It is too much for my cheap mind to grasp anything which taxes it. Give me something painless and suitable to my mind." We are not permitted in our English courses to substitute dime novels for the plays of Shakespeare or the novels of the masters. Neither, then, should we be able to substitute inferior types of music for that of the masters.

It is not amiss here to consider briefly the two classes of tone science, music and jazz. Music is a pleasing, expressive combination of tones built on three fundamental things, rhythm, tune, and structure. If any one of the three is lacking, the composition is not real music. Let us compare a Beethoven symphony, which is strong in rhythm, tune, and structure, to that particular type of jazz described as "hot." In the latter there is a super-saturated combination of rhythm and saxophone shrieks, a tune noticeable for its absence and little structure, if any. Whereas in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony we have a simple tune, known as the theme, presented at the first of the composition. This theme conveys to the hearer the idea of the composer, the symphony being then gradually built up. With this theme as the base, and with the rules of harmony and counterpoise and the soul of the great composer as a guide, a masterpiece is evolved from the simple germ of tune introduced at the beginning.

Rhythm, time, and structure are capable of expressing the three great components of man—body, mind, and spirit. As the greatness of a man depends on the adequacy of these three elements, so the greatness of music depends on its power to express these elements in their highest form. Only a few have succeeded in transcribing

these characteristics to their music. These few have lived and will continue to live as immortal. The "cheap stuff" in music will soon be forgotten, but the music which has come from the souls of men will live forever.

Six months is usually the maximum span of life for the popular "hits," few of which were inspired by anything higher than the desire for financial gain. Millions of dollars are being made in the production of the current "theme songs" and popular numbers. The writers are so carried on by the stream of popular demand that there is not time for inspiration, and little time for the production of anything of serious worth. Rhythm, or bodily expression, is the primal motif in practically all of the popular productions, the other two essentials being left to their own devices and out of the composition.

Occasionally, of course, there comes from this mass of high-production music something worth while. The composer once in a while takes time to translate a genuine and sincere sentiment to his music. But such occasions are rare indeed.

We come to college, we are wont to say, to get an education. Perhaps some of us do get during the four years we are at college all the education we shall ever get. As a matter of fact, our four years of college training are but years spent, for the most part, in preparing for an education. In college we should learn to appreciate the arts, literature, and the finer things of life. Music, as one of the fine arts, should be taught in every college. Musical history and theory should be taught as a required subject in the Bachelor of Arts course. It is gratifying to learn that colleges over the country are recognizing the importance of this art, music, and are giving it an increasing amount of attention in the preparation of their curricula.

Man, to be completely educated, should have a knowledge of the arts, music included, not alone because he wishes to be a finished product, socially and culturally, but also because such a knowledge will be a source of ever-increasing enjoyment throughout life.

The Bell of Miidera

By E. B. DOZIER

Shadows and the dusk,
Gathering softly and slow,
Herald deep-toned bells
Soulfully ringing and low,
Calling to vespers below.

TEMPLE bells of the Orient seem to be imbued with souls that grip the very natures of those that listen to their mellow notes reverberating softly down the mountainsides into the snugly nestled hamlets or vales circled by hills and the deep-washing sea.

The other evening as I was walking through fields loaded with an abundant crop of grain I heard the first faint but mellow boom of a temple bell which was hidden in a mountain grove several miles away; and as I stopped short and listened the notes swelled into a deep-throated melody and then died softly into the disappearing light. The vesper hour had arrived, and the people were reverently engaged in their devotions or quietly finishing their chores. The sun had sunk gloriously into a feathery bed of vermilion clouds, and darkness was rapidly shrouding the entire landscape in a sable cloak. I hurried home to my cheerily burning fire and my books.

Scarcely had I eaten supper when Taro opened the sliding doors and came in to the fire. He was accustomed to making himself at home, and sometimes a general nuisance, too, though at other times he opened up vistas of beautiful lore that his nation alone could give to the world. Tonight Taro was in a communicative mood, and I was not averse to hearing some of the tales that were stored by the thousands in his brain. But before I settled down to a delightful laziness, stretched out in a chair before an open fire, I arranged a table with some cakes and a pot of tea before my friend, and then slipped into my heavily padded kimono and slippers.

"What new tale have you for me tonight, Taro?" I inquired of my bright-eyed companion who sat there sipping slowly his tea and munching now and again from a cake that he held carelessly between his thumb and third finger. As if some muse had stirred him, the little fellow put down his cup and finished his cake in a gulp and started telling of the pilgrimages that were made to Mt. Fuji and other sacred places. He went on to tell of the pilgrimages made to the temple on Mt. Hiezan where Benkei, the giant priest, is reputed to have dragged a large bell; and then, when it wouldn't ring there, he dragged it back in a rage to its old home. Just as Taro finished quoting the following tanka, I interrupted him:

Tinkling airily,
Singing cheerily, pilgrim bells
Swinging happily;
Ringing blithesomely, foretell
The pilgrimage of the bells.

"And, Taro, tell me more about your bells—those exquisite temple bells that ring at vesper time and in the early morning. I heard one of them tonight just as I was returning from a glorious walk in the hills."

"Ah! so you want me to tell you more of our bells that call us to prayer and summon us to rise and worship the great sun-god? Bells in Japan are said to have souls in them, and if you mar the bells through any mistreatment, then they do not lift your soul to any heights of ecstasy. They are rung so as to bring out the very best in one's nature. They are the mellow, loving tones of the gods. Therefore, we worship them and make pilgrimages to them.

"I think of one now, in the ancient monastery at Miidera. It is a great bronze bell hanging, silent now, in the bell tower. 'It rang out every morning and evening, a clear, rich note, and its surface shone like sparkling dew,' says the old chronicle. The priests were unwilling for any woman to strike the bell in any way, and so built a wall around the outside of the tower so that no woman might enter.

"At the festival of the cherry-blossom throngs of people came to this famous temple, surrounded by a beautiful grove of cherries, to hear the bell. People from miles around came, bringing their bedding, and slept out under the trees during a period of about a week, in order to hear the soul-stirring tones that the marvelous bell gave forth."

"But, Taro, didn't any woman try to peep in the inclosure and try to see the great bell that they were forbidden to ring?" I blurted out.

"Yes, oftentimes a group of belles who wanted to see the reflections of their pretty faces in the shining surface of the bell would try to wheedle the priests into letting them in the enclosure. But the good old monks would remonstrate with them and tell them that if through any mistake the bell should be touched by a woman the metal would lose its lustre and it would cease to give out the mellow tones that it now gave forth, and also would bring calamity upon the entire monastery.

"Thus year after year the coquettes and the very beautiful would do their utmost in an attempt at wheedling and persuading the kindly old priests into letting them just look at themselves in the mirror-like surface of the bell. They thought if they might do this that they would become more beautiful and that their beauty would not leave them even in old age.

"One day some people that had been to hear the famous bell went back to Kyoto, the old capital, and related to everyone they saw the story of the marvelous bell. The chronicle says, 'When a certain pretty woman who lived in Kyoto heard this she grew extremely inquisitive and at last, unable to restrain her curiosity, she said: "I will go and see this wonderful bell of Miidera. I will make it sound forth a soft note, and in its shining surface, bigger and brighter than a thousand mirrors, I will paint and powder my face and dress my hair."'

"Days and months passed and the plum blossomed and the snow melted and the grass began to grow. It was spring again. All the young folk were out early in the

morning, playing in the zephyrous breezes that swept the countryside, verdant in their crops.

"Blustering March had swept by before anyone could realize it, and April arrived, announcing the cherry-blossom season when the entire nation takes a holiday for carousal and enjoyment. Throngs surged from place to place to witness the flowering of the pink trees that filled places of natural beauty.

"One morning Hanako, the beauty of Kyoto, slipped quietly out from her home and wandered down the city to the place where the crowds gathered before leaving the city for the various cherry groves. She inquired of the people which company was making their way to the Miidera temple. Soon this group started off and the vivacious coquette, a member of the group, had the greatest time that she was able to have. As they passed through the villages along the road the young gallants that were passing along stopped and looked with eyes like saucers and mouths agape at the extraordinary beauty.

"The atmosphere all along the road was scented with the delicate fragrance of the cherries, wafted gently on a soft April breeze. The journey to the temple took the entire day, and just as the lanterns before the houses began to shed their flickering light and the stars began to blink the little company of tired travelers entered the outskirts of the temple-village. There they found room to place their bedding and they dropped wearily to their pallets for a good night's rest. But Hanako——"

"Is Hanko the little coquette that boasted she would powder her face in the reflection of the bell?" I interrupted.

"Yes. She slept on the outer circle of the little band and passed the night there. But before the first gray streaks of dawn had pierced the blackness of the night the maiden lay waiting for dawn's approach in a tense tingling of excitement. Here and yon over the countryside the shrill notes of chanticleer broke the deathly silence of the dawn. Then the occasional chirp of a sparrow high on a topmost bough of tree could be heard.

"Then, at the flooding of the valley with light, Hanako quietly slipped out from the covers and wandered in the direction of the temple grounds. The air was deliciously cool from the chill of the night and in it there was a bouyancy and restiveness that made the maiden skip along. No one was up and the streets were deserted except for an occasional dog prowling among the garbage heaps.

"Just as she entered the grounds she heard the rattle of the shutters as the attendants of the temple were beginning to rise to pay their respects to the great sun-god. She slipped quietly around to the enclosure and found that it was unguarded and open. She looked around and, seeing no one, hurried to the gate, casting furtive glances in the direction of the temple. She ran in and drew the gate quietly together and then sank exhausted for a moment to the ground.

"As the sun rose behind a hill that overhung the temple the monks began to make ready for the ringing of the bell and to burn the incense at the altar. Time was precious if Hanako was to see herself in the wonderful mirror-like bell. She rose and walked hesitantly to the bell tower, and then in a flood of glory the sun beamed down on her and she saw herself in the mirror. Forgetting her terror, the little lady smiled into the mirror-like surface and she saw her flushed cheeks and laughing dimples. Then carelessly she loosened her hair and let it stream down in wavelets around her charming face and figure, and then she looked again and she astounded herself by her own beauty. No one could have been more charmingly framed in the burnished surface of the sacred bell. Almost with awe she watched the reflection as it breathed and moved before her. Then, timidly, she reached out her hand to touch the dimples in her cheek to feel if they were real. As she touched the bell a moan of distress escaped from it that softly filled the entire neighborhood with its cry and simultaneously the bell lost its lustre and no longer reflected the light of the sun. There are two fingerprints like dimples on the bell today."

Chemistry and the Sulphur Industry*

By M. L. SPRINKLE

SULPHUR has been known to mankind since the earliest times. The ancients called it brimstone because of "the circumstance that it is combustible, and that when ignited it will continue to burn in the presence of air with a characteristic blue flame until it is entirely consumed." The brimstone of the Bible was sulphur.

Sulphur, in the free state, is found in volcanic regions in Sicily, Italy, Iceland, North and South America, the Aleutian Islands, Japan, Asia, and other parts of the world. Some of these places, especially Italy, Japan, Sicily, and a small section in Louisiana and Southern Texas, constitute valuable sources of supply.

In the United States much sulphur is found in union with metals, forming sulphides such as iron pyrites (FeS_2), lead sulphide or galena (PbS), zinc blend (ZnS), and chalcopyrite (CuFeS_2); sulphates, such as gypsum ($\text{CaSO}_4 \cdot 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$), barite (BaSO_4), celestite (SrSO_4), and epsom salt ($\text{MgSO}_4 \cdot 7\text{H}_2\text{O}$), and other important metaliferous ores. These sulphides and sulphates, however, constitute a secondary source of supply. Large deposits of sulphur are found in dome formations at Calcasieu, Louisiana; Bryan Mound, Freeport, Texas; Hoskins Mound, Texas, and Big Hill, Texas.

Sulphur is also found in protein materials, thus producing the offensive hydrogen sulphide odor on decay. Eggs are especially rich in combined sulphur, so much so that "antique eggs are easily recognized by the overpowering odor of hydrogen sulphide."

It may be well here to notice the production of sulphur in the different sulphur-producing countries. Japanese sulphur, of a very high purity, and "obtained from the deposits which have been worked for many years in the volcanic district of Hokkaiedo," has a market to the extent of 30,000 tons per year. This is shipped, for the

* The author, now a graduate student at Wake Forest, wrote this article when he was a freshman, in competition for an award offered by the American Chemical Society. For much of the information contained in this article credit is due to Professor Nevill Isbell, of the Department of Chemistry, who has had experience in connection with the mining of sulphur in Texas.

most part, to the Pacific ports of the United States and to Australia.

The annual output of Italian sulphur is between 30,000 and 40,000 tons per annum from deposits in Romagna. A greater part of this sulphur is used in Italy for agricultural and viticultural purposes.

It has been stated that Sicilian sulphur has been employed in industry for over 300 years. Sixteen million tons or more have been extracted up to date, and until the introduction of the Frasch process for the extraction of Louisiana and Texas sulphur, Sicily controlled the sulphur industry of the world. It is interesting to note that in addition to the 16,000,000 tons which have been mined, prepared, and sold, according to official report, "the quantity of commercial sulphur still in sight in Sicilian mines amounts to about 34,000,000 tons."

The total annual output of the United States before the war was nearly 275,000 tons of sulphur per year, exports being greater than the imports. Then during the war, when sulphur was needed so desperately for the manufacture of sulphuric acid so vital to munitions production, the output, by the Frasch process, in Louisiana and Texas was pushed to about 1,000,000 tons annually. Such huge production, however, is not warranted in times of peace. Accordingly, production now is about 300,000 tons yearly.

A brief description of the methods of mining sulphur is necessary at this point. The Sicilian mines are distributed over an area about 100 miles long and 55 miles wide. The deposits of sulphur vary from 150 to 600 feet in depth. Formerly the sulphur was brought out of the mine by manual labor. Now it is brought out by machinery. After the sulphur is mined it is heaped in a shallow pit or calcerone 30 feet in diameter and 10 feet high. This pit is on a hillside, with the sloping bottom beaten smooth. Several draught holes are left from top to bottom of the heap. The mass is fired by dropping burning brush or straw into these openings. About a third of the sulphur burns, melting the remaining sul-

phur, which collects at the bottom near a tap-hole, from which it is drawn at intervals of a few hours.

The method used in Louisiana and Texas is known as the Frasch process. The sulphur is found at a depth of 1,000 to 2,000 feet, under several strata of earth. The sulphur beds are located by the presence of mounds or Dome Formations "which constitute a striking feature of the coastal plains, which extend throughout the states of Louisiana, Texas, and the Gulf States of Mexico."

The following may be regarded as a typical description of the Frasch process: A large pipe, 10 inches in diameter, is sunk to the top of the sulphur bed. Inside this 10-inch pipe an 8-inch perforated pipe with holes of half-inch diameter, arranged in spiral form, is lowered to the bottom of the sulphur. Through this pipe superheated water is forced throughout the entire thickness of the deposit. Within the 8-inch pipe a 6-inch unperforated pipe is sunk. The excess water is brought to the surface through this pipe. Enclosed within the 6-inch pipe is an unperforated 4-inch pipe, through which molten sulphur is raised to the surface. Inside the 4-inch pipe a 1-inch unperforated pipe is lowered to the bottom of the deposit, through which compressed air is forced.

In the oil-fired burner plants water is superheated to 170 degrees C. at a pressure of 100-140 pounds. This water is forced down the 8-inch pipe, and it melts the sulphur, which has a melting point of 115 degrees C. Four million gallons of water are used per day, and in order to get rid of the excess water a great amount is returned to the surface through the 6-inch pipe. Some of the water flows between the strata to an empty well or a "bleed well." The molten sulphur collects at the bottom of the 4-inch pipe, through which it is forced to the surface by the compressed air. The sulphur flows into great wooden bins where it cools into huge blocks, or there may be a relay station at which sulphur from all the field is concentrated and then pumped into a bin. Some of these bins are 60 x 150 x 250 feet, producing a

single block containing 100,000 tons of sulphur and worth millions of dollars.

When the sulphur is needed for shipment the huge block is dynamited into fragments and loaded into cars at the rate of 35 tons of sulphur in 14 minutes. The loading is done by means of steam shovels and mechanical box-car loaders. At the port the sulphur is loaded in ships, to be carried to different parts of the world.

Now, is the development of chemistry in the United States to be seriously impeded by an exhaustible supply of sulphur? Are our sulphuric acid and paper industries to suffer because of a lack of sulphur? Is it possible that the United States is today faced with the prospect of having to go back to Sicily, in a few years at least, for her supply of sulphur? With the Louisiana deposit almost gone, with the high cost of production of sulphur from pyrites, with decreased production of some sulphur mounds in Texas, with no more deposits in sight, with great overhead expenses, and with overproduction and disposal on foreign markets, chemistry in the United States may be facing a grave danger.

Even if it is true that the Freeport Sulphur Company, the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, and the Union Sulphur Company are producing a steadily increasing amount of sulphur yearly, consider the fact that there is an increasing demand for sulphur, both pure and in its compounds, in the production of sulphuric acid, which is probably the most important chemical known, in the paper industry, for agricultural purposes, for fungicides, and for other important uses. It is hard to look at a single object made by man in which sulphuric acid has not had an important part in the making.

Now, what are some of the problems we are up against? First, there is the immediate danger to the industry itself in the form of overhead cost incurred through the electrolytic corrosion of pipes in the sulphur wells. Because of ionization of salts in solution of water which is pumped down to the sulphur formation, there seems to be a tendency to lose iron pipe. This tendency would

seem to increase with rise of temperature and pressure. We might imagine a gigantic battery formed, which would involve both local and over-all galvanic action. Of course if any such action is taking place, there would be quite a loss of pipe, which is costly. It is said that loss of such pipe amounts to between \$30,000 and \$60,000 monthly, depending upon conditions of operation and certain localities. In order to keep ahead of this cost it would be advantageous for a company suffering from such a condition of affairs to produce as much sulphur as possible through the pipe, which sometimes lasts less than a month, and in some cases less than a week.

In the second place, no more deposits are being discovered. The great sulphur deposits in the United States are found under the Dome Formations of Louisiana and Texas. The Louisiana deposits are almost gone. Only a limited supply is being produced. In fact, it is said that the Louisiana company is taking steps toward moving into the little Texas 40-mile triangle. Three mounds—Hoskins Mound, Bryan Mound, and Big Hill—are actually producing sulphur, the Bryan Mound deposit at Freeport probably producing the better grade. One or two other mounds in the triangle probably contain potential deposits. Nowhere else in the United States are such Dome Formations found. There are other deposits of sulphur, of course, but they could not possibly be worked by the Frasch process, and doubtless they do not contain very large quantities of sulphur.

We hear talk of Teapot Dome and the danger of exhausting our oil reserves; and yet our known dome sulphur deposits could be contained in a triangle whose sides are only about 40 miles long, while our oil deposits are all over the country.

In the third place, not all of the mounds have been so successful in the production of sulphur. Hoskins Mound in Texas gave promise of producing a great amount of sulphur when the field was surveyed. It was thought that the sulphur would be of great purity. But complications arose when production started; the sulphur

seemed to be getting away under the ground, due to the porosity of the formation or from some other cause. Efforts were made to prevent the running away. Hay and mud were pumped into the ground in an attempt to close up the fissures. The hay was green. So was the sulphur which later came up. The hay was stopped and mud started. Then oil got into the sulphur from somewhere. Judgment, based upon past experiences, shows that even these sources of sulphur are of doubtful value.

In the fourth place, a great danger that faces us is overproduction. How does overproduction affect the development of chemistry? Again we must go back to Sicily for an explanation. The Frasch process is a much cheaper method of mining sulphur than that used in Sicily. This process has been tried in Sicily, but it does not appear practicable upon a large scale because of the high cost of fuel and the losses occasioned when much gypsum is present, as is often the case. Now Sicilian sulphur, with its high cost of production, cannot, to any noticeable degree, compete with Frasch sulphur. It is only natural that the lower priced sulphur, of the same or greater purity, would enjoy a better market. This is exactly what has happened.

Another comparison is interesting. According to the International Year Book of Agriculture, 1922, published by the International Institute of Agriculture (Rome), and quoted in the Board of Trade Journal: "Italian sulphur production in 1922 fell to 172,000 metric tons, as compared with 274,000 tons in 1921 and 285,000 tons in 1913. Exports, however, increased considerably as compared with 1921, a year of intense crisis in the sulphur trade of Sicily." The United States in 1922 maintained its sulphur output (1,860,000 metric tons) and exported 496,000 metric tons, a figure never reached before. The price of sulphur in both Italy and the United States was lower than in 1921, and in the United States monthly quotations were even below those before the war. This, then, is the primary danger arising from overproduction. With no other sulphur-producing country able to cope

with the United States in the output of low-priced sulphur, it is natural enough that companies producing sulphur will produce all that they can put on the market; and one day our sulphur wells will cease to pour out their valuable molten sulphur.

In the fifth place, probably the real danger that faces us, growing out of exhaustion through overproduction, is the ultimate control of the sulphur industry by Sicily. Before the Frasch process was introduced Sicily had a monopoly of the world's sulphur trade. Prices went up. All industries, except possibly the sulphuric acid industry—in which pyrites may be used with almost as much success as pure sulphur—suffered to a great extent. This would happen again should Sicily be able to establish another monopoly. The paper industry would probably be the hardest hit, since it is entirely dependent upon the purest sulphur with which to whiten the wood pulp. Agriculture would also suffer.

The United States is independent now, as far as sulphur is concerned; but what about the future? What shall we do when all our available supply of sulphur has been extracted and placed for disposal on foreign markets in competition with Sicilian sulphur? What about the time when we shall be forced to return to Sicily for our sulphur? Then we shall pay dearly.

From the Campus Wall

By THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.

IN every small town there is always one main place where loafers usually do their hanging out. Wake Forest, being a college town, is distinguished by several of these places.

One side of our college campus is a continual curve, making more than half a circle, and around this runs the Federal highway from New York to Florida. The campus is surrounded by a low rock wall, and this very wall, opposite the highway, is a most alluring place when one has absolutely nothing to do. On each side of the street is a sidewalk; so when sitting on the wall we get the opportunity of observing thoroughly, and from all angles, passers-by, both riding and walking.

We see constantly the tourists from twenty-five per cent of our states, and by tourists I mean the different kinds. There are those who are dressed in brown—dirty and tired looking—and who carry their tents and luggage in and around the cars, which are often open and old. There are others who seem to have a house-car and make this their permanent life. Both these types usually have several children and a dog or two. The most interesting thing about them is to see what state they are from, or guess at the model of the car. Then there are large, pretty cars, which shine in the sun as they turn the curve, and we immediately spot them. We at once pronounce the name of the automobile, where it is from—and then we stare at the tourists inside. They are usually nice-looking people, or we make them out to be, anyway. We occasionally wave at them, and especially so if there's a pretty girl along. And, yes, they usually wave back. In fact, they often wave first. We are delighted then, and call ourselves "rating." We often honor these larger cars by asking the occupants for a ride to Raleigh, for example. We won't bum in an old car, and by no means not in an open car on a cool day.

And from a large portion of this wall we can see every one that goes downtown. We see the town people riding around, and our fellow students steadily walking back and forth. On a pretty day when the young ladies are out walking they cannot help passing within our view, and I remind you again that on account of the curve of the road we see the passers-by at all angles—as they come and go. We like to see the different people passing, and we usually have a comment to make on each one. We don't talk about any one behind his back, but usually when one goes to sit on the wall he is in the mood to see only his immediate surroundings, and to think only on what is placed right before his mind. It is a good thing every now and then, I make myself believe; and certainly very easy to do.

I am not writing a defense of loafing; but every one finds the time when he feels that he can do nothing better than waste a little time. Then there are other times when one feels that he is entitled to follow his own inclinations, selfish though they may be. I see my most learned professors slowly riding around or taking a short walk about town, and so we can easily afford to claim that sitting on the wall serves the same purpose to us. Again sometimes there happens to be a half-hour or so between two important events, and to use this little intervening recess nothing serves the purpose more conveniently than sitting on the wall—for instance, the time between an afternoon show and supper. Now, surely you will permit a few matinees to college students, and then they must have supper. So there lies a short time during which, considering it even from a philosophical point of view, we call ourselves justified in sitting on the wall. And we are not always useless there, though we really do expect to be. At these times we have had the privilege of directing prominent visitors to Wake Forest around town. Old Wake Forest men from New England and Florida have stopped and asked us how we were liking our new President and our new Coach, and inquired about some of the older professors whom they knew when they

were here. And one tourist has stopped and told us of a very bad accident which had just happened a short way down the road, thus allowing us to be among the first at the scene.

But let's not go too much into the justification and value of this idleness. If you are going to loaf, anyway, the wall is my recommendation. You can lean against it or sit upon it; on cold days you can sit in the sun, and on hot days you can find plenty of shade; and it is a perfect observation point—if you just want to rest and still see everything which goes on about town.

The Commission to Canada in 1776

A STUDY

By A. L. AYCOCK

VERY often the turn of affairs in the lives of individuals and nations may hinge on minor incidents, or what appear at the time to be minor incidents. If we are to judge the relative importance of our diplomatic relations with Canada during the Revolutionary War by the amount of space given it in most of our present-day histories, it shrinks to insignificance. If, on the other hand, we are to consider what might have been the probable results if the United Colonies and Canada had joined hands in the conflict, the affair no longer has the appearance of a minor incident, but assumes one of real importance. It is not my purpose in this paper, however, to speculate or theorize on the probable results of a union with Canada, but it is to show the attempt and failure on the part of the United Colonies to form such a union. I shall consider, first, the relations existing between the Colonies prior to the spring of 1776, take up the sending of a commission to Canada, and point out some of the apparent causes for the failure of the commission.

On June 27, 1775, the Continental Congress ordered General Schuyler to protect Fort Ticonderoga, which had been taken by Ethan Allen on May 11, and to take possession of Montreal. Illness forced General Schuyler to give up the command, and General Richard Montgomery took charge. After capturing St. John's, he proceeded to Montreal, capturing the city November 13, 1775. This expedition was not considered by the Canadians as a forced invasion. There was no lost love between most of them and the British troops, and they were glad to see the "Red Coats" driven out.¹ Moreover, they had been assured by their southern neighbors that the Continental

¹See Justin Smith, *Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony*, New York, 1907, I, ch. viii.

Army came not to injure, but to "liberate and protect." This is brought out clearly in a proclamation from Washington about September 1, 1775, to his "Friends and Brethren."

In this proclamation Washington assures the Canadians that everything possible has been done to avert the "unnatural contest between the English colonies and Great Britain," tells them that the colonies have "appealed to that Being in whose hands are all human events," and describes the British arms as "now tarnished with disgrace and disappointment" and the enemy "circumscribed within the limits of a single city² and its suburbs, suffering all the shame and distress of a siege, . . ." He then congratulates the Canadians that they have not been blinded by the British who had counted on their aid, and he urges them to join in the conflict for liberty.

Come, then, my brethren, unite with us in an indissoluble union; let us run together to the same goal. We have taken up arms in defense of our liberty, our property, our wives, and our children; we are determined to preserve them or die. We look forward with pleasure to that day, not far remote, we hope, when the inhabitants of America shall have one sentiment, and the full enjoyment of a free government.

Incited by these motives, and encouraged by the advice of many friends of liberty among you, the grand American Congress have sent an army into your province, under the command of General Schuyler, *not to plunder, but to protect you*; to animate, and bring into action those sentiments of freedom you have disclosed, and which the tools of despotism would extinguish through the whole creation. To coöperate with this design, and to frustrate those cruel and perfidious schemes which would deluge our frontiers with the blood of women and children, I have detached Colonel Arnold into your country with a part of the army under my command. I have enjoined it upon him, and I am certain that he will consider himself, and act, as in the country of his patrons and best friends. *Necessaries and accommodations of every kind, which you may furnish, he will thankfully receive, and render the full value. I invite you, therefore, as friends and brethren, to provide him such supplies as your country affords; and I pledge myself, not only for your safety and security, but for an ample compensation. Let no one flee as before an enemy.*

² Boston.

The cause of America, and of liberty, is the cause of every virtuous American citizen; *whatever may be his religion or descent*, the United Colonies know no distinction but such as slavery, corruption, and arbitrary dominion may create. Come, then, ye generous citizens, range yourselves under the standard of general liberty, against which all the force and artifices of tyranny will never be able to prevail.³

Such glowing promises did not fail to have their effect upon the Canadians, and the "friendly disposition" and the ready assistance "which they gave on all occasions," when the troops entered Canada, testify to the fact that they accepted the proclamation in good faith. Additional evidence of the fact that large numbers of the Canadians were friendly to the Colonies is found in a petition from Nova Scotia to the Continental Congress. This petition, dated February 8, 1776, follows in part:

We agreed in our committees that nothing should be done publicly, as it might instigate the others to fall upon us sooner than they intended, and as we could not tell what was the intention of the Continental Congress concerning us. Therefore we pray ardently that your Excellency will please to relieve us that we may be able to express our sentiments publicly and join our little strength with the other colonies in preventing the ensigns of slavery from being set up in any part of this great empire. We further desire that this our request may be kept a secret for the present.⁴

At the same time a member of the committee wrote a personal letter to Washington, asking him to use his influence to get Congress to vote favorably on the petition. This letter, coming from a man who had lived among the people for twenty years, should be an accurate statement of conditions, and the attitude of the Canadians, around Nova Scotia:

The great contest between Britain and America has hitherto been only treated speculatively among us. I presume a sympathy with our brethren on the continent reigns in the breasts of the generality of the inhabitants. With gladness would we be active in the glorious struggle, if our situation and the circumstances were such as to afford the least glimpse of success; but our remoteness from the

³ Jared Sparks (editor), *The Writings of George Washington*, Boston, 1838, III, pp. 92-94. (Italics are mine.)

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 335. This petition was signed by twelve men of the Province of Nova Scotia.

other colonies and our form of government, joined with the indigence of the inhabitants, render it in a manner impossible without succor from some other quarter. As to the Arcadians, I have dwelt among them near twenty years, and am well acquainted with their manners and ways. They are to a man wholly inclined to the cause of America. There are but about two hundred regular troops in Halifax, including raw recruits from Newfoundland and other places. Had we at present two or three hundred men, they would secure all that part of the province between this place and Halifax.⁵

We have seen something of the attitude of the Canadians toward the Continental Army when that army first entered Canada; we have also seen what glowing promises Washington had made the Canadians in his proclamation. Now let us take a glance at the situation existing six months after the army entered. Colonel Hazen, who took command at Montreal on March 27, 1776, to succeed General Wooster, wrote General Schuyler of conditions there. His letter, dated April 1, 1776, follows:

You are not unacquainted with the friendly disposition of the Canadians when General Montgomery first penetrated into the country; the ready assistance which they gave on all occasions, by men, carriages, or provisions was most remarkable. Even when he was before Quebec, many parishes offered their services in the reduction of that fortress, which were at that time thought unnecessary. But his most unfortunate fate, added to other incidents, has caused such a change in their disposition, that we no longer look upon them as friends, but on the contrary waiting an opportunity to join our enemies. That no observations of my own may remain obscure, I beg leave to observe that I think the clergy, or guardians of the soul and conductors of the bodies of these enthusiasts, have been neglected, perhaps in some instances ill-used. Be that as it will, they are unanimous, though privately, against our cause, and I have too much reason to fear many of them, with the other people of some consequence, have carried on a correspondence the whole

⁵ *Writings of George Washington*, III, pp. 335-336. This letter was transmitted by Washington to Congress on March 27, with the following comments: "I beg leave to transmit to you the copy of a petition from the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, brought to me by Jonathan Eddy, mentioned therein, who is now here with an Arcadian, from which it appears that they are in a distressed situation; and, from Mr. Eddy's account, they are exceedingly apprehensive that they will be reduced to the disagreeable alternative of taking up arms and joining our enemies or of fleeing their country, unless they can be protected against their insults and apprehension. He says that their committees think many salutary and valuable consequences would be derived from five or six hundred men being sent there, as it would not only quiet the minds of the people from the anxiety and uneasiness they are now filled with, and enable them to take a part in behalf of the Colonies, but be the means of preventing . . . government and the ministerial troops from getting such supplies . . . as they have previously done." (*Writings*, III, p. 334.)

winter with General Carleton in Quebec, and are now plotting our destruction. The peasantry in general have been ill used. They have, in some instances, been dragooned with the point of the bayonet to supply wood for the garrison at a lower rate than the current price. For carriages and many other articles furnished, certificates have been given not legible, without signature, the one-half of consequence rejected by the quartermaster-general. It is true payment has been promised from time to time; yet they look upon such promises as vague, their labor and property lost, and the Congress of the United Colonies bankrupt. And in a more material point, they have not seen sufficient force in the country to protect them. These matters furnish very strong arguments to be made use of by our enemies. With respect to the better sort of people, both French and English, seven-eighths are Tories, who would wish to see our throats cut, and perhaps would readily assist in doing it.

You may remember, Sir, in a conversation with you at Albany, I urged the necessity of sending immediately to Canada able generals, a respectable army, and a printer. Indeed, I had before represented these measures in person to Congress, at least to the Committee of Congress, and we have since been flattered from time to time that we should have one or all of these essentials.⁶

This letter throws some interesting light on the Canadian situation. Scarcely six months had elapsed since Washington's glowing proclamation had been issued to his "Friends and Brethren," promising "ample consideration" for "such supplies as your country affords," an army "sent into your province . . . not to plunder, but to protect you." According to Colonel Hazen's letter, the Canadians had taken Washington at his word, as shown by their "friendly disposition" and "the ready assistance which they gave on all occasions." Instead of the "ample compensation" for the supplies furnished, the peasants are "dragooned with the point of the bayonet to supply wood . . . at a lower rate than the current price." They are paid for their services with worthless paper money. The army sent to protect them has actually started to plunder them. Small wonder it is, then, that the Congress should be petitioned for able generals, a respectable army, and a supply of hard cash.

Though Colonel Hazen did not know of it at the time he was writing, Congress had taken steps to attempt to

⁶ Manuscript letter quoted in *The Writings of Washington*, III, pp. 361-362.

relieve the situation. On the very day his letter was written, a commission from the Continental Congress had set out for Canada. This commission was headed by Benjamin Franklin⁷ of the Colony of Pennsylvania, who was accompanied by Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll (of Carrollton) of the Colony of Maryland.⁸ John Carroll,⁹ a very influential Catholic priest of Maryland, was invited to accompany them. The commissioners were actually appointed February 15, 1776. They did not set out, however, until April 1, and arrived in Montreal April 29. Since the purpose of their going and the authority with which they were vested are both clearly indicated in their appointment and instructions, I shall quote the former and give a summary of the latter.

Know ye, that we, reposing especial trust and confidence in your zeal, fidelity, abilities, and assiduity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you, or any two of you, Commissioners for and on behalf of us, and all the People of the United Colonies whom we represent, to promote or to form an union between the said Colonies and the People of Canada, according to the Instructions herewith delivered you, and to such as you may hereafter receive; and to execute all such matters and things as you are or shall be directed by your said Instructions. And we do require all officers, soldiers, and others, who may facilitate your negotiations, or promote the success thereof, to aid and assist you therein; transmit and report your proceedings to Congress.

This Commission to remain in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.¹⁰

A summary of the instructions with an excerpt follows:

1. Arms carried into Canada are to frustrate the power of the British against our common liberties.

⁷ "Canada was Franklin's passion. It was he who had persuaded the British Government to extend its operations in the Seven Years War from Europe to Canada, and it was not surprising that he should head the mission to Canada." Samuel Flaggs Bemis (ed.), *The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy*, "Historical Introduction," by James Brown Scott, New York, 1927, I, pp. 10-11.

⁸ Chase and Franklin were, at the time, members of Congress. Charles Carroll was one of the richest men in the country at the outbreak of the war. All three of the commissioners were back in Philadelphia when war was formally declared, and signed the Declaration of Independence.

⁹ John Carroll, largely through Franklin's influence, later became the first Catholic Bishop in the United States. For a further account of the Carrolls, both of whom were Catholics, see Vol. III of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.

¹⁰ Peter Force (editor), *The American Archives*, Fourth Series, Washington, 1837-1846, V, p. 441. Subsequent references to *The American Archives* will be to the Fourth Series, unless otherwise indicated.

2. Our interests and those of Canada are inseparably united; impress this fact on their minds.

3. Assure the people of Canada that they may set up their own form of government.

4. Urge the Canadians to put themselves under the protection of the United Colonies.

5. You are further to declare that we hold sacred the right of conscience, and may promise to the whole people solemnly, in our name, the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion, and to the clergy the full, perfect, and peaceable possession and enjoyment of all their estates; that the government of everything relating to their religion and clergy shall be left entirely in the hands of the good people of that Province, and such Legislature as they shall constitute; provided, however, that all denominations of Christians be equally entitled to hold offices, and enjoy civil privileges, and the free exercise of their religion, and be totally exempt from the payment of any tithes, or taxes, for the support of any religion.

6. Assure the Canadians that you have full powers to treat with them.

7. Establish a free press.

8. Settle any disputes among the troops or between the troops and Canadians.

9. As representatives of Congress you have full power over military affairs and may

a. Suspend officers,

b. Issue commissions.

c. Raise troops, and

d. Vote in all Councils of War.

10. Use every possible effort to give credit and circulation to the Continental money in Canada.¹¹

When the commissioners reached Montreal they were accorded a very warm welcome.¹² Crowds thronged to see the representatives of the Grand Continental Congress. Franklin, of "Bonhomme Richard" fame, was especially the center of an admiring group. A banquet had been prepared, at which the brilliant and daring Benedict Arnold presided as toastmaster. Several beautiful ladies were present. The commissioners were treated with as much respect as if they had been representatives of France, England, or some other country equally powerful. With such an auspicious beginning, it seemed as

¹¹ *American Archives*, V, pp. 411-413.

¹² For a very interesting account of the reception given the commissioners upon their arrival, see Justin Smith, *Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony*, New York, 1907, II, pp. 329-331.

though the commissioners had an excellent chance to regain some of the lost prestige of the Congress and to give a fresh impetus to the movement for the proposed union of Canada and the United Colonies.

From the Canadian viewpoint conditions were assuming a much brighter hue. The Congress, far away in Philadelphia, could not know of the ill-treatment the Canadians were receiving, but a part of that Congress had now come to Canada and this treatment would surely be stopped. They had been forced to furnish supplies for which they received only promissory notes; but, of course, the representatives would soon redeem these and begin to pay cash for what they bought for their army. Had not General Washington promised them "ample compensation for any supplies furnished," and had not the Continental Congress sent these, some of its own members, to see that these promises were fulfilled? When Franklin began to sense this attitude—a very just and sensible one—on the part of the Canadians, he remained outwardly calm; inwardly he was in despair.

Rather reluctantly, and almost apologetically at first, some of the Canadians presented their notes to Franklin for payment. They thought it somewhat unfair to take up the time of this important man with such affairs; perhaps it would be better to wait until he had arranged a regular exchange for the purpose. But when the notes were not paid, and it was learned that there was no money with which to pay them, the final disillusionment of the Canadians began, and, almost from the day of their arrival, the commissioners dated the beginning of their failure. I shall let them tell the story. The letter which follows was dated at Montreal, May 1, 1776, and was read in Congress on the sixteenth of the same month:

After some difficulty and delay in getting through the ice of Lake George, we arrived here on Monday last, and were very politely received by General Arnold, who, at present, commands in this post.¹³

¹³ A letter from John Carroll, dated at Montreal on May 1, gives an interesting account of the journey to Canada. It was enclosed with the reports of the commissioners and is a part of the official record. *American Archives*, V, p. 1167.

It is impossible to give you a just idea of the lowness of the Continental credit here, from the want of hard money, and the prejudice it is to our affairs. Not the most trifling service can be procured without an assurance of instant pay in silver or gold. The express we sent from St. John's, to inform the General of our arrival there, and to request carriages for La Prairie, was stopped at the ferry till a friend passing changed a dollar bill for him into silver; and we were obliged to that friend (Mr. McCartney) for his engagement to pay the calashes, or they would not have come for us. The general apprehension that we shall be driven out of the Province as soon as the King's troops can arrive concurs, with the frequent breaches of promise the inhabitants have experienced, in determining to trust our people no further. Therefore the utmost despatch should be used in forwarding a large sum hither (we believe twenty thousand pounds will be necessary), otherwise it will be impossible to continue the war in this country, or to expect the continuance of our interest with the people here, who begin to consider the Congress as bankrupt, and their cause as desperate. Therefore, till the arrival of money, it seems improper to propose the Federal Union of this Province with the others, as the few friends we have here will scarce venture to exert themselves in promoting it, till they see our credit recovered, and a sufficient army arrived to secure the possession of the country.

There follows an account of the Council of War held upon their arrival, at which they learn that "the troops before Quebec have not ten days provisions." The last paragraph harks back to the dominant note—the need for money—

We hope tomorrow to obtain an account of our debts that ought instantly to be paid. If, besides what is necessary for that purpose, we had a sum to manage, by opening a bank for the exchange of Continental bills, it is supposed that we might thereby give circulation to these bills.¹⁴

Six days later, after the commissioners had had time for a more thorough investigation into affairs in Canada, they wrote again of the deplorable conditions and the necessity for hard cash. The letter, dated at Montreal, May 6, follows in part:

In our letter of the 1st. instant, we informed you of the lowness of the Continental credit in this Province, and the necessity of a speedy supply of hard money. Unless this very essential article

¹⁴ *American Archives*, V, p. 1166.

arrives soon, our forces will suffer exceedingly from the want of many necessities, particularly flour, which might be laid in much cheaper than it could be supplied from New York, provided gold or silver could be procured to purchase it. It is very difficult to keep soldiers under proper discipline without paying them regularly. This difficulty increases in proportion to the distance the troops are removed from their own country. The want of money frequently constrains the commanders to have recourse to violence in providing the Army with carriages, and other conveyances, which indispose and irritate the minds of the people. We have reason to conclude that the change of sentiments, which we understand has taken place in this colony, is owing to the above-mentioned cause, and to other arbitrary proceedings. If hard money cannot be procured and forwarded with despatch to Canada, it would be advisable, in our opinion, to withdraw our army, and fortify the passes on the lakes, to prevent the enemy, and the Canadians, if so inclined, from making irruptions into, and depredations on, our frontiers.¹⁵

When this letter was written the commissioners had been in Canada a week. The transformation looked for by the Canadians had not been wrought. Instead of bringing a supply of cash with them, the representatives of Congress had been trying to borrow from the Canadians. The "violences" had continued. There was another plea for hard cash. Again I shall let Franklin and his associates tell the story:

. . . We find ourselves obliged to report the necessity of sending immediately the supply of hard money mentioned. . . . We have tried in vain to borrow some here for the immediate occasion of the Army, either on the publick or on our own private credit. We cannot even sell sterling bills of exchange, which some of us have offered to draw. It seems that it had been expected and given out by our friends that we should bring money with us. The disappointment has discouraged everybody, and established an opinion that none is to be had, or that the Congress has not credit enough in their own Colonies to procure it. . . . The Tories will not trust us a farthing, and some who, perhaps, wish us well, conceiving that we shall, through our own poverty, or from superior force be soon obliged to abandon the country, are afraid to have any dealings with us, lest they should hereafter be called to account for abetting our cause. Our enemies take advantage of this distress, to make us look contemptible in the eyes of the Canadians, who have been provoked by the violences of our military, in exacting provisions and services

¹⁵ *American Archives*, V, p. 1214.

from them without pay—a conduct towards a people who suffered us to enter their country as friends, that the most urgent necessity can scarce excuse, since it has contributed much to the changing their good dispositions towards us into enmity, and makes them wish our departure; and, accordingly, we have daily intimations of plots hatching and insurrections intended, for expelling us on the first news of the arrival of the British Army. You will see from hence that your Commissioners themselves are in a critical and most irksome situation, pestered hourly with demands, great and small, that they cannot answer, in a place where our cause has a majority of enemies, the garrison weak, and a greater would, without money, increase our difficulties. In short, if money cannot be had to support your Army here with honour, so as to be respected, instead of being hated by the people, we repeat it as our firm and unanimous opinion, that it is better immediately to withdraw it. The fact before our eyes, that the powerful British nation cannot keep an army in a country where the inhabitants are become enemies, must convince you of the necessity of immediately enabling us to make this people our friends. Exclusive of a sum of money to discharge the debts already contracted, which General Arnold informs us amounts to fourteen thousand pounds, besides the account laid before Congress by Mr. Price, a further sum of hard money, not less than six thousand pounds, will be necessary to reestablish our credit in this Colony. With this supply, and a little success, it may be possible to regain the affections of the people, to attach them firmly to our cause, and induce them to accept a free Government, perhaps to enter into the Union; in which case the currency of our paper money will, we think, follow as a certain consequence.¹⁶

This letter was read in Congress May 18. Six days later, May 24, John Hancock, President of Congress, answered it as follows:

Gentlemen: By the enclosed resolve of Congress, which I do myself the honour of transmitting, you will perceive that every step has been taken to procure hard money that could be devised.

I have forwarded to General Schuyler, by this conveyance, the sum of sixteen hundred and sixty-two pounds, one shilling, and three pence, in hard money, which was all that was in the Treasury.¹⁷

Sixteen thousand pounds had been asked as a minimum; sixteen hundred were sent.

Franklin had already seen enough. He was convinced of the futility of trying to carry on the war in Canada

¹⁶ *American Archives*, V, p. 1227.

¹⁷ *Op. cit.*, VI, p. 558.

without more men and money, especially "hard cash." After viewing the situation, he was sure he could do more good in Congress than in Canada. It was impossible for Congress to get an adequate conception of the conditions there from letters, and it was imperative that the necessity for money be stressed personally. On May 11, less than two weeks after his arrival, he set out for Philadelphia. On the seventeenth, Chase and Carroll wrote another letter from Montreal, telling Congress that Franklin was returning to Philadelphia and would explain the Canadian situation. They reported that there was plenty of wheat, but no money to purchase it. They urged that "In the present situation of our affairs it will not be possible to carry into execution the great object of our instructions," and that they and the army be recalled unless "hard money" could be forwarded. The situation was becoming critical, and "we wait with impatience the further orders of Congress."¹⁸

They did not wait for a reply from Congress, but ten days later (May 27) wrote another letter describing conditions, which had gone from bad to worse. When we realize that the army officers in Canada recognized the commissioners as representatives of Congress and had begun writing them of the sickness in camp, expired terms, refusals to reënlist, shortage of powder, provisions, and money, and the hostility of the inhabitants, we are better able to understand the tone of this letter. Written with the reports of these officers on hand, the letter should be a very good account of conditions in general.¹⁹ It follows in part:

. . . We will give you an instance of the lowness of your credit: Three barrels of gunpowder were ordered from Chambly to Montreal; this powder was brought from Chambly to a ferry, about three miles off, where it would have remained had we not luckily

¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, VI, pp. 587-588.

¹⁹ For these letters from the officers to the commissioners, see *American Archives*, VI, p. 461, and pp. 591ff: Some of the representative ones are as follows: General Thomas, May 7; General Arnold, May 17; General Thomas, May 20; General Thompson, May 25. On May 7 General Thomas wrote of sickness in camp, expired terms, refusals to reënlist, and lack of all necessities: "In all our magazines there were but about one hundred and fifty pounds of powder and six days provisions. The French inhabitants were much disaffected, so that supplies of any kind were obtained with great difficulty." (*Op. cit.*, p. 451.)

passed by, and, seeing the distress of the officer, undertaken to pay ready and hard money for the hire of a cart to convey it to Longueuil. The Army is in a distressed condition, and is in want of most necessary articles—meat, bread, tents, shoes, stockings, shirts, &c. . . . Such is our extreme need of flour that we were yesterday obliged to seize by force fifteen barrels to supply the garrison with bread. . . . Nothing but the most urgent necessity can justify such harsh measures; but men with arms in their hands will not starve when provisions can be obtained by force. . . . We cannot find words strong enough to describe our miserable situation. You will have a faint idea of it when you figure to yourself an army broken and disheartened, half of it under inoculation, or under other diseases; soldiers without pay without discipline. . . .

Your soldiers grumble for their pay; . . . Your military chest contains but eleven thousand paper dollars. You are indebted to your troops treble that sum; and to the inhabitants above fifteen thousand dollars. . . .²⁰

Chase and Carroll left immediately, for on June 11, fifteen days after the letter was written, they were before Congress in Philadelphia reporting their failure. In the words of James Brown Scott, "The resort to arms had failed already."²¹

Why did an expedition with such an auspicious beginning end so soon in failure? We have already had part of our answer from the letters of the commissioners, which have been purposely quoted at some length. Let us briefly review the situation. The Canadians had given every possible assistance to the troops which had been sent into their territory. They had accepted in good faith the promises made them by Washington and Congress²²; these promises were most shamefully broken.²³ They had expected a well-equipped army; they saw one poorly equipped and without discipline. They had expected to deal with a Congress capable of paying its debts

²⁰ *Op. cit.*, VI, pp. 590-591.

²¹ Samuel Flagg Bemis (editor), *American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy*, "Historical Introduction," by James Brown Scott, New York, 1927, I, pp. 10-11.

²² For text of the letter from Congress, see W. C. Ford (ed.), *Journals of the Continental Congress*, Washington, 1904, I (1774), pp. 105-113; Washington's letter, above, pp. 141, 142.

²³ Be it said to his credit, Washington took every precaution he could to see that these promises were kept. In a letter to the General at Montreal, dated April 19, 1776, he urged this very strongly, saying, "I therefore conjure you, Sir, to recommend to the officers and soldiers in the strongest terms to treat all inhabitants, Canadians, English, and savages, with tenderness and respect. . . ."
Writings of Washington, III, p. 363.

and maintaining its army; they found themselves dealing with paupers. They had been promised ample compensation for provisions furnished; they were given worthless paper, and in some cases their property was seized by force. They had been promised protection; not even their priests, women, and children were safe from the violences of the Continental troops.²⁴ Small wonder it is, then, that the Canadians lost the friendly feeling they had for their neighbors to the south. Professor Coffin, who has made a careful study of this period from the Canadian and American viewpoint, says:

There would seem therefore abundant ground for the conclusion that the colonial forces had conducted themselves in such a manner as to expose to serious maltreatment even the most friendly portion of the Canadian people.²⁵

In the same connection he points out—

. . . it will be found that not only did the revolutionists fail to make any effective use of the Canadian alliance, but by mismanagement and misconduct of both officers and men, the Canadians were from the first impressed with the incapacity of their would-be emancipators, and were gradually driven by actual ill-treatment to neutrality if not to hostility. The favorable moment was let slip and did not return.²⁶

Colonel Hazen wrote Washington from Montreal, April 1, 1776:

. . . We have ourselves brought about by mismanagement what Governor Carleton himself could never effect.²⁷

We have already considered several factors contributing to the failure of the Canadian commission. There is still another—that of religion.

It will be remembered that John Carroll, a Catholic priest from Maryland, accompanied the commissioners. He went to work immediately upon his arrival, but with

²⁴ "A priest's house has been entered with great violence, and his watch plundered from him. At another house they, the soldiers, ran in debt about 20 sh., and because the man wanted to be paid, run him through the neck with the bayonet. Women and children have been terrified, and forced at the point of the bayonet to furnish horses for private soldiers without any prospect of pay." Letter from a Captain Goforth of the Continental Army. *American Archives*, V, p. 871.

²⁵ Victor Coffin, *The Province of Quebec and the American Revolution*, Madison, 1896, p. 521.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 513-514. ("The Failure of the American Expeditions," pp. 513-528.)

²⁷ Quoted in *The Writings of Washington*, III, p. 364.

no success. The Canadian priests seemed to resent his taking part in the enterprise.²⁸ When he suggested religious freedom to the people, they had only to point to section three of the Quebec Act,²⁹ and also to remind him of the letter from Congress to the British people in 1774, which contained the following sentence:

Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country (Canada) a religion that has deluged your Island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world.³⁰

Suppose they should forget this stab at their religion; suppose their neighbors had changed their minds about the religious question; had they not broken every other promise they had made to the Canadians? What assurance was there that they would not break this one, also? Finding his task hopeless, the Reverend Carroll took his departure with Franklin on May 11. Thus the Colonials had failed at every point.

It is difficult to estimate the relative importance of the part played by the religious element in this question. Certainly it is true that the actions of the troops strengthened the position taken by the clergy, if that group was hostile to the proposed union from the beginning. On the other hand, the very friendly disposition of the people from the first, the fact that some of them had petitioned for union with the United Colonies, and the fact that later in the war they gave secret aid and shelter to numerous Americans, all lead me to believe that, while the religious element played its part, the real explanation for the failure of the expedition is found in the misconduct and mismanagement on the part of both officers and men and in the lack of "hard money."

²⁸ Justin Smith, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 334-335.

²⁹ "That full toleration of the Roman Catholic religion should exist in the Province, including the removal of all disabilities by test oaths, and that the Church of Rome should 'hold, receive, and enjoy' its accustomed dues and rights with respect to its own adherents."

³⁰ For the complete text of this letter, see *The Journals of the Continental Congress*, I, pp. 82-90. About a week after this letter was sent "To the People of Great Britain" the one referred to above (p. 18, note 22) was sent to "The People of Canada." When the Canadians read their letter they asked for a copy of the one sent to England. The clergy made much of the sentence quoted above in trying to show the Canadians that the Continental Congress was treacherous and did not mean to keep its promises.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

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



Subscription
\$2.00 a year.
Advertising rates
on application

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

ELBERT A. MACMILLAN.....*Editor-in-Chief*
R. PAUL CAUDILL, R. D. BULLUCK, JR.....*Associate Editors*
M. L. GRIFFIN.....*Business Manager*
R. K. BENFIELD.....*Assistant Business Manager*
DR. H. B. JONES.....*Faculty Adviser*

VOLUME XLVI

JANUARY, 1929

NUMBER 3

The Editor's Portfolio

Announcement It is with a great deal of pleasure that THE STUDENT announces the publication in this issue of the first of a series of biographical sketches by Dr. G. W. Paschal dealing with men prominent in the history of Wake Forest College. The warm interest evinced by the students in the series of chapel talks by Dr. Paschal on certain figures in the history of the College led the editor of THE STUDENT to suggest to the speaker a succession of short sketches for this magazine. Dr. Paschal concurred with the suggestion, and with his sketch in this issue on Alfred Dockery commences a series that will appear in succeeding issues of the 1928-29 STUDENT.

**Do We Know Our
Own Minds?**

It is a strange paradox that in this time when America is so priding itself on having attained high standards of realism in its literature and art so admittedly sentimental a spectacle as the vitaphone production of "The

Singing Fool" should enjoy the popularity which has come to it following its production throughout the United States. The story itself is deliberately constructed so as to render vicious pulls at the heartstrings of those seeing and hearing the picture.

The sequences throughout the picture are planned so as to provide the most advantageous settings for the very excellent sentimental singing of Mr. Jolson. Without the tremendous artistry of Mr. Jolson we should find ourselves enjoying a pleasant laugh or two at the expense of the author who thought he could get a rise on a strained sob-story. But of course the picture was written and made for Jolson, and there is no doubt that his splendid acting and singing are responsible for its success.

But the paradox remains, and the question arises: Are we as hard-hearted and as devoid of sentiment as we picture ourselves? Have our emotions progressed so far, after all, since the days when whole families read "Pamela" and were forced to retire to their bedchambers to bemoan divers sad plights?

Enough of Swaddling Clothes

The recent announcement that there were eighty-three deaths in North Carolina in the month of December from automobile accidents brings once more to the attention of the thoughtful citizens of the State one of the major problems presented by the new Age of Speed. As a matter of fact, North Carolina has in many respects outgrown its swaddling clothes and needs an abrupt awakening. It is to the disgrace of the State that there is no State constabulary force and no system of examination for drivers of automobiles. Any man, woman, or child who can afford a ten-dollar Ford and a license plate is permitted, without more ado, to take to the highways and speed recklessly hither and yon, to the peril of the citizenry of the State. The State needs, with its half million automobiles, rigorous laws of the road and efficient enforcement of them. There is needed a board of exam-

iners to examine, as to physical and mental fitness, every person who is to drive an automobile in the State. There is needed a State constabulary force to enforce existing statutes and any new ones which might be enacted.

The death list of victims of automobile crashes in the State is mounting with alarming rapidity. There were nearly seven hundred people killed in the State during 1928. Thousands were injured. There is a responsibility on the legislators of the State to see that steps are taken whereby law-abiding citizens shall be given the protection they deserve and whereby those unfit to drive an automobile shall be kept off the highways.

Exchange Department

"A Christmas Garland," the feature article of the December number of the *Winthrop Journal*, is somewhat in the nature of a new departure and provides the magazine with a unique "Christmasy" note at the outset. The "Garland" is a series of eight brief, spirited Christmas sketches. The general arrangement of the material in the magazine is, as usual, worthy of commendation. There is a diversity of subject matter that savors of hard work and an interesting group of contributors.

The editorial staff of the *Journal*, by the way, is composed of nineteen young women. There are an editor-in-chief, a poetry editor, two short-story editors, a feature editor, two essay editors, two drama editors, two book reviewers, an exchange editor, a business manager, two assistant business managers, and three stenographers.

* * *

Voices of Peace makes its first appearance of the year on the reviewer's desk in the December issue. We like the magazine especially for its diversity of material. There are eight selections of verse in the magazine, some of which are worthy efforts. In "Green and Gold," Miss Marion Tatum, a versatile and prolific contributor, has done a pleasing bit of work. We also liked Miss Closs Peace's "To a Sunset Rosebud." The quartet of jokes on the next to the last page serve quite efficiently as fillers—otherwise they are a total loss.

* * *

The December *Bashaba*, being the first issue of the Coker College magazine for the current school year, is a well-ordered and praiseworthy magazine. Jacketed in blue and printed in attractive type, the *Bashaba* as a mechanical product catches the eye, and if one is induced to read its contents his first impression is not marred.

Unfortunately, Miss Margaret Haynes, who for the past three or four years has been an inveterate contributor of very excellent poetry to the Coker publication, has gone the way of graduates, and is no longer eligible to contribute. The current

Bashaba is conspicuously lacking in Miss Haynes' poetry, and it might be said further, in any poetry whatever. "Poem," one of the two selections of verse in the magazine, resembles in kind, but not in degree, some of Miss Haynes' work which was appearing in the *Bashaba* of about a year ago.

"Marthe," the only short story in the magazine, is terse, well-constructed, and keenly interesting. There is a slight "kick" at the end, and a very satisfactory conclusion to what might have proved a disastrous situation.

Some of the Publications We Print--

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
OLD GOLD AND BLACK
THE RALEIGH STUDENT
N. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL OBSERVER
N. C. TEACHER
THE WATAUGAN
N. C. ODD FELLOW THE TECHNICIAN
N. C. CHRISTIAN ALUMNI NEWS
THE UNION HERALD
and others

IF YOU WANT QUALITY
—We give it

IF YOU WANT SERVICE
—We furnish it

IF YOU WANT SATISFACTION
We guarantee it

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.

Crozer Theological Seminary

Tuition and Room-rent free.

Scholarships available for approved students.

Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:

- I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma.
- II. Resident Course with special emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree of A.M.
- III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course. Seminary degree of Th.M., University degree of Ph.D.

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

CASTLE THEATRE

Operating Primarily for Amusement
of the Student Body and Faculty of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

THE
**WAKE FOREST
STUDENT**

Vol. XLVI

No. 4



February, 1929

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Simile (<i>Poem</i>)	163
F. MARTIN HOWARD	
Blue Blood	164
H. J. RICKARD	
The Charge At Fort Fisher	168
ROBERT A. JOHNSON	
The Call In the Wilds (<i>Poem</i>)	174
F. MARTIN HOWARD	
A Parson's Tale	175
M. L. GRIFFIN	
Lucky	177
ANONYMOUS	
Dawn (<i>Poem</i>)	178
E. B. DOZIER	
The Religion of Plato	179
J. B. MATTISON	
Sherwood Anderson's "Poor White": An Analysis	185
ELBERT A. MACMILLAN	
Thomas Edward Skinner	193
G. W. PASCHAL	
Six Hours	201
H. J. RICKARD	
Downward	203
H. J. RICKARD	
Editor's Portfolio	204

The Wake Forest Student

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College

VOLUME XLVI

FEBRUARY, 1929

NUMBER 4

Simile

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

The graceful maple tree,
Which days ago stood autumnally beautiful,
Has lost its scarlet leaves,
Stripped of them by riotous winds;
And now they lie
Irregularly upon the ground . . .

Like

A slender, graceful woman,
Who lately clad in frail crimson silk,
Has dropped her scarlet robe;
Stripped of it by envious winds;
Lying now
In disorder about her feet.

Blue Blood

By H. J. RICKARD

THE wood fire leaped and crackled, and shot small embers out upon the bricks. The embers changed from a red color to a dull black. Their lives were short. They glowed, flickered, then died away. Don watched them dreamily. He felt superior to all around him. He had good cause to. Had he not won all the field trials for setter championships of the country? And was he not considered by all sportsmen alike the greatest bird dog ever bred? But age at last was telling upon him. He was getting old. He realized it in a vague sort of way. He was not as spry as he used to be in the days when they had called him "The White Flash."

As he lay this night before the fire he sensed from the conversation that a long trip was at hand. He did not understand the Master's talk; his mention of Minnesota, the "Happy Hunting Grounds" where the Ruffled Grouse abounded, or the description of long stretches of timberland, impenetrable cover for birds, where the only shooting possible was that in back of a good dog. Yet he knew in some uncanny way that a journey was in prospect. He felt that it was to come, and somehow dreaded it. He knew not why. Perhaps it was the dislike of leaving his sunny California home, even for a short time; perhaps it was that strange foreboding of evil; but nevertheless he felt it. With a sigh he closed his eyes and lapsed into sleep.

The Master and his friends talked far into the night. Plans were laid and final arrangements were made. On the morrow they would leave. Don would accompany them. They looked forward eagerly to good shooting. There never was a better dog than the setter, they contended, and even though he was coming along in age he had all the sense and pride of a thoroughbred.

Thus the gathering broke up. The dog went to his accustomed rug before the fire and the men to their re-

spective rooms. Each was occupied with his own thoughts. If the dog could only have expressed his fears, if he could only have spoken, the outcome might have been different. But the span that can never be bridged, between man and beast, prevented expression.

The pines had done it. At first, Don had suspected the loons, which laughed somewhere out on the lake. But it wasn't the loons, he was sure. It was the pines. Always before, wherever he had gone there had been noises, reassuring noises, like the crowing of the rooster, the chirping of birds, the bellow of cattle; and best of all, a human voice, or someone's whistle. But here all was silent. Don had the shivers, and the pines were responsible. He heard them at night. When the wind blew they made a noise. He did not like it.

Although the kitchen fire was banked, and he lay on a shooting coat close to the fire, he had begun to shiver. He could see the pines through the cabin window, black and still against the sky. So many of them! They became plainer as dawn broke.

The place was called the "Happy Hunting Grounds," but Don was not happy as he lay there, although he had hunted ever since his arrival. In the time that he had been there he had found grouse in many places. The Master shot over him, and the Master's friends had shot over him. They had even hugged him once when he had pointed a live bird with a dead bird in his mouth.

This was the dawn of the last day in the "Happy Hunting Grounds." They would depart tomorrow. Don was glad. He would soon leave these silent pines, and he would shiver no more. His Master noticed him shiver, as they started out for the last trip, but remarked, "He'll warm up all right, won't you, old fellow?"

Don grinned. He ran to a thicket, circled it cautiously, and froze into a beautiful point. They hunted all morning. His Master shot continuously. First a double, then a single, and when he pointed four single in succession at over a hundred feet, he became more than a hero.

They ate lunch in a small clearing. Don ate his two sandwiches slowly. There was something about the sky he did not like. As he watched it the shivers came back. It was not the pines, but something else that he felt. It was coming soon. He felt that it was almost upon him.

His Master's voice checked his thoughts.

"Go on, old man," he urged, and motioned to a distant brush heap. Don wanted to put his tail between his legs and run, but pride held him. He went. He was a champion. His Master had ordered him on. Champions always obeyed.

Ah, yes—he thought so—there was a bird there. His Master had ordered him to point it. He came to a perfect pose, head high and tail straight, like a true champion.

The blizzard broke with blinding fury. The roar of the wind deafened him. It was as dark as night. He could scarcely breathe. The ice particles stung his nose. Yet he did not move. His nose remained true. It was the nose of a champion, and all of the power of the elements could not stir his proud spirit—he had been ordered on. He never flushed birds.

He found trouble in holding himself erect. Yet he knew that he must. Champions always did. His back and legs ached. He became numb. The fierce wind pierced his skin and chilled him to the bone. But there was a grouse in the brush, and he must not leave.

He wondered why they did not come and flush it. He could not hold out much longer. He felt sleepy, and warmer, much warmer. The snow now had almost covered him. Yet, he never flushed birds—he was a champion, and his Master had ordered him to the brush. He thought of the crack of the gun that would come, when the bird would arise—he thought of the cry of "Dead bird, Old Fellow!"—he thought—thought—

The Master was carried unconscious into the cabin by his friends. He could not be persuaded to start for the cabin without Don, and had, consequently, very nearly

lost his own life. They had carried him bodily through the blinding fury of the elements. As he opened his eyes his first word was for his dog. He was convinced that it was useless to venture forth in the terrible blizzard, as he wanted to at first. They fired guns out the door all through the long night, in hope that Don would hear and come to the cabin. It was in vain.

As the gray morning appeared at the cabin window at last, the storm had abated. The world was smothered in a mantle of white. They set forth early upon snowshoes, fearing to look at small white mounds of snow, lest they contain a fearful secret.

They finally arrived at the place where the dog had been ordered on. Suddenly the Master's heart nearly stopped beating. There stood the "boy" deep in the snow. He was pointing, with head high. He seemed carved in silver. The bird in the brush had been imprisoned by the snow, and still fluttered.

The Master shouted in joy, chased up the bird, and crack went his gun. The grouse dropped.

"Dead bird, Old Fellow!" he said.

But Don did not move—he gave no sign that he had heard.

The Charge At Fort Fisher

*An Impartial Account of the Sanguinary Engagement
on Sunday, the 15th Day of January, A.D. 1865*

By ROBERT A. JOHNSON*

AT noon on Sunday, the 15th day of January, 1865, Ames' division, composed of more than 3,000 men, was formed in column by brigade, the right resting on the Cape Fear, about 300 yards from the Fort.

Three o'clock p.m., the hour fixed for the assault, now drew nigh. At that time precisely Terry, general in command, signaled the Navy to change fire, and Curtis's brigade bounded forward with loud cheers. As the brigade neared the moat that part of the line east of the bridge, of its own accord, immediately executing the movement "right forward fours right," the order of the assault thus became changed, in the left wing, from a deployed line to a column of fours.

All this being done with the utmost celerity, while men were falling on every side, it was necessarily more as a

*Robert A. Johnson, veteran of the Civil War and one of the 2,083 Confederate soldiers who remained alive within Fort Fisher during the terrific siege of the Federal troops on the fort, delivered this address to the Richmond County Civil War veterans on January 15, 1885, twenty years after the fall of the fort. The manuscript, old and tanned by age, but written in a bold, legible hand, has been preserved by Mrs. A. A. McMillan, née Mary A. Johnson, the only surviving sister of Robert Johnson.

The story of the fall of Fort Fisher, one of the most dramatic incidents in the War Between the States, is thrillingly and, insofar as our investigation has led us, authentically told in this "impartial account." Johnson was in Fort Fisher for some months previous to its fall, and was seriously wounded just as the fort was taken. He was an accurate observer, and has evidently bolstered his memory with concrete facts from histories as to certain phases of the siege. His story of the fall of the fort corresponds exactly with that given by Jefferson Davis in Volume II of his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and presents in addition numerous allusions which could have been made only by an eye-witness.

It is an interesting fact that the explosion of the tremendous powder magazine at the fort on Monday morning, January 16, 1865, was heard as far as a hundred and fifty miles up State from Wilmington, and indeed caused windowpanes in Richmond County, approximately one hundred miles distant, to be shattered.

tumultuous crowd that they thronged over the bridge and struck the stockade under a terrible fire, both direct and in flank. Though it was certain death that seemed to beckon them on, Curtis and his men, struggling through the gate, gained the west traverse; others speedily followed. A foothold was but barely obtained, and the brigade here came to a stand, holding on by the eyelids, as it were, while men fell fast on every side.

Its formation broken up, the leading officers struck down, without speedy support its destruction seemed certain.

The first man to gain the fort's parapet was Sergeant Boardman. He planted his flag on the west traverse, the first Union flag on Fort Fisher. In staff and pennon were to be counted 16 bullet holes.

Five minutes after the advance of Curtis's brigade, Pennypacker's brigade came on like an avalanche. In the face of a heavy fire, the waving lines swarmed through the stockade and swept the Confederates from it westward to the river, capturing 200 prisoners and getting possession of the sallyport, which they opened from the inside.

The two brigades led by Curtis and Pennypacker, consisting of more than 6,000 men, then advanced eastward along the land front, carrying each traverse successively against the most desperate opposition, until after two hours fighting with heavy loss, their leaders both severely wounded and one-half of the regimental officers disabled, the crossed bayonet and the clubbed rifle stopped them at the 8th traverse.

Ten minutes after Pennypacker's advance, Bell's brigade was ordered forward. As it neared the bridge General Bell, conspicuous by his gigantic form, was struck down with a mortal wound, of which he died next morning. His men, pressing forward, charged down towards the reverse sea-face and into the rear of the land-face, while Curtis and Pennypacker were fiercely assailing it in front. The fight then went on with unexampled ferocity until the approach of night.

Superior weight and skill alone could decide the result where, as here, men of the same Anglo-Saxon race contended with equally stubborn valor. Many were the individual acts of heroism on the part of officers and privates on both sides, whose names, now lost, were well worthy to have been preserved in historical amber with those of Pulfio and Varenas, immortalized in the writings of Cæsar.

Along that narrow front 800 dead and wounded strewed the ground;—but it was no time for private griefs—7 traverses and 400 prisoners had been taken by the Federals; but still the Confederates held their remaining works with the same admirable, dauntless, unyielding tenacity.

Thus stood the contending armies at half-past 5 p.m.

Let us now turn to the naval attack. Porter, general commanding the navy, had landed with 2,000 sailors and marines. The point of attack chosen by him was the northeast sea-face nearest the fleet, which, exposed to a direct fire so long, had been pounded into an almost shapeless mass. With its guns dismantled, and stockade leveled, it was reasonable to suppose that a charge here might easily break into the fort.

At precisely 3 o'clock, simultaneously with the army attack, and distant from it 500 yards, the naval force advanced to the assault. Defiantly and in silence those keen-eyed men in gray waited until the Federals would come in good gun shot, and as the head of the column neared the fort poured into it a terrible fire of small arms, shell, grape, and canister. Surprised at this reception, astonished at this to them new mode of fighting, the column wavered and halted. To halt was fatal. In spite of the noble example of their chief officers, the whole force broke to the rear in disorder, leaving on the sands about 160 dead and wounded. Generals Porter and Preston were killed. Observing the repulse of the naval attack, General Terry now sent over to request that this force should be reformed, if possible, and brought over to the Cape Fear side to his support. But the sailors and marines were scattered along the beach for three miles to

the rear, and it was obviously impossible to effect this in time.

About dark General Abbot's brigade, entering the fort by the postern gate, formed a line of battle with the river in the rear and facing the reverse of the sea-face.

Night had now fully set in; the intense darkness was only broken by the fiery flash of guns and bursting shells. With the order to charge, the brigade of fresh troops went forward with a momentum that nothing could stop, occupying the whole land front; while a general advance of the brigades of Ames, Curtis, Pennypacker, and Bell pushed the Confederates out of the entire sea-face.

Through the whole evening, until long after darkness closed in, the Confederates, numbering scarcely 3,000 and under the heaviest and most destructive shelling on record, offered the most stubborn resistance to 20,000 Federals—nearly seven to one. Never did soldiers display more desperate bravery and brilliant valor. With their leaders, Whiting and Lamb, both disabled with wounds, sadly reduced in numbers, well foreseeing, too, the brigade of fresh troops to be brought against them—under these circumstances, disheartened, with no hope of relief, they gradually abandoned the fort—marched slowly to the extreme point of the peninsula, known as "Federal Point," where the river channel was guarded by a small work called Battery Buchanan. This work, however, was not intended or calculated for resistance to a land attack. By some fatal oversight no boats had been collected here for such an emergency. The strong tidal current of the Cape Fear made swimming impossible. In this "cul de sac," from which no escape was possible, the garrison now silently awaited the captivity inevitably closing in upon them.

They do not wait long, for in a few minutes the whole Federal force is around them on every side and a Confederate captain of his own accord surrenders the little garrison to General Terry. Numbering 2,083, rank and file, including General Whiting and Colonel Lamb, both severely wounded. The former, a graduate of West Point

and an officer of the U. S. Engineers, had come into the fort without assuming the command to which his rank entitled him, being unwilling to deprive Colonel Lamb, the regular commander, of the glory a successful defense might bring. He died in New York not long after.

Colonel Lamb, of the 36th North Carolina, had been in command when the former unsuccessful attempts had been made to take the fort. A man of conspicuous courage, he was seen three times during the assault standing alone and exposed on the traverse nearest the fleet, where the air was crowded with bursting shells. Recovered from his wounds, he has since been mayor of Norfolk.

Thus surrendered the garrison of Battery Buchanan, closing the work of this memorable Sunday. Nothing now remained but to place guards for the security of the prisoners and to keep order in the fort.

All quiet at Fort Fisher now! Cold, bitter cold, cheerless night! The sentinel stars sat their watch in the sky! And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered, the weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

The harvest of death was not yet ended with the fall of the fort. On Monday morning at 8 o'clock the main magazine suddenly exploded with a tremendous shock, loud, deep, and smothered. Bell's brigade was in bivouac around it, many of the men still asleep, others at breakfast. An immense volume of earth shot into the air, rolling to right and left; it fell back in an irresistible mass 30 feet deep. About 100 of Bell's men, with about 30 Confederate wounded, received at once a simultaneous death and burial. With rifles forever stacked, there they still lie in bivouac eternal till the great Commander-in-Chief shall order the last reveille, the now deserted fort at once their monument and their grave!

When the next war comes, may all sectional passions, prejudices, and hatreds have so subsided into oblivion that the Union Blue and Confederate Gray can blend together under one flag once again, shoulder to shoulder for a common country, against a mutual foreign foe!

Let us, then, join hands with the North. Let there be peace between us. Let judgment be reserved for Him who knoweth the hearts of men and judgeth motives as well as actions. The old battlefields are covered with verdure. The old armies, those vast hosts whose tramp was as the travail of the earthquake, have vanished and melted away. The broad highway our legions made is green now with the springing grain. If traversed now, there would be heard only the sweet carol of birds where once echoed the booming thunder of massive cannon and the whiz of the fatal bullet. There would be found only the freshness and beauty of summer where once lay mangled forms, torn by shot and shell, white faces upturned in voiceless agony to the tranquil sky.

So Nature strives to hide all ghastly sights, to heal her gaping wounds, to bring forth peace and beauty from deformity and unsightliness. And shall we not follow her example and bury our own animosities forever, letting grow in their places only the olive of peace and the myrtle of fraternal love and union?

Let us once again stand reunited beneath the blessed folds of "Old Glory" while Peace spreads her protecting shield over all our fair land.

Sound out the glad bugles! Fling up the starry banner to the breeze! Bring forth the old shot-torn standards and the tattered guidons! Thunder out, O joyous cannon, amid the ringing of jubilant bells! Catch up and bear along the echoes, O ye eternal heavens, and proclaim the good tidings of great joy! The day is dawning—yes, has already come, is now here—when North and South, East and West, shall unite in one glad song of peace and good will and fraternal love; and when their only strife shall be the noble emulation of who best can serve, and perpetuate, and make immortal the glorious union of a free and a happy and a regenerated country!

The Call In the Wilds

By F. MARTIN HOWARD

To that mystic sphere, the moon, in that dark void of liquid
gray,

Where trails the flying-fox to brush against its rim an edge of
spray;

To that one that hangs so still and solemn, and silently holds
Aloof from the myriad stars—jewels bedimmed by her mellow
light . . . and cold,—

There has gone a call.

Over the barren wastes, where spread that cold hunger-dread
and lonesome stretch of snow,

There goes out that plaintive call—a doleful howl—an age-old
cry of woe.

A savage outcast thrusts white-fanged mouth into the cold and
icy air;

Looks up with wildly glowing eyes, and to that distant moon his
savage heart lays bare

—And goes that call.

And does that silent sphere of mystery respond to that embittered
cry?

Responds not—does not take—hangs still, cold and aloof in its
serenity.

A friendless beast—the outlawed, lupine dog of ancient man:
Out into that unresponsive light, because he has no friend,

Goes his unheeded call.

Outlawed by man, and feared by beast of wood and snow,
He goes alone, howls out his anguished call, resumes his feudal
war, with everything his foe.

He does not give—but takes his toll of life and bitter drink of
hatred;

And only to that cold moon, and the Aurora, with its flaming
trails of red,

Go out his doleful howl and call.

A Parson's Tale

By M. L. GRIFFIN

I'M a fool about oyster stew. I guess I inherited this weakness, for every member of my family likes it just as well as I do. And when we have oysters for supper on cold autumn and winter nights we certainly have a time. We always look forward to winter and oyster stew. And that's all we have for supper, too—but that's enough, believe me!

I remember one oyster supper in particular, since it has to do with this yarn. We had invited the parson of our church out to help us eat it—he likes oysters just as well as we do, by the way. Oh, yes, we had other things besides oysters that night, 'cause the parson was there; but, let me tell you, he didn't touch another thing except that soup. But he did do himself justice with that. Ma felt a little hurt over his not eating anything else, but it was consoling even to her to see how he enjoyed that soup.

Well, after we'd finished eating we were all sitting around and telling tales, when Pa said something about guessing weights—he'd been to a fair or carnival or something and had had lots of fun letting the fellows guess how much he weighed. Everyone of them missed it, and he brought home an armful of walking sticks and candy and other junk. But Pa's story made the parson think of one. He said it was true, and I wouldn't think of calling the parson a liar.

"Back during the War Between the States there was a regiment of men, coming from the mountains of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia, stationed somewhere up in Maryland or Pennsylvania, where they were engaging the Yanks in occasional skirmishes. In this regiment was a Tennessee mountaineer by the name of Bill Harvey, and he had gained the rank of corporal. On this particular day the Confederates had made a raid on some

Yanks and some of the neighboring farms and had driven back into camp a considerable herd of steers. And they certainly needed the steers, too, for they were about starved. That night around the campfires the men began to guess the weight of the steers, and they were having lots of fun out of it. Finally they brought the biggest steer in the whole herd—he was a regular giant—and they all took their turn at the guessing. Corporal Bill Harvey hadn't been taking part in the sport, but now somebody suggested, 'Let's let Corporal Bill guess.' And so Bill started looking over the steer. First he looked at his fore-quarters; then he looked at his hind-quarters; he took in his sides; he felt of his neck; then he stepped out from the steer and got a look at him that way. Bill studied for a good little bit before he ventured his guess, but finally he said in his slow, hesitating drawl, 'Well, that steer weighs sixteen hundred an' fifty-one pounds and a half.' The object of so much consideration was weighed and found to weigh sixteen hundred and fifty-two pounds. When this announcement was made Bill jumped up and said, 'Wait a minute—there's somethin' wrong somewhere! Lemme look that steer over agin.' And so he proceeded to reëxamine the beast and study every part of him carefully. Again he went to his fore-quarters, felt the neck and head, examined the flanks, and finally reviewed the hind-quarters. And here it was he found the trouble. 'Look a-here,' Bill burst out. 'No wonder I missed on that first guess! These steers have been driven through this clay all day, an' here's a ball of mud on this steer's tail. Take that off an' he'll weigh what I told you.' "

Lucky

ANONYMOUS

THE log supported by brass andirons burned with an almost melancholy flame. The faint glowing light in the room was all its two occupants required. With just the width of the large fireplace separating them, Ray looked, almost maliciously, with a much-*grudging* envy, across at his brother. He looked and saw a pure, clean youth of twenty-three. He realized this with a nervous twitch at the corner of his mouth. Yes, Bob was straight—bah! Lucky devil—of course—to be good at twenty-three. Pure of body—pure of heart—believe me, if he had been thrown, as I was, with that little—— But that's just one angle of his luck. The Fates pray for him. He is no better than I. Somehow he just started on a road from which he couldn't stray. No effort for him—high banks on both sides—lucky—just had to keep straight. But me? Hell!—temptation searches me out. Why, if mother hadn't made me go to old lady Counsel's house-party. See there! Even mother had her finger in the pie. Bet there is really more in me than in him. He's just lucky. That's it!

Shielded slightly by the shadows, Bob looked at his brother Ray. Somehow, he knew what Ray was thinking. He recognized that look in Ray's face; he had seen it often in the last six months—ever since Ray met Florence and loved her. He remembered rather vaguely that he had never seen it until then. Bob looked at him, read his mind, and then drew his lips slightly together, half sympathetically, half indifferently. Poor Ray! He is remembering a lot of things; so he is unhappy. He has forgotten lots. So he is jealous of what he thinks is my very good fortune. He thinks me lucky—because I've kept straight—thinks it's pure luck. Well, maybe so—but he has forgotten what he used to tell me: "Come on, Baby, you'll never learn except through experience; you'll never get along with the ladies unless you know them

from the ground up." Ray, poor fool, would put his will-power under the greatest of tests. How often has he told me, "There is no virtue in being pure if you haven't had the chance to sin!" That's true—but who hasn't had the chance to sin without augmenting the temptation? So I'm just plain lucky. Well, maybe so, but I've cultivated lots of my luck.

The fire flickered. Simultaneously both arose to go to their respective rooms.

"Ray!" There was sudden determination in Bob's voice, a note of resentment.

"What, Bob?"

Bob looked steadily at his brother. He loved him, yet there was no approach.

"Er—nothing—who shall bank the fire?"

"The usual procedure," said Ray; "we'll flip a coin." The coin spun, then stopped.

"Lucky," said Ray, as he reached for the shovel.

"Thank God!" said Bob, half-smile, half-frown.

Dawn

By E. B. DOZIER

Goldenly,
 Sunbeams do pierce the east,
 Slantingly out of the flaming core
 Sunk in a nest of soft, feathery clouds drifting
 Lightly o'er Helios burning and bounding up to announce
 Dawn.

The Religion of Plato

By J. B. MATTISON

THE dialogues of Plato show that the religious system of the ancient Greeks was in a state of disintegration and transition. Homer was no longer a sufficient guide to men who listened seriously to the teachings of the Sophists. The traditional conceptions of right and wrong, the stories of the mythical gods, and speculation concerning the next world must have been topics of discussion in the gymnasia. Some of the characters in the dialogues show a fervent desire to get at the roots of the subjects of their conversation. They seek to make the discussions profound, while others show antagonism toward any opinion which conflicts with their own desires. Amid this chaos of opinion Plato lived and wrote. He strove to separate the truer and more permanent elements of religion from the false and passing.

The religion of Plato is not to be considered as an isolated system, but as an outgrowth of the great Hellenic tradition, that is, the Greek realization of an immaterial life. It is this seeking after the super-material existence that forms a background for Platonism, and which lies behind our western philosophy and religion. This paper merely attempts to offer some suggestions regarding Plato's theology, his distinction between the physical and the spiritual life of man, the relation of the ideal man to God, and Plato's belief in reward for justice and punishment for injustice.

To Plato the teachings of ancient mythology were intolerable. He vigorously attacks the writings of Homer and Hesiod because they often represent the gods and heroes struggling with one another and even with men. Achilles, the hero of the "Iliad" and son of the goddess Thetis, is pictured by Homer as a cowardly weakling lying on his back in a frenzy.¹ The gods are pictured as weaklings given to anger and insult, whose displeasures can be

¹ Republic 3. 388 ff.

appeased by mere sacrifices from men. The gods of Greek mythology are even represented as entering into marriage relations with mankind.² Plato refers to such representations as lies, and bad lies, because they do not give a true picture of the gods. He will not allow these misrepresentations to be read to the youth of his state because such fallacies will cause men to disrespect the gods, and to do what they know to be wrong, with the belief that they can easily regain the favor of the offended gods.

In the second book of the "Republic" Plato presents some definite discussions and conclusions concerning theology. "God," he says, "is truly good."³ With this as a basic premise, he goes on to say that no good thing is hurtful, and that that which hurts not does no evil. Then, continuing, the good is the cause of only the good and not of the evil; and God, being good, is the author of only the few good things of life and none of the evils. If God, being the best there is, the most perfect in all that is good, should change, He would have to alter Himself for the worse. We cannot conceive of this. Therefore, God is constant, remaining forever in His own form. Nor, says Plato, does God lie, because "deceit regarding that which is truest and highest is hated of gods and men." Then, by way of summary, "God is perfectly simple and true both in word and deed; He changes not; He deceives not, either by sign or word, by dream or waking vision."⁴ Plato sets forth this definite idea of God in the first pages of the "Republic," because this is necessary before we can have any notion of justice or injustice, of right and wrong, the theme of the "Republic." Today there are many who invite our attention to nature, saying that in its beauty and perfection we can find God. A parallel thought is found in Plato⁵ where he points out the "earth and the sun, and the stars and the universe, and the fair order of the seasons" as proof of the existence of the gods.

² Republic 2. 378 ff.; Rep. 3. 408C; Laws 10. 886C.

³ Republic 2. 297-283; Laws 10. 900.

⁴ Republic 2. 382e.

⁵ Laws 10. 886.

With this idea of God well understood, Plato insists that men be like God as far as possible. The ideal man is said to be "noble, gracious, the friend of truth, justice, temperance, courage."⁶ This state of Godlike perfection can be nearest attained through proper education, which Plato says is the doing away with the false teachings about the gods and presenting true stories instead, upholding the gods as the embodiment of virtue, justice, and truth. The question is raised as to whether virtue can be taught. In one of the speeches of Protagoras, Plato insists that virtue, like anything else, can be taught.⁷ He also teaches that goodness is one of the last things that men can learn,⁸ and that this is possible only after the proper training from one's youth to maturity has resulted in the harmonious relationship between the body and soul.

This leads to a consideration of Plato's ever-present distinction between the physical and the spiritual life of man. To Plato the existence of the soul is just as real as that of the body. The soul is said to have existed before entering the body, and to have experienced the perfect state of all things. According to Plato's doctrine of Ideas there is the perfectly good, or the idea of good; there is the truly just, or the idea of justice; and the same holds with all things. These ideas are the work of God and cannot be fully conceived of by men.⁹ They are invisible and are unchangeable and are associated with the divine element in man, the soul.¹⁰

Plato says that man's soul visits this world of ideas before its relationship with the body, and after it enters the body it has only vague recollections of the perfect ideas. The body, which is mortal, should be servant to the governing and immortal soul.¹¹ Plato divided the soul into three elements—reason, spirit, and desire. Justice in the state, as brought out in the "Republic," might

⁶ Republic 6. 487a.

⁷ Dialogues of Plato, Jowett, Vol. I, p. 146.

⁸ Republic 7. 517b.

⁹ Republic 10. 596 ff.

¹⁰ Phaedo 78e.

¹¹ Laws 10. 891.

be defined as the perfectly harmonious and coördinative working of all classes of men (guardians, auxiliaries, and artisans), each class pursuing the duties for which it is best fitted, never mingling in the work of the other classes. In like manner we might define Plato's soul justice or virtue as the perfectly harmonious and coördinative working of the three elements of the soul—reason, spirit, and desire—with reason, the highest element of the soul, governing the latter two. Then, following, injustice of the soul or vice is the inharmonious relation of these soul elements, or the rebellion of spirit and desire, or passion and appetite, against reason. In the good life this Platonic soul, free from discord, should govern the actions of the body. Thus with great effort and very gradually, through the guidance of the soul, which at one time has experienced an association with the Godlike ideas, man may become more like God.

The practice of "evil for evil" is for the first time challenged by Plato. Socrates convinces Crito that one is never justified in doing that which is evil, not even if one is wronged by another.¹² In a general way religion to Plato is embodied in the following statement: "God is never in any wise unjust, but most perfectly just, and there is nothing more like to Him than one of us who should make himself just to the limit of man's power."¹³ Moore says that Plato is very fond of dwelling on this idea, which from this time on was never to leave the Greek consciousness.¹⁴

For the Christian this idea readily connects itself with the statement in Genesis that man was made in the likeness of God, and with the later teaching of Jesus to do good to those who hate us that we may become like our Father in Heaven. This conception of becoming like God seems to be to Plato the central fact of the religious life, and is the same idea as Plato's conception of the intellectual assent to the source of truth, which is so strikingly and so beautifully presented in the allegory of the prison

¹² *Crito*.

¹³ *Theætetus*, 176a.

¹⁴ Moore, *Religion of Plato*, III, 37.

slaves in the underground dungeon.¹⁵ There is an opening on one side of the dungeon through which a reflection of the light enters, throwing imperfect images on the opposite wall. The slaves are chained with their backs to the opening and can see only these shadows which are made by the passing of the imperfect forms between the source of light and the dungeon, so that these shadowy images afford the slaves their only conception of truth and beauty. One of the prisoners is at length unchained and, turning, faces the glow of the bright light of God. He is blinded and the strange new light pains him. He wishes to turn again and live again with his chained companions, but he is led to where he can see the light itself which is the source of reason and truth. Some time is required for him to adapt himself to the light, but after he once apprehends its beauty he can no longer appreciate the shadows which were formerly the extent of his understanding. This is a clear picture of how Plato believed that man, through a gradual process of learning, may pass from the chaos in which he is born into a state of spiritual understanding, when the passion for intellect is felt at once in its scientific and artistic forms. Keats gives expression to this in his "Grecian Urn":

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Plato's theology is an expansion of his philosophy of the soul, and the strength of his conviction might be summed up in a later saying: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Just as Plato believes in the preëxistence of the soul, he believes in its immortality. Socrates says that all things are destroyed by some evil within themselves. The body is not destroyed by a disease, but its destruction is due to its susceptibility to the disease. Sin, the evil which concerns the soul, does not harm the soul; that is, the soul is not susceptible to the destroying qualities of sin. Therefore, says Socrates, the soul is immortal.¹⁶

¹⁵ Republic 7. 514 ff.
¹⁶ Republic 10. 508 ff.

At the close of the "Republic" Plato claims for justice its rewards and for injustice its punishments. In the myth of Ur he describes the two ways which souls are sent after leaving our physical bodies, one way leading upward to the joys of the rewards of Heaven, and the other leading downward to the punishments of Hell. He compares life to a game at the end of which men, the players, receive their rewards.

Plato's religion is inspiring and challenging as far as it goes, but there are inconsistencies here and there. He teaches that we should strive to make our natures like that of an all-good God. Yet he also teaches men to fight. Again, he teaches in the *Crito* that man should not return evil for evil, which is the next thing to Christ's command that we should return good for evil. Plato often refers to "the gods," but when he speaks of "God" he seems to refer to a unity which is very closely associated with the cause of his ideas. But was not Plato's God a deity for the philosophers and well-educated alone? He clearly maintains that we can know Him only after a long period of learning, the responsibility for which rests entirely with man himself. Plato's God seems to say to man in an austere and almost independent voice, "I am here; and your problem is to find me." How much more practical to the needs of mankind is the God of brotherhood and love as taught by Christ, who exerts the dynamic force of His urging desire that we find Him, and has promised that he who truthfully seeks shall find.

Sherwood Anderson's "Poor White"

AN ANALYSIS

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN

I

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S expressed hope to make "his true note as an individual ring out above the hubbub of voices, and then . . . to use the strength and virility within himself to carry his word far" comes as near realization in "Poor White" as in any of his unique novels. Purely psychological in type, this novel reaches deep into the emotions of its characters, analyzing their motives and explaining their actions, and at the same time delves into the problems aroused by the new industrialism. Give Sherwood Anderson a situation from which deep emotional conflicts may arise, and at the same time a situation in which he may express his view on the "standardization" of the American—give him this combination and you have Anderson at his best.

But to get to the story.

Setting does not play an important part in any of Mr. Anderson's novels, and "Poor White" is no exception. It is true that the fact that Hugh McVey is a native of a slovenly section of the State of Missouri plays an important part in the events which follow in the novel. But the reader is made to sense from the first that it is not so much where Hugh lives or has lived that interests the author, but rather the emotions which pass through his mind as he grows from boyhood to maturity. The introduction of machinery into American civilization forms the problem which interests the author throughout the book. The problems which arose when efficient machinery was made to replace the artisans of earlier days are commonly known. In "Poor White" we see these problems as they arose in the mid-west of America. But these problems are not peculiar to this region. We can imagine the same situation that we find in "Poor White" occurring in other localities.

The time in which the scenes of "Poor White" are laid is an intrinsic part of the story. Hugh McVey, the principal character, was born in the year 1866, we learn in the second chapter of the book. Machine methods had not, as Hugh grew into maturity, come to replace the artisanry upon which burghers of the Middle-West so prided themselves. The scene in the book in which little Joe Wainsworth, harness-maker in a little Ohio town, killed Jim Gibson, his assistant, who to Wainsworth had become the embodiment of the new age of Machines, could have happened at no other time than the late years of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Anderson feels very deeply the tragedy the machine brings into the lives of men, the deadening standardization, the hewing down of individual workmen to fit a universal pattern. The picture certainly has its gloomy aspects, and if there is a bright ray, or a chance for the rediscovery of man by man, we do not find mention of it in "Poor White." There is eventually reached a certain state of equilibrium in the torn emotions of the characters, notably Clara Butterworth, but there is no expression of hope for a better day. The last sentence in the book tells of the "whistling and screaming" of the huge factories which have come to disturb the quiet of a little Ohio town.

II

It is in the study of character that there is found the greatest delight in the reading of "Poor White." Surely there has been no more striking figure in Mr. Anderson's works than the gaunt, sensitive, thoughtful Hugh McVey. The story of his lowly origin, his contact with Sarah Shepherd, a thrifty New England woman who hated the "cussedness" of the Missourian, his passage out into the great tide of the industrial movement, and his final victory over himself and his "poor white" origin, is an epic. Hugh is the principal character of the book. It is his story, and every other character in the book is subordinated to him.

It is hard to determine just which of the minor characters is most important in his or her influence on the character of Hugh. To begin at the first, we see, indirectly, Hugh's father, and we are aware at the beginning of what a powerful effect the worthlessness of the older man was to have on the son as he grew into manhood. Hugh at first was satisfied to lie on the banks of the Mississippi, his drunken father beside him, and let things come and go as they might. But Sarah Shepherd, wife of the telegraph operator and express agent in Mudcat Landing, instills into him a desire to grow away from the habits of his father and make himself count for something. After years of fighting with the "poor white" blood in his veins, Hugh does make a man of himself. The fight is a hard one, however, and time and time again throughout the book we get "cut-back" snapshots of a ragged, drunken man lying prone on the ground with flies buzzing about him.

Hugh's ambition led him away from Mudcat Landing on wanderings throughout the mid-west and central states. Another character whose entrance in Hugh's life was to play an important part in later events appeared at this time. This individual, a telegraph operator in a small Ohio town who, believing Hugh's life was being ruined by drink (Hugh never had touched liquor), became interested in him and obtained for him a position as telegraph operator in Bidwell, Ohio. It was in Bidwell that the real drama of Hugh's life was to take place. Steve Hunter, an enterprising young resident of Bidwell, is important because he is the force which drives Hugh on into the accomplishment of those things of which he is capable. Hugh has since his early youth shown signs of a sort of innate inventive genius. Had it not been for the backing of Steve Hunter, however, it is almost certain that nothing would ever have come of it.

It is strange, but entirely true, that the influence exerted on the character of Hugh by Clara Butterworth is negligible. In this particular there is to be found what I consider a flaw in the craftsmanship of the author.

Clara, independent, cultured, and individual in taste and manner, might be expected to wield a weighty hand in the character of Hugh, whom she chose as her husband. True, Hugh comes to her view of the horror of the advance of the machine, but he comes to it through his own reasoning and observation, and not through any influence of hers.

Hugh himself, as we have mentioned before, is tied down by a sort of inferiority complex. He wants to mingle with the crowd, have the love of women, and be able to tell a good story when the occasion demands it, but he is just not that kind, and seems unable to change himself. He is deeply introspective, extremely quiet, and always bashful. As success came to him, he felt that things would change for the better, and that some day there would come suddenly to him all those powers of the "good mixer"; but the day never came. His initiative came to the front boldly but one time—when he asked Clara to marry him, and his "dumbness" came near wrecking the marriage relation in this case.

Hugh, through the realm of his inventions, proved to himself and others that he really did have remarkable ability as an inventor. He made good. But it was not through his own initiative that this success came. Circumstances combined in his favor when his first invention proved unsuccessful and the corporation, his backers, saved enough from the ruins to finance another invention which proved successful. Hugh alone would not have succeeded. He would have considered himself beaten after the first failure.

And in the end he comes to wonder if the contribution he made to the progress of the machine was real progress at all. A crazed harness-maker once flew at Hugh and bit his neck. This harness-maker believed Hugh to be the cause of the invasion of his industry by methods of machinery. The harness-maker was forced out of business by the new methods of mass-production and made the savage attack upon Hugh because he believed the inventor responsible for his downfall. The wounds made

by the man's teeth in Hugh's neck healed quickly, but from this time on he felt differently about the entire problem of machine production.

The characters in "Poor White" are not created as types, but as individuals. Anderson never has his characters act or say thus and so merely to emphasize traits which brand them as "types." Tom Butterworth, the individual, does happen to have many of the traits which are commonly attributed to the American "Babbitt." But Butterworth is always the individual, and never does or says strained things merely because Anderson has him do them.

In delineating their personalities, Mr. Anderson resorts to the simple expedient of telling what is going on in the minds of his characters. The characters talk about each other to some extent, but it is principally through the comment of the author or self-analysis on the part of the persons in the book that we come to know them as individuals.

III

Mr. Anderson is always the omniscient narrator. As has been mentioned above, it is through his habit of analyzing the ramifications of the minds of the dramatis personæ that the author tells his story. In a novel of the type of "Poor White" this method of narration is the ideal one. In fact, there is no one character who could tell the story in the first person quite so comprehensively as does the author. To quote from Boynton's chapter on Sherwood Anderson in "More Contemporary Americans": ". . . he pursues the minds of his characters, finds out what thoughts, relevant or irrelevant, the stream of events arouses in them, and then expresses these thoughts in the idiom of the people whom they are invading."

There are passages in "Poor White," as in others of Mr. Anderson's books, the propriety of which is extremely doubtful. But the author makes it appear so entirely plausible that the thoughts as represented were present

in the mind of the character, that we can find no good reason why they should not be chronicled.

The plot in the psychological novel is so entirely subordinated to the delineation of character that difficulty is often encountered in the analysis of the bare plot itself. An analysis of "Poor White" in the conventional manner presents such basic difficulties. The exposition is quickly over with. The incentive moment may be said to occur when the talkative little telegraph agent who thinks Hugh is a confirmed drunkard gets him a position as telegraph operator in the little town of Pickleville, near Bidwell, Ohio. Developing action includes Hugh's experiments and finally his success. The crisis, so far as his personal life is concerned, occurs when Hugh renounces his desire for the body of Rose McCoy, a school teacher who silently yearns for him, and turns his attention to the procuring of Clara Butterworth for his bride. Another important crisis comes when Joe Wainsworth decides to kill his assistant, Jim Gibson. This episode typifies the culmination of the resentment of the artisans for the machines which Hugh has helped introduce to rural Ohio. All the events which follow the union of Clara and Hugh compose the falling action, in the relation of the two to each other. The dénouement is simply a backward glance at this one chapter in the lives of the principal characters. Hugh comes to realize that the work he has done has brought not unmixed blessings.

The conflict throughout the book is in the mind of Hugh. It is his subjective character which furnishes the principal struggle of the story. And then there is the beginning of the struggle between the forces of labor and capital. This struggle has not ripened to its maturity at the time of this book, however. And principally, there is the struggle among those devoted artisans who saw machinery take their work from them and do a better job of it.

Mr. Anderson is not concerned primarily in keeping the interest of his readers. Thus there are no subterfuges

of plot, no artificial methods of suspense. We are kept interested in the story because we want to see what turn of mind will come next to Hugh, or to some other one of the principal characters. We are particularly interested in the story through the chapters when he is thirsting for Rose McCoy, and during this part of the story his thoughts are presented so realistically that the reader is actually "keyed up" with the principal character.

IV

Setting and plot are, as has been indicated above, subordinated to character in the construction of the story. The plot is merely arranged, we feel, in order that the characters may have opportunity to run through the gamut of the emotions which the author wishes to attribute to them. While there is a certain importance attached to the setting of the story, this element is in no way predominant.

"Poor White," from its first chapter on to the conclusion, is a story of realism. One can easily imagine the general elements of this story being turned, under different hands than those of Mr. Anderson, into one of the most romantic of works. In the life of a poor country boy who comes into almost unlimited wealth, power, and prestige there are certainly rich veins for the romanticist. But it is not from this angle that Mr. Anderson views the life of Hugh McVey. Hugh spends his life working and striving for success, contacts, and power, and when these are his he wonders, mildly, if they are worth while after all. He is made to see the side of the laborer, and as the story closes he has come to the realization that the blessings attendant upon the rise of industry are not unmixed ones.

Mr. Anderson delights in toying with words. He admits the fact candidly, and his books are concrete evidence of his interest. His style, typical of the dramatic approach, is sometimes verbose, and again as simple as that of Maupassant. He expresses the reactions of his charac-

ters in terms of their own idiomatic vernacular. There is a frank realism in his dealing with all the emotions which gallop through the minds of his characters.

There is very little dialogue in "Poor White." In fact, there is just as little conversation as the author can use and keep the story moving. There is often monologue, as when one of the characters is fighting a battle within himself. Witness Hugh's lecture to himself after he had stifled an impulse to make advances to Rose McCoy: " 'You tend to your own business and don't be going off on that road any more,' he said, as though speaking to another person. 'Remember she's a good woman and you haven't the right. That's all you have to do. Remember you haven't the right,' he added with a ring of command in his voice."

With all its paucity, the dialogue in "Poor White" stands out in the memory of one who has read the book. Its very scarcity and terseness gives it a flavor all its own, and earns a place for it in the mind of the reader.

The problem which Mr. Anderson treats in "Poor White" has already claimed some paragraphs in this paper. Sufficient be it to add here that the author feels very keenly the weight of it, and throws himself at it with a vengeance. "Poor White," written in 1925, came at a time when post-war reaction towards American methods of mass production and "standardization" was at its height, and is a distinct contribution to the library of a thinking man. And, also, for the psychologist, the psychiatrist, and any other person who is interested in a minute study of the workings of a human mind, "Poor White" is valuable and interesting.

Thomas Edward Skinner

By G. W. PASCHAL

DR. THOMAS E. SKINNER was born in Perquimans County, North Carolina, on April 29, 1825. His father, Charles Worth Skinner, was a wealthy planter of an old and distinguished family of that section; one of his brothers, Joseph Harvey Skinner, being a very able lawyer of Edenton; another, Thomas H. Skinner, a celebrated Presbyterian preacher of Philadelphia and later a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York City; while a third, Dr. Collins Blount Skinner, was a prominent physician of the Albemarle section.

All these three had been educated at Princeton University, but Dr. T. E. Skinner's father, intending to become a planter, did not receive a college education, but did become one of the wealthiest farmers in the State, and was also one of the most successful operators of fisheries on the Sound. Under the influence of Rev. Thomas Meredith and Rev. E. T. Daniel he had become a Baptist. During his lifetime he was probably the wealthiest Baptist in the State, as he was certainly most loyal to the progressive enterprises of the Baptists of his day, and the greatest benefactor of Wake Forest College.

Coming of such parentage, as soon as the young Thomas had reached the required age for admission, twelve years, he was sent to Wake Forest Institute. Wake Forest was at that time a manual labor institution, every student being required to work three hours a day on the farm. The youthful Skinner was sent along with others to the field to hoe corn. But instead of hilling the dirt around the stalks he used his hoe to cut them down, a proceeding which gained him the signal honor of being summoned before the faculty, where he and two of his fellow-laborers, L. C. Hinton and William Hunter, were rewarded for their caper with twenty stripes each. Mrs. Wait, who had stood by while the flogging was in progress with

uplifted hands begging for mercy, won the undying love of the youthful culprits. But such punishment was hardly a check for the mischievous lads. Not many nights later all three were caught by Professor White grabbing his sweet potatoes. But all became preachers of the gospel.

After remaining at Wake Forest three or four years, where he learned to know and love Matthew Tyson Yates, later the great missionary to China, Skinner was sent to the famous school kept by William Bingham, Senior, at Hillsboro. He had already been at this school one year before he was sent to Wake Forest. Now he was returned there because, as he says in his "Reminiscences," Bingham was regarded as a "bad-boy breaker," and Skinner was thought to need his attention. Here he was a classmate of James Johnston Pettigrew, later one of the most gallant soldiers of the Confederacy. Within a year Skinner was ready for the sophomore class of the University, but a "blacking club" of Chapel Hill had such a reputation at that time that the young Skinner asked his father to be allowed to attend the Caldwell Institute at Greensboro, and had his request granted. Here he came to know and love Alfred Moore Scales, later Governor of the State, but does not seem to have made much progress in his studies. In 1844 he entered the University of North Carolina, and was graduated from that institution in 1847 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In his delightful "Reminiscences" he declares that his diploma "was granted—yes, granted—never earned." His "most intimate classmate" was James Johnston Pettigrew, with whom he had formed a lasting friendship in the school of William Bingham at Hillsboro. Another was Matt W. Ransom, whom Skinner always greatly loved. Another was Pool, the first United States senator of the class.

In his student days young Skinner was a good example of the antebellum young gentleman of a wealthy and respected family. He was handsome, well dressed, rather proud of himself and the station of his slave-holding father, but not arrogant; well endowed with brains,

which, however, he did not use very much in study. He was bent, rather, on pleasure, and pleasure he had, so far as was consistent with the regulations of the institution he attended. He had no club, no fraternity, few opportunities for social relaxation except with his fellow-students. With them he spent his money freely, and was ready to engage with them in any pastime that promised to add variety to his life. Religion did not enter much into his thoughts, but politics was his native element.

In this connection may be told one incident of Skinner's life at Chapel Hill, especially since it illustrates his own fearless and impetuous nature as well as his father's patience. In 1844 Henry Clay was the candidate for President against James K. Polk. As a scion of a Whig family, Skinner was an ardent supporter of Clay, and was sure that he would be overwhelmingly elected. Betting on the election began among the students and Skinner could not keep out of it. Returning late one night from a 'possum hunt, he went to the Old Well for a drink of water—that well afforded the best water he ever drank—and posted on the belfry, which was near by, a challenge to all men, everywhere, to meet his call and take up his wager in favor of Clay. He says:

"Many of the unsophisticated students, as I then thought, accepted my offer of suits of clothes, boots, hats, canes, cigars, et id omne genus. To my joy, all my banters were accepted. The result was that I was left to the tune of six hundred dollars, with 'nairy cent' to liquidate them. I felt disgraced utterly; could not return to college if those debts were not canceled. The other horn of the dilemma was, how can I inform my father of the situation and escape his displeasure and refusal to help me out of the most embarrassing condition of my then young life? But the decision was formed. I wrote, candidly confessing my wrongdoing, and reminding him that I had always heard him speak enthusiastically of Clay as the greatest of men, if not the only man worthy of the Presidency. I felt somehow that upon my shoulders was placed the responsibility of defending Clay, etc. . . . Oh, how tedious and tasteless were the days and hours which passed over my shadowed future—waiting for an answer to that imploring letter to the father from his impecunious son.

At last the epistle came with the six hundred dollars. . . . From that happy morn until now I have never bet one cent on anything."

After his graduation Skinner returned to Perquimans County and went to farming, to which he devoted himself with an enthusiasm which would have hardly been expected from one who was so recently a pleasure-loving student on the University campus. In 1848 he married Miss Ann Eliza Halsey of Tyrrell County. In his farming he was very successful. He was also engaged in herring fishery business in company with his brother Charles, from which they were making fourteen thousand dollars a year. This continued for four years. It seemed that he had found his place in life.

But the Lord willed differently. In wheat-sowing time in the fall of 1850 Mr. Skinner entertained for the night a poor, unlettered wheelwright named Parker, who had been overtaken by a rainstorm on his way home. This man was an humble Christian and spent the night in prayer for the conversion of his wealthy host, by whose kindness he was much pleased. When Skinner found this out the next morning, by some casual questions he had asked Parker, and found out how much that faithful Christian was interested in his salvation, he was greatly troubled. He prayed secretly twenty times that day. For a month he was in a miserable state of mind. All the Negroes on the place were aware of his plight, and declared that their master was struck, that the Lord had got hold of him sure. In January, 1851, he was baptized by Rev. Q. H. Trotman into the membership of the Bethel Baptist Church. He had already preached a sermon to a congregation of Negro slaves at the instance of Uncle Eden, a mixed-breed slave of his uncle, Joseph B. Skinner, who though a Negro was a very intelligent man and a Methodist preacher who labored among his fellow-servants.

Four months after his baptism Skinner became a student at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City,

from which he graduated on May 8, 1854. He had gone to New York with his wife and young child, Thomas Haley Skinner, who later was a student at Wake Forest College and a physician in New York City. He lost his wife while a student at the Seminary and married the second time, on the evening of his graduation, Ann Stuart Ludlow, with whom he lived in the greatest happiness the remaining years of her life.

His first pastorate was in Petersburg. This pastorate was terminated by the illness of his wife, which made a change of residence imperative. He had received a call to Savannah, and was on his way there in the fall of 1855 when, on invitation, he stopped off in Raleigh to preach for the church there. In consequence, he received an unanimous call to the pastorate.

After getting the consent of his wife, he accepted the call, and thus began the great work of his life—the development of the Baptist cause in the capital of North Carolina. At the time Skinner accepted the pastorate it was a mission station, one-half of the pastor's salary of \$800 being paid by the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Skinner had accepted the pastorate with the understanding that as soon as possible the church would build a new meeting-house in a better location. At that time the First Baptist Church was worshipping in "a damp and dismal basement," into which such women as Mrs. Alfred Williams and Mrs. Graham, the wife of the Governor, went down and "bore the cross together." Skinner, with the help of his wealthy relatives and by stimulating the members of the church to make sacrificial gifts, was soon to give the Baptists of Raleigh what remains till this day one of the stateliest churches in North Carolina. First, with the help of Jim Atkins, a colored member of the church, he succeeded in buying from Dr. Cook, whose confidential servant Jim Atkins was, the lot on which the church stands at the corner of Edenton and Salisbury streets. The price paid was \$6,000. The money for the

erection of the building was raised, almost all of it in one day, when Skinner had been in Raleigh less than a year. The Baptist State Convention was meeting in Raleigh. On that day more than \$40,000 had been raised for Wake Forest College, of which Richard Felton and C. W. Skinner—Thomas Skinner's father—had given \$5,000 each, and Thomas Skinner himself \$3,000. At a meeting of his church that night Skinner got \$2,000 from each of these men, and as much from two of his members, A. M. Lewis and Mrs. Alfred Williams, and before the meeting closed he had subscriptions amounting to \$18,750. The church was built, and for seventy years has furnished its membership a respectable and cherished home.

Soon the church began to develop under Skinner's ministry. In a year it had added eighty members. It was no longer content to be a mission station, but supported its own minister, increasing his salary from \$800 to \$2,400, entirely without any suggestion from him. The day of the church's progress had begun, and it has continued to the present.

In this work Skinner's social station doubtless helped. Another advantage was the friendships he had made during his student days, especially at Chapel Hill. But his chief gift was his big, healthy soul. The same enthusiasm and good humor he had shown in his fun-making at college he now showed in his religious work. He was entirely natural, free from cant, free from bigotry, and never puzzled his brain with theological tangles. But he had big human sympathies, greatly admired young people of both sexes, and never held that they were on the way to perdition because of their youthful pleasures. But he knew how to win them, for he was sincerely religious. And he knew better than to drive men away from the church by untimely solicitation. He waited a third of a century to baptize some of the ablest members of his church. And he greatly loved his people, his classmates at Chapel Hill, and especially the members of the churches he served, his noble women, and the Christian leaders

that he knew: Yates, Wingate, Poindexter, Durham, J. L. Prichard, Dr. T. H. Pritchard, Dr. C. T. Bailey, Dr. Chas. E. Taylor. One who knew him well said that he and his wife were the best friends the poor of Raleigh ever had.

Thus he built up the First Baptist Church of Raleigh and made it perhaps the most influential body of Christians in the State, which place it retains until this day. This was his great work. In this church he served two pastorates, from 1855 to 1866, and from 1879 to 1886. He served other pastorates, and did good work in them, at Nashville, Tennessee, and at Columbus, Athens, and Macon, Georgia. But his great work was with the church in Raleigh. To that church he gave tone and character, and more than any other man made it what it is, if we may believe one of its ablest members.

During our Civil War, in 1863, he ran the blockade on the "Advance" and went to England for the purpose of securing Bibles and Testaments for our North Carolina people. On his solicitation the British and Foreign Bible Society sent a magnificent gift of Testaments for distribution among the boys and girls of the South, who could no longer buy them from the publishers in the North.

He also did some other Christian services, not the least of which was to occupy for a while the chair of Biblical Interpretation in Shaw University. In his later years he was financial agent of what is now Meredith College, and president of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College. To the College he gave his fine collection of books, about two thousand volumes, many of them rare and valuable. During the last years of the last century he spent much time at Wake Forest, finding great pleasure in the companionship of President Taylor. Together they would sit and watch the boys at their athletic sports, telling many a delightful anecdote and laughing heartily.

A few years before Dr. Skinner's death his son was shot down on the streets of Raleigh. The old man in his sore bereavement went into retirement for a while. But not for long. He came out into the world again, triumphant

in his faith, and he gave to the world the thoughts that had occupied him. Nothing in St. Thomas's "Imitation" is better. Here are some excerpts:

Patience shortens our trials, and everything which has an end is short.

"Next to sin, the greatest evil is sadness," said Francis de Sales. God remains. Troubles make us depend entirely on God.

Speak little of your troubles to men, but much to God.

Bear your own trial well; this is the way of sanctification.

Be assured of God's sympathy in time of trouble. It may seem far away, but it really is very near.

After this he left Raleigh and spent his last years at Fletcher, in Henderson County. But in the last days of March, 1905, he returned on a visit to the city and church of his life's chief labors. Though lacking only a few weeks of being eighty years old, he was stout, hearty, and happy, hardly showing either in carriage or conversation the marks of age. But he had come to the end of his earthly pilgrimage. From the editorial obituary in *The Biblical Recorder* of April 12, 1905, I copy the story:

"On Sunday, April 2d, he participated in the Lord's Supper with the church of his love. That afternoon the chill of winter crept upon him, and after a little he fell on sleep. Looking backward now, it seems providential that he came to Raleigh, and his benediction before the Lord's table, 'God bless you, God bless you all,' the last Sunday of his life, is cherished as a special favor of heaven."

Six Hours

By H. J. RICKARD

HE had but six short hours to live. He was calm and composed. A few minutes ago the prison chaplain had asked him if there was anything he had to confess. The answer had been a surly "No." Now, left alone, he began to think.

The prisoner had been convicted of murder in the first degree. At six o'clock on the morrow the sword of justice would descend, wielded by the mighty arm of the law. As he sat in the dark cell, fleeting visions crossed his mind. Did he regret the murder he had committed? No!—a thousand times no! The man he had killed had ruined his father. His father and the man had been life-long rivals, but his father's enemy had been without principle. He had schemed and figured until by both lawful and unlawful means he had finally driven his rival "to the wall." The parent had never recovered from the shock. The failure had placed him upon his death bed. It was then that his rival, who had placed him there, appeared at his bedside, mocked him, derided him, and left with the parting taunt that his chances were gone forever. But the heartless wretch had not reckoned with his usual cunning. The dying man's son had appeared. Hot words followed. In the fight that had ensued the scoundrel had fallen heavily upon the hearth, striking the back of his head. He had never arisen. The coroner had pronounced it death by concussion. It was just retribution.

But now the prisoner was to hang for it. Even though he had seemingly been justified in his act, there is no mercy in the law. He remembered incidents of his childhood with startling vividness. He thought of his father, who had died during the long trial. Then his mind wandered to the wretch who had killed his father—well, he had received his just reward, anyhow. The vision of the trial returned—the judge—the lawyers—and the jury—

that anguish while waiting for the verdict. Guilty! Ah! at last that awful suspense was ended. Then that fearful sentence, "Hanged by the neck until dead."

With a superhuman effort he checked his wandering thoughts. The prison gong struck the hour of four. A sudden realization burst upon him. He had but two hours to live! He lost all his previous calmness. In two hours he would be dead—lifeless. The thought drove him mad. That terrible uncertainty of being on the brink of that great void called the "hereafter"! He became frantic. His lips were hot and feverish. He tried to console himself with the thought that his act had been justified, but the nearness of death drove all reason from him. He shouted aloud. He tore at his hair. His restless eyes suddenly focused upon his hands. In less than two hours, now, those hands would be hanging inert. How cleverly they were formed. The fingers, the nails—he had never noticed them before. . . .

He was interrupted by the opening of his cell door. The time had come. The first light of dawn could be seen peeping in at the barred window. He tried to move. His limbs refused to function. He covered his face with his hands. Oh!—that frightful thought—where was he going? to what? They dragged him out—literally carried him upon the scaffold. The noose was placed about his neck. He was blindfolded and his hands were tied. Again, calmness returned. He was ready. A great light suddenly seemed to dawn upon him. He felt that he had been forgiven. He was ready.

The floor of the platform dropped—a short struggle—then all was over. As the shining sun peeped over the eastern prison wall, seeming to guild the windows of the prison with splashes of fire, another soul, liberated from its earthly body, ascended to that endless void—Eternity!

Downward

By H. J. RICKARD

HE was in the grasp of the blue mud. It seemed to be drawing him down like a fiend incarnate. It clutched at him, and drew him continually, but slowly, down. He had unsuspectingly tramped out upon this apparently innocent mud flat, and had immediately sunk to his waist. His gun was lost. He struggled frantically, hysterically; but to no avail. The relentless mud drew him slowly, very slowly, downward. He had shouted madly, until his voice was now scarcely above a whisper. He beat upon the mud fiercely with his hands, yet with each spasmodic effort he sank down—ever downward.

The mud now reached his chest. He gazed at the miles of meadows about him, and saw no living being. Reason left him. He fancied the mud filling his mouth, his eyes. He tore at his hair. His facial expression became like that of a madman. The pressure was becoming greater—ah!—his arms were now under. Oh! the thought of sinking to an unknown grave in that blue, bottomless mud! He was now raving crazy. He laughed—he chattered with his spent voice. A sand snipe, standing nearby, looked at him curiously. He sank still lower. That mud, that horrible clutching monster, drew him on. It had nearly swallowed him now. It reached his mouth—a last cry issued from him—then silence—unbroken silence. Slowly the eyes—those staring eyes—disappeared; then the hair alone remained visible. Slowly—yes, slowly—inch by inch it passed below the surface and vanished. The mud shimmered, as if smiling in satisfaction, then became quiet.

All that remained was the sand snipe, looking intently upon the spot, which glistened in the rays of the setting sun.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

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



Subscription
\$2.00 a year.
Advertising rates
on application

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

ELBERT A. MACMILLAN.....	Editor-in-Chief
R. PAUL CAUDILL, R. D. BULLUCK, JR.....	Associate Editors
M. L. GRIFFIN.....	Business Manager
R. K. BENFIELD.....	Assistant Business Manager
DR. H. B. JONES.....	Faculty Adviser

VOLUME XLVI

FEBRUARY, 1929

NUMBER 4

The Editor's Portfolio

Why Pamper Ministerial Students?

There came to us recently one of the finest stories we have ever heard of sacrifice for an ideal. There is a ministerial student on this campus who, at the close of the first semester's work, found himself unable, for financial reasons, to return to college for the second half of the year's work. College means much to this young man, and he was more or less broken-hearted over not being able to return. An official of one of the boards of the Baptist State Convention heard of the unfortunate position of the young man, and upon investigating his case learned that fifteen dollars a month was available, as a gift, from the Baptist State Board of Education. But this young man already knew of the availability of this fund, and had refused it. He continued to refuse it, because he did not believe that he had a moral right to it. Incidentally, he made other arrangements and is in college now. But he steadfastly refused to take money offered him merely because he had chosen the ministry as his life's work.

This young man was right. The Baptist denomination, through its educational department, is giving to

prospective young ministers and workers for the foreign fields some \$10,000 per year. There are no strings tied to the gifts to the young men and women, except the condition that they continue in their chosen profession after leaving college. As a matter of fact, a goodly percentage of this \$10,000 is given each year to students who never give the ministry a thought after leaving college.

Corrupt as this practice of swindling on the part of certain students may be, it is not here that the basic defect is to be found. It is an unsound policy for the denomination to start its prospective leaders out with an unfair advantage over those who have chosen other professions—law, medicine, teaching, or business. The ministerial student bids fair to face many trying places on his road to a formal education, but the lawyer, the doctor, and the teacher will face the same problems. All are working, directly or indirectly, for the good of humanity. Who is to say that a ministerial student is more entitled to fifteen dollars a month from the denomination than is a pre-med or pre-law student? Who is to decide which of the three is to do the most valuable service for humanity?

Badly as Wake Forest College itself and other Baptist schools in the State stand in need of money for buildings and equipment—money that is not forthcoming—how incongruous it seems to give \$10,000 annually to a small group of individual students.

The fault is not with the students who accept this aid. The money is there for them, and it is only in an exceptional case such as the one stated above that it will be refused. Human nature will see to it that the money is taken. It must be the business of some one either to eliminate the "pension" for ministerial students on the one hand or, as an alternative, commence paying each student entering Wake Forest College at the rate of \$7.50 to \$15.00 monthly.

“Live and Let Live” The anonymous author of “Dairy Diary,” a column on the editorial page of a recent issue of “Old Gold and Black,” discusses what he believes to be an increasingly serious problem of the barrier between the fraternity and non-fraternity groups on the Wake Forest campus. This writer sees an increasing tenseness between those allied with Greek-letter organizations and those who are not.

There must always be a gap between the extremes of these groups. The “collegiate” type will probably always be found among the fraternity men. The extreme in conservatism is likely to be found in the non-fraternity group. But there is a group of students, consisting of both fraternity and non-fraternity men, who work together in the same classes, busy themselves with the same problems, and share the same joys and sorrows. It is the sophomoric fraternity man who feels himself in any way superior to those about him, not members of a Greek-letter group. And it is our sincere opinion that this sophomoric element is decidedly negligible.

The author of “Dairy Diary,” admitting that this “superior” element is at present but a ripple, sees the prospect of the ripple becoming a wave, and urges Wake Forest students to rally before this wave shall arise. It seems to us that there is little cause for alarm at present. There will continue to be “high hats” among fraternity men at Wake Forest, but it does not appear that there is any immediate danger that this group will come into dominance.

Wake Forest College has always been a college where democracy in its strictest sense has prevailed. The college was founded upon democracy of the most practical type, and by men who cherished ideas, perhaps, of a Utopian college where there would be but one fraternity, that idealistic “Brotherhood of Man.” May these ideals, in so far as conditions permit, prevail, and may there always be a general fellowship between all Wake Forest students. As for the snobbish element—whether it be

from the fraternity or non-fraternity group—may it dwindle to a tiny drop in the ocean of college life at Wake Forest.

But, meanwhile, may we suggest "Live and Let Live" as an appropriate motto for every individual Wake Forest student and for every group—fraternity, non-fraternity, or otherwise.

Prophecy "When the next war comes, may all sectional
And passions, prejudices, and hatreds have so sub-
Realization sided into oblivion that the Union Blue and
 the Confederate Gray can blend together
 under one flag once again, shoulder to shoulder, for a
 common country, against a mutual foreign foe!"

How these words, coming down to us from another generation, another age, reach their prophetic tentacles out through the years and find realization—and a fuller realization than the author could conceive. They are the words of Robert A. Johnson, quoted from his "Impartial Account of the Fall of Fort Fisher," as it appears in print elsewhere in this issue of THE STUDENT.

According to the plans for the inauguration of Herbert Hoover as President of the United States, The Union Blue and the Confederate Gray are to march side by side, "shoulder to shoulder," not against a "mutual foreign foe," but in a peaceful inaugural procession, taking a part in the ceremonies of installing into office a new President who faces the happy prospect of years of peace and good-will among nations.

The ranks of the Blue and the Gray are wavering, and the staunch, keen-eyed boys of '64 and '65 are making their way in dwindling procession to the great Commander-in-Chief. But may the spirits of those who have gone—those who wished for the Blue and Gray to march side by side—be present on March 4 when the thin line of veterans, "united under one flag," trudge shoulder to shoulder.

Some of the Publications We Print--

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
OLD GOLD AND BLACK
THE RALEIGH STUDENT
N. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL-OBSERVER
N. C. TEACHER
THE WATAUGAN
N. C. ODD FELLOW
THE TECHNICIAN
N. C. CHRISTIAN
ALUMNI NEWS
THE UNION HERALD
and others

IF YOU WANT QUALITY

—We give it

IF YOU WANT SERVICE

—We furnish it

IF YOU WANT SATISFACTION

We guarantee it

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.

Crozer Theological Seminary

Tuition and Room-rent free.

Scholarships available for approved students.

Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:

- I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma.
- II. Resident Course with special emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree of A.M.
- III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course. Seminary degree of Th.M., University degree of Ph.D.

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

CASTLE THEATRE

Operating Primarily for Amusement
of the Student Body and Faculty of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

W. C. Carpenter

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLVI

No. 5



March, 1929

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Bubbles (<i>Poem</i>)	211
SENOI	
The Pendulum Swings	212
ELBERT A. MACMILLAN	
French Symbolism: Its Influence On Spanish Modernism	220
G. H. MCNEILL	
Admiralty Law	223
A. A. LENNON	
Milepost	228
TELGIP	
A Tribute (<i>Poem</i>)	230
SENOI	
A True Eldorado	231
W. W. COHOON	
Music—Another Point of View	235
CHARLES T. LAWRENCE, JR.	
The Standard Man	238
DR. WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT	
Rev. William Hooper	245
G. W. PASCHAL	
The Editor's Portfolio	259

The Wake Forest Student

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

VOLUME XLVI

MARCH, 1929

NUMBER 5

Bubbles

By SENOI

Deep in the Hills of Life there is a fount
Whence living waters flow, with bubbles bright
That rise up from the stream and slowly mount,
Drifting zigzag and passing out of sight.
Pilgrims oft come, thirsting, to this fair stream;
But, ere they drink, the bubbles meet their view,
Rising, floating, with dancing, magic gleam,
Until each pilgrim, glad, starts to pursue.
Through brambles, thickets, woodland, far-off plain,
To precipice, pitfall, or slimy bog,
Each chases his own bubble, spite of pain,
To see it burst at last, or pass in fog.
Meanwhile the waters flow, sparkling and cool,
Life to contented fish in yonder pool.

The Pendulum Swings

By ELBERT A. MACMILLAN

JOHN ABBOT KNIGHT, stretched out easily on the green grass of Haywood's pasture, meditatively chewed a blade of grass and contemplated a wisp of downy white cloud meandering lazily across the blue expanse of sky. The long, changing shadows of two big elms at the top of the hill kept the rays of a morning sun from disturbing the rest of the prone youth, and the occasional note of a swamp robin down towards the creek served to remind him in some vague way that he had started out with the creek as his destination. There were catfish lines to be looked at, and he had thought he might get a boat and go across to his Uncle McCoy's place and look at his rabbit boxes. . . . But there were compensations for just lying down and nibbling grass.

Of late John had come occasionally to think of his future. He was eighteen now, and most of the boys he knew were going off to college or were going to Charlotte or Wilmington to work. Fred McKinnon had gone to Charlotte and had found work in the Ford plant. Fred had come back with tales of the city, its opportunities, its women. But none of that appealed greatly to John. He wanted to go to college, where the boys all went bare-headed, wore gaudy slickers, and rode in ancient Fords.

As he lay gazing into the sky this June morning, John began to have visions of himself as a "college man." He had pictured himself before as a man of the world, as a famous aviator, as a "captain of finance" (he was especially fond of this term), but he had not until this time seriously considered the possibility of going away to college. His father and mother were both uneducated and had not encouraged him in continuing his schooling further than high school.

But John had friends who had gone away to college, and some of them had painted for him rather glamorous and lurid pictures of the external life of the college boys at the State University, and the prospect of becoming

intimately familiar with the athletes and men about college had wielded a potent change in John's thinking for some weeks previous to this morning.

It would indeed be pleasant, he had considered, to be among the four-hundred social lions of the University. What a thrill there would be for him in being pledged to some prominent fraternity! And when John Knight became a renowned football star, how the folks back home would rejoice that they had known him!

So John, as he lay on the grass of Haywood's pasture this June morning, became definitely obsessed with the idea of going away to college. He had, two days ago, received his diploma from the local high school—had sat uncomfortably while long speeches were said, and had rejoiced greatly when it was all over. But he was glad now that he had stuck it out until the end. He had the required work for entrance into the best of colleges or universities, even if there was a superfluity of 75's and 70's among the grades he had made.

Still toying with the idea which had come to him, John made his way back up the hill towards home, his errand to the creek quite forgotten, but with a new resolve in his heart. On his way home quite naturally he saw Miriam Gaskell.

One always saw Miriam. She was by far the most ubiquitous person in Hopkinsville. She, too, had been graduated from the Hopkinsville high school on the day when John had concluded his strenuous career under the ennobling influence of the laboring and long-suffering teachers. But Miriam, although a next-door neighbor of the Knights and a classmate of John, had not accepted for her own any of the standards by which John measured life. John, as he approached her this morning, was cherishing a new-born dream of college life in its dramatic, exterior sense. Miriam, on the other hand, dreamed of college as an Utopian place where great discoveries were made, where men and women threshed out the problems of the universe and became saturated with the wine of human knowledge.

"Hello, Topper!" said John gaily.

"Hello yourself," said Miriam.

And, quite unmindful of hazel eyes that followed his easy, swinging approach, John paused and unbosomed his newly found desire to his first possible listener, who, incidentally, was quite a good one.

"So you're interested in the college of fraternities, football teams, class smokers, and bonfires?" questioned Miriam, after John had quite expounded himself.

"If there is anything else there worth having I'll bring it back, too," John countered.

"If there is anything at all there worth having I doubt seriously if you'll ever see it, much less bring it back with you. I'm planning to go to college, too, this fall; but I'm not going simply to gratify my social desires and squander my father's money." Miriam stamped a petulant foot.

John, leaning against the trunk of a convenient elm, laughed easily. "Stay on the ground, stay on the ground," he advised. "It's too hot to get in an argument. And, besides, I've got to go."

"It's always too hot for you to argue about anything that matters. You had much rather take things as they come, and for you they always come predigested."

"If they're predigested, why should I fume and fuss over chewing them?" John shifted his long legs and prepared to continue his way.

"In college you may find a thing or two that won't agree with your elementary digestive system," Miriam warned.

They let it go at that, principally because John had commenced to amble on his way up the hill, casting a very superior, pitying look over his shoulder at the blonde, hazel-eyed little girl who understood so little of life and always wanted to fuss about something.

Summer days lengthened for a while, shortened for a while, and before John and Miriam realized it, September had arrived and they were face to face with the college careers they had anticipated so eagerly.

Miriam selected a college for women in far Alabama, while John elected a Virginia university.

There was a full moon on the night before Miriam was to leave. Mrs. Gaskell was quite worn out with packing and doing a thousand and one odd errands for her daughter before the great day arrived, and had retired early. Mr. Gaskell had walked down to Mr. Frank Thompson's for a game of setback, and Miriam, consequently, was left alone on the front porch as John sauntered up, about ten-thirty, to tell her good-bye.

They talked of one thing and another for a few minutes until, after a long silence, John recalled the conversation they had had three months ago about college and its meaning.

"You were pretty mad that time," he drawled reminiscently.

"Some day you'll find I was right, after all. You'll find that the true worth of college education is that it fits you to serve—to serve humanity." There was a ring in Miriam's voice, there was a new note that made John incline a nodding head her way.

"Maybe so, maybe so," he assented. "But you're going to get a surprise or two yourself. This stuff of serving humanity sometimes strikes a snag or two. And, besides, I'm the most important member of the human race for you to serve. I've decided to marry you when we finish college."

"Oh, is that so? You're terribly kind; but we're about a million miles apart in all our ideas, and you stand about as much chance marrying me as Wales himself."

"Well, as long as you've got yourself started again, I guess I'd better go," said John. "It's too hot to argue."

"No hard feelings. We're just different."

"Maybe we're not even so different as you think. Wait a while and see. And in the meantime, put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

And John had gone, his smooth kiss lingering on the cheek of the blonde, hazel-eyed little girl who had a lot to learn of the world and its ways.

So they went away to college, John to the University of

Virginia and Miriam to her chosen Alabama college. Letters, brimful of enthusiasm and cheer, although tainted for a time by the chill of homesickness, drifted back to Hopkinsville from John for the first several weeks of his stay at the University. He was out for freshman football, was a modest contributor to the weekly college paper, and felt himself fitting nicely into the niche he had designed for himself. The neighbors had it on strictly confidential terms from Mrs. Knight that her boy was the apple of the eyes of the respective fraternities at the University.

After these first weeks, however, Mrs. Knight hadn't much to say regarding her son, and the interested neighbors were left to the impression either that things were not so well with John or that he was not writing home so often as at first.

Information as to Miriam was meager from the first. She liked her work, was presumably kept fairly busy by it, and had met several girls with whom she was congenial. In fact, she accepted an invitation to go to Atlanta to the home of her best girl friend for the Christmas holidays, only dashing home for a fleeting day in the post-holiday season.

John came back to Hopkinsville for the entire two weeks holiday period and seemed considerably sobered and older. He hadn't much to say about himself and his experiences away at the University, and spent practically all of his fortnight of vacation at his father's home or in wandering through Haywood's pasture and down the creek that led away through the woods behind it.

John saw Miriam only a moment the day she was at home, and their meeting then was but a perfunctory one. So away they hurried again. And the days grew into weeks, the weeks into months, and in no time at all June's rare days had returned to grace old Hopkinsville with balmy breezes that stirred the graceful arms of stately oaks and graceful elms.

John reached Hopkinsville on the first Tuesday afternoon in June. Miriam was two days later in arriving. John was away from home on Thursday afternoon, and

consequently did not share with the other members of his family the pleasure of welcoming a returning neighbor.

It was not until Friday night that John and Miriam were alone together—not until then, in fact, that they spoke to each other, John having rather suspiciously absented himself for the most of Friday. As he walked up the steps to his home early that night he heard a low whistle from behind the Virginia creeper which secluded the front porch of the Gaskell's home.

"Why not come over and see a body?" came in piquant tones as John paused for a moment.

John turned slowly and made his way across the lawn toward the vine-covered porch. Miriam chided him for not having called sooner and without such "unnecessary urging."

"I've been pretty busy," John replied.

"Oh, well, it's too hot to argue," Miriam replied. "And you are here now, even if I did have to waylay you. Tell me about yourself, about the University, and everything!"

John shuffled uneasily. There was something about this Miriam standing before him now which upset him somehow, some new element in her personality, which threw him off his guard. And on top of this, which was enough in itself, she wanted to hear about the University!

"There's not much to tell. Things weren't just what I had expected them."

"Things never are. University life as you dreamed it—there was a bounty of that, surely?"

John squared himself and focused his clear gray eyes on Miriam's gaily questioning ones. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I botched the university business pretty badly. I didn't make a frat, I didn't make the freshman football team. I lost interest in the other extra-curricular things, and ended up by making nothing but my class work. Oh, I did splendidly there. The one thing I didn't expect to get at the University turns out to be the only thing I did get. Rather funny, you see."

The bantering smile in Miriam's eyes had changed to

one of compassion. "Sit down here on the steps, John, and let's talk things over. Maybe they're not as bad as you think."

John seated himself heavily on the step below Miriam and smiled, a little grimly, up at her. "I shouldn't have told you all that," he said slowly. "After all, it's my own worry, and you shouldn't have to bother with it."

"It's not your worry any more than it's mine," said Miriam quickly. "We've always talked these things out together. Remember that talk we had a year ago?"

"That's been a long time. We've both changed since then."

"We've done different things, but I wonder if we've changed much, after all. I let myself be drawn into the current of outside things down at Ravel College, because I knew you were interested in all that sort of thing, and I wanted to be congenial with you when we met again. You remember the fine idealism I propounded to you when we were arguing last June? I've let most of that slide in favor of a sorority, dances, football games. But I don't feel that I'm really any different."

"But you are, Miriam," John interrupted gently. "And I am. I've lost out in the things I longed for. You've lost your desire to serve, lost your ideals. Since you told me about yourself, perhaps I can admit that because I came to treasure more and more the things you stood up for I deliberately neglected outside things and spent my time over books and in wondering about a profession for myself. Queer world! We were a million miles apart, and in trying to get closer together we passed each other and are now a million miles apart in the other direction."

There was a long pause, which Miriam finally broke. "There is irony there, John," she said softly. "But if we are anxious enough to please each other to give up our most cherished hopes for each other, there ought to be some way out."

"There ought to be, sure enough," murmured John.

"And there is," said Miriam quickly. "We are only children yet. We each have three more years in college."

We have profited by what has happened this year. From now on we must look to the cultivation of those things we have neglected in ourselves in this year of foolish sacrifice. I don't think we have really changed, and if we have lost some of the dogmatism of last year we are the better for it. I'll spend next year, at least in part, on my books, and you snap out—partly, now, mind—of your recently acquired pedantic rôle."

John grinned broadly at this last and agreed thoroughly with Miriam's proposition. "We must be careful not to overshoot the mark this time," he admonished. "If we're not, the situation next summer may be just as it was last year."

"If you'd write a fellow once in a while, maybe we could keep things adjusted all along," was Miriam's coy reply.

"And if you'd go to college in the United States maybe I could come to see you once or twice in a year."

They both laughed loud and long, at nothing in particular, and Miriam noticed that the moon was rising over the two elms on the top of the hill just this side of Haywood's pasture.

French Symbolism: Its Influence On Spanish Modernism

By G. H. McNEILL

Prior to 1880 French literature was dominated by the Realistic School, the exponents of metrical style and the description of persons and scenes as they exist, without any attempt at idealization. The opponents of this school, who arose about 1880, were termed Symbolists.

The Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia gives a good definition of this school: "One of a group of French poets of which Verlaine was the most conspicuous writer. The writers of this movement undertook to express sentiments indirectly by far-fetched metaphors, or even by the sound of words, and of letters, quite independently of their received signification. They also assumed a pre-established harmony between vowel sounds and musical instruments."

The Symbolist Movement has been often characterized as a revolution. That is a misnomer—as the movement is an evolution from the post-Kantian philosophers. The philosophy of Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel, and Hartmann, imbued as it was with the ideas of freedom, spread through France, intoxicating its people. These ideas gave birth, through a process of evolution, to Symbolism. The Symbolists had as their primary motive a revolt against realism, with its impersonality. The leaders in this movement were Charles Baudelaire, who furnished the inspiration, the vibrating lyricist Paul Verlaine, and the tremulous, vague, enigmatic Stéphane Mallarmé.

Just as the Parnassians turned to sculpture, so did the Symbolists turn to music for their inspiration. Their poetry consists of musical verse, delicate shades rather than definite color, an absence of pompous verbiage, freedom of structure, and independence in matters of rhyme. Professor Lewisohn calls the movement a "modern striving toward selfhood." The Symbolists early betrayed synæsthesiac tendencies. Gautier compared words to

precious stones. Mallarmé decided that the word "Emil" had a green-lapis lazuli hue. Arthur Rimbaud attempted to set his vowels up as colors: "a" as black; "b," white; "i," red; "n," green; "o," blue. René Ghil disagreed with Rimbaud as to his colors.

The Symbolists explain their purpose in this fashion: It is their purpose to sound the well of human personality, and to accomplish this aim by all the artifices of suggestion they could muster. They explain their movement as a reflection of the dominant attitude of the social environment.

The methods of expression employed by this school of thought are few and extremely simple. They consist mainly in allegory, transposition, and allusion. Every line marks a stage in the battle against realism.

The constructive value of this movement in French literature cannot be disregarded. It has made the French verse more free, subtle, intimate, and musical. Its influence has been felt on the exclusive, refined, delicate, and the mystic beauties of the supernatural in later French poetry.

As has been stated above, Baudelaire (1821-1867) and Verlaine (1844-1896) were the greatest of the French Symbolist poets. The former's best works are "Préface," "L' Albatros," "Hymne a la Beauté," and "Spleen." Verlaine's most notable expositions are "Chanson D' Automne" and "Art Poétique."

South American poets of the age read Symbolism at every turn. They fairly gloated upon it, as it freed them from the age-old depression of old Spanish stiffness. Among the first to visualize the possibilities of this movement was the premier of all Modernista poets, Rubén Darío. This South American constructed his poems from a background of the Parnassian, Symbolistic, and old Spanish characteristics. The Symbolistic characteristics predominate. In Darío's poems noticeable freedom of verse style is predominant. The first great work of the Modernists, and of course written by Darío, was the "Prosas Profanas." This embodied the abandonment of

all rules of prosody that depended merely upon their age and traditional prestige for their authority. A multiplicity of metrical forms were employed. "Prosas Profanas" contains a superfluity of melodious verse, a typical characteristic of Symbolism. The musical suggestiveness in this poem is closely associated with the chief characteristics of Symbolism as regards content, the suggestion of ideas, sensations, moods, by means of symbols—by allusion merely, not by direct mention or description.

Thus it can be readily seen that the French Symbolism played a remarkably important part in the development of Darío's works. Darío means Modernista. He was the leader of the movement, the exemplar of all succeeding Modernista poets. His was the work that was copied and imitated throughout all of South America, and even in Spain itself.

Verlaine and Baudelaire have left their mark on Darío. He in turn has influenced the entire Modernista school. We cannot deny the fact that French Symbolism has left a lasting impression on Spanish Modernism of South America.

Admiralty Law*

By A. A. LENNON

"The judicial powers shall extend to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction."

The law of admiralty, while not the most extensive branch of the law, still claims for its field the interest and respect of the student of law. Because of the relatively few ports in our State, questions in admiralty and maritime jurisprudence infrequently occur. However, at one time, when North Carolina led the country in the production of naval stores, one of its cities boasted of as much marine trade as any southern port. With this city slowly but surely finding itself again in the shipping world and a State port reasonably assured for the future, the maritime law will again claim the attention of our lawyers. The inland waterway, which now appears a certainty, will not only build and develop our trade, but will also be of professional interest to the lawyers in North Carolina.

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to when admiralty courts had their start. Blackstone tells us that they were erected by Edward III, but Lord Chief Justice Coke concludes that the beginning of admiralty jurisdiction was "so ancient that its commencement cannot be known." As trade among the European countries developed those countries, so it brought about, in all probability, the establishment of the admiralty courts. As the greater part of the trading of the world in the old days was done by ships, it was necessary to have courts with jurisdiction to enforce customs of the sea as well as to settle controversies arising therefrom. In England the jurisdiction of the admiralty courts was restricted, limited by statute, and hampered by the decisions because of the jealousy of the common law courts. However, a reaction took place in favor of the admiralty courts which restored to them their former jurisdiction.

*NOTE—The chapter on Admiralty, in *Ruling Case Law*, has served as a guide for this article.

Admiralty is defined by one writer as the branch or department of jurisprudence which relates to and regulates maritime property, affairs, and transactions, whether civil or criminal. Admiralty courts of the United States are vested with authority from the supreme law of the land. During the critical period just before the Constitution of the United States was ratified, even the most enthusiastic champions of states' rights felt that the jurisdiction of admiralty and maritime matters should be placed in the Federal courts. Such a decision has proven very wise, as the machinery of the Federal courts has been ample to cope with all cases under admiralty and maritime jurisdiction. The jurisdiction of the Federal courts in regard to admiralty and maritime matters is far-reaching. Mr. Chief Justice Jay in *Chisholm vs. Georgia* says that it extends "to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; because, as the seas are the joint property of nations, whose rights and privileges relative thereto are regulated by the law of nations and treaties, such cases necessarily belong to national jurisdiction." The jurisdiction of the Federal courts in this particular is exclusive, and admiralty proceedings may not be instituted in a state court. The Federal district courts seem to have exclusive jurisdiction in matters strictly maritime and *in rem*, while it appears that state courts have concurrent jurisdiction in matters *in personam* which may be strictly maritime.

The distinguishing and characteristic feature of admiralty jurisprudence is the suit *in rem*, a mode of proceeding that had its origin in the civil law. No person is made defendant in such a suit. Instead, the vessel or other thing proceeded against is itself seized and impleaded. It is held that a state court can have no jurisdiction of a suit *in rem*, which is cognizable by the district court. On the other hand, it is settled beyond dispute that the admiralty courts of the United States are vested with jurisdiction of proceedings *in personam* as well as *in rem*. However, the common law courts always offer a remedy

in personam, and the right to pursue this course of redress is saved to every litigant by the provision of the Judiciary Act of 1789. Of such suits the admiralty and common law courts have concurrent jurisdiction.

Contracts and torts are the two phases of the law which bring about most of the actions in the admiralty courts. It may be said generally that any civil cause arising from an act or contract pertaining to navigation is within the jurisdiction of the admiralty courts. The nature and subject matter of the contract, not the locality, is the test. On the other hand, if the cause is one sounding in tort it must appear that the wrongful act occurred on waters to which the jurisdiction of the court extends. If a contract relates to a matter, transaction, or service that depends on, assists or furthers transportation on navigable waters of the United States, then, as a general rule, it is a maritime contract, and rights and liabilities dependent on it are cognizable by the district courts sitting as courts of admiralty. Contracts preceding and leading up to maritime contracts are not within the court's jurisdiction. Hence, state laws giving liens on vessels for labor performed and materials furnished in their construction are valid, and the enforcement of such liens belongs to state tribunals.

In the admiralty courts the pleading and practice generally conforms to civil law. It seems that there is little attention paid to form. There is always an effort made to determine a cause on merit. Where possible, there is a joinder of causes and suits if by such consolidation justice can be done. At all times the courts of admiralty encourage joinder of parties. As to process, the admonition is given to the respondent to come into court. The term *in rem* is used where the vessel is arrested or taken, and action is against the vessel where it is found. In suits in personam the process may be in the form of a simple monition in the nature of a summons to appear and answer the suit. The parties to a suit in an admiralty court are the libellant, who is at common law the plaintiff, and the respondent, more familiarly known as

the defendant, while the complaint is known in the courts of admiralty as the "libel."

The maritime lien differs from that of the common-law lien in that the common-law lien depends on possession, while the maritime lien does not. The maritime lien is founded on principles of commercial policy, and originally it was allowed for the purpose of giving credit to the ships to enable the master to obtain, in a foreign port, the things necessary to the safe and successful prosecution of his voyage. A maritime lien, unlike a lien at common law, may exist, in many cases, without possession, either actual or constructive, of the thing upon which it is asserted. If the lien is the product of a contract or a tort which is maritime in character, then it is a maritime lien, although it owes its existence to a state statute and not to the general maritime law. It seems, then, that states may create maritime liens, but may not provide for their enforcement in state courts. However, states may provide liens and state courts may enforce them provided the transaction is not strictly maritime, that is, dealing strictly with navigation. In case of torts, the vessel is considered the wrongdoer, and action for damages may be maintained against the vessel even in the hands of an innocent purchaser. According to the law of the United States, the master may pledge the credit of the vessel where it is necessary to do so. "Through all time," says Valin, "by the use and custom of the seas, it has been allowable for the master to borrow money on bottomry or otherwise, upon the hull and keel of the vessel, for repairs, provisions, and other necessaries, to enable him to continue the voyage."

The lien of the mariner for his wages is one of the oldest and best recognized of maritime liens. Seamen's wages, according to the favorite saying of Lord Stowell and of Mr. Justice Story, are sacred liens, and as long as a plank of the ship remains the sailor is entitled, against all other persons, to the proceeds as a security for his wages. The maritime lien confers upon its holder such a right in the thing that he may subject it to condemnation

and sale to satisfy his demands. A lienor may proceed in rem in the admiralty courts, or he may waive his lien and bring a suit in personam in the same jurisdiction, or he may elect not to go into admiralty at all and may resort to his common-law remedy in the state courts.

While this brief sketch of the law of admiralty may not be of special value to the student of the law, and of no peculiar interest to the layman, it serves its purpose if it presents a few of the most important aspects of a great branch of the law. The law of admiralty is not so frequently or widely used or consulted as certain other branches of the law, and for this very reason students of the law may fail to give it the consideration it deserves. In the words of an eminent jurist, "When a person needs the law he needs it badly, then and there."

Milepost

By TELGIP

WEARILY he leaned against the milepost and viewed the little town before him. His face was a deep study—a hard face, with a warmth and softness about the eyes.

He looked upon the milepost. "Welcome to Hollis—One Mile." He was fifty; an old, old man for fifty. Again he looked upon the sign, "Welcome to Hollis——" He wondered as he mused.

"Let's see. Twenty-eight years ago I passed this spot, going out into the world, going to——. What was it? I've almost forgotten—oh, yes, a lawyer. A lawyer—ha! What a flop! Didn't even finish law school—gave it up for a good job."

A splinter in the milepost pricked him from his reveries. Why had he come back? What had been the call that drew him back to the town of his birth? Why had he, a failure, not stayed out in the world, where nothing was expected, instead of coming here, the only place where he would be judged?

He knew the answer. There was love down there for him. The old group, every one of whom had loved him best, were still there. Why, he could hear them now: "Well, well, well, ole Grady himself! Had a little tough luck, didn't you? Drop by the house tonight. I think I've got something that will interest you."

A few years back Grady would not have relished the thought of this. But now, Grady was beaten, and he knew it. He wanted to go down there among his friends. He welcomed the love and opportunities they would offer.

A new light shone in his eyes as he started down the short, winding path leading to the village. There was that old cabin—completely wrecked, now. He remembered how he and the other youths of the town had charged upon it, pouring a heavy fire upon it with their

new twenty-two rifles, much to the discomfort of a tramp who happened to be reposing there.

Now his feet were upon the pavement of the sidewalks. Though he had not seen even one person, it felt great to be home. "Why, there is Charlie turning in at that green gate—that must be his home—and there—there comes his wife out to meet him. Charlie!"

The neatly dressed gentleman stopped abruptly and turned a perplexed countenance toward the call. A shabby figure hobbled toward him with outstretched hand. Charlie's wife looked up at her husband questioningly.

"Don't remember me, do you, Charlie? Ole Grady—Grady himself."

"Grady? Let's see—oh, yes. Grady, who lived in the big brick house upon the hill. Er—I—er—thought you were going to be a—a—wasn't it a doctor?"

A shadow crossed the old man's face—then quickly passed. He looked up into the face of his friend with a foolish little smile upon his face—a world of trust in his eyes.

"Well, Grady, it's—it's about dinner time now. Suppose you"—his wife gave him a horrified look—"suppose you—er—drop in later in the day." Then he and his wife walked into the house—and closed the door.

Then it was that Grady saw the reality of his dreamings. This was the way it would be. They—his friends—would be busy with their own affairs—not interested in him, a failure.

With a broken, sobbing laugh he stumbled blindly through the gate, starting across the road.

A curse—a grinding of brakes—and the despairing scream of a man mortally wounded. The heavy car stopped against the curb. People came from everywhere, hastening toward the figure lying, quite still, in the dirt of the road.

He was dying—and yet, somehow, he didn't mind so much. There was no pain. He was drifting, going back—why, there was his mother! He was just a little kid, and

his mother was urging his playful feet, step by step, up the stairs to bed. She—she was kneeling beside the bed—and he—oh, God! he was going to say his prayers!

A big, professional-looking man bent over the dying figure. He placed his ear close to the moving lips of the man. He started—turned pale—for he heard: "If I should die before I wake, I pray——"

A Tribute

By SENOI

These roses, fresh as April, moist with dew,
Laden with all the fragrance of the May
And of a thousand Junes now passed away,
I plucked in early morn, thinking of you:
The white, the red—each to its nature true—
Planted by unseen hand in Life's young day,
A joy to sober Age and Childhood gay,
Comfort when life is dark and grief is new.

Some say the white should stand for purity,
The red for love, unchanged through changing years,
Constant in storm, paled not by Death's own fears;
All this, and more, these roses mean to me:
Symbols of all the graces, rare, divine,
The graces that are you, O Mother mine.

A True Eldorado

By W. W. CONROON

THIS Eldorado of Ponce de Leon was as vain as it was visionary. But, my friends, let me tell you of a true Eldorado, an Eldorado which exists in the full refulgence of this modern day of progress and transition, in this wondrous age of locomotion, an Eldorado yet more splendid than that of which the Spaniard dreamed in vain. This Eldorado of which I speak comprises that commonwealth which is frontiered on the north by another, serene in a just pride of her past as the mother of states and statesmen; bordered on the west by the rugged grandeur of towering mountains, silent sentinels of the grace and beauty of kindred states; southroned by hospitable people who have wrought amazing thrift 'mid cotton fields and palmetto groves; while her eastern line is caressed by the gentle surges of the Atlantic.

It is the home of a brave, hospitable, and homogeneous people. 'Tis here that is centered all that can please or prosper human kind. A perfect climate, above soil fertile and varied, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. In the same fields the clovers steal the fragrance of gentle winds and tobacco catches the sweet aroma of orderly rains. Thou favored land—truly an Eldorado—magic commonwealth whose rapid and steady strides in every line of civic endeavor at this hour are the marvel of a mighty republic, we love to call thee—**NORTH CAROLINA!**

With startling rapidity North Carolina, already among the first states in agriculture, is, with her southern sister states, moving away from the one-crop idea that was once her curse. Now the soil that produces cotton invites the grains and grasses, and often carpets the fields of winter with the verdure of spring. Grains and legumes thrive in the same inclosure. Improved herds and flocks graze throughout the year in fields and meadows over which winter is but a passing breath, and in which spring and

autumn meet in summer's glad embrace. Here the farmer no longer slaves in the fields, but commands modern machinery to do his task. Rare is mortgage upon his home, and rarer still is there lien upon his crops, cultivated not by the hands of sullen and discontented labor, but springing from peaceful and inviting fields in which laughter and song rise above the hum of industry and contentment runs with gliding plow.

But agriculture, basic as it is, alone cannot rear or sustain permanent prosperity. North Carolina has realized this economic law. Within touch of field, forest, and mine, set amid sunny lands, North Carolina has harnessed her mighty streams and made them turn myriad spindles, the whirr of which is mingled with the melody of native voices.

Under the wide and rapid diversification of both agriculture and industry, North Carolina, as representative of all southern states, is thrilling with new life and conscious of growth of power and prosperity. She has built up a system of industries that shall dazzle and illumine the world. Already this commonwealth has challenged the spindles of Massachusetts, the quarries of Vermont, the factories of Grand Rapids, the foundries of Pennsylvania, and the varied mines of the world. Today North Carolina has the largest hosiery mills in the world, and the largest towel mill, manufacturing enough towels each year that if placed end to end would twice girdle the earth. Three out of every four men in the United States who wear blue overalls are clad in denim made in the mills of North Carolina, while her damask mills supply more than one-half of the table covers and napkins used in the Republic. She has the second largest aluminum plant, the largest underwear factory, and the third largest pulp tannery. She leads the world in the manufacture of tobacco, with more than one-fourth of all the world's supply, the excellence of which is advertised on the Pyramids of Egypt. The Federal Government derives a tax from the tobacco products of North Carolina which is

second only to the import duties garnered in the great port of New York City; thus the industries of North Carolina contribute more to the support of the Federal Government than those of any other state.

She ranks first in the value and quality of mica produced, and first in the value and quality of millstone. The bowels of her mountains supply the feldspar and kaolin from which more than one-half of America's crockery is made. Her talc commands the highest price of any mined in the United States, and is borne in the vanity cases of maidens throughout the world. The product of her furniture factories adds comfort and charm to countless homes throughout the Republic.

Her ceramic industries are unrivaled, though yet in their infancy. In marble and granite she has no rival as to quality or quantity, while in yellow pine and hardwoods North Carolina is the world's treasury.

Sounds and rivers of eastern North Carolina are the largest inland waters on the American coast, and in terms of potential wealth the most valuable waters on earth, offering in finfish a distinct advantage and in shellfish an easy supremacy.

The wide reaches of our famous peach orchards flourish above gold mines that rival those of California. The supremacy of our apple crop arises 'mid the beauty and splendor of mountains in which are stored priceless and inexhaustible minerals, whose wide variety gives North Carolina just distinction as the only State in the Union which fills every blank in the census report.

North Carolina's magnificent network of highways, more than six thousand miles of enduring concrete, is admired by every tourist and presents an unprecedented achievement. With incredible swiftness we have removed the burden of an oppressive mud tax; we have abbreviated time; we have facilitated communication, annihilated space, extended the horizon of communities, and banished the barriers of isolation. This achievement, made possible by the investment of many millions of the public funds and disbursed by officials without the slight-

est whisper or suspicion of graft, is as unusual as it is gratifying.

My people have resolved to crown the miracles of the past and the splendors of the present with the spectacle of a commonwealth serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all things of earth must come in God's appointed time, and presenting to the fixed gaze of the world an ideal State, a perfect commonwealth—A TRUE ELDORADO—my own beloved and native State—North Carolina!

Music--Another Point of View

By CHARLES T. LAWRENCE, JR.

THE needle is screwed tightly in, the record placed on the turntable, and the motor started. A well-known singer is heard singing a modern composition.

The snap of a switch—the turn of a dial—a station is selected—a well-known orchestra is heard. The strains of the same tune come over the ether waves to greet the ear of the listener.

A ticket is purchased—the usher shows you a seat—the picture starts, and a “talkie” is in action. Again the same song delights the seeker of entertainment.

What a wondrous age we live in! Listen to the phonograph, as it faithfully gives a concert from a wax disc. Listen to the radio as it brings down from space the music of the air. Listen to the shadow from the screen as it entertains you as if from a musical comedy.

Everything has become modernized—styles, automobiles, homes, schools, necessities, and luxuries. Why cannot music be treated the same way?

It is very true that the classic work of immortals will always be with us; but can't we accept the modern? We have classics of literature preserved through the ages to delight ourselves with, and we have present-day literature. It is just the same way in music.

There is one thing that quite a few people seem to have mixed. There is a difference between popular music and jazz. The difference is so great that you hardly have the real jazz compositions on ordinary sheet music for an individual to play; it takes a whole orchestra to do that with the desired effect.

Popular music, as I conceive it, is music being produced at the present age. Take the theme songs of the talkies for examples. They were written to bring out the desired effects of the picture, and through sheer enjoyment of the music the demand for them became so great that they were published.

This music I term popular. Why? Because it is in such popular demand by the public.

Another phase to look at: modern music is from the side of jazz. Something just a little different, something just a little more unique, something that almost compels one to pat his foot as though he were a soldier tramping to martial music. As I have mentioned before, in almost every case it takes an orchestra to render properly these selections—in the proper time, snap, temperature, and general dance value for which these pieces are used almost exclusively. These are tiresome to the ear, to be sure, if heard over and over again; but what does the average dancer care about the tune to which he is listening? He notices only the time, and pays the other part of his time to the young lady with whom he glides across the floor. Practically every time one hears these on the radio, they are not being played for the amusement of the listener, but for the benefit of a crowd of pleasure-seekers at some supper club. Nevertheless, the listener likes it, and nine times out of ten he is himself dancing.

Now, just where did this jazz come from? Let us turn back the pages of history and see if we can find the real origin of music.

As far as has been traced, the drum is the earliest of musical instruments. Now, just what tune can anyone play on a drum? None, to be sure; but when hit rhythmically, in time, doesn't it impart a certain brilliance to music that would be lacking if the drum were left out? The drummer is still with the orchestra, and in most cases is the highest paid man in the company.

Even the most primitive instrument is still with us, in a modernized form to be sure. Musical instruments, with some exceptions, have become modern with time. The piano is a good example; the pipe organ a better one.

During this development the compositions to be played on various instruments have been composed. Then the instruments were combined to play together, with special parts and assignments for each.

The philharmonic concert orchestra is the most majes-

tic of all musical organizations, and the music it plays rightly entitles it to this honor. But there are not very many philharmonic orchestras, and their music is not available to everyone.

The modern orchestra is a well-balanced organization that really makes a living playing "jazz" and popular music; but all the better orchestras can render the classics as well. They play music to suit the moods of people, and people who go to their concerts expect to hear the music that they wish to satisfy their moods.

Everyone has a tiny touch of rhythm about him. It may not be visible, or it may not show itself noticeably, but it is there just the same.

Don't you often find yourself humming the tune of some popular piece of music? Is it from a musical comedy of ten years ago, or is it one of the war-time tunes? How can you consider these otherwise than popular? They were extremely popular at the time of composition, and some still are.

The youth of this age would be almost spiritless, a much changed youth, a youth with a certain mode of expression made dumb, should these tunes be suddenly taken away. Why? Because every youth of every age has had some popular music to sing, dance, or whistle. I can imagine how popular "Turkey In the Straw" must have been when it was first sawed from the strings of an 1850 fiddle. It was certainly as popular as some of our modern pieces.

Times have changed, peoples have changed, music has changed. We still hear the old ballads of Ben Jonson and others. They were once popular. We still hear "Turkey In the Straw" and other Civil War tunes. They were once popular. We still hear tunes sung during the Great War. They are still popular.

Now, why hasn't our modern music a just reason to be popular? Why hasn't it a right to be struck from the keys of pianos with as much enjoyment as the classics?

The Standard Man

By WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT

THE three Fates of the ancient Greek mythology and the three Norns of the Scandinavian mythology, which determined the life of every individual, were a sort of pictorial, poetic representation of the fact that there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will. Remote and unsubstantial as they now appear, they have their counterpart in modern science. Only we give them different names. Instead of Fates, we speak of Factors. They are Environment, Training, Heredity.

By Environment is meant the total situation into which one is born. It includes life's physical surroundings of climate, food, shelter; also, the climate of opinion and sentiment, the intellectual and moral standards, the social conventions, all the influences which play upon life from without. Under their action life is passive.

The importance of this factor in determining life may be seen in one or two considerations. Life is not possible in an unfavorable environment. Indeed, life has been defined as correspondence with environment. Moreover, types of life are seen to be modified in responsive adjustment to a changing environment. In the case of man, environment is most extensive and varied, and its influence is correspondingly great. Civilization is a certain sort of environment, and the progress of civilization is simply improvement in the environment of human life. Social institutions and laws relate to the external conditions of life, not to life itself.

The environment is good if it favors the development of strength for wholesome activity and for resisting evil, if it favors the making of good habits. It is bad if it tends to retard development or favors the making of bad habits.

The second factor, Training, includes all our work, our play, our intercourse. As George Eliot says somewhere, our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds. In training life is active.

Our formal education is not reception, but awakening. That row of little earthen jugs on the recitation bench, with the teacher sedulously pouring into them what had previously been poured into him, does not represent education. Our fellowships educate us. One life signals to another. Deep calleth unto deep. The contacts malevolent or gracious of personal intercourse with our contemporaries or with our predecessors surviving in books awaken and "draw us out."

The drudging student trims his lamp,
Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place
Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched gown close,
Dreams, "Thus should I fight, save, or rule the world."

It is the active effort in response which constitutes education. Even learning, or the acquisition of knowledge, which may still be regarded as an element in education, is limited, according to the new psychology, to two processes—trial and error and association. The first is obviously active. The second is but another name for fellowship with its power to call out into action our native instincts and capacities.

Character conceived as the end of education is the sum of our organized responses, the set of our reactions. The idea is neatly expressed in our common word, "You know where to find him."

The third factor which determines the individual life is Heredity. It has been variously defined, but the differences of definition are chiefly verbal. Heredity is the tendency of offspring to develop characters (features) like those of their parents; or germinal resemblance between organisms related by descent; or resemblance based on descent.

Heredity is of the greatest importance. It supplies the substance of life, the material upon which the other factors operate. It determines our nature, what we start

life with, what we are by virtue of our ancestry. It can be conceived to be different only in case of a different parentage. Heredity ordains our inborn gifts and capacities, limitations, weaknesses, defects. It sets the boundaries beyond which no favoring external conditions, no intelligence or assiduity of training, no passion of ambition, is ever able to transport us. Besides, while environment and training affect only the existing generation, heredity affects all succeeding generations.

These three factors, which may be shortly described as what we have, what we do, what we are, supply the material and the impulse of life and fix its direction and bounds. In nature they are not as sharply distinguishable in the total result as it is convenient to represent them here. They probably interact inextricably. They may be graphically represented by the sides of a triangle. If the "legs" of the triangle represent environment and training and the base heredity, the shape and area of the triangle vary according to the length of each of the legs, even though the base remain unchanged. The application of this fact is manifest.

Permit me now to call attention to a curious fact. There has been little improvement of the human stock within the historic period. A single illustration will be enough. Two centuries of Athenian history, B.C. 500-300, made a larger contribution of genius than any two subsequent centuries, including the last two. Sir Francis Galton's comparison may possibly be extravagant, but it must be remembered that, beginning with his "Inquiries Into Human Faculty" of 1883, he gathered a larger mass of fact than any other student in this field. He says that the Athenian race of the centuries named was as superior to the present English race as the present English race is superior to the present African race. Did not the men of that remote period set the standard of achievement for all the later time?—in statesmanship, Themistocles and Pericles; in philosophy, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle (130 courses are offered in Aristotle today in Oxford); in art, Praxiteles and Phidias; in poetry, Æschylus,

Sophocles, and Euripides with his drippings of warm tears, as Mrs. Browning sees him; in oratory, Demosthenes, Lysias, and Isocrates. I recall that President Harding and Pericles made funeral orations over the dead of their country.

In striking contrast with this relatively stationary biological inheritance, the social inheritance of the race has extended amazingly in complexity and range. Man's world has developed faster than man's capacities. Is not this the explanation of the maladjustment and defeat which characterize our time? As one has said, it is like setting a cave man down on Fifth Avenue.

I venture to advance some considerations in explanation of the anomaly of progress in the human environment and training, on the one hand, and no progress in the human heredity.

1. During all the lapsing centuries the emphasis has been strong upon environment and training, slight or nil upon heredity. When we speak of the old world and the new, the differentia always relates to environment and training. Indeed, the term civilization itself connotes these two factors. We forget the man and the woman who alone give significance to civilization. When they showed the eminent historian Renan through the brilliant corridors of the Paris Exposition and pressed him for his impression, he only said, "I have been thinking how many exquisite things there are that we can do without."

2. In cases where the human stock has been weak or degenerate, the treatment has been palliative, not remedial and preventive. Of course, betterment and relief are as noble as necessary, but they are costly and superficial as compared with the effort to forestall.

3. The best blood of the race has been wasted in ever-recurring wars, or polluted by unrestricted matings.

4. There has been a conspiracy of silence on this fundamental matter by all the agencies of enlightenment—the home, the school, the press, the church. It has been curtly dismissed as "not nice," as a fad in vulgarity. The

superstition that a given percentage of disease and defect is decreed of Providence has been operative. The canker and tragedy of the social evil are condoned as "necessary," humanity rots at the roots, and we acquiesce. It is further said in justification of this silence that there is peril in bringing the phenomena of sex into the focus of attention. Better let sleeping dogs lie. Moreover, the attitude of reticence and mysticism in regard to the physical basis and connotations of love refines it to a spiritual attraction and decorates it with the embroideries of sentiment and romance. To open out its evolutionary history and its hereditary issue can only degrade it and turn a herd of swine into life's holy of holies.

And it must be remembered that our knowledge of heredity and its application to man was very meager up to the year 1900.

Now, however, the conspiracy of silence is broken. To the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops in 1920 a committee presented the following statement: "Whatever there may have been to say in the past in favor of a policy of silence on such subjects, the time for such a policy is now gone." As Mr. Wells puts it, where there are no dark corners, there is little fermentation, little foulness or infection. We have seen the peril of feeble-mindedness and insanity multiplying under the cloak of silence. One in three hundred of our population is feeble-minded, one in three hundred is insane. Probably eight per cent of us are a burden on the back of the rest of us. The progressive degeneracy of the race from mismatings and anomalies in early sex life presented a dangerous possibility before which no social convention could stand. And the dogs were found not to be asleep. Innocence was already violated by an underground system of education—ignorant nurses, the gossip of unclean and uninformed companions, quacks and patent medicine venders, sex books, and personal adventures. We saw, too, that the peril was exaggerated by the industrial revolution, which necessitated the congestion of population in the centers of manufacture and went far toward substituting the factory for

the home. The boys and girls flocked to the city. The boy made his own money and spent it, consulting nobody. The girl took timidly her first steps toward independence and self-support, and walked at night on the city streets unattended, and slept she knew not under whose roof. And the wage was meager. The elemental love of play and the elemental sex susceptibility were commercialized in the dance hall, the gilded gate of hell. And now the severe discipline of the World War is relaxed. It is succeeded by an artificial gaiety and the infection of moral license. It is tragic, indeed, when the peril of our children overflows into succeeding generations and spreads from centers of infection to involve thousands of innocent victims. It is hardly less tragic to continue the policy of silence and neglect and allow the waste and pollution of our best blood, which is the Nation's most precious possession.

An important feature of the new situation is our lately won knowledge of heredity and its applicability to man. Since the discovery of the revolutionary work of Mendel an army of workers in all parts of the world has enormously extended the science of heredity. Different types of animals and plants are now made to order by selective breeding on Mendelian principles. It is commonplace of practical biology to control heredity for the improvement of the stock. As far back as 1883 Galton proposed the name Eugenics for this science of race improvement through the control of heredity. Many of our human traits are now predictable in a given mating. Knowledge of the inheritance of physical features is now precise enough to be applied with assurance to cases of doubtful parentage. Nevertheless, our knowledge is yet far too limited and public sentiment too unfavorable and hostile for the practical application of what is known as positive Eugenics, that is, selective mating of the fittest for race improvement. We cannot go too fast. But there can be no doubt that we are ready for the application of negative Eugenics, that is, restrictive mating for the elimination of the obviously unfit. The feeble-minded, the insane, the

epileptic, the inebriate, the congenital defective of any type, and the victim of chronic contagious diseases ought to be denied the opportunity of perpetuating their kind to the inevitable deterioration of the race.

CONCLUSIONS

1. We discover the limitations and relative superficiality of our work in education.

2. The responsibility of teachers does not end with the existing generation. Our ministry in many cases does actually extend to two generations; but in any case we must train one generation for the advantage of the next.

3. Biology must be required of all students. A large section of that science deals with these matters, and the biological approach is the proper approach.

4. Human nature can be changed, brass-tack philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding.

a. Manifestly the first two factors in the production of the standard man can be changed. They are amenable to science. The social and psychic inheritance is in the hands of the teachers, is transmissible by them, changeable by them. Witness the transformation of Japan and of Germany in a single generation.

b. The third factor, heredity, can be changed. Read Ezekiel 18:1-4, which I interpret to mean, your heredity is not your fate. Of course, the individual once here is predetermined in important aspects of his nature. But coming individuals may be saved from hereditary defects and handicaps.

c. But the best heredity is not good enough. The twist and taint consolidated in a long line of continuous germ-plasm need to be corrected and expunged. The capacities given in heredity need to be called out, newly related, controlled, and directed to worthy ends. The standard man will be well born, well conditioned, well trained, but also born again. Accordingly, I propose a modification of the triangle of life given earlier in this address, in order that it may embody the Christian standard. I name the three sides: Eugenics, the science of being well born; Euthenics, the science of being well conditioned, and Anagenics, the science of being born again.

Rev. William Hooper

By G. W. PASCHAL

REVEREND WILLIAM HOOPER, D.D., LL.D., the second President of Wake Forest College, was the grandson of William Hooper, one of the three who signed the Declaration of Independence for North Carolina. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all named William, the first William Hooper having been a famous preacher of Boston, first of the Congregational Church, but later taking orders in England and becoming a member of the Church of England. The grandfather of our William Hooper had come to North Carolina about the time of the death of his father, in 1767, and had made his home in Wilmington, where he practiced the profession of law. Here his abilities were soon recognized and he became one of the most prominent men, socially and politically, in the Province. Being an ardent patriot, he was elected one of the North Carolina representatives to the Continental Congress.

About the father of Dr. Hooper very little is known, except that he lived at Wilmington and died young. But his mother was during her long life one of the leaders in the social life of Chapel Hill and the State. She was Helen Hogg, a daughter of William Hogg, a lawyer of Hillsboro and one of the commissioners who selected the site for the University of North Carolina. According to Dr. Kemp P. Battle, she "had moved from girlhood in as polished society as the United States afforded." Soon after the death of her husband she had moved with her two sons, William and Thomas Clark, to Chapel Hill, in order to educate them. Here, in 1807, she, "a fascinating young widow," became the second wife of President Joseph Caldwell, who had shortly before lost his first wife, and, according to Battle again, "she adorned the station by the graciousness of her manners, the activity of her benevolence and leadership in good works." She survived President Caldwell by eleven years, dying in 1846. Her

oldest son, William, was born in Hillsboro on August 31, 1792. He died in Chapel Hill on August 19, 1876, lacking only eleven days of completing his eighty-fourth year. I am taking the following account of the facts of his life from Dr. Battle's History of the University of North Carolina:

He entered the University of North Carolina (as "Prep" in 1804), obtained his degree of A.B. in 1809 and A.M. in 1812; was tutor in the University, 1810-17, and Professor of Ancient Languages, 1817-22. He studied at Princeton Theological Seminary, 1812-13. His mother was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and naturally he followed her footsteps for a time. He was made a Deacon in 1819, and ordained Priest in 1822. He resigned his professorship and was Rector of St. John's Church, Fayetteville, 1822-24. In 1825 he rejoined the University, as Professor of Logic, 1825-28, and then held his old chair of Ancient Languages until 1837.

In 1831 he became dissatisfied with the doctrines of the Episcopal Church on the subject of regeneration and infant baptism, and joined the Baptist denomination. In 1838-40 he was Theological Professor in Furman Institute in South Carolina; Professor of Roman Literature in the South Carolina College, 1840-46, and President pro tempore; President of Wake Forest College, 1846-49; teacher of a classical school for boys near Littleton, 1849-51; Pastor of the Baptist Church at New Bern, 1852-54; President of Chowan Female Institute, Murfreesboro, 1855-61; teacher in the Female Seminary, Fayetteville, 1861-65, and associate principal, with his son-in-law, Professor John DeBerniere Hooper, of Wilson Collegiate Seminary for Young Ladies, 1866-75, when he removed with his son-in-law to Chapel Hill. He received the honorary degree of Master of Arts (A.M.) from the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University, in 1888, that of Doctor of Divinity from the University of North Carolina in 1857, and that of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) elsewhere.

Dr. Hooper married in December, 1814, Fanny P., daughter of Colonel Edward Jones, Solicitor-General of North Carolina. They had seven children. . . . The descendants of Dr. Hooper are the only descendants of William Hooper, the signer, his other children having left no issue.

Dr. Hooper's labors were too numerous and too various for complete discussion in this sketch. His religious influence on the denomination of his adoption was sweet and refining; in education he was a student and a prophet; as a writer, speaker, preacher he was distinguished for

productions showing moral no less than literary power and charm of style.

Dr. Hooper's conversion to the Baptist view and his becoming a member of the Baptist Church caused much satisfaction to the Baptists of this State. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, in an article in *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT*, stated it was eleven years after Dr. Hooper first became disturbed about the subject of baptism before he joined the Baptists, being baptized by Patrick W. Dowd into the fellowship of Mt. Carmel Church, near Chapel Hill. But because he no longer believed with the Episcopal Church he resigned his work with the Fayetteville Church seven years before his baptism in 1831. For six years after this he was active in the meetings of the Sandy Creek Association and of the Baptist State Convention, preaching the introductory sermons, writing reports of committees, and looking after the interests of the Baptists generally. At the Convention of 1832, which met at Rives's Chapel in Chatham County, he was chairman of the committee which recommended the purchase of the farm on which Wake Forest Institute was established. But perhaps the most important work he did as a member of the Convention was the report on education, which he wrote in 1837 at the meeting at May's Chapel in Chatham County. In the previous year the Convention had adopted a report recommending the endowing of a Professorship of Sacred Literature in the Institute at Wake Forest. While seeing and pointing out the advantages of having such instruction in the College at Wake Forest, Dr. Hooper showed that it would fall far short of providing all that the young minister needed, and went on to recommend that the Baptists of North Carolina should seek to join with the Baptists of other States in the establishment of a theological seminary which, by the united support of several states, could be made much better than any one state would be able to establish and support. Since it was probably this report that caused the Baptists of North Carolina to abandon the plan of some among them to make Wake Forest a theological school as well as a college,

and led them to cooperate with the Baptists of other Southern States in the establishment of a theological seminary, I think it well to give here enough of that report to indicate how thoroughly Dr. Hooper understood the problem involved and the character of education needed. He says:

But as such a professorship would not be in itself a sufficient provision for the education of young ministers, your present committee would submit to the serious consideration of the Convention the expediency of further provision for the thorough preparation of our young ministers for their sacred work. It appears to your committee that, in the present advanced state of knowledge, our denomination will require a seminary of more ample endowments and opportunities than the strength of our church in any one State is adequate to. The several denominations of Christians in our country seem to have agreed that a course of study of three years, after the completion of a college education, is not too much for furnishing the teachers of Christianity with the knowledge and mental discipline requisite for the various exigencies to which they will be called in this enlightened day.

They will be called, not only to instruct the ignorant and persuade the careless, but to defend the foundations of our faith against the attacks of ingenious infidels; to detect and expose and refute false doctrine, and to maintain against learned and acute antagonists the peculiarities of our denomination. Unless they are carefully prepared for these various contingencies of their spiritual warfare, they must be exposed unarmed to the fraud and subtlety of the adversaries of truth, and often endure the grief and shame of seeing that precious truth, of which they are the professed advocates and champions, wounded sorely through the want of their ability to defend it. Our young ministers are aware of the necessity of this sound and thorough preparation for their sacred function, and therefore will not be satisfied with a limited and superficial course of instruction which will not put them on a par with their young brethren of other denominations. They will, if they do not find competent instruction in seminaries near at hand, repair to distant and better institutions. Thus new habits and connections are formed, not so well fitted for their usefulness in this part of our country, and many of them have new fields of labor opening to them elsewhere, whereby our southern country is deprived of the services of her native youth, to whom she was looking for a future supply of pastors. To prevent this unfortunate result, your committee think the only remedy will be for several of the Southern States to unite in the support of a theological school.

We have seen that Dr. Hooper early showed an interest in the establishment of the school at Wake Forest and that he was one of the charter members of the Board of Trustees. It is probable that his influence had something to do with the uniform good will which the friends of the University showed to the institution in its early days, and that but for the good will thus gained Wake Forest would never have got a charter from the Legislature. At the first meeting of the trustees, on May 3-5, 1834, the Board elected him, though absent, its President, which position he declined to accept, "because of indisposition." He also declined to accept the position of Professor of Moral Philosophy to which the trustees elected him in December, 1834. But his interest in the institution continued. We have seen that he left the State in 1838 and taught two years at Furman Theological Institution and later went to the College, now the University, of South Carolina. He was still laboring here when the trustees, on October 17, 1845, asked him to become President of Wake Forest College, to succeed Rev. Samuel Wait, resigned. So far as the records show, however, Dr. Hooper did not enter on the duties of his office until January, 1847. The reason for this does not appear. Possibly it was because he was waiting for the house designed for him, the brick house just to the north of the Campus, which was not yet vacated in the summer of 1846; possibly he was not free to leave the College of South Carolina earlier.

When Dr. Hooper became President the fortunes of the College were at the lowest ebb in its history. The number of students had dropped to fifty-four; it was staggering under a debt of twenty thousand dollars which many despaired of ever seeing paid; the enthusiasm, if not the loyalty, of the friends of the College in the eastern part of the State had been greatly lessened by the employment on the faculty of men from the North, one of whom, though a very discreet and able man, was known to be an abolitionist; and in this connection it was remembered that the able and much loved John Armstrong had been lost to the College and the State when, on his return from

Europe, he found another man from the North occupying the place for which he had a tenure on leave of absence. Accordingly, it was the confident expectation that with Dr. Hooper, to the manner born and a true Southerner, as President, all this would be speedily corrected.

And, in fact, though the magical transformation seemingly expected did not come, yet with the election of Dr. Hooper to the presidency the affairs of the College took a turn for the better. Some of the former friends became active again. Among these was George W. Hufham of Duplin, who now came forward with a plan for lifting the debt from the College; the agents of the College began to work with a new enthusiasm, and before Dr. Hooper's term was over Rev. James S. Purefoy announced in the *Biblical Recorder* that subscriptions for the entire amount of the debt had been secured, although several weary years were yet to elapse before it was finally paid in full. The number of students, also, began to increase. A renewed interest in the College was manifest in the State. But for all this it is evident that among the trustees and others there was a sense of disappointment that more was not accomplished under the administration of Dr. Hooper.

We know very little about the internal affairs of the College at this time. The records of the trustees are very scant; there were only the rarest and briefest notices of Wake Forest events in the *Biblical Recorder*, for it does not seem that the editor, Rev. Thomas Meredith, visited the College while Hooper was President. One thing is certain: Dr. Hooper had not been at Wake Forest long before he became convinced that he was a misfit and was planning to resign. He offered his resignation at the commencement in June, 1848. Though he was induced to withdraw it, he again offered it in the fall of the same year, and left the College in June, 1849.

The reason usually given for Dr. Hooper's giving up the work at Wake Forest is that he became discouraged because of the financial embarrassment of the College. The records, however, do not bear out this supposition; we

have seen that the financial affairs of the College began to show marked signs of improvement during his administration. The real reason for his leaving was different. With all his great qualities, with all the beautiful symmetry of his character in which was blended intellectual and moral excellence, with all his great kindness and amiable affection of heart, he was hardly fitted by nature to be the head of a college for men. He was too artless and sincere. His tastes and aptitudes were rather those of the scholar, the preacher, the thinker, the author. He was in his fifty-fifth year when he came to Wake Forest, and it was too late in life for him to change. It is also highly probable that on his coming here Dr. Hooper did not find such social conditions as satisfied his family. Wake Forest at that time was a very small village, its inhabitants consisting of fewer than a dozen families, mostly those of members of the faculty. Few of them had any great amount of culture or knew anything of such social life as the Hoopers had found at Chapel Hill, Greenville, and Columbia. About the only common meeting ground was the church, of which both Dr. Hooper and his wife became members, though Dr. Hooper with much reluctance displaced Dr. Wait as pastor. With deep humility and with pious zeal and warmth of soul Dr. Hooper served the church in magnanimous unconsciousness of the superiority which all accorded him (Jordan). But even in the church it is doubtful if a man of Hooper's known liberal views, especially on the Lord's Supper, was regarded with anything less than suspicion by such strict contenders for the faith as Brooks and Walters, two of the most active members of the church at that time.

Such, I think, were the real reasons for Dr. Hooper's short stay at Wake Forest. I fear that there was something else of like nature which does not appear, for Dr. Hooper left the College never, so far as I have found, to return again. But he loved Wake Forest to the end, and was heard to say in his last years that he had lost the greatest opportunity of his life when he gave up the presidency. And it is certain that lovers of the College

Wm

have felt and will continue to feel that the fact that this great and good man was even for a little while its President has added undying luster to its early years.

Before passing to other things, let me say that during his first year, at the request of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Hooper succeeded in getting a postoffice at the College, which was called "Wake Forest College," with W. Hooper as postmaster. It was discontinued after a few years, probably when Dr. Hooper left Wake Forest, for it turned out that the members of the faculty as well as the students preferred to go to Forestville for their mail, since they enjoyed the walk and got to see the train.

The great accomplishment, however, of Dr. Hooper as President of the College was the wholesome and stimulating formative influence on the minds of the students. It was during Dr. Hooper's term as President that Washington Manly Wingate was a student at the College. By their fruits ye shall know them. Many of the fine traits of mind and character of the master were later displayed by the pupil. Another student of this time, who later was associated with Dr. Hooper in the school work at Murfreesboro, was Archibald McDowell.

After leaving Wake Forest Dr. Hooper taught for a few years near Littleton, and later became pastor of the church in New Bern. In 1855 he left this pastorate to become Principal of Chowan Female Institute. In this place he continued until the school was closed on account of the War. During the War he was at Mount Vernon Springs Academy, in Chatham County, for a short time, and then, as stated above, taught a school for girls in Fayetteville, and still later, until the year before his death, was associate principal of another school for girls in Wilson. This was a work in which he labored with all his heart. From his early years he had been concerned about the neglect of the education of girls in our State and had expressed his sorrow at the disadvantages to which their inferior education subjected them. His heart was big with sympathy for them. He believed that with the proper education they would be free to refuse to

become the wives of the first rake or other unworthy man that sought them. He saw that the girls of his day were not getting such education as they needed in the seminaries of the day with their pretentious curricula. With reference to this he expressed himself freely in his great speech on "Defects of the Schools," delivered in 1833, saying:

In some of our female seminaries too much is attempted. The whole encyclopedia of knowledge is embraced in the list of studies, and in the compass of two or three duodecimos; and the young lady, by the time she reaches her teens, is in danger of thinking herself grammarian, geographer, astronomer, chemist, botanist, musician, painter, and what not. She is taken from school just at the age when she begins to be capable of appreciating her studies, and having got by rote a little smattering of everything, she forgets it all.

It was doubtless with the hope of doing something to correct this condition that Dr. Hooper devoted the last decades of his life to the education of women. His view was that the teachers of girls, no less than of boys, should be persons of age, experience, and sound scholarship, who would be able to inspire young women with a thirst for knowledge which would keep them in school until they had made solid attainments in scholarship. With true prophetic vision he saw that, "such a solid and protracted education would rear a generation of women that would have a mighty influence on society." But he was the first to see this in North Carolina. In his work in schools for girls he sought to carry out his ideals. When he took charge of Murfreesboro he secured such men to teach as P. S. Henson, later the greatest Baptist preacher in the United States, Alexander McDowell, and Dr. L. A. Gwaltney of Marion, Alabama. A visitor at the Chowan Commencement of 1856 reported that "nothing superficial has any place here." Thus doing work that was bringing in a new day for the education of women in North Carolina, for the next twenty years Dr. Hooper traveled on the common way of a teacher in cheerful godliness and the humility of greatness, laying upon himself the lowliest duties. When another woman's college shall

be established in North Carolina it ought to bear the name of William Hooper.

Dr. Hooper was busy all his life as a preacher, lecturer, and writer. Though he published no book, his productions were sometimes printed in the general periodicals of the country, and often in the State press. They show the wisdom and moral earnestness of the man, and on occasion sparkle with wit and humor. Though nearly all had a practical purpose, yet most of them make delightful reading even to this day, since Dr. Hooper saw things in their general and universal aspects and wrote in a clear, unaffected style, enriching all his writings with many a literary allusion and suggestion from the wide range of his reading. As illustrative of his genius I have selected an essay, a sermon, and an address.

The essay is entitled "The Imperfections of Our Primary Schools, and the Best Method of Correcting Them." It was read at Chapel Hill, June 20, 1832, before the North Carolina Institute of Education, and later published in the Raleigh Register, from which Professor Coon transcribed it for his "North Carolina Schools and Academies." In its delivery Dr. Hooper followed Judge William Gaston on the program and showed himself the peer of that able patriot and jurist. The essay as printed contains ten or twelve thousand words. Dr. Battle has thought proper to give an outline of it in his History of the University. Even an outline would be too long for the purpose of this sketch. But the essay as a whole cannot be neglected by any student who desires to obtain a clear understanding of the educational institutions in North Carolina of that day. Passing over many passages in which the author shows his strong common sense and wisdom and his charming humor and wit, I am quoting one of the most prosaic sections of the essay, to show how in his views of teacher training, as well as in several other matters, Dr. Hooper was more than half a century in advance of the thought and practice of his day. He says:

There is nothing which would provide a more effectual antidote for the evils incident to our schools, nothing which would

sooner bring them to a high standard, than a Seminary for the Education of Schoolmasters. This is really a desideratum. The art of teaching is one which requires all the lights that can be collected from the inventions and experiments of past ages. As things now are, every teacher has to acquire the art for himself, after many years experience, after having labored under the disadvantages of involuntary ignorance and mistakes through most of his life. . . . Now, a seminary for teachers, conducted by men of high reputation, would furnish the results of all the wisdom and ingenuity that have been employed upon the science of instruction in different countries. There a man would learn what are the best school books, what is the best course of study, what is the best mode of imparting knowledge, the best mode of managing youth, and what are the greatest attainments practicable in a given time. All these important particulars he would learn, as well as bring his own scholarship to much greater perfection. A teacher trained at such a seminary would proceed with a confidence and courage and enthusiasm now unfelt. He would not take every step tremulously, with the hesitation and uncertainty of a man who is feeling his way and relying on his own single experiment. The public would feel confidence in such a teacher; and a certificate of having prepared one's self for a schoolmaster at such an institution would be worth more than a hundred college diplomas. It is astonishing that the public has not long seen the necessity for such an institution. We have seminaries for training up physicians, lawyers, divines; even mechanics learn their trades under the best masters. But that most important, delicate, and difficult business of fashioning the intellect, moulding the disposition, and wielding the nascent energies of those who are soon to be rulers of the world, is left to mere accident or falls to the lot of the most inexperienced characters.

The sermon which I have selected is on "The Force of Habit," and from the text found in Jeremiah 13:23—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." It was preached before the students of the University of North Carolina, March 31, 1833. On the request of the students, it was published, but the first edition was soon exhausted. It was republished in the University Magazine for May, 1860. It first discusses habit in the terms of the psychology of the day, and then, after a brief discussion of good habits, takes up the evil habits to which college students are subject, dwelling especially

on trifling with truth, and at greater length with the drinking habit. But it is much more than a discussion: it is a sermon, with all the moral earnestness of a great soul behind it; read even today, its appeal is powerful. President Swain prized it so highly that he read it to the successive graduating classes for many years.

The subject of the address selected is "Fifty Years Since." It is the alumni address delivered by Dr. Hooper on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation at the University Commencement of 1859. That commencement was conspicuous on account of the presence of President Buchanan, and the University was desirous to appear at its best. Therefore, it had on its program three able speakers, two of whom had already spoken before the President (who was a day late) arrived. Only Dr. Hooper was left to maintain the honor of the University, and right nobly did he do it. Battle calls his speech a masterly effort, and it was. "It was composed of two parts, the first a humorous description of the University of 1805-9, with laughable stories of students and professors; the second of wise counsels." When the large audience realized how well Hooper was doing, it was swept with a wave of enthusiasm and pride which one sees exhibited today by partisans of the winning team in an important football game. The address was immediately published and widely distributed; later it was reprinted in the University Magazine. Dr. Battle has seen fit to publish large excerpts from it in his History. And Dr. Battle has done well in so doing; for the address gives with all the vividness of a moving picture scenes from the life of the University from the time it was five years old.

First the speaker brings on the University faculty of three, President Caldwell, Professor Bingham, and Tutor Henderson, or in student titles, "Old Joe," "Old Slick," from the extreme glossiness of his naked scalp, and "Little Dick." Then there was the tutor in the preparatory department, Matthew Troy, who tried a blister-plaster, made of chinquapin bark, on the backs of lazy boys to "quicken the torpor of the brain." Then follow scenes of

half-awakened students trudging to morning prayers on wintry mornings before daylight. But it is better to give a picture or two in Hooper's own words:

Do you wish to know the ordinary bill of fare at the Steward's Hall fifty years ago? As well as I recollect, board per annum was thirty-five dollars. . . . Coarse cornbread was the staple food. At dinner the only meat was a fat middling of bacon, surmounting a pile of colewortz; and the first thing after grace was said (and sometimes before) was for one man, by a horizontal sweep of his knife, to separate the ribs and lean from the fat, monopolize all the first to himself, and leave the remainder for his fellows. At breakfast we had wheat bread and butter and coffee. Our supper was coffee and the cornbread left at dinner, without butter. . . . You will not wonder if, after such a supper, most of the students welcomed the approach of night, as beasts of prey, that they might go prowling, and seize upon every eatable within the compass of one or two miles; for, as I told you, our boys were following the laws of Lycurgus. Nothing was secure from the devouring torrent. Beehives, though guarded by a thousand stings—all feathered tenants of the roost—watermelon and potato patches, roasting ears, etc., in fine, everything that could appease hunger was found missing in the morning. These marauding parties at night were often wound up by setting the village to rights. I will relate one of these nocturnal adventures. . . . I must premise that Dr. Caldwell seems to have made it a part of his fixed policy that no evildoer should hope to escape by swiftness of heels, and that whoever was surprised at night in any act of mischief must be run down, caught, and brought to justice. . . . that he was in the habit of rambling about at night in search of adventures, and whenever he came across an unlucky wight engaged in taking off a gate, building a fence across the street, driving a brother calf or goat into the chapel, or any similar exploit of genius, he no sooner hove in sight than he gave chase; nor did the youthful malefactor spare his sinews that night; for he knew that if he ever ran for life or glory, now was the time. Homer makes his hero Achilles the swiftest as well as the bravest on the plains of Troy. No foe could match him in battle or escape him by flight. Dr. Caldwell was the podas okus Achilles of Chapel Hill, and he had more occasion for powers of pursuit than of contest, for his antagonists uniformly took to flight. (The story goes on to tell how President Caldwell surprised two students, Faulkner and "Dog," building a fence across the street, and after an exciting race caught Faulkner.)

I have quoted largely from Dr. Hooper's writings, for his own words reveal him much better than any of mine

would do. I must now tell of his death. On the fourth of July, 1876, he attended a meeting of the descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. Returning by Raleigh, he preached in the First Baptist Church in response to an invitation of Dr. T. H. Pritchard, the pastor. While there he handed the editor of the Biblical Recorder the last of a great number of articles, which was published two weeks before his death. On his return to Chapel Hill he found that the trip to Philadelphia had overtaxed his strength, and he took to his bed and, as I have said, died on August 19. "The death of Dr. Hooper was such as might have been expected of such a man. His dying couch was as the vestibule of heaven; and even before his soul dropped its frail and wasted tenement he seemed to have a foretaste of the heavenly glory."

In resolutions passed by the University faculty, but penned by Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, it was said:

Dr. Hooper's life was a bright example of Christian virtue, of rare culture, and of singular social excellence. . . . He devoted with unselfish aim to the service of his fellowmen talents and attainments which in the academy and in the pulpit or with the help of the press were never idle. He gave to the University his best years, was during his whole life its staunch friend, and shed over it the luster of his ripe and elegant scholarship, his broad and catholic charity, his unblemished career as a most useful and honored citizen and noble Christian gentleman.

At his request, he was buried beside his mother and her last husband, President Caldwell, and the remains of the three now repose on the east side of the Caldwell monument on the University campus. Sic in pace requiescant.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

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



Subscription
\$2.00 a year.
Advertising rates
on application

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

ELBERT A. MACMILLAN.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
R. PAUL CAUDILL, R. D. BULLUCK, JR.....	<i>Associate Editors</i>
M. L. GRIFFIN.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
R. K. BENFIELD.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
DR. H. B. JONES.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

VOLUME XLVI

MARCH, 1929

NUMBER 5

The Editor's Portfolio

Earlier "Tapping" Date Now a Necessity

The clause recently introduced into the constitution of the Golden Bough whereby only juniors and seniors are eligible for membership brings sharply to light the need for a change in a time for the annual "tapping" ceremony. Just at present there are twenty-three members in the organization. Of these, all save six are finishing their work at Wake Forest this year. Next fall, therefore, this mere handful of men will survive to compose the membership of the college honor society until the next selection of members. Manifestly, no half-dozen men can be expected to wield any considerable influence in the affairs of the students. It seems to us almost a necessity that the tapping ceremony be shifted in subsequent years to the fall semester.

Such a shift would not only tend to keep a sizable group within the Golden Bough throughout the entire year, but would also give such seniors as are deemed worthy of membership an opportunity to serve the society in an active way during the most important period of their college life. The Golden Bough differs from the Phi Beta

Kappa and other purely scholastic fraternities in that it is a recognition, in part, of leadership. The mere honor of making the Golden Bough should be augmented, if the aims of the organization are to be realized, by service to the students on the part of members. So long as the time for selection of members occurs in the spring, only two or three months remain for the seniors who are selected to serve the organization and the College in any helpful way.

It is our suggestion that in the future the date for the tapping ceremony come in the fall of the year, perhaps about the middle of November. In view of the new ruling which makes ineligible sophomores and junior college transfers during their first year at Wake Forest, a change in the date is obviously a necessity.

**Around the World
Without a Stop** As science daily marches on we accustom ourselves quickly to accept yesterday's marvelous dreams as the commonplaces of today. But the proposal for a flight around the world in an aeroplane without once a stop is quite able to stagger the imagination even of the world-weary inhabitants of this modern universe. And today plans for two such flights are rapidly nearing completion.

The comparatively recent flight of the "Question Mark" Army plane, which remained aloft almost a week, demonstrated that such a feat as a non-stop trip around the globe is far from an impossibility. With refueling planes stationed at thousand-mile intervals about the 25,000-mile course, it would be mechanically possible to keep the plane in condition for a long grind. The assertion, so often made by conservative newspapers and speakers, that there is no practical value in such feats as this proposed world flight, does not lessen the enthusiasm engendered in the minds of the air-minded people of today by the prospect, progress, and completion of one of these hazardous undertakings.

And, to be sure, there is a practical value in any attempt at a new mechanical feat. The conservatives of today will

see their children piloting planes as they themselves drive automobiles. The experimenters of today are not to be directly responsible for the mechanical improvements in the planes of the future. The calamity howlers, then, have little room to talk, and will get less and less support from those who do things.

Spring Cleaning

The recent improvements in the condition of the college walks, along with

the planting of an abundance of new shrubbery about the buildings of the College, harmonize well with the tender new coats of verdure which have recently been acquired by shrub and tree on the campus. Commencement is not far in the future, and the returning alumni, of whom there will be an unprecedented number this year, will find the old College looking its best, and only ripened by the wear of decade on decade, "since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary."

Some of the Publications We Print--

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
OLD GOLD AND BLACK
THE RALEIGH STUDENT
N. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL OBSERVER

N. C. TEACHER

N. C. ODD FELLOW

N. C. CHRISTIAN

THE WATAUGAN

THE TECHNICIAN

ALUMNI NEWS

THE UNION HERALD
and others

IF YOU WANT QUALITY

—We give it

IF YOU WANT SERVICE

—We furnish it

IF YOU WANT SATISFACTION

We guarantee it

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.

Crozer Theological Seminary

Tuition and Room-rent free.

Scholarships available for approved students.

Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:

- I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma.
- II. Resident Course with special emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree of A.M.
- III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course. Seminary degree of Th.M., University degree of Ph.D.

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

CASTLE THEATRE

Operating Primarily for Amusement
of the Student Body and Faculty of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

THE STUDENT

Medium

of

Literary Expression

at

Wake Forest
College

Subscription \$2.00 the Year

Advertising Rates
on Request

—

M. L. GRIFFIN, Business Manager

THE
**WAKE FOREST
STUDENT**

Vol. XLVI

No. 6



April, 1929

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

Some of the Publications We Print--

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
OLD GOLD AND BLACK
THE RALEIGH STUDENT
N. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL OBSERVER

N. C. TEACHER
N. C. ODD FELLOW
N. C. CHRISTIAN

THE WATAUGAN
THE TECHNICIAN
ALUMNI NEWS

THE UNION HERALD
and others

IF YOU WANT QUALITY

—We give it

IF YOU WANT SERVICE

—We furnish it

IF YOU WANT SATISFACTION

We guarantee it

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.

Crozer Theological Seminary

Tuition and Room-rent free.

Scholarships available for approved students.

Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the

following courses:

- I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma.
- II. Resident Course with special emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree of A.M.
- III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course. Seminary degree of Th.M., University degree of Ph.D.

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

CASTLE THEATRE

Operating Primarily for Amusement
of the Student Body and Faculty of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cameos (<i>Poems</i>)	265
E. B. DOZIER	
How I Saved James	266
RICHARD PASCHAL	
Toledo: Epitome of Spain's History	273
JOHN A. THOMPSON	
The Whistle	276
TELGIP	
Dualism	278
FRED M. TAYLOR	
Poems of John Charles McNeill	283
Death House	288
B. A. STRICKLAND, JR.	
The Worthless-Check Law	292
JOHN C. ASHCRAFT	
Spenser and Milton: A Study in Literary Relations	297
A. L. AYCOCK	
The Editor's Portfolio	306
The Exchange	309
R. PAUL CAUDILL	

The Wake Forest Student

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Wake Forest College

VOLUME XLVI

APRIL, 1929

NUMBER 6

Cameos

By E. B. DOZIER

Aspiration

At dawn, after night,
Rustling, awakens the lark
And wings skyward—bright,
Singing—to the solar mark.
May I Godward thus embark.

A Butterfly

Light, glad, airily
Flying, resting, soon to die;
Bright-clad, daintily
Flitting, sitting. How and why
Do you live, my butterfly?

How I Saved James

By RICHARD PASCHAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON, in his old age I believe, advised young people to use common sense in choosing their life-mates, since his experience and observation had taught him that young men and women scarcely ever pined away and died when disappointed in love, but in some way managed to survive and afterwards lived as happily with other mates as they had expected to live with those without whom they had supposed they could not live at all. But Washington, as I found from reading his life in my early years, had much sympathy for those in love, and regarded it a hopeless task to try to interfere after two young people had already formed an attachment for one another. He had had much experience. Did he not in his early manhood have a half-dozen love affairs, one with the exquisite beauty, Miss Philipse, before the charming Widow Custis finally proved irresistible to him? And was he not put to it to save his stepson from marrying at the early age of seventeen? And was he not too wise to pay any attention to his pretty step-daughter's declaration that she never intended to marry, and to see to it on the sly that she was thrown into the company of the very young man he wanted her to marry, the gallant Mr. Lewis?

Now, early in life I became an interested student of the philosophy of love and marriage, in order that I might better understand others. I dearly liked to read such stories as Scott's "Redgauntlet," in which the great novelist's reflections on these subjects are called forth to set off the story of "Darsie Latimer." But it was George Washington's common-sense views that I liked best. After him I determined to copy in all respects except in his example of marrying a widow with two children; I hope I may escape that, but one never knows. I as little expected that I should ever have to meddle in any love affair but my own and so far to depart from the maxims of the Father of his Country as to allow myself to be used

to break up a match between one of my college mates, hell-bent on marrying, and the young lady of his choice, who was of the class formerly known as "college widow." But so it was. It came about in this way:

In 1920 young James Buckenfield entered our college. As everyone knows, the Buckenfields were in colonial days and afterwards until the Civil War the wealthiest planters in the Carolinas. Some member of the family has been prominent in every period of our State's history. James' mother was of a family no less respectable, while she herself was known far and wide for her sweetness of character and strength of intellect. After the death of her husband, on her fell the management of her large estate and the rearing and education of their only child, James. And she had ambitions for him: he must serve the world and mankind in some great way, as a leader in religious thought reconciling Fundamentalists and Modernists, or as a social reformer righting all the ills of the downtrodden classes while doing no harm to the capitalists, or as the great statesman who should make the world in fact safe for democracy. And her expectations had been increased rather than diminished by the high-school course of her son. James had won just the distinctions she had wished him to win. He was already a good classical scholar, an orator, a debater, an athlete; he was in good health, well built, handsome, had pleasing, gentle manners, and at seventeen years of age was without affectation—a hearty, manly fellow. We were all very proud when she showed her Baptist loyalty and sent him to our college. I hope it is not improper for me to say here that his mother was influenced in some degree in reaching her decision to send James here by the fact that I, who had known him all his life, had already been here a year and could be depended upon to keep a proper but not officious watchfulness over her son.

All went well with James for two years. He was a great and able student; he won laurels as a debater; as a writer he had won a prize in a nation-wide contest; he had proved himself the best basketball center in the State, and was the best man on the tennis team; and he remained

unspoiled, the same hearty, friendly fellow, on terms of easy companionship with every student in college. He seemed to lend his own enthusiasm and charm to everyone he talked to. I often observed him as he joined some morose, hard-working fellow in threadbare coat, and in a short walk from the campus arch to the administration building transformed him into as happy and cheerful a fellow as himself.

But shortly after the beginning of his junior year all this was changed. Something happened to James. He gave up athletics; he did not go out to make the debating team; he could now be seen walking across the campus alone, with eyes fixed on the ground, stopping now and then, seemingly absorbed in deep thought. On class his teacher would often repeat his name before he answered. On visiting his room one would find him with his elbows on the table, propping his brow on his hand, and staring with a vacant look at nothing. Of course he was in love. That was what was the matter with him.

It was not long before everyone knew all about it. His adored was Miss Adora Clendenstine of the college town, a tall, large, rather awkward lady with high cheek-bones, and as pretty as paint and lipsticks could make her. She did indeed have a certain attractiveness and had by means of certain social graces pleased several generations of college students. To one fellow she had seemed of her sex the very paragon, and with good deserts, too. He was one of those fellows who enter college late in life, and was already thirty years of age, thus being only a year younger than Miss Adora herself. He had been extremely bashful among ladies, but he had shown wonderful development under the sunshine of Miss Adora's influence; he could often be seen, now, brushing with hasty steps the dust away to meet her when the sun went down, and he declared with many blushes that he saw her in the bonnie flowers fresh and fair, and heard her in the tuneful birds charming the air. He had even been emboldened to propose marriage to her, and to his great joy and equally great astonishment he had been accepted. For once faint heart had won fair lady. After a year at the seminary

they were to be married. With this cherished hope he had left college, the happiest of men.

But "*varium et mutabile semper femina.*" No young woman in her senses ever lightly turned down the chance of becoming a Percy. How Buckenfield got into it I know not; no one knows, not even Buckenfield himself. But before November the first he was desperately in love with Miss Adora. And, what is worse, when I spoke to him about it a week before Thanksgiving, I found him determined to marry her. I tried to reason with him; he would not hear me. She was his choice; she was worthy a king; he had never loved a woman before and never expected to love another; he was going to marry her, and marry her soon; why should he wait? He would make her famous with his pen or otherwise. (He evidently had been reading Montrose.) I saw that further remonstrance was useless and, to avoid words that might end in my being kicked out of his room, I left.

On my way home I went by the postoffice, where I found a letter from Mrs. Buckenfield extending an invitation to me to come home with James to spend the Thanksgiving holidays. She added a postscript saying that she was counting on having me and I must on no account disappoint her; that she would have her car sent for us. In an hour James came to me with a like invitation. He tremulously said that he was so glad that I was going, as he wanted me with him when he told his mother about his approaching marriage; that I knew how worthy was Miss Adora, but that his mother, knowing nothing of his love affair, might be somewhat shocked on hearing of it.

If ever I was in a pickle for five days it was then.

When we reached Mrs. Buckenfield's I knew at first sight of her that she knew all. While James was out greeting the dogs, which seemed to be crazed at the scent of him, she clasped my arm and burst into tears.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she cried. "You must find some way to help me, or we are ruined forever. They are planning to run away and marry on Christmas Day in South Carolina. Oh, do find some way to help me!"

James was already coming back, and the mother, hearing his step in time, turned loose my arm and on his entering the room gave vent to her aroused emotions by hugging and kissing her son. All the while I was thinking of nothing else than how to help that wretched mother to save her son from the fatal step which he seemed so determined to take. The next three hours were the most miserable I ever spent. First, we had supper; I could not eat; James could not eat; his mother could not eat; we were all choking, and we said only a few mumbling words. A blind man could have seen that something was wrong. After two hours of this terrible suspense, James, pleading a headache, went to bed, telling me to follow when I would. Just as he was leaving the room the idea struck me how he was to be saved. I now proceed to relate how it was done.

It was with a brighter face and a cheerier tone that I turned and addressed Mrs. Buckenfield. "I have it! I have it!" I said. "We will save James."

"How? how?" she cried.

I outlined my plan to her. Immediately she shared my hopes, and her face, too, brightened. She did not even lose her calm when James divulged the secret of his bosom. She only pretended not to believe it, and talked about puppy love and shamed him. It was in vain that James protested that he was telling her the truth. But if he was intending to tell her of the proposed marriage at Christmas he changed his mind and said nothing about it. He only said that he would have something else to tell her when he came home for the holidays.

Before we returned to the college I gained the consent of Mrs. Buckenfield that James should go home with me for a day's duck-hunting on my father's island in the sound. That was the first part of our plan. James readily consented to this on my promise to return and spend a day with him. I surmised that the reason for his ready consent was that he was wishing me to be present when he broke the news to his mother that he was really going to be married on Christmas Day. We left Mrs. Buckenfield smiling.

The night of the nineteenth of December found us at my father's house near the sound. Our plans for the next day were soon made. We were to drive in our car to the sound, five miles away. There we were to leave the car in a shed, as we were to leave from there for James' home on the morning after our hunt. I was not to be back home until January 2, as I intended to visit other friends. This was the second part of our plan.

When we reached the sound the next morning Tom, our colored man, put us across to the island in a rather leaky boat. He had so fixed the sail that the boat was constantly shipping water, and James was sure that we were in danger of drowning. That was intended. On reaching the island we sent Tom back to keep the car from being stolen, with instructions to return for us at sundown, and to be careful not to let the boat sink. About this last James was very much concerned. That was the third part of our plan.

Well, that boat did sink with Tom, or at least James was certain that it did. Tom did not return that night, nor the next day, nor the next. There we were, cooped up on that island, with three miles of stormy sound between us and the mainland. We had plenty to eat, indeed, with fish and ducks and other fowl, and the stores left in the pantry of my father's hunting lodge on the island.

We had expected—rather, I had expected—to be there until New Year's; but fortune ruled better. On December 29, to James' great joy, but with misgivings on my part, we saw my father's boat approaching. He had found our car in the shed and had come over to see what was the matter. He had the morning paper, which he handed to me with a wink. I soon found the following news-note in the society columns:

On yesterday, at College Town, Miss Adora Clendenstine became the bride of Rev. James McSwinger. This was somewhat of a surprise marriage, as it was understood that it was not to be before next June. But the happy couple felt they could not be separated for another five months.

When he got the chance to have me by himself my father told me that he had got two telegrams, the last on

December 26, from Miss Adora, inquiring of the whereabouts of me and Mr. Buckenfield. He had answered both by saying we said we would visit friends in the western part of the State.

The next time I took James home with me that Negro Tom came up grinning. James returned his grin. He understands all, but is as warm a friend of me now as is his mother.

Toledo: Epitome of Spain's History

By JOHN A. THOMPSON

SOUTHWARDS from Madrid lies Toledo, lingering echo of an incantation from the past. For thousands of years it has beheld with proud indifference the ebb and flow of tides of humanity. Twenty-two centuries ago Rome looked upon the city, promising in youthfulness, and desired it for her own. That was one of its earliest recollections; however, vague, fleeting memories come back to it in moments of retrospection—memories of far-away days when it was the playground of Phœnicians, Greeks, and Carthaginians. Two or three centuries later the Franks made a hurried visit, followed soon by the rough, less cultured Vandals and Alans. In the fifth century the Visigoths established there a kingdom, and prosperity. The near-impregnability of the stronghold was recognized by Wamba, who built around it a wall that looks down precipitous declivities into the winding Tagus, which almost encircles the city.

The course of destiny veered. Overnight Toledo became an oriental city, teeming with worshippers of Islam. Gothic austerity was gone. The luxury and voluptuousness of the East was come. Not being able to expand outwardly, the city grew in upon itself; and the streets became filled with houses whose blank windowless walls gave scant indication of the joyous abandon that reigned within. The patios, like caged birds, gave forth a stream of harmony to passers-by.

The Catholic monarchs wrested it from the infidels, and shortly thereafter it became the temporal capital of the Holy Roman Empire. At Toledo sat the government of the fairest realm of which there is record. Practically all of the Americas, half of Europe, and large portions of Africa bowed in homage to the ancient city.

Here was the cradle of the monster that all but devoured its creators. King and Pope fostered the Inquisition, and thus prepared the way for the hideous, nameless crimes that Torquemada was to perpetrate in the

name of Christianity. The servant turned tyrant. The monster broke his leash, and the masters fled. Toledo, no longer the capital, settled rapidly into old age. Four centuries ago two hundred thousand persons were sheltered within its walls. Four years ago it counted as its own barely twenty thousand souls.

Old and weary it now stands there, dignified in adversity; too proud to kneel to modernism, which has robbed it of its haughty splendor. It frowns with disapproval upon the excesses of its younger sisters.

One concession Toledo has made to the modern world—it has traffic lights. But when a signal is flashed it doesn't mean that a hundred vehicles dash madly to the next corner; it means that a tourist may drive his automobile up the steep, tortuous streets without fear of meeting another. Pedestrians crowd into the doorways to allow him to pass. Threading the mazes he may arrive at the cathedral, erstwhile lair of the inquisitorial minotaur. He may arrive there or he may stray into a street so narrow that a burro pauses to have his packsaddle adjusted before attempting to squeeze through. There are many of them—narrow streets and burros. He may stop to ask directions from a ruined nobleman, relic of the Golden Age—courteous, proud, penniless.

Once at the cathedral the tourist is beset by guides and would-be guides. They do not come singly nor in pairs, but whole swarms of them—tall, officious men that speak seven languages (and none of them well)—short, shaggy Frenchmen, sunbrowned ragamuffins clad in little more than a smile—snub-nosed vagabonds—guides of all races and descriptions. They have three things in common. All of them know every interesting thing in the city. They stick like leeches. The most pronounced trait is a far-reaching and all-pervading odor of garlic. Let one rid himself of these pests and he is at liberty to wander through the vast cathedral, inspecting at leisure the lavish wealth of art, the delicate magnificence of the sculpture, the superb splendor of the paintings, and the colossal majesty of the architecture. The varied chapels are set off by massive wrought-iron bars, plated with beaten

silver, with a coat of black paint applied to deceive French soldiers during the Napoleonic invasion.

From the cathedral tower a six-thousand-pound bell marks the hours of the day—uselessly, for Toledo is the temple of eternity. Time is not money—it is a necessary evil that must be endured before reaching a future life. A Spanish humorist says that the news of the World War came to him in the midst of a coffee-shop discussion of the latest drama. He joined the Foreign Legion and fought through the war. Returning, he found the same friends that he had left, sitting at the same places in the same café, with the same half-drained glasses of coffee before them, discussing the same latest drama.

To call the names of the streets of Toledo is to read the Catholic Calendar of Saints, for each street has a different name for every block of its distance. Hence one can as easily find his way in Bagdad as in Toledo.

The tourist wanders from the cathedral, and eventually comes to the steel shops. A swordsmith takes a blade, sticks the point into the floor, bends it until the hilt touches the point. When he releases it, it springs back as straight as an arrow. He then places a heavy copper coin on the floor, and with the same blade pushes a hole in the coin with little apparent effort.

Street writes of Toledo:

Few cities that I have seen can compete in artistic interest with it; and none can come up to it in the singular magnificence of its situation, and the endless novelty and picturesqueness of its every corner. It epitomizes the whole strange history of Spain in a manner so vivid that he who visits its old nooks and corners carefully and thoughtfully can work out, almost unassisted, the strange variety which that history affords. For here Romans, Visigoths, Saracens, and again Christians have in turn held sway, and all have left their mark; here, moreover, the Christians, since the thirteenth century, have shown two opposite examples—one of toleration of Jews and Moors, for which it would be hard to find a parallel among ourselves; and the other of intolerance, such as has no parallel outside of Spain elsewhere in Europe.

The Whistle

By TELGIP

THE sweat dripped from the powerful, sun-blackened arms. His ragged, torn clothes invited the fierce heat of the August sun. Back came those arms, high swung the sledge, then with a desperate savageness he brought it down upon the small head of the "snap" and the rivet was closed. Upward and downward—the spot in the center of the "snap" grew hotter. Rivet after rivet, blow after blow.

High again—then down—the sledge—always true—crashing within four inches of those strong fingers that held the snap. He wondered why the person who held that little hammer didn't fear him. The slightest inaccuracy would crush half those brown hands—crush them from the wrists, leave him helpless. He hated those hands. They seemed to challenge him—these two helpless hands, taunting him. He hated their owner. Always that quiet, silent man had aroused his hatred. He hated him! God! why didn't the whistle blow? Ten more minutes!

Those hands, brown and smooth. His were calloused and seamed. Those hands—long, compelling hands—he felt that he would go mad.

Why not crush them—really, why not? He hated the man. No danger to himself. Just turn his wrist the slightest, and it would be done.

It began to appear funny to him. He looked upon the helpless, unsuspecting man below him—he looked at him and laughed. The man, his hands still holding the snap, looked up, saw the laughter, and gave him a short, contemptuous smile. Instantly his insane mirth turned to vitriolic wrath. Smile—smile—that same challenging, damnable smile. Hands—hands—he seemed to see a hundred hands—a hundred scornful smiles.

He would crush them. Yes, by God, he would! Crush them—crush them! High swung the sledge—high—poised, and then . . . the whistle blew. Its startling sound

pierced his excited brain like a sharp knife. Pain tore at his ears and crashed through his brain. He swayed, and fell with a rolling motion upon that lofty steel beam. He slipped over the edge. Two strong, brown hands clutched him, and drew him, safe, upon the scaffolding below.

Dualism

By FRED M. TAYLOR

OF the three theories of reality, dualism is probably the easiest one to understand and therefore usually appeals more to the ordinary man than any of the others. This is a doctrine which affirms the substantial reality of matter on one hand and mind on the other.¹ As to the proper relation or description of these two fundamentally real entities, there have been varying opinions, and various theories advanced which readily call our attention to the difficulties of a problem which did not have its birth in the last century nor the one before that, but which has occupied the thoughts and time of great thinkers throughout the ages.

One can probably get a better treatment of the subject, and a better understanding of the problem, by tracing the development of this theory of reality. It is generally conceded by philosophical commentators that Anaxagoras was the first to place mind and matter as separate entities. Undoubtedly the thinkers before his time had recognized a difference between the external world and the part of man which perceived this external substance. But, before the time of Anaxagoras, no such doctrine is to be found in the fragmental works of those old thinkers; however, one can clearly obtain from the works of Anaxagoras his recognition of both the mental and physical realm, but when he attempted to describe this mental realm he ran into grave difficulties, especially in his terminology, for no definitely formulated ideas of mind existed before his time, and he was naturally inclined to explain mind with physical terminology. Concerning mind, he said, "Mind is infinite and self-ruled and is mixed with nothing."² He, therefore, considered mind as the ruler over all, the moving and ordering principle of the universe, and the soul of an animated being.³

In Plato and Aristotle we have a recognition of the two

¹ Leighton, *History of Philosophy*, p. 202.

² Bakewell, *A Source Book in Ancient Philosophy*, p. 51.

³ Rogers, *A Student's History of Philosophy*, p. 256.

realms, mental and physical. Matter, for Plato, was chaotic before God's work upon it. In respect to the soul, "He formed first the soul of the world, by creating from two elements of opposite nature, the one indivisible and immutable, the other divisible and mutable, a third intermediate substance, and then combining the three in one whole and distributing this whole then in space in harmonious proportions."⁴

Matter, for Aristotle, had no reality apart from forms, and was thought by him as mere potentiality with the forms as the entelechy or energy. With the human, he distinguished between the active and passive intellect, giving the first immortality, and a prior existence to the latter.⁵

The dualism that appeared during the first few centuries after Christ rested mainly upon ethico-religious motives, and produced ideas which ultimately resulted in its own overthrow, for the antithesis between the spiritual and matter, and the great distance between man and the object of his religious longing, caused the people to desire some intermediary link to provide a union of what was separated. This unification was later provided in the idea of Logos.⁶

There is also a dualistic tint found in mediæval philosophy, undoubtedly influenced by Saint Augustine's idea of man as being the union of body and soul, the soul being an immaterial and immortal substance.⁷ This dualism, then, is not so much a dualism of body and mind, as soul and body; however, the word soul, as used by many of the early dualists, seemed to correspond very much more to our present idea of mind than of soul. Even one of the modern writers on this subject fails to distinguish between soul and mind. This writer, McDougall, gives the soul the characteristics of mind, and in this way reduces our hopes and aspirations to the merely mental.

Modern dualistic tendencies took their rise in Descartes, who advanced one of the several theories attempting to

⁴ Uberweg, *History of Philosophy*, Vol. I, p. 125.

⁵ Weber, *History of Philosophy*, p. 110ff.

⁶ Windelband, *A History of Philosophy*, p. 240.

⁷ Patrick, *Introduction to Philosophy*, p. 211.

give further description of this connection between mind and body. His theory is based upon the glaring distinctions between the body and mind, and the very apparent influence that the body has upon mind, and the mind upon body. This theory is commonly known today as the interactionistic theory, which posits mind and body as the two entities that constitute reality, and in some way interact. Descartes' explanation of this interaction is absolutely untenable and, as is readily recognized by any student of today, was made without any knowledge of physiology, or of the structure of the body. Locke agreed with Descartes as to the respective natures and relations of bodies and minds, but he accepted interaction as a patent though an inexplicable fact.⁸ Few of Locke's critics who think of him as the founder of empiricism really bring out the value of his works. He did recognize mind and matter as two separate entities, and seemed to have placed in mind at the beginning the mind itself, holding that the other characteristics of mind were acquired only after experience. When he said, "We have as many and as clear ideas belonging to spirit as we have belonging to body, the substance of each being equally unknown to us; and the idea of thinking in spirit as clear as of extension in body,"⁹ he was much in accord with modern conception which holds that science has no more authority for believing in its own domain than do the religionists for believing in the reality of their domain.

The advocates of the interaction theory are not limited to the early dualists of modern philosophy, for there are plenty of advocates today who are well able to defend the theory, including McDougall in his book on "Mind and Body," in which he traces the development of the mind and body theories and concludes that the empirical evidence weighs strongly against parallelism and in favor of animism, and thinks the latter to be a much better working hypothesis of the psycho-physical relation because it remains on the plane of empirical science, thus stimulating our curiosity for obtaining further light on the sub-

⁸ Leighton, *History of Philosophy*, pp. 203ff.

⁹ Rogers, *A Student's History of Philosophy*, p. 63.

ject through further scientific research. This leaves the whole religious sphere open for further speculation and inquiry, allowing us to hope and even believe that the world is better than it seems, that our moral efforts are not futile, and that death does not end all!

Another theory that appeared in Leibniz and Spinoza, and is sometimes offered as a solution of the body and mind problem, is psycho-physical parallelism. This theory attributes equal reality to both psychical and physical processes, holding that for every psychosis there is a neurosis, but that there is no causal relation existing between these processes, their relation being one of simple concomitance.¹⁰

Still another theory offered as an explanation of the mind and body duality is the epiphenomenon theory, which holds that mind is no entity at all, but merely a by-product of matter.¹¹

Probably one of the best explanations of the body and mind relation is the phenomenalistic or agnostic dualism, as found in Kant, which "puts space and time in the subject, and leaves only an unknown, an X, as the objective ground of sensation."¹² For him, "space and time are in the mind; the mind is not in space and time. Thus we escape the difficulty of attempting to conceive how the mind can act on or be acted upon by spatial objects. We do not and cannot know the nature of the objective ground of our sense experiences. But we do know that the whole order of bodies, as these exist for common sense and science, is phenomenal, not ultimate reality."¹³ Leighton, however, points out that Kant fails to show by what right, on his premises, we assume at all that experience has an objective ground, and therefore necessitates our applying the concept of causality beyond the limits of experience.¹⁴

This brief discussion shows us how old this problem really is, and how much anguish it has caused both phi-

¹⁰ Cunningham, *Problems of Philosophy*, p. 293.

¹¹ McDougall, *Mind and Body*, p. 127.

¹² Leighton, *History of Philosophy*, p. 205.

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

losophers and psychologists. It may be properly classified as one of the "world riddles," an absolute solution of which will probably never be found.¹⁵ Empirical evidence does cause one to conclude with McDougall, in spite of the strong case put up by the physiologists, that there are two separate entities, matter and mind, the former being defined as "a sum not only as J. S. Mills said of 'permanent possibilities of sensation,' but also of enduring possibilities or capacities of definite kinds of action and reaction upon other material things," and the latter "as a sum of enduring capacities for thoughts, feelings, and efforts of determinate kinds," or for psychical activity and psychophysical interaction.¹⁶

¹⁵ Patrick, *Introduction to Philosophy*, p. 317.

¹⁶ McDougall, *Mind and Body*, pp. 364ff.

Poems of John Charles McNeill

REFERENCE to the files of THE STUDENT during the years 1896-1902 reveals a number of poems by the student, John Charles McNeill. Believing that readers of the present STUDENT will be interested in some of the schoolboy efforts of the man who was to become North Carolina's poet laureate, we are reprinting here six poems selected from the STUDENTS of McNeill's day.

Neither of the two published volumes of McNeill's works, "Songs, Merry and Sad," and "Lyrics from Cottonland," contains any of the following poems, and, so far as we can learn, no one of the six has been reprinted in any publication since their appearance in THE STUDENT.

"A Dirge," the earliest of the poems in the group, appeared in THE STUDENT for November, 1896. "Summer Dreams" came in March, 1897; "Youth, Farewell," following in December of that year. "My Southern Maiden," with its clever refrain, reminiscent of Poe and Timrod, came in January, 1899. In 1898-99 McNeill was editor of THE STUDENT. "My Wand of Dreams" came in 1902, after the poet had finished his college career and was engaged in the practice of law at Laurinburg.

It must of course be remembered that these poems are the work of a mere youth, and are obviously not to be compared critically with the best of the poems which appeared during the decade following. But it will also be noted that there is already in these early attempts a hint of the McNeill spirit, which was to win him recognition in the years to follow.

*The Coming of Spring**

Up rose the wild old winter-king,
And shook his beard of snow;
"I hear the first young barebell ring:
'Tis time for me to go!

"Northward o'er the icy rocks,
Northward o'er the sea,
My daughter comes with sunny locks:
This land's too warm for me!"

*This poem was originally published on the cover page of THE STUDENT for May, 1898, without a title. The above title was supplied for this publication.

Summer Dreams

On a moonlit night in the month of May
 With the voice of a waterfall far away,
 And near
 The voice of a maiden, soft and clear,
 In my ear,
 Can I heed the tales of the men of old
 And seek elsewhere for the Land of Gold?

On a sunny day in the month of June,
 When, lulled by the drone of a lazy tune,
 I lie,
 And dreamily follow the clouds that fly
 Through the sky,
 Do I care to discover the long-sought truth
 Concerning the fabulous Fountain of Youth?

A Dirge

Wail on, O Winds, for there is need of wailing!
 Scream on, O Eagle, in the dusky sky!
 For Nature feels her youth and beauty failing,
 As o'er the hills her withered blossoms fly.

Wail on, O Winds, for in this dale is sleeping
 One dearer to my soul than all things good.
 O Pines, moan on, moan on, while I am weeping!
 And, song-bird, soothe me with thy mournful mood!

She was so fresh, so fair, when last we wandered
 Through this dear dale, then bright with summer's sun,
 And laughed with joy as life's best gifts we squandered
 And knew not then that joy was grief begun.

O cold, grey sky, send down thy snowflakes hoary
 From Winter's storms this lonely mound to save!
 Some day the Sun of Righteousness in glory
 Shall beam upon this man-forgotten grave.

Youth, Farewell!

Farewell, my boyhood days!
 Sadly we part.
Time bears to unknown ways
 My trembling heart;
And as we swiftly fly,
I strain with dimming eye
In vain, to trace
The fading features of thy face.
 Sadly we part.

Full many a joyous time
 Had we together,
In autumn's dreary clime,
 In summer's sultry weather.
How often hoped, how often built in air,
And climbed to fame upon a golden stair!
 But now 'tis o'er,
 Thou com'st no more; no more
 We'll be together.

Would we might meet again,
 Thou youth once mine!
To follow in the ways of men,
To roam in open field or fen,
 Thy hand in mine,
Far better than alone to soar
From height to height forevermore,
 O youth of mine!

But could we ever stay
 Here side by side,
Romping like birds in May
 Far, far and wide,
No smiling heaven could draw my heart
With thee and thy glad self to part.
Therefore, glad youth, calmly today,
 But sadly, we part.

My Wand of Dreams

Lightly along the wicket gate
 Her dimpled arms do lie,
 Where, sure as sunset, she will wait
 Till I come whistling by;
 Her Hermes, who, with tidings fraught,
 From mart and mountain trail,
 Forego all thanks upon the spot,
 To hear her ask, "Our mail?"

And much I wonder as I draw
 The dainty missives out
 What silken secrets this may know
 And tell my Kate about;
 Or that, so boldly traced in black,
 'Tis surely, bane and ban!
 Could she thus twist me on the rack?—
 'Tis surely from—a man!

But well I know thee who thou art,
 Thou roguish, roguish Kate!
 Love's winking stars to me impart
 'Tis but a girlish trait
 To torture thus thy Hermes' heart
 Across the wicket gate—
 To torture thus his honest heart
 With glances dark as fate.

Ah! bear in mind my wand of dreams,
 Which prophesies by night:
 A background starred with primrose gleams,
 A form, like thine, in white,
 Waiting beside the wicket low,
 In somber twilight weather,
 For him who in one pocket now
 Brings both our mails together!

My Southern Maid

She dwells in the Land of the Sun;
And her shadowy eyes tell a story of rest,
While her dark, loose hair hides the snow of her breast,
And her voice is as soft as the voice of the woods,
As the soothing, melodious voice of the woods,
 In that far-away Land of the Sun.

When I dream of my maiden there,
A deep tranquillity quiets my pain,—
I live in the blossoming Southland again
And a slow, sweet music awakes in my heart,
A soft Southern song sings itself in my heart,
 When I dream of my maiden there.

Death House

By B. A. STRICKLAND, JR.

I CANNOT, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where I first became acquainted with the Lady Rama. Probably at some reception, some social affair, or possibly at the opera. Nevertheless this incident has no bearing whatsoever on the narrative which I am about to set forth.

She lived with her aged and venerable father, the Duke of Rondershire, who had passed the age of three-score and ten years more than a decade ago. The vigor, the vitality, the energy, displayed by the old Duke was singularly remarkable. Perhaps it was his mental disorder that gave him this surplus of physical power, or perhaps it was due to his demented habit of walking the floor for hours at the time. His unbalanced mind was attributed to the death of Lady Rama's mother, to whom he was devoted to the extent of worship. He brooded continually, and was grieved, it seemed, to such an extent that he had not put his foot out of the castle since her death. Some say that a smile never brightened his countenance after her death, and that he never spoke unless it was absolutely necessary. His large aquiline nose, his wizened features, and his broad forehead, crested with a shock of snow-white hair, along with a wild gleam from his small, black, rat-like eyes, created in one a feeling of utter repulsion.

In the Lady Rama just the opposite was portrayed. The beauty of her soft grey eyes, the delicate aquiline nose and small ruby lips, all wreathed in a halo of raven-black hair, radiated on one's very soul a delightful warmth. But in those beautiful gray eyes one noticed a look of half-concealed dread or fearful anticipation. At all the social gatherings at which she appeared she always appeared to be ill at ease whenever some one mentioned her father. It was considered an inexcusable social error among her near friends to mention her father at all, because it seemed to cause so much embarrassment

on her part. Folk marveled at this, and attributed it to the fact that she was sensitive on the subject of her father's apparent insanity.

No one was ever invited into the Rondershire household on any pretense. It was a kind of mystery house which no one ever entered, with the exception of the inhabitants and the trusted servants of the family. Probably the only reason for Lady Rama's high rank in London society was the fact that she was one of the peerage. She never gave a reception or social, but always attended those given by other members of the peerage. According to the code, she should have entertained occasionally, but in this respect she violated the code.

It all began one bleak, rainy, November night. I was reclining leisurely in my great chair in front of the big fireplace in the drawing-room. I was expecting a maternity case, and so was passing away the time by rereading "Macbeth." Being an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, I was so completely absorbed in my reading that I was nearly unconscious of my surroundings. I had reached the beginning of the fourth act, where the witches are brewing their hell-broth. I read:

"By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks, whoever knocks!"

At this moment the door-knocker sounded as if shaken by an impatient hand. I started inwardly at the sudden, unexpected noise, and on the instant I dispelled my literary thoughts and opened the door. There stood a man enveloped in a greatcoat. "Doctor, come with me at once!" he said, as if in a violent state of agitation. I asked no questions, but grabbed my satchel, hastily donned a heavy cloak and cap, and followed the man to the road, where a carriage waited. By the dim outlines of the carriage I recognized it as the one belonging to Lady Rama of Rondershire. I wasted no time in meditation, but climbed in and we were off. The driver forced the horses over the streaming cobblestones at breakneck speed. I expected the carriage to upset at any moment. It lurched violently from side to side, and I had difficulty

in remaining on the seat. Between lurches of the outfit many scattered thoughts and probabilities rushed through my brain, forming a chaotic jumble of dreadful anticipation. What was the trouble? Who could be ill? For what reason could I be wanted in the Rondershire household?

It was a matter of only a few minutes before we drew up to the gate of the Rondershire estate. The driver climbed down from his perch on top of the carriage, threw open the ponderous gates and led the horses through. Without closing the gates behind the carriage, he resumed his seat and galloped the horses up to the door of the old palace. The tall grey walls of the ancient house of Rondershire, streaming with wind-driven rain, presented an aspect far from inviting. There seemed to be no lights burning in the front wing of the structure, which fact heightened the bleak and dreary effect.

My observations were interrupted by the cabman, who opened the door next to the castle and beckoned me to alight and follow him. We mounted the steps and entered the hall. Without pausing, my guide led the way down the hall to a stairway which seemed to descend into a basement or cellar. As yet the driver of the carriage had given me no information as to what kind of case I was going on. The journey had been so breathless that I had not so much as had a chance to question the man.

By this time we had reached the bottom of the steps. My guide turned to a door on our right, opened it, and motioned me to enter. I stepped across the threshold, but I could go no farther. The scene which met my eyes would have disturbed the equanimity of the bravest. In a huge pool of blood, directly under a flickering oil lamp which hung from the damp moldy ceiling, lay an old man. The redness of this blood, the horror of this blood—it seemed to be the avatar and the seal of doom.

Summoning all my inward courage, I dispelled the ague which the ghastly sight had inspired in me, and bending over the prostrate form listened for a sign of life. The body had been a corpse for at least five minutes. As I raised my eyes from the gruesome object which lay at my

feet, I perceived a couch in the far corner of the room which I had not noticed as I entered. On the couch appeared to be another body. I rushed across the room and confirmed my suspicion. Yes, it was a body—the body of a young woman. I looked more closely. It was the Lady Rama. On her beautiful neck were the marks of human hands. I hastily examined her. She was still warm, but dead. Here in this room lay two mute bundles of human clay—the last of the great house of Rondershire.

The servants tell us that on that memorable night old Rondershire had undergone a violent hallucination. In his frenzied mind he pictured Lady Rama as the murderer of his beloved wife, for in giving birth to her the Duchess had succumbed. In his fiendish madness he had taken an unspeakable revenge. With his mind inflamed he went to Lady Rama's bedchamber, strangled her, and then lifting her bodily carried her to the basement room. The cabman, who occupied the room adjacent to the death-chamber, had heard the door slam shut. Knowing that it was securely fastened when he retired, he investigated. The door was latched on the inside. Seeing light shining under the sill, he applied his eye to the keyhole. Nothing was visible through this tiny aperture save a small portion of the farther wall. Silhouetted on this small portion of wall by the flickering light of the lamp he saw the distorted, fantastic shadow of a man plunging a dagger into his own breast. For an instant still silence reigned; but only momentarily. A dull thud followed, as of a body striking the floor. Forcing the lock, the cabman found old Rondershire dying, and cursing vilely with his last breath his dead daughter.

The Worthless-Check Law

By JOHN C. ASHCRAFT

There shall be no imprisonment for debt in this State, except in case of fraud.—*N. C. Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 16.*

AT common law executions in actions where money only was recovered as a debt, or damages for the breach of a contract, were of five sorts: (1) against the body of the defendant; (2) against his goods and chattels; (3) against the profits of his land; (4) against his goods and the possession of his land; and (5) against all three, his body, land, and goods. The first of these executions was by writ of "capias ad satisfaciendum," and, as said by Blackstone, was an execution of the highest nature, inasmuch as it deprived a man of his liberty until he made the satisfaction awarded. By means of this writ a debtor could be imprisoned at the instance of his creditor, and in this State such an execution was allowed prior to 1868, notwithstanding section 39 of the Constitution of North Carolina, adopted in 1776. However, since the adoption of the Constitution of 1868 (our present Constitution), containing section 16 of Article I, no judgment creditor has had the power to procure the arrest of his debtor by execution against his person, on a judgment of debt arising out of contract, unless fraud was alleged and proved with respect to the debt.

With these things in mind, let us turn our attention to the bad-check law, which makes the issuance of a worthless check a misdemeanor in North Carolina. That we may have a clear-cut view of the act as passed by the Legislature on March 2, 1927, it follows:

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

SECTION 1. It shall be unlawful for any person, firm, or corporation to draw, make, utter or issue and deliver to another any check or draft on any bank or depository, for the payment of money or its equivalent, knowing at the time of the making, drawing, uttering, issuing, and delivering such check or draft as aforesaid that the maker or drawer thereof has not sufficient funds on deposit in, or

NOTE: This article was prepared by a student in the Wake Forest College Law School, without assistance from any other person.

credit with, such bank or depository with which to pay the same upon presentation.

SEC. 2. That any person, firm, or corporation violating any provision of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 3. That the word "credit" as used herein shall be construed to mean an arrangement or understanding with the bank or depository for the payment of any such check or draft.

The question is, Does this act violate Article I, section 16, of the North Carolina Constitution? This matter is fully discussed in *State vs. Yarboro*, 194 N. C., at page 498, in which case the court, by a three-to-two decision, arrives at the conclusion that the act is not contrary to our Constitution, and that imprisonment for violation of the act is not imprisonment for debt. The members of the court holding this view were Justice Adams, who wrote the opinion, Chief Justice Stacy, and Justice Connor, while Justice Brogden and Justice Clarkson wrote vigorous dissenting opinions.

In the matter of making the issuance of a worthless check a crime, let us consider the arguments pro and con.

Now, a crime is an act or omission punishable as an offense against the State. Crimes "mala in se" are acts which are inherently wrong, as murder or arson; but acts which are "mala prohibita" are crimes only because they are prohibited by the common law, by statute, or by ordinance. The Legislature, unless restrained by the organic law, has the inherent power to prohibit and punish any act as a crime.¹ This is true by virtue of what is known as the police power of a state. We recognize the principle that the police power may not be exercised in breach of rights which are guaranteed by the Constitution of the State or Nation; but if the act in question is not in conflict with the fundamental law its enactment was a lawful exercise of the legislative power. The police power is a necessary attribute of every civilized government; it is not a grant derived from, or under, any written constitution, but it is inherent in the several states. It is but "another name for that authority which resides in every sovereignty to pass all laws for the internal regulation

¹ 16 *Corpus Juris*, 60.

and government of the State," and by means of it "the Legislature exercises a supervision over matters involving the common weal and enforces the observance by each individual member of society of the duties which he owes to others and to the community at large."²

It has been held in this State that by virtue of the police power the lawmaking body may enact laws for the enjoyment of private and social life, the beneficial use of property, the security of the social order, as well as for the protection of the life, safety, health, morals, and comfort of the citizens.³ This attribute of sovereignty imports authority, not only to punish an injury which has become a public nuisance, but to punish fraudulent acts which tend to deceive, to destroy confidence, and to injure the public interests. Does the giving of a worthless check tend to deceive? Does the custom of putting it in the market-places tend to destroy confidence? The answer to both these questions is obviously in the affirmative. The offense consists not in obtaining immediately something of value by deceit, but in putting into circulation worthless commercial paper which will ultimately result in financial loss. Thus, the conclusion is that the offense is not against the payee of the check alone, but consists in the public nuisance resulting from the pernicious practice of placing bad paper into circulation.

Justice Brogden in his very able and learned dissenting opinion in *State vs. Yarboro* answers this argument as follows: "The second ground upon which this legislation is sought to be upheld is through the exercise of the police power. It must be conceded that the police power is an indefinable, illusive and elusive, all-covering mother-hub-bard of the law. Under the complex conditions of modern society, where rights and duties interlock and overlap, the police power is an essential attribute and function of sovereignty, subordinating individual convenience and individual rights to the dominant welfare of the public. But, however potent the police power may be, it is not superior to the Constitution, and when the Constitution

² 6 Ruling Case Law, 183, sec. 182; 185, sec. 184.

³ *State vs. Vanhook*, 182 N. C., at page 831.

speaks it must hold its peace. If the bad-check law is unconstitutional, that ends the controversy and there can be no police power involved. Obviously, the police power cannot push the Constitution from its throne as the supreme authority in this State, because the police power must be treated as the handmaid of the Constitution and not an indirect device, undermining and overthrowing the highest expression of the supreme law. Of course, the preamble of the act contains a galaxy of descriptive adjectives, but these mean nothing, as the body of the act is plain and unambiguous. These adjectives simply constitute the baby-ribbon, tissue-paper, and sprigs of holly which conceal the 'Christmas present' contained in section 1 of the act."

Mr. Justice Brogden further says that under our bad-check law, should a person give a check for one thousand dollars which he knew would overdraw his account at the bank five cents, and the payee of the check should present it to the bank, and the bank should decline to pay it, he would be a criminal and a candidate for the chain-gang, even though he intended to make a deposit within five minutes to cover the check and actually had the money to make such deposit.

Chief Justice Stacy, in concurring with the majority opinion of the court in *State vs. Yarboro*, says: "The uttering of a worthless check, 'scienter,' is both a private and a public wrong, like the passing of a counterfeit coin. The present statute is aimed at a practice which has become a menace to trade, an evil and a mischief in the field of commerce, where the major portion of business is done on paper. A check is a negotiable instrument and passes readily through the channels of commerce because of the faith and confidence which those in the market-places are willing to repose in its maker, and it is a crime, an injury to society, to undermine in any degree the very foundation upon which all credit rests. It is to the welfare of the State that such faith and confidence should be encouraged rather than destroyed. And so the statute is written."

Justice Brogden attacks this at once by saying: "The principle of 'scienter' cannot save the day. 'Scienter' is

a technical term denoting in the law of fraud a guilty knowledge, and, so far as I can discover, is confined to the field of civil actions for fraud and has never been used as a substitute for that evil intent of the mind upon which all crime rests. Indeed, in a civil action for fraud the fraudulent intent is an essential to liability. 'Scienter' alone, without the fraudulent intent, does not even establish a cause of action in a civil case, and yet it is held to be sound law in the case at bar (*State vs. Yarboro*) that mere 'scienter' without the intent to deceive is sufficient to establish a crime. In other words, the natural order of the law is reversed and a crime can be established upon less proof than a cause of action in a civil case."

Furthermore, the same Justice contends that the reference to counterfeiting is beyond the point, in that counterfeiting is not now and never has been a crime growing out of or connected with a debt, or in anywise possessing any relationship whatever to a contractual obligation. He says, also, that the doctrine of "malum prohibitum" cannot control, for the simple reason that the Legislature has no power to declare the failure to pay a debt "malum prohibitum," and thus by indirection nullify the plain guarantee of the Constitution.

Yet, it would seem that the majority opinion of the court in interpreting the bad-check act, and passing upon its constitutionality, is correct, and that the arguments marshaled by the three Justices are overwhelming and conclusive.

Thus, the bad-check law is not in violation of Article I, section 16, of the North Carolina Constitution, and by reason of the public interest involved the matter falls within the purview of the inherent police power of the State.

Spenser and Milton

A STUDY IN LITERARY RELATIONS

By A. L. AYCOCK

WHEN Milton called Spenser "a better teacher than Aquinas" and acknowledged his as his "original," he was doing what so many subsequent poets have done when they recognized their indebtedness to Spenser, "The Poet's Poet." It is difficult at times to trace this indebtedness and to say that this is borrowed from Spenser and that is not. When we begin to study Spenser's influence on the poets who succeeded him, we can easily recognize the Spenserian stanza, but the more subtle influence is usually found, not in the outward form or tangible borrowings, but in the spirit. Thomson, for instance, in his "Castle of Indolence," has not only used the Spenserian stanza effectively, but he has also reproduced Spenser's softness and dreaminess of tone. Professor Corson suggests that "Probably no English poet who has used the Spenserian stanza first assimilated so fully the spirit of Spenser, before using the stanza, as did Keats; and to this fact may be partly attributed his effective use of it as an organ for his imagination in its 'lingering, loving, particularizing mood.'" ¹

Spenser, then, is not to be considered so much as a "source," but as an influence. He is, as it were, a vast reservoir, gathering up the streams of literature and revitalizing them, sending them out into the "Pierian Spring" of every important poet since his time. And as I go into this brief study of Spenser and Milton, it is not my purpose to treat Spenser as a "source" for Milton, in the usual sense of the word; I plan rather to consider the two poets first in their respective periods, and then to study their poetical relationship.

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) was born about twelve years before Shakespeare was and six years before Queen Elizabeth came to the throne of England. He and Sir

¹ Hiram Corson, "A Primer of English Verse," Boston, 1893, p. 124. For a full discussion of the Spenserian stanza, see pages 108-133.

Walter Raleigh were about the same age and were very good friends. Among his contemporaries were such men as Shakespeare, Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Robert Greene, Francis Bacon, John Lyly, and Christopher Marlowe. This was a period of national pride and achievement. The exploits of Raleigh, Drake, and others gave England prestige on the sea, and in 1588, while Spenser was writing his "Faërie Queene," the English met and destroyed the Spanish Armada, thus making the island kingdom secure from attack by Spain. Around the court of Queen Elizabeth there was gathered a group of polished and accomplished noblemen, each striving to gain and hold the favor of the Queen. Among the most successful of this group was Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Spenser's friend and patron.

Spenser himself was anxious to gain a place in the court, but after 1580 he was in Ireland most of the time, coming to England only at intervals for short visits. Though he was some distance from the brilliant group of writers, courtiers, and the court, Spenser was keenly alive to and intensely interested in all that went on in England. His masterpiece, "The Faërie Queene," was written to glorify Queen Elizabeth and her kingdom. It was in this period of national growth, when men were going hither and thither, making new contacts and bringing in new influences, that Spenser lived and wrote. The period from 1590 to 1611 has been called the "supreme years." During that time "The Faërie Queene" was published and Shakespeare did the bulk of his writing. Renaissance, Italian, and French influences were prominent in English literature. Spenser's poetry is characterized by its imaginative splendor, beauty of imagery, and exquisite melody; he himself is distinguished by a strong sense of morality and righteousness and a high idealism. In this sense he is "one of the finest representatives at once of the Renaissance and of the Puritan movement."²

John Milton (1608-1674) was born nine years after Spenser's death and five years after Queen Elizabeth had

² George F. Reynolds and Garland Greever, "The Facts and Backgrounds of Literature," New York, 1922, p. 72.

been succeeded by James I. Among his contemporaries were such men as Galileo, the Italian astronomer; Bacon; Harvey, English physician and discoverer of the circulation of the blood; Hobbes, English philosopher; Donne, Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan, Cavalier song writers and religious poets; and Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, dramatists.

Literature had lost some of the opulence of the Elizabethan period. The Puritan element was asserting itself and making itself felt more strongly in many ways. From 1642 to 1660 the theaters were closed, but masques were still very popular. From 1649 to 1660 England was in the hands of the Puritans and was governed by "The Commonwealth." During this time Milton, as Latin Secretary, was serving under the Commonwealth and exerting himself in its defense. The severe, austere simplicity of the Puritan régime was hostile to the type of court life that had made Elizabeth and her court famous.

This brief sketch helps to place the two men in their respective periods and environments, and gives something of the conditions under which they wrote. Let us turn now to the poets themselves and study their poetical relationship.

Although Spenser and Milton wrote in different centuries and under different conditions, they held, as Professor Greenlaw has pointed out, similar views about poetry and education. To both Spenser and Milton the poet is a teacher.³ Spenser, in writing Sir Walter Raleigh of his plan and purpose in "The Faërie Queene," declared that "The generall end thereof of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline."⁴ In his tract on Education, Milton expressed somewhat the same idea when he said:

I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.⁵

³ Edwin Greenlaw, "A Better Teacher Than Aquinas," *Studies in Philology*, XIV, pp. 196-217.

⁴ Letter from Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh, dated January 23, 1589, and published with the first three books of "The Faërie Queene," 1590.

⁵ "The Prose Works of John Milton" (Bohn edition), 5 vols., London, 1890, III, p. 467.

Another resemblance that should be noted here is that the poets had much the same conception of a poet's relation to the state. In his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser says that "In that Faëry Queene I meane glory in my generall intencion, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faëry land."⁶ And in his "allegory, or dark conceit," he never loses sight of the fact that he is an Englishman and a loyal and devoted subject of his Queen. In fact, in his "Mother Hubberds Tale" Spenser was possibly overzealous in his loyalty; and in trying to advance the cause of his friend Leicester, and in attempting to point out to the Queen the danger threatening the kingdom in the proposed French marriage, he got himself into trouble.⁷

Milton gave up temporarily what he thought and felt to be his life's work—that of writing a great poem—and devoted himself to the Commonwealth as Latin Secretary. It was only when he was old and blind, and almost an exile, that he began the task for which he had been preparing—to "assert Eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men."⁸ In doing this, he based his argument upon the idea common to the two men, that virtue is active, not passive. As Professor Sélincourt has expressed it, "Chastity to Spenser is no monastic virtue, the mere escape from all the temptations of the flesh"⁹; and he might have added that Temperance, in fact any virtue, to Spenser is no monastic virtue. Milton's attitude and his close parallelism in thought are best shown by a statement from his "Areopagitica":

As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Chris-

⁶ *Loc. cit.*

⁷ Professor Greenlaw, in his "Spenser and the Earl of Leicester," *P. M. L. A.* XXV (1910), pp. 535-561, attributes Spenser's "exile" to Ireland to his "Mother Hubberds Tale," in which Spenser uses a beast-allegory to warn Elizabeth of the supposed impending danger to her kingdom from France and Burghley.

⁸ "Paradise Lost," I, 25-26.

⁹ J. C. Smith and Ernest de Sélincourt (editors). "The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser," Oxford, 1926, p. xivi.

tian. I cannot praise a fugitive or cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but sinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is by trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was why our sage and serious poet, Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Gion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.¹⁰

This shows that Milton had not only read "The Faërie Queene," but that Spenser's treatment of temperance had made a profound impression on him and influenced his treatment of this virtue. A brief outline of the Legend of Guyon or of Temperance, to which Milton has reference, follows. Sir Guyon sets out from the court of the Fairy Queen to overthrow Acrasia's Bower of Bliss, an establishment similar to that of Circe, where men are lured to a life of intemperance and then turned to beasts. Guyon has many adventures and is subjected to many temptations on his way. He repulses the advances of Phædria, a servant of Acrasia; he is led through the cave of Mammon and tempted with riches and even with the promise of Mammon's daughter as a wife; Mammon places these and other temptations in his way—

to do him deadly fall

In frayle intemperance through sinful bayt;
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadful feend, which did behind him wayt,
 Would have rent him in thousand peeces strayt:
 But he was warie wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;
 So goodly did begulle the Guyler of his pray.¹¹

Guyon successfully resists these temptations, "purges his nature of impurity through trial," and is thus strength-

¹⁰ "Prose Works," II, p. 68.

¹¹ "Faërie Queene," II, vii, 64.

ened and prepared to accomplish his task, the destruction of the Bower of Bliss and the capture of Acrasia. Guyon is accompanied by a palmer, who is Temperance itself, and who warns Guyon and urges him to stand firm.

Adam, likewise, is subjected to temptation, and as Guyon is warned by the palmer, so Adam is warned by Raphael. Adam fell, Guyon did not. Milton, of course, could not do otherwise than allow Adam to yield to temptation; he was bound to follow the historical account and have Adam fall if Paradise was to be lost. Spenser, however, was interested in fashioning a noble gentleman, and he could not allow this noble gentleman to yield to the temptation of intemperance. For our purpose here the result of the temptation is not as important as is the fact that both were tempted, and both had a chance to "apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better." Both were endowed with reason, free-will, and choice, and when disaster came to Adam it was because he allowed the irrational side of his nature to gain control.

"Our reason," said Eve, "is our law,"¹² and when she allowed that reason to be set aside by the argument of the tempter, and when Adam allowed his reason to be subdued,

"Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm."

they had no one but themselves to blame for what followed. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized, for if we lose sight of it we miss the heart of the theme in both "The Faërie Queene" and in "Paradise Lost." In the former, Spenser fashions his noble persons "in virtuous and gentle discipline," by allowing them to come in contact with temptation in every form. As they resist each temptation they become stronger for the next, until they are perfected in the respective virtues. Adam and Eve are likewise tempted, being forewarned, and when they sin, they cannot impute their fall to God. They have been

¹² "Paradise Lost," IX, 54.

created rational, reasoning beings, and when they allow the irrational side of their nature to gain control, they have to suffer the consequence.

In summarizing what he considers the most "extraordinary set of parallels" between Spenser and Milton, Professor Greenlaw gives four, as follows:

1. The fact that Milton's poetry on the scheme of salvation, notably "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," conforms to Spenser's idea of the mystic vision, to be gained through contemplation and by the guidance of Sapience (Milton's "Eternal Wisdom"). This vision, attained by Milton, is a complete development of what Spenser said was the reward of contemplation, following the lines which he laid down. Milton himself gives constant evidence of his sense that what he wrote was the result of such a vision of Heavenly Love and Beauty.

2. Spenser's method, to attain this vision by the twofold contemplation of the entire scheme of salvation and of God's works, the universe, is exactly followed by Milton.

3. The conception of an action, deeply important to man and his relation to the scheme of things, is in Spenser made concrete by a story in which titanic forces move upon a stage of stupendous proportions, a universe as completely visioned as Milton's.

4. In both the statement of the entire theme and in parallels in incident and plot there is proof that Milton's imaginative detail was due in no small degree to Spenser.¹³

Miss Winstanley gives an excellent discussion of Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty and the influence of Plato on Spenser in the introduction to her edition of Spenser's "Fowre Hymnes," and in the notes she calls attention to parallel thoughts and passages in Milton's works.¹⁴ In her edition of Book II of "The Faërie Queene" she likewise points out numerous parallels in thought and plot.¹⁵

One of the most obvious borrowings that Milton made from Spenser is in his use of the Bower of Bliss,¹⁶ and especially the Garden of Adonis,¹⁷ in describing Eden.

¹³ Edwin Greenlaw, "Spenser's Influence on 'Paradise Lost,'" S. P. XVII, pp. 356-357.

¹⁴ Lillian Winstanley (ed.), "The Fowre Hymnes," Cambridge, 1916.

¹⁵ Lillian Winstanley (ed.), "The Faërie Queene, Book II," Cambridge, 1922.

¹⁶ "Faërie Queene, II," xxi, 42ff.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, III, vi.

Another striking parallel is found in their conception of generation. In Spenser we find—

So after *Nilus* inundation
 Infinite shapes of creatures men do fynd,
 Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.¹⁸

And in Milton—

The Earth obeyed, and straight
 Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
 Limbed and full-grown. Out of the ground up rose,
 As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den—
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked.¹⁹

Milton, with his sensitive ear and keen appreciation for music, must have been deeply impressed not only with the beauty of the description of the Bower of Bliss, but also with the music in which—

Birdes, voyces, instruments, winds, waters all agree.
 The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
 Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine response meet:
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the waters fall:
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.²⁰

When we read the gorgeous description of the Bower of Bliss we are tempted to believe that Spenser has forgotten for the time being his real purpose, but we are not left in doubt very long; the more beautiful and luxurious the place of sin, the greater is the temptation, and the greater is the honor in overcoming that temptation. It was left with the tempted to discern the difference between Heavenly and ordinary Beauty. Thus Spenser's Renaissance luxuriousness was tempered by Puritanism; similarly we find Milton's Puritanism tempered with enough Renais-

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, III, vi, 8.

¹⁹ "Paradise Lost," VII, 459-459.

²⁰ "Faërie Queene," II, xii, 70-71.

sance luxuriousness to give us the beauty of Eden, which is described with Spenserian ardor.

It is interesting to note that although Milton called Spenser "a better teacher than Aquinas," and acknowledged him as his "original," he never used the Spenserian stanza. Perhaps if he had done so critics would not have been so late in looking for and finding so much in common between the poets.

A more exhaustive study of this subject would naturally deal with Spenser's influence on Milton's earlier poems, and would include a more detailed study of Spenser's "Fowre Hymnes" and the beautiful "Amoretti," "Epithalamion," and "Prothalamion."

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

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



Subscription
\$2.00 a year.
Advertising rates
on application

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

ELBERT A. MACMILLAN.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
R. PAUL CAUDILL, R. D. BULLUCK, JR.....	<i>Associate Editors</i>
M. L. GRIFFIN.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
R. K. BENFIELD.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
DR. H. B. JONES.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

VOLUME XLVI

APRIL, 1929

NUMBER 6

The Editor's Portfolio

Finale With this issue of THE STUDENT the present staff concludes its connection with the publication, and retires in behalf of the men who will carry on the work during the coming year.

THE STUDENT this year has suffered from its chronic ailment—lack of interest on the part of Wake Forest students in producing literary work for publication. As has been the case for the past several years, the material published monthly in the magazine has come from a limited group of students who have been overworked, and consequently have not produced the best that was in them. There is little or no interest on the campus in the production of poetry; good fiction has been hard to find. There has been an abundance of the more heavy material, much of which we are proud to have published. As to versatility and originality of literary output, we feel that there is vast room for improvement.

But we have done our best, and perhaps have done something in the way of clearing the path for future editors. It is our sincere hope that there will come some time in the near future a new awakening of literary interest among Wake Forest students. Through the medium of

the college publications students are given a rare opportunity to express themselves, and to gather experience in presenting ideas, impressions, and thoughts in concrete form. May the coming years find Wake Forest students more and more interested in the welfare of the publications which they support, and may there be an ever-increasing band of men who contribute thoughtful and original material to them.

The best wishes of the retiring staff go to the new editor and his associates as they assume responsibility for the magazine. To the readers, the members of the staff make their best bow, and exeunt.

Apology It is with profound regret and with sincere apologies to our readers that THE STUDENT announces that in our February issue there appeared a short story by one of our students, H. J. Rickard, which was plagiarized from a previously published dog story by the well-known author, John Tainter Foote. "Ordered On," Foote's story, appeared first in the American Magazine in November, 1916. It was later incorporated into a volume, "Dumb-Bell of Brookfield," published by D. Appleton.

Rickard's story, turned in for publication in THE STUDENT, was entitled "Blue Blood." The merit of the story was immediately recognized by the editors of this publication, who unfortunately had not read Foote's story. When questioned before the publication of his story concerning its source, Rickard claimed entire originality. The story was accepted in good faith and published. Several readers of THE STUDENT, upon reading the story in the February issue of this publication, recognized Foote's story. A comparison of the two stories revealed the fact that Rickard had used "Ordered On" almost in its entirety. Many sections are identical in language, and the plots of the two stories are worked out to identical conclusions.

In explanation, Mr. Rickard states that he wrote "Blue Blood" in 1924, and that he had not seen the story, "Ordered On." But whether he copied the story from the

original and has forgotten the facts, or copied it from some other person who plagiarized the original story, is a matter of no consequence, so far as THE STUDENT is concerned. We offer sincere apologies to the author and the publishers of the original story and to our readers.

The Senior Gift The gift of the Class of 1929 to the College is now in the process of construction and will be completed by Commencement. It seems to us that the gift this year, being in the nature of an adequate driveway and approach to the west side of the campus, comes as a timely and much-needed improvement. The west side of the campus, for many years the "back yard" of the College, recently, through the construction of a drive for automobiles to enter the campus, became quite suddenly the front yard. Until the present, however, nothing has been done in the way of improving the topography of this newly prominent area of the campus. The entrance on the east side of Waite Hall continues as the main entrance to the College, and visitors who arrive in automobiles, as they all do, are at the outset confronted with the bleak walls of the rear end of the principal college building. In order to reach the administrative offices they must either walk around the building or lumber through a succession of dark offices and storerooms.

The act of the Senior Class in constructing a suitable driveway from this west entrance is the first official recognition the new "front" of the campus has received. It is understood that the College is planning in the near future to beautify the grounds adjacent to the new drive, and that a new entrance to the building is to be constructed. When all of these improvements shall have been completed the College will present a vastly improved front to the casual visitor, as well as to those who are continuously associated with the College.

The Exchange

By R. PAUL CAUDILL

The March issue of *The Wataugan* is a fair piece of work, on the whole. There is evidence of a real effort on the part of the staff to produce a well-rounded publication. The poem, "The Engincer," is a clever bit of invention, and is quite suited to the publication, though there is nothing of literary excellence about the poem. "The Story of Society's Misfits," by Dr. Carl C. Taylor, is especially interesting and cultural in its theme. Dr. Taylor treats in graphic, rapid survey the rises and falls of civilization, pointing out logical conclusions as to some of the "misfits" of great races of all times. Dr. Taylor finally brings one face to face in a very striking way with some of our modern-day personal misfits, and institutional misfits, showing that, after all, human life is hardly more than a series of adaptations—adaptions of man to man.

The feature articles of this issue are especially worthy of commendation. Mr. Vipond presents to one a sweeping survey of the evolution of radio television from prophecy to reality.

In "Mexico's Menaces" Mr. Loomis gives a realistic picture of the Mexico of today, pointing out in a significant manner the "I-don't-care" attitude of the average Mexican. He might, however, have improved very greatly his theme by a more careful analysis of the cultural influences of Mexico, which have been provoked quite largely by religion.

Mr. Merriam's article on "State Highway Patrol" is also a very timely article. Mr. Merriam is dealing in a matter of purely present-day interest, and speaks persuasively in favor of State Highway Patrol.

"Basing at Boobdom," however, by Mr. Minas, is hardly more than a conglomeration en masse, veiled under the pseudonym—humor. The title, though, is significant, and the author should be congratulated on that, at least.

The short play, "Le Tableau Dans Le Café," by Mr. Aydlett, gives evidence of some ability on the part of the author, and

adds pleasing variety of subject-matter to the issue. Let us hope that the author will continue in this effort at drama.

"Courtship, Then and Now," by Mr. Fitzgerald, treats the topic only as one might expect a collegiate hand to treat it. It is of course intended to be highly overdrawn, and not to be taken too seriously.

The author of "Mountaineers" smacks of Paul Green in his portrayal or attempted portrayal of the mountaineer of North Carolina. The author is, from all indications, unfamiliar with the true nature of the mountaineer of North Carolina, else he would never have said, "The only ambition of these people, it seems, is just existing."

The poetry of the issue, on the whole, could hardly be called more than prose. For the most part, however, it conforms with the common and popular idea that poetry is merely a mass of words assembled in unrhymed lines of uneven length and irregular stanzas.

The March number of *Voices of Peace* is very creditable, for the most part.

"Dawn," by Miss Tatum, is a charming bit of thought, well expressed, and gives evidence of originality on the part of the author.

"Metamorphosis," while of no strict literary value, adds flavor and taste to the issue.

"Checkers, the Unwelcome Visitor," and "The Elephant" are rather feeble attempts at verse, violating practically all laws of poetical device.

"Folklore and Superstition in Ireland" is probably the outstanding number of the issue. Miss Crinkley is to be congratulated upon the very fine treatment of her topic.

W. E. Spence

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLVI

No. 7



May, 1929

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

Some of the Publications We Print--

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
OLD GOLD AND BLACK
THE RALEIGH STUDENT
N. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL OBSERVER

N. C. TEACHER
N. C. ODD FELLOW
N. C. CHRISTIAN

THE WATAUGAN
THE TECHNICIAN
ALUMNI NEWS

THE UNION HERALD
and others

IF YOU WANT QUALITY
—We give it

IF YOU WANT SERVICE
—We furnish it

IF YOU WANT SATISFACTION
We guarantee it

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
RALEIGH, N. C.

Crozer Theological Seminary

Tuition and Room-rent free.

Scholarships available for approved students.

Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:

- I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma.
- II. Resident Course with special emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree of A.M.
- III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course. Seminary degree of Th.M., University degree of Ph.D.

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

CASTLE THEATRE

Operating Primarily for Amusement
of the Student Body and Faculty of

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
For Josephine (<i>Poem</i>)	313
R. L. ROBINSON	
The Reward	314
R. L. ROBINSON	
John Randolph of Roanoke	318
THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.	
His Son's Luck	322
F. M. AVERITT	
Waiting (<i>Poem</i>)	326
X. Y. Z.	
Substitute for Trial By Jury (<i>A Debate</i>)	327
Affirmative—M. T. GRIFFIN	
Negative—LUTHER ROBINSON	
John Armstrong	341
G. W. PASCHAL	
The Editor's Portfolio	355

The Wake Forest Student

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

VOLUME XLVI

MAY, 1929

NUMBER 7

For Josephine

By R. T. ROBINSON

Now spring has come and sunshine bright
Spreads o'er the earth its golden light,
And love-birds call with all their might,
To Josephine!

The robin now begins his nest,
With gleeful song and heaving breast
Tells all the world I love you best,
My Josephine!

The new-wed cuckoos in the dell,
And all the growing buds that smell,
Just seem to say that all is well
With Josephine!

The flowers that bloom upon the tree
Are sought by every wandering bee,
While I am dreaming, love, of thee,
My Josephine!

The Reward

By R. L. ROBINSON

NOT until after I had returned from the party and was comfortably in bed did I begin to wonder whether I had locked the office door. It was then past one o'clock, and such a drowsy sleep possessed me that it seemed impossible to keep my eyes open longer; but the thought of the office door's being left unlocked almost made me jump from the bed. Hastily I recalled each detail. I could remember hurrying out and slamming the door as I went. How stupid!

"That door must be locked, and that immediately," I half muttered. "There are large sums of money and invaluable papers lying in the drawer of my desk. If some rogue should attempt the door he would find a fortune without the least trouble," I thought, "and this would mean ruin to me and the company."

I remembered that recently there had been two attempts made to break into the office. Then it occurred to me that if the money should be taken I would be held responsible for it. As much as I dreaded to leave my bed, I knew that I must go. Still, I lay there a little longer, having no other intention than to go at once. I was half of the notion to call my employer, who slept in the room next to mine, and ask him if he had locked the door. But I decided that was useless, for surely I was the last one out.

Why I did not go right then I do not know. I remember that I was so wrapped in sleep and the pleasant effects of the warm bed that I hated to go out again into the cold night. I assured myself that I would go in one minute, and half dismissed the thought in order to enjoy the full benefit of that one last pleasant moment. I forgot the door for some time, I do not know how long; but when the thought again came to my mind I was amazed with myself for even putting off for one moment so important a matter. Sleep was sweet, but that sleep might mean much to me.

"This is a matter that cannot be trifled with," I argued, and flung myself out of bed. I do not recall how I got dressed, or how I left the house; I do not even recall unlocking my own door. The next thing I remembered I was walking briskly towards the office, which was about half a mile away. I usually went to work by street car, but cars do not run after one o'clock, and I decided to hasten my gait.

The weather was cold and there was a north December wind blowing. The stars were almost hidden by a hazy mist across the sky. The pale crescent moon was encircled by a large yellow ring. A sign of bad weather, the old folks would say. As I walked alone I could not help thinking that on just such a night as this is when ghosts and witches are present.

"I do not believe in ghosts," I reassured myself, "and what is the use of my considering such things?" I tried to dismiss the idea, but there was that mysterious stillness of the night which impressed it again upon my mind. I hurried on, whistling the clear notes of a new jazz song which I had heard at the party. Upon hearing a noise in a nearby house, I suddenly stopped, thinking that it might not be best to whistle jazz songs on a night like this. Surely there was no harm in it, but on such an occasion one is so close to nature that probably some old religious song would be better.

I walked on until I came to the corner where I turn towards the office. Just to prove to myself that I was not afraid, I stopped and leaned against a post, standing there gazing off into the skies, thinking of the weird and ancient tales told about the stars, until I was losing count of the importance of my mission. Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by the sight of a man coming up the street straight towards me. I stood breathless and saw him mysteriously disappear directly in front of the office. It was so dark that I could not decide whether he had entered the office or not. He had either entered it or else gone around behind the building. No other thought entered my mind but that this was a burglar, and the feelings I had are unimaginable.

Almost trembling with fear, I cautiously moved down in that direction, childishly hoping that he would catch a glimpse of me and flee. I cared nothing about meeting him face to face. At last I was at the door of the main building, which opens into the hall, and had not seen or heard anything else of him. If it had only been the outside door I could have quietly locked it and slipped away without being heard, but there was no lock on it and I must go inside. I remember how I shuddered at the thought of entering the darkness of that hall. I was probably marching right in the face of death, and was certainly in its neighborhood. Everything was still and soundless, and while I stood there listening and hoping I had half a mind to abandon the building, leaving my private door unlocked. Something seemed to tell me that death awaited me down the hall; yet I knew I could not turn away. I knew that my employer would blame me, and besides he would lose—well, probably ten years labor, and I myself would throw away a good position. That would not do; only a yellow coward would do such a thing. I was paying the price for my carelessness, and I was disgusted with myself.

"That damned party was the cause of it all!" I said to myself. I wished a hundred times, in that short space, that I had not been in so great a hurry to leave in the afternoon—then this would not have happened. At last I decided I must do something and quickly, for there was no gain in standing there until the office was robbed. I opened the heavy door slowly. There was only darkness before me. I had forgotten my flashlight! Nervously I began feeling for a match. But I did not have one—only a pack of cigarettes. I walked inside and stood there, gazing into the channel of darkness. Not a sound was heard; and presently I thought that after all I could have been mistaken and that there might be no one there.

"Why play the coward?" I urged. "I'll walk inside and turn on the light to assure myself there is nothing here." I stepped forward and opened the door quickly inside. I stood in the office and heard a move within the room.

The darkness prevented my seeing, but I knew there was a man standing directly before me. My heart sank and I stood motionless—scarcely able to breathe. Everything was dead for a moment. Then I heard a noise by the desk as if someone had suddenly risen to his feet. Another moment passed in silence. I was afraid to turn on the light, for it meant death, I was sure. Everything was so quiet that one could almost hear the stillness.

Suddenly I heard a man's voice, only a few feet in front of me, which made my blood run cold. These were his words:

"Who the hell are you?"

I could not speak for fear, and again his voice rang out in the room: "Speak, or die!"

This time I recognized the voice to be that of my employer, but it was too late. Before I could speak and tell him who I was there appeared a flash in the darkness and the crack of a revolver. I felt the sting and fell to the floor, uttering my name. Again I heard the voice of my employer, but I did not understand what he said. The light was on, and I saw Mr. Hayes looking down at me. "I had left my door unlocked," I was able to tell him.

"Unlocked? Why, the door was locked all right."

I saw him go to the telephone, and I let myself relax slightly. He came immediately, though, and wiped my hot forehead with a wet handkerchief and held my head on his hand. I remember as in a dream his saying with alarm in his voice: "I could not sleep . . . I was taking a walk . . . I saw a man turn the corner, stop, and I was sure he was trailing me."

I heard, then, the approach of men. I closed my eyes. When I awoke I was lying here—Mr. Hayes still looking down at me, and you standing by my bed. Say, when do you suppose I'll get out from here?

John Randolph of Roanoke

By THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.

JOHN RANDOLPH was an ante-bellum aristocrat, indeed from one of Virginia's earliest families, who was first of all conscious of his birth into the purple, and conscious of the waning of its principles; who was physically unlike other men, but still would fight honestly and bitterly for the retention of the political and social ideals of his caste. Before he was an American he was a Virginian, and he could not understand the Union's taking power away from his State. His fights concerning this issue played a large part in training him as the "master of invective." His public life was marked by political failures, and when there was a triumph it only led him to stinging regrets. His private life was enwrapped with the crushing tragedies of death, with unendurable disappointments, and with severe scandal in the family which cut him to the quick. His constituency, though, kept him at the capital, where he swung the scorpion whip and lashed the robbers of Virginia.

It is this interesting character that Mr. Gerald Johnson, a former Wake Forest student, now presents to us in his new political fantastic, "John Randolph of Roanoke." He does not give us a man whom we have not had before, but a most complex and exciting character, with its motives and its yearnings, in a short book of delightful and magnetic reading.

The dedication of this new book calls for our congratulations. About twenty years ago Mr. Johnson was a brilliant student of our college, and most of all a student of literature under Dr. Sledd. During this period there seems to have been a fast friendship, cemented with affection, idea, and understanding. The student graduated from the institution, won success, and his latest contribution, in which "he exhibits a development and refinement of his work," he has dedicated to his teacher, "a Gentleman of Virginia." This consecrating of this par-

ticular book is appropriate and proper. It is such a work as this, and such an association, that solidifies the pride of Wake Forest, and perpetuates the name of a fruitful college.

This book is brief yet comprehensive; not a publication of new facts, but a selection and a balancing and an interpretation of truths about this man. Former biographies of Randolph have been too long, too eulogistic, or prejudiced. Mr. Johnson reveals his true life with its faults and graces, its virtues and defects. His story is that of a novel statesman, the general tone of which is expressed in the author's own words when he said: "Men have delighted in the tale of a strong man contending with destiny, no matter what the setting, no matter what the time. Nor have defeat and victory much to do with fixing that interest, although the man who goes down is, if anything, more interesting than the one who wins."

This story is of great political significance. John Randolph as a child had to retire from his residence to avoid Revolutionary battles. He witnessed the presidency of George Washington, and in his early years came in close and intimate contact with the politician of that day, Thomas Jefferson. As a young man he was not able to resist this quiet and philosophic personality, and he entered public life as a staunch follower of the great democrat. However, he later learned to hate Jefferson, as he did about all the leaders except Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina. His life in Congress reveals the political strokes for a quarter of a century when America was young and plastic. He opposed the War of 1812, and opposed the President in the nullification controversy with South Carolina. In the latter fight he was upholding Calhoun, who had entered Congress and become a southern leader. The democratic west had now placed a President in Washington. His public life, then, is a cross-section of national affairs — from Jefferson to Calhoun, two of our very greatest statesmen, whose lives represent early politics of America.

John Randolph's character affords us rare psychological interest. In his early youth we see the understanding between him and his mother, his worship of his oldest brother, and his hatred of his schoolmaster. He was first an orphan, and before his death he saw the last of his famous house die out as young men and boys. He was not permitted to have a family of his own, and hence there may have come a demand for compensation. When insomnia attacked him he would pace the floor and sometimes ride horseback savagely. His friendships were few and short-lived, for when he found a friend he was surely soon to hate him. His extreme honesty and his aristocratic idealism formed a basis for this unfortunate disposition. He said he despised equality, but he loved justice as much so. Never would he submit to practical political give-and-take, and he was as suspicious of others as he was honest himself. It approaches the comic, whether true or not, when as a mere boy at Princeton he accused the renowned Dr. Witherspoon of swiping his pocket-money. In Congress Randolph was the "dreaded debater, perhaps the foremost master of invective in American forensic history." He opposed all changes and, it seems, all developments. He hated the new. He was a pest to the planners and schemers of Washington; but Virginia would send him back. Finally, he was sent to the extreme distance of Russia as a minister. Randolph became addicted to opium, and in his old age at times was beside himself. His entire life, though, excites sympathetic pity and a wondering admiration when we understand him. Mr. Johnson says: "Domestic misfortune alone could never have broken him, or physical affliction alone, or betrayal, or grief, or pain of body, or anguish of spirit, or defeated ambition, or fear of doom for his country and for himself. But all these together carried him down."

His life is not void of unquestionable graces. A magnanimity of character shows itself when at one time he was taking care of six orphans. He did not give them external and cool attention, but tried to be a real father

in their lives. The closest study and affectionate responsibility is shown in Randolph's letters to his young friends and relatives. At his own death Randolph liberated over three hundred slaves and left them enough property to get a start. There is a greatness, too, in his aphorism, "Life is not as important as the duties of life."

A romantic allurements runs through this whole tale. The first touch may come when we find that John Randolph is a descendant of the Princess Pocahontas. Then his boldness, audacity, and hatred gives it a vigor, and makes us wonder what next. Indeed, he was a strange and mysterious man, a great man, and an honest man. Mr. Johnson's book shows him to us, shows us his weakness and his greatness, or in other words the truth. The present date is far enough from Randolph's time to allow a study of him to measure his accomplishments and to appreciate his aims. If one reads this refreshing and enlightening biographical story in a borrowed copy, he will wish it were for his own library. We almost feel as if a southern hero has been unearthed for us.

His Son's Luck

By F. M. AVERITT

IT all happened while Dick Upton was on his first visit to Kinston, the old home-town of his father, who had died about a year before. He was visiting his friend, John Rose. He and John had been classmates in college, and now that school was over they were spending a few days at John's home.

John and Dick had gone into a drugstore to get a coca-cola. While they were standing at the fountain a beautiful girl came in and sat down in one of the chairs at a table. Dick was struck dumb, for never in all his life had he seen such a beautiful girl. She was about five feet four inches tall, with rosy cheeks that bloomed with youth and not with the artificial color of the vanity. She was a perfect blonde, with eyes of deepest blue. When Dick looked into them he nearly fainted.

After she had gone and the boys were alone, Dick began a volley of questions concerning her. John did not know her. She must be a stranger, he said, or a girl that had just moved into town. Otherwise he would have been sure to know her.

"John, I must meet that girl. I'll be sleepless for a week if I don't. Come on, let's go."

"Hold on a minute," John replied. "In what kind of a cell would you like to be placed at Dix Hill? I think a padded one would be the best for a person in your condition."

"Quit your foolish talking. I'm going to find that girl. You'd better keep silent if you wish to live and do well."

"All right. I'll see if I can help you out in any way."

For several days Dick saw no more of his dream girl. He made inquiries, but everywhere the result was the same. Finally he gave up in despair. He was chagrined, for John had teased him unmercifully. He could stand it no more. He just must meet her. But how? He would gather his dizzy wits about him for one last try.

That night about six o'clock John breezed in. He slapped Dick on the back and nearly knocked him on the floor.

"Get dressed, you loafer! We're going to a dance at the Englewood over in Greenville. Hurry up, for we have only a few moments in which to dress."

Hurriedly they donned their tuxedos. Finally they were ready after they had fussed and fumed at their shirts and ties. Then they were off in John's new car, his graduation present. They made good time over to Greenville, stopping only once for gas and oil.

"What do you say to stopping at this drugstore for a drink before the dance?" asked John.

"All right."

It had been raining a little that night and the streets were very slippery. They stood in the doorway of the drugstore for a few moments after they had finished their coca-cola. Suddenly Dick noticed a girl on the other side of the street, her arms laden with bundles. She turned to cross the street, but did not stop to see if anything was coming. All at once the siren of the fire-truck was heard coming down the street. She turned in the direction of the truck with horror on her countenance, for it was bearing down upon her. She tried to hurry, but her packages were too heavy. She turned her ankle on a brick which was lying in the street and fell down. She tried to get up, but the ankle couldn't stand the strain. At the very instant that he had seen her fall Dick had started running to pick her up, regardless of the danger to himself. The truck was less than fifteen yards away when Dick grabbed her and in a flash had her out of danger. The shock was too much for her and she fainted. Then suddenly Dick almost fainted, too—it was the dream girl! By this time a crowd had collected. Suddenly an ambulance appeared and the girl was carried off. The boys went on to the dance, but Dick could not enjoy it. He seemed to step on everyone's feet and he heaved a deep sigh of relief when it was over.

In the following three days nothing was heard from

the girl, but on the fourth Dick was overjoyed to find a letter from her, thanking him for his heroism, giving him her address, and asking him to call.

He went over that night. He was so agitated that he could hardly find her house number. He went into the house quaking. He heard a silken rustle somewhere, and there she was—the dream-girl—advancing to meet him.

"Oh, I scarcely know how to thank you for your heroic act. I shall never be able to thank you enough. Come in. I want you to meet my mother."

"It—it—it was nothing. I—I—I'm glad to have done you a service," Dick stammered. Words failed him after he had said this and he could say no more.

"Here is mother now. Mother, may I present Mr. Richard Upton? He is the young man who saved my life."

"Oh, Mr. Upton, I'm so glad to meet you! I shall never be able to thank you enough for your wonderful deed. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks, Mrs. Huske. I'm glad that I had the opportunity."

They chatted for several minutes on the weather and other such topics. Finally Mrs. Huske asked him where his home was.

"Goldsboro," he replied.

"Oh, are you related to Mr. Robert Upton who died there a few months ago?" Mrs. Huske asked.

"He was my father," replied Dick.

"Oh! I didn't know that I was having the pleasure of speaking to his son," and her eyes grew wistful as if she were recalling days that were past. "Well, I shall leave you two now. Do come again, for we shall always be glad to have you."

They talked for about two hours, and then Dick said that he must go. Would she permit him to see her again tomorrow night? Yes, she would. So Dick went away highly pleased.

The next day he was talking to Mr. Rose, John's father, and the conversation turned to Mrs. Huske and her daughter Eleanor.

"Yes," said Mr. Rose, "Mrs. Huske was Miss Nancy Anderson before she married Leighton Huske. After their marriage they moved away, and only recently have they moved into Greenville. Nancy used to have many beaux, and one of the unsuccessful ones was your father. He was deadly in love with her, and when she decided to marry Leighton Huske it nearly ruined him."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Rose," said Dick. "You have helped me greatly. I hope I shall not have the same luck that father had."

That night when he went to see Eleanor he felt that he was "monarch of all he surveyed." He knew that it would not seem exactly right to propose on his second visit, but . . .

Later that evening, for the third time, Dick almost fainted. He heard Eleanor saying, "Mother has told me all about her courtship with your father, and of course you know I couldn't treat you that way."

Waiting

By X. Y. Z.

We have waited, long we've waited,
For the coming of the spring,
For the blooming of the roses
And the gladness that they bring.

Now the world is full of roses,
And our hearts are full of song;
For we're living in an Eden
That has never heard of wrong.

Yet it's coming—trouble's coming—
Like a serpent, sleek and cold,
It is creeping 'round the corner
As it did in days of old.

Never yet was there an Eden
But it came in, soon or late,
For beneath the rose's petals
Ever grows the thorn of hate.

So we're waiting, still we're waiting,
And we'll see what we shall see.
Let us hope it's naught but roses
Blooming fresh for you and me.

A Substitute for Trial by Jury

A DEBATE*

By M. T. GRIFFIN and LUTHER ROBINSON

Affirmative—M. T. GRIFFIN

THE query, "Resolved, That a substitute for trial by jury should be adopted," is receiving widespread consideration throughout America and the world. This fact implies that there is general dissatisfaction with our present system of law enforcement and administration of justice, and suggests that there is need for a radical change.

I admit that there would be no need for a change if the jury system were good and efficient. However, the masses of the people, leaders in the legal profession, and leaders in all other professions are constantly reminding us that the jury system is notoriously bad. Judges, criminal lawyers, prosecutors, and sociologists say that the chief cause for the increase in crime in this country is the underworld; that a man who breaks the law may do so with a very good chance that he will never have to pay the legal penalty. On account of this fact, America is considered the safest place in the world in which to commit a murder—not because of faulty measures of detection, but because of a worn-out and inefficient jury system, which gives the criminal his brightest hope of escape. This is sufficient reason to warrant a thorough investigation of the system and a measuring of its merits and demerits.

As to the history of trial by jury, it is sufficient to say that its origin is controversial and the evidence conflicting. History cannot point out the nativity of this institution, but is forced more or less to evade the question by concluding that the constituent elements of the system are thoroughly cosmopolitan. We ask you, however, to

* The two speeches which we are printing were delivered in several intercollegiate debates recently. The arguments on each side are necessarily incomplete, since there were two speeches on each side in the original debates.

disregard the history of trial by jury and the fact that it has been referred to as a bulwark of our liberties. Too much emphasis and importance have already been attached to the antiquity of the system. What the jury system may have done in the past, under entirely different social conditions, has no bearing upon this discussion. We want to know whether the jury system is functioning satisfactorily and efficiently today. To do this, we must weigh the virtues and vices of the system to see if it is found wanting.

I will present three reasons for advocating the abolition of trial by jury, of which I shall discuss the first two:

1. The jury system is inefficient in its very nature.
2. It has outlived its purpose, and is inadequate to meet modern practices and needs.
3. There is a substitute now in use far superior to the present jury system.

If you will briefly review with me the actual procedure from the impaneling of the jury to the rendering of the verdict, I think I can better point out to you the defects of the system.

The jury of today is not what the jury of some five or six centuries ago was. In the infancy of the system only landholders and lords—the very best men of the community, from the point of view of intelligence as well as of social standing—were allowed to sit on juries. The same thing was true in early American history, in the days of Washington and Jefferson. But let us see what has happened in the complexity of modern society. Let us consider how the men who are eligible for jury service are selected. We begin by leaving out the most learned and capable men in the State. We don't want them to serve. Here is a partial list of those exempted from jury service: all persons over sixty years of age, judicial officers, any civil officer on duty at the time, all attorneys, ministers, teachers, practicing dentists and physicians, non-commissioned officers and privates of the United States, active firemen, ferrymen, members of the legislature, and, for good measure, telegraph employes, steam engineers,

pilots, embalmers, ex-soldiers, ex-firemen, newspaper men, and so on almost without end. These are unquestionably the best people in the community, but no one would say that these men should perform jury service. We could hardly ask that ministers, teachers, doctors, officers, telegraph operators, and engineers be called from their work to serve on the jury, and there are good reasons for exempting the others. But, now, just who is left to do jury duty? Anyone can see that in the vast majority of the cases only the very lowest class remains—the illiterates, the snobs, the hangers-on about the court, and other unreliable types. These people are not representative of the American people, nor are they our peers. Yet they are all we have left from whom to choose our jury. Anyone can see that this evil is inherent in the jury system, for trial by jury automatically brings the evil of exemptions into being.

Now, let us choose the jury. For this purpose we have a twelve-year-old boy to draw the names, such as they are, from a box. On the surface this method seems fair enough; but is it? Do not forget that there is a man to superintend the drawing of the jury, and he is often a politician. He knows how to leave off his friends, and how to have a certain type of juror drawn. This trick is practiced to an alarming extent, if we would only get down to the bottom of the matter and see it in use. But suppose a few professional and business men slip by the superintendent and get in the panel, what do they do? They take a trip to Europe, make a business trip out of the State, appeal to the judge or clerk, pay the fine for not serving, or anything to dodge jury duty. In 1926 25,000 people in New York paid fines put on them by the court for failure to serve as jurors. And they did it gladly. The time of these men is too valuable to be wasted in deciding whether \$500 is a sufficient consideration for damages in an automobile accident. And few of them are interested in whether A had a just cause for assaulting or even killing B. Political and social reform are required

to remedy such an evil as this. It is one of the evils inherently attendant upon the jury system.

Now, we have our candidates for jury service in the courtroom, ready to be confronted by the challenges of the lawyers. First, they are asked if any of them are related or connected in any way to the defendant, if the case is a criminal one, or to either of the litigants if the case is a civil one. All relatives and connections are forthwith dismissed—and rightly so. They would not make impartial jurors. Then those who have read about the case—think of that, ladies and gentlemen, in this day of newspapers!—and those who have formed any opinion about the case are challenged and dismissed. In other words, those who know anything about the case are rejected; which is to say, the more ignorant a citizen is, the more dull his reaction to life about him, the better fitted he is to serve on a jury. With the few that are left, the opposing lawyers fight it out, each challenging and dismissing any candidate who he thinks might be partial to the other side, or who could not be easily swayed by him. And when the smoke of the battle has cleared away we have left a group of twelve men, about as unintelligent and emotional and sorry as could be got together. This evil of the challenge clearly reduces the jurors to the lowest degree of intelligence, but it is necessary in the jury system and cannot be done away with so long as the jury is used.

All this is taking time and money. Consider the impaneling of the jury in the O'Shay case in Chicago, for which more than thirteen weeks were required, over 9,000 men were summoned, and at a cost of some \$60,000 to the State. In this case and in many others that I could mention we find that some 700 men were called before one juror was selected. In such cases as these one of two things is true: either a fit jury was secured—but even in that case 700 people had to be called to get one intelligent man, and any system that is as wasteful as that should be discarded—either that is true, or, on the other hand, the lawyers were trying to get a corrupt and unintelligent

jury, and they got it. Any such system as that should likewise be done away with.

But let us proceed with the trial. The lawyers present their cases. And here we would do well to notice the type of questions with which our typical jury of hod-carriers, day-laborers, loafers, and what-nots is confronted. In the early days of trial by jury the questions were simple and direct: "Did you see Mr. Jones steal a spotted cow from Mr. Brown? Can you identify this spotted cow as the one belonging to Mr. Brown?" But juries no longer have such questions as these to decide. Instead, they are often confronted with two alienists, and very probably they labor under the impression that an alienist is a foreigner. At any rate, they must follow the arguments of the alienists and determine the sanity or insanity of the defendant. Often they must decide complicated questions of chemistry that would give an expert scientist trouble. In the notorious Fall and Doheny case we have a further illustration of the type of questions put before the jury. In that case a jury, composed of a draftsman, clerk, architect, teamster, steamfitter's apprentice, railway clerk, bank clerk, clerk in a drug store, second cook, and an electrician, had to decide whether a President of the United States had been imposed upon by one of his Cabinet members, whether another Cabinet officer had been incredibly fatuous and gullible, whether the exchange of royalty oil for construction work was an improper invasion of the legislative field, whether \$100,000 in cash, sent by Doheny to a Cabinet officer was a bribe or a loan, and whether Navy officials had any reason to expect trouble with Japan. Competent, well-trained men are needed to decide such questions. But we cannot change matters, because the alienists and the evidence are necessary in giving the accused a fair trial.

And besides this, the jurors must try to discredit and neglect any evidence that is presented and afterwards ruled out. The rules of evidence and the technical code of procedure form one of the greatest evils of the jury system. Shrewd and unscrupulous lawyers note and take

advantage of every opportunity to appeal their cases. The slightest and most trivial of errors furnishes grounds for an appeal. The slightest error made by the judge in stating the law or in admitting evidence, the misspelling of a word or some other technical mistake in English in the indictment, furnish opportunity for appealing a case and having the original decision reversed or set aside. There are at the present time pending in the higher courts literally thousands of cases that have been appealed on such grounds as these. It is argued that the evils resulting from these technicalities have no relation to the jury; but is it not true that we have built up this technical wall of procedure about the jury in order to attempt to keep these ignorant jurors in their places? The very fact that the jury is made up of ignorant and unintelligent men necessitates all these needless and wearisome contests over the admission of evidence, which give so many grounds for appeals and cause so much miscarriage of justice. Thus, the judge may exclude all evidence that is not strictly to the point, for fear that it will have undue weight on the ignorant juror's mind. By the very fact that we do have the technical code of procedure we confess that the jury cannot be trusted to rightly weigh testimony. Yet we cling to the jury for the one purpose of weighing testimony! It cannot be denied that this evil is inherent in the jury system, because if a case is presented at all it must be given in some such fashion as I have indicated.

Perhaps, however, the jurors have been asleep during all this. But they cannot fail to be waked by the resounding oratory of the lawyers as they make their final appeal. Then the jurors forget what little evidence they may have detected and give first place to the lawyer who makes the most eloquent speech, or the strongest appeal to their emotional natures.

The judge makes his charge, interpreting the law to them—as though the typical American jury could absorb enough law in five minutes to make the necessary applications! Then as solemnly as judges they march from the

box into the jury room. Here the judge's charge is thrown aside and, after a few remarks by the foreman, perhaps, the vote is taken. A hung jury results. Then, perhaps, some one of the twelve undertakes to argue for acquittal. If no one opposes him the vote finally goes for acquittal; but in case another juror favors a verdict of guilty a heated argument ensues, and the verdict then depends upon which one argues most stubbornly and with the greatest strength.

Such cases as this, in which one or two men are so stubborn that the other jurors finally change their votes in exasperation, are too numerous to mention. Often enough the jury absolutely disregards all evidence and seeks a verdict in prayer, or passes a judgment of Solomon on the case. Race prejudice all too often has much to do in deciding cases. For example, there is the case in which an Italian, who was clearly shown by the evidence to be guilty, was acquitted because a fellow-Italian on the jury refused to vote guilty, saying to the other jurors, "You have acquitted Irishmen, Germans, and Jews all month, and now you want to convict an Italian. I won't go along with you." And besides this, juries will change their verdicts without hesitation, if so doing adds to their personal comfort.

How, in the name of common sense and reason, can justice come out of a system that is characterized by such uncertainty and wrangling, such prejudice and narrowness, such hair-splitting technicalities? These evils are inherent in the jury system. We cannot do away with the exemptions, the excuses from service, the challenges, the admission of evidence, the technical code of procedure, the hung juries, and the method of reaching a verdict. They are here to stay as long as trial by jury stays.

Negative—LUTHER ROBINSON

BEFORE beginning the discussion of the negative side of this question let us get a clear understanding of what we mean by the proposition that a substitute for trial by jury should be adopted. We all know that when

we speak of our judicial system we mean the entire machinery used in the enforcement of laws, from the indictment to the time when sentence is imposed upon the criminal by the court. If certain evils creep into other phases of this entire machinery, then we are certainly not justified in blaming the jury for all of them, because the jury is only one definite phase of the whole judicial system. We would have it clearly understood in the beginning that according to the statement of this query the definite phase of trial by jury is all that we are called upon to defend.

We contend that the jury is functioning far more satisfactorily than any other phase of our judicial system, and that the evils outside of the jury can in no wise be attributed to it.

If trial by jury is so much an outworn relic of the past and no longer necessary in the administration of law, I wish to ask the gentlemen of the opposition why it is that trial by jury has been introduced into the Japanese system within the past six months. Japan is now one of the five great powers of the world. After spending six years of thorough study of all the courts in the world, Japan came to the conclusion that trial by jury, as administered in England and America, was the best possible tribunal in whose hands to entrust the life and liberty of an individual citizen. Japan wished to democratize her judicial procedure and to give the people a direct hand in the enforcement of law; therefore she introduced trial by jury into her system of government.

Again, if the jury is so much an outworn relic of the past and no longer serves a useful purpose, I wish to ask the gentlemen why the jury was introduced into the system of court-martial during the last World War. All down through the centuries the court-martial has always had the power of life and death over a man in the army. That court has always been composed of the most highly trained men in the army. But during the late war the system became so corrupt, so cruel, and so inconsiderate of the rights and liberties of the individual

that the United States Government had to pass a law prohibiting courts-martial from condemning a man to death without first a trial by an impartial jury of his fellowmen. Thus we see a new use for the jury, in a system that never knew the jury before.

Now, according to the statement of the query, the gentlemen of the affirmative must present to you a plan that will justify the complete, absolute abolition of trial by jury. As we discuss the merits of adopting a substitute for trial by jury we should keep before us a clear and definite statement of the original and fundamental purposes of the jury as it was intended by the American people who wrote our Federal Constitution. For, clearly, if we can show that by a continued use of the jury we can best carry out those purposes, the affirmative is not justified in contending for the abolition of the jury and proposing to adopt in its stead a system wholly untried and contrary to the principles of a democratic government.

When the Federal Constitution was first written there was one article that referred to trial by jury. But would the American people adopt the Constitution under these conditions? No, they demanded that two additional amendments be written into the Constitution referring definitely to trial by jury. So we see that from the beginning the American people demanded the jury, they believed in the jury; they still believe in it, and they will continue to demand to be tried by a jury when it comes to deciding a question of life and death, or imprisonment for a few years or for life.

This leads to a discussion of the purpose of the jury. I believe that the representatives of the opposition will agree with us that the original and fundamental purpose of the jury was twofold. In the first place, the jury was established for the purpose of protecting the individual against the misuse of governmental power. History for the past seven or eight centuries shows that no other institution has done more in developing and maintaining the rights and liberties of the individual citizen than has the right of trial by jury. In the second place,

the jury was established for the purpose of deciding simple issues of fact as reported by witnesses, the jurors to be aided by instructions from the court, presided over by an impartial judge. We contend that this twofold system of judge and jury is the best possible combination that can possibly be devised for the enforcement of laws.

The speaker of the affirmative has admitted the value of jury trial in the past, but now he would have you believe that the whole jury system has gone to pieces within the past few years. In the attempt to prove this they are taking all the evils in our whole judicial system and attempting to focus them upon the jury.

As an argument against adopting a substitute for trial by jury we contend: (1) That the right of trial by jury is fundamental in our Federal Constitution and is still absolutely necessary as a safeguard against the misuse of governmental power; (2) that the jury is fundamentally sound and efficient; (3) that no effective substitute for trial by jury can be devised that will carry out the twofold purpose of the jury and at the same time admit the people to a share in the enforcement of laws.

Now, when the gentlemen of the opposition bring before you a picture of the apparent breakdown in our system of justice and bewail the increase in crime and careless disregard for law which has seemingly come about within the past twenty-five or thirty years, then assail trial by jury as the cause of these conditions, they must prove that the evils of which they speak are inherent in the jury itself and not in some other phases of our judicial system or in society as a whole. And, furthermore, they must prove that the system which they propose to adopt will work under all conditions; that it will be free from the evils which they say exist in the jury, and that it will carry out the purposes of the jury and at the same time admit the people to a share in the enforcement of laws.

A general survey of the social criticism which has developed in this country for the past twenty-five years shows that the jury is not responsible for the criticism of

our courts. I believe you will agree that during this period there has been general criticism, general dissatisfaction, and general condemnation of all existing institutions. No institution has escaped the attention of the critics and the sneering reformer. Even the institutions of religion and marriage have not escaped. But shall we condemn these institutions in order to satisfy the critic and the reformer? Certainly not. It is evident that an extra strain has been thrown upon these institutions during this period of which I speak. But does this prove that these institutions are fundamentally unsound? The history of the world goes to show that following any great catastrophe like the Great War there is a general increase in the crime rate, a general criticism and a general condemnation of existing institutions not attributable to any one thing.

With these facts before you, consider, now, another important matter, another condition which has developed in this country during this same period of which I speak. It is evident that during this period there has been an educated public opinion in its attitude toward offenses which constitute crimes. This is shown by the fact that we have not only retained our old laws, but at the same time we have made many new laws which place greater restrictions upon the liberties of the individual citizen. For example, we have made new laws concerning automobiles, we have made strict traffic laws, we have made more stringent laws concerning sex relations and the Federal prohibition law. And the violators of this prohibition law literally fill our courts today.

These new laws are the ones that are the most violated; they would be violated under any system, because of the greater restrictions they place upon the liberties of the individual citizen, who has not yet been educated to the point where he considers these laws just.

According to the Year Book for 1927, there has been a decrease in the homicide rate since 1917 of more than nine per cent per million population, and at the same time since 1910 there has been an increase in the rate of con-

viction for homicides of ten per cent per million population. There has been a decrease of more than fifty per cent in such crimes as public drunkenness, disorderly conduct, larceny, and fraud. These are all old laws, well established and considered just. The efficiency of the jury is increasing year by year in respect to these laws. But notice the record for these new laws which have thrown an extra burden upon the courts, in part because many people still consider some of them unjust. Since 1910 there has been an increase in the violation of the traffic laws of more than two hundred and fifty-eight per cent, liquor laws three hundred per cent, and drug laws two thousand per cent.

This record clearly shows that the system does convict for violation of laws that are well established in the minds of the people, and that these new laws are the ones which are being most violated today. These laws will be violated under any system until the people are educated to the point where they consider these laws just. Now, we contend that unless we give the people a direct hand in the enforcement of these laws it will be impossible to know when the people are behind the courts, and unless the people are behind the courts we cannot expect a zeal for law enforcement under any conditions. The jury is the only part of our government that connects the people directly with the government. There is nothing so calculated to incur social upheaval as the enforcement of unpopular laws upon the people against their will. Now, if during this period of unrest and unstable social conditions we allow the reformers to take from us the RIGHT of trial by jury we shall not have any power to assert our rights if the government begins to misuse its power, and the people of the succeeding generation will awake to the realization that they have been deprived of their voice in a democratic government.

Trial by jury is not responsible for the criticism of our courts today. But those who thoughtfully criticize our judicial system say that we should purge it of those evils which have crept in and are dragging the jury in the

dust, rather than abolish the institution altogether because of evils which exist in some other phase of our judicial system and in society as a whole. The jury certainly cannot be blamed for the evils that result from the technical code of procedure, or from the misuse of the challenge by lawyers and judges.

Raymond Moley, of the law school of Columbia University, assisted by Justin Miller of the University of California and by the authorities of Western Reserve University of Cleveland, Ohio, have just written a book on the crime situation in the United States, called "Politics and Criminal Prosecution." The book was published in January of this year, and contains the latest figures on the crime situation in the United States.

In this book Mr. Moley places the blame for the crime situation in this country almost wholly upon the prosecutors and the judges. Mr. Moley and those who assisted him took five representative states in this country—New York, California, Minnesota, Illinois, and Georgia—and found that eighty per cent of all criminal cases were disposed of in some way before they reached a jury. Now, if these cases were disposed of unsatisfactorily, I ask you, honorable judges, who is responsible for them, the jury or those who dispose of these cases before they reach a jury? We see that under no conditions do more than twenty per cent of the cases ever reach a jury. If justice is not administered satisfactorily, who is to blame? Mr. Moley says that it is not the jury, but the very judges and prosecutors whom the gentlemen of the opposition would substitute for the jury.

Of these eighty per cent of criminal cases disposed of by judges and prosecutors, only twelve per cent were even tried according to the offense with which they were first indicted. The others were dismissed by the prosecutor or allowed to plead guilty before the judge for a lesser offense than that for which they were first indicted. For example, a man indicted for grand larceny or for murder would be allowed to plead guilty before the judge of a petty misdemeanor, fined a few dollars, and allowed

to escape, or by bargaining with the prosecutor would be set free entirely.

From eighty-five to ninety per cent of the cases in Maryland are disposed of in the same way. Mr. Moley says that this waiving of felonies and bargaining with criminals by the judges and prosecutors is the crying evil in the administration of justice in this country today. Either a person is guilty of the crime charged, or he is not. It does not satisfy the requirements of justice to punish him for a lesser crime because it is impossible to punish him for a greater one.

We see that this is exactly what is being done in eighty per cent of the cases in the five states which I have just mentioned. Criminals are being turned loose by the wholesale by the judges and prosecutors, and the jury has nothing whatever to do with it. When a criminal commits a murder, instead of being tried before a jury and either convicted or acquitted according to the evidence, he is allowed to plead guilty to a petty misdemeanor before a judge. By pleading guilty before a judge the criminal is assured of a lighter sentence or a pardon, or he may be permitted to plead guilty to a lesser offense than that with which he is charged. This is the reason why ninety-five per cent of the criminals of Maryland chose the judge in preference to the jury. In this way the criminal receives something of value for his plea of guilty. I have shown you that the majority of the criminals are turned loose in this way today. Once more I ask, Who is responsible for the unsatisfactory administration of justice in these cases, the jury, or the judges and the prosecutors?

John Armstrong

By G. W. PASCHAL

JOHN ARMSTRONG, who knows of him?—one of the founders of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina, and its first Corresponding Secretary; a charter member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest Institute; the man who raised the money for building the present Administration Building of the College; the man appointed by the Trustees to make the first course of studies, under which the first class of the College graduated in 1839; the first full professor, occupying the chair of Ancient Languages; the founder and namer of the Philomathesian and Euzelian literary societies, and the writer of their constitutions; the leader in the establishment of the Wake Forest Baptist Church; the founder of the library and its first librarian; the inspirational leader of young men; one of the most powerful preachers, most able and scholarly men, and most charming writers who has been numbered among the North Carolina Baptists,—and yet Wake Forest has almost forgotten him.

He was the son of Robert and Mary Armstrong, and was born in Philadelphia, November 27, 1798, and died in Noxubee County, Mississippi, September 15, 1844. His early life was spent in poverty and he served his apprenticeship as a tinker. Before he was sixteen years old, however, he was converted, and with all his life purposes enlarged and ennobled he felt called to preach the Gospel. In his youth and uncertainty he put himself under the care of Reverend Wm. Staughton, who from that time directed his education, first in the Institute of Philadelphia, a sort of branch of Columbian College at Washington, of which institution Staughton later became president and Armstrong a student. Here Armstrong was distinguished for zeal in the prosecution of his studies and the high stand he maintained in his classes.

He was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1825. Leaving Columbian College with strong testi-

monials from the president and from the president of the Board of Trustees, he taught for the year 1826 at Cartersville, Virginia, where he recommended himself by his excellence as a teacher and his zeal in Christian work to all with whom he came in contact, including many of the ablest Baptists of that State. During this year he learned of the low estate of the Baptists in North Carolina, and he determined to go there. He knew that in North Carolina at that time there was little hope of getting enough as a preacher to keep soul and body together, and therefore he used his skill as a teacher to support himself while he preached and ministered to Baptist churches as occasion offered. With this in view, he began work in January, 1827, as head master of a school in Nashville. In two years he was already recognized as one of the most prominent Baptists in the State, and at the first meeting of the North Carolina Baptist Benevolent Society, February 10, 1829, he was named as one of its directors.

A new epoch in Armstrong's life begins with the organization of the Baptist State Convention at Greenville, March 26, 1830. He was one of the seventeen men who inaugurated this great enterprise. It is a sufficient evidence of the recognition already accorded him that he was made the first Corresponding Secretary of the Convention, a place which he held during the remaining seven and a half years he was in the State, during which time the Baptist work of the State under his leadership made almost marvelous progress.

When the Convention was organized in 1830 there were about fifteen thousand Baptists in the State. Many of these were unprogressive and opposed to the purposes for which the Convention was organized. But with the organization of the Convention a better day had dawned. There was still much apathy and lack of interest among the churches of the denomination, which in some associations like the Kehukee developed into pronounced opposition. This was followed by the defection of several other associations. But the zeal of the progressive Baptist leaders of this time—Wait, Meredith, Dockery, and

the rest—was undaunted by any kind of opposition. Under the leadership of Armstrong, missionaries were sent all over North Carolina, and every Baptist pastor who had caught the spirit of the Convention became a flaming evangel. From this time dates the wonderful growth of the Baptists of North Carolina. Who can fail to be moved by the enthusiasm of such words as follow from the report of Armstrong to the Convention at Cashie in 1834?

At our last meeting, held at Dockery's meeting-house, we rejoiced to see that our march was still onward, that from the feebleness of infancy we had reached the strength and vigor of youth. . . . And now here we are again, assembled in the name and in the fear of the great Head of the Church. As a convention we have been in existence four years, and we may well say, What has God wrought? This past year has exceeded all others. Our missionaries and agents have traversed the whole State; and revivals have, in many places, followed their labors. During the past year about five thousand persons have been baptized; and the denomination is rapidly increasing in strength, respectability, and usefulness. The Institute [Wake Forest] commenced operations in February, and in September there were seventy students. Upon these young men the Lord has recently poured out His Spirit; and we have reason to believe that from thirty to forty have been hopefully converted to the truth. And the sons of some of the members of the Convention are among the blessed. We may all exclaim with gratitude and joy, "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad!" Some of us asked for a blessing; others for a great blessing; and God poured out upon us an exceeding great blessing.

While it must be remembered that Armstrong was only one of a number whose zeal and labors brought about the great results mentioned above, it must also be remembered that the work was given direction and impulse by the enthusiasm of the youthful leader. And yet he did not allow his zeal to run away with his judgment. He rightly estimated the nature of the difficulties with which the growth of the denomination was attended, the greatest of which was the weakening or breaking up of congregations and churches by the steady stream of emigration that flowed from North Carolina to the West in the decade 1830 to 1840. "Many of our most efficient brethren," says

he, "have removed to the distant West, and many more are on the eve of departure." He feared that these men were influenced by hopes of personal gain; but after almost a century we know that the emigrants, fired with the missionary spirit of the young Convention, went forth to plant Baptist churches in their new homes.

Armstrong was in New Bern before the end of 1829. After the organization of the Convention early in 1830, when Wait had resigned the New Bern pastorate to accept the agency of the Convention, Armstrong was called to fill the vacancy. He continued as pastor of this church until 1835. But his greatest work in North Carolina was in connection with Wake Forest College. His interest in ministerial education was manifested as early as 1831. He proposed to the Baptist State Convention, which met that year at Rogers' Cross Roads in Wake County, to give instruction free to any young ministers that the Convention would send to him. His labors for Wake Forest began as soon as its establishment was proposed, and continued with unabated enthusiasm, not to say passion, as long as he remained in the State. As Corresponding Secretary of the Convention he had the chief direction of the plans for its opening. As we have seen, he was a charter member of the Board of Trustees. He was a member of the committee which chose Samuel Wait as the first president of the institution. I discuss briefly some of his activities in its behalf.

If the manual labor feature of the Wake Forest Institute did not originate with him, it found in him its most persuasive advocate. On January 19, 1833, he delivered a lecture on Manual Labor Schools in the City of Raleigh, which was printed in the Raleigh Register of February 1. This lecture was as able and eloquent an exposition of the subject as was ever made. Its immediate effect was to gain acceptance for the manual labor principle, and in that way to recommend most powerfully the proposed institute at Wake Forest not only to the Baptists, but to others, especially the rich planters of the State.

One of his most remarkable achievements was his rais-

ing of the money for the erection of the old College Building, to which I have already alluded. At the meeting of the Board of Trustees in May, 1834, it was decided to put up a large college building to serve for both dormitories and classrooms, and to cost ten thousand dollars. The Trustees asked Armstrong to go into the field and raise the money. Though he had traveled in only five counties, seemingly the richer counties of eastern North Carolina, he had already raised more than \$13,500 when the Convention met at Cashie in November of that year. Before the first of the following February he had increased the subscriptions to \$17,000. Of this amount more than \$13,500 was collected. This accomplishment will appear the more remarkable when it is remembered that there were at that time not more than as many Baptists in the State as Armstrong raised dollars for the building program of Wake Forest; the people had not before been appealed to for contributions to college education, and most of them, being without newspapers and other periodicals, had to learn what they knew of the institution at Wake Forest from Armstrong himself. As a result of the success of his canvass, plans for the erection of the College Building, as it was called, were begun even before the canvass was finished, the permanent building was erected with all speed, and with its erection Wake Forest became a permanent institution. At the time of its erection the best college building in the State, it still stands, and even now is not without appeal because of its majestic lines. It ought to be called by the name of the man who raised the money for its erection. It is his only material monument in this State.

As a college professor Armstrong had a brief but most eventful career. Though elected to the chair of Ancient Languages earlier, he did not enter upon its duties until the opening of the second session in February, 1835. We have already seen that he was asked by the Trustees to make out the first course of studies for the institution. Though Wake Forest was at that time only a manual labor institution, he made for it, as is revealed by the

records of the first graduates, which are still preserved, a college course of studies; such was his faith in the future of the school.

As a teacher he was one of that all-too-rare class who are inspirational. That he was such we have the testimony of such men as Dr. W. T. Brooks and Rev. J. L. Prichard. Brooks in his diary compares some of his later teachers to Armstrong and yearns for his old master. One of his students, Mr. James C. Dockery, smitten with the love of the Muses, accompanied him to Europe to pursue his studies in the University of Paris. He saw things with the eyes of a young man, and his big-hearted sympathy won them. One day in 1834, while traveling in Pasquotank County, he stopped to talk with a young man who was working as a carpenter on a house. In a conversation of a few minutes he kindled in the breast of that young man a desire for an education. When that building was finished that young carpenter threw down his hammer, declared that he was going to have an education, and made his word good. He came to Wake Forest, made his way through to graduation in spite of lack of means, became a great minister of the Gospel, in his final pastorate built the present church of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington, remained at his post during the yellow fever epidemic that visited that city in 1862, and contracting the disease himself, died a martyr to his devotion to duty. That was John L. Prichard, the father of Mrs. Janie P. Duggan and of the late Mrs. C. E. Taylor.

To Armstrong Wake Forest owes, also, the beginnings of its library and, as I have said above, he was the first librarian. It is his view that is reflected in the report on the Wake Forest Institute to the Baptist State Convention of 1836, which declares that a good library is indispensable to an institution that aspires to high character, needful to both professor and student, and for gaining respect abroad. As the literary societies were the only agencies which could at that time collect money for the purchase of books, they had each its own library; but the selection and purchase of books was under the care of

Armstrong. On one day in August, 1836, eight hundred dollars worth of books were received at the Institute. To see them admiring throngs of students flocked to Armstrong's room, waiting with impatience until the opened boxes revealed the fine volumes to their admiring eyes. Since that time Wake Forest has increased in wealth a thousandfold, and in students sevenfold, but the annual appropriation for books has made no corresponding advance beyond that eight hundred dollars of 1836.

During the two years and a half in which Armstrong remained at Wake Forest he not only taught his classes, but led the students in many activities. For one thing, he was leader of one of the groups of laborers on the farm. The character of his leadership may be judged from a contemporary record, which says that "the fence corps, led by Mr. Armstrong, in two evenings made a fence and staked it near half a mile in length, and most of the rails were carried on the shoulders at least three hundred yards."

Armstrong had a leading part in the organization of the literary societies of the College. He had been at the institution only two weeks when, on February 14, 1835, he delivered an address to the students on "The Value of Polemic Studies." At its conclusion the two societies were formed, the Philomathesian led by J. C. Dockery of Richmond County and the Euzelian by H. K. Person of Chatham County. The names of the societies were almost certainly suggested by Armstrong, while their constitutions, practically identical for both societies, could have been written by no one else. The form and dignity and circumstance of parliamentary procedure which from the first marked the proceedings of the two societies must have also been gained under his tutelage. He drilled the societies for their public celebrations, especially for those of the Fourth of July, then the chief event of the college year. The exercises of the Fourth of July, 1835, were said in the prints of the day to have been "in a manner the most interesting, perhaps, ever witnessed in any part of the Union," and this claim is confirmed by the

diary of a student of that year. In 1836, in addition to the oration and the other exercises of the day, the students gave at night a play written by Armstrong, probably the first college play ever written and played in North Carolina. Its subject was the rescue of a maiden captured by the Indians. The theater for its presentation was in the hollow to the north of the campus. So realistic were the scenes that the children present did not get over their fright for many a day and carried to their graves vivid impressions of painted Indians and blood-curdling yells.

Armstrong was full of devices for the physical, moral, and spiritual improvement of the students, some of which would be regarded today as idiosyncrasies. Though he knew nothing of football, basketball, and baseball, by one or another of which every modern college student is expected to stay in the pink of physical condition, he had some knowledge of dietetics and narcotics. When he had been at Wake Forest only a month he got the students together and addressed them on the use of coffee, which he regarded as a great evil in diet. He showed that the use of coffee as a beverage was recent, and to it he attributed the physical degeneracy of Turks, Italians, and Englishmen. On the other hand, the beasts of the field, such as lions and tigers, by drinking water, had retained their pristine vigor. He also declared that "the use of coffee produces many diseases among men denominated nervous, and that palsies are not infrequently traceable to the use of the same beverage." The result was that twenty-six students pledged themselves to substitute molasses and water for coffee for a space of three months, while ten others "formed a society for the use of pure water." Later, under Armstrong's influence, nearly every student in the institution resolved to abstain from the use of tobacco. But it must be recorded that in these and in all other matters of like kind he sought to gain his ends only by the powers of persuasion. He showed that he regarded the students as responsible moral agents and never urged them to take a step against their will.

As I stated above, Armstrong was a leader in religious activities, also, in the early Wake Forest. He seems, indeed, to have regarded care for the religious development of the students as sacred a part of his duty as his instruction in the classroom. He neglected nothing that he thought might stimulate and quicken the boys and young men in their religious life. In the pulpit, in the prayer-meeting, in the Society of Inquiry, which was a students' organization, in Bible class, in a special theological class for young ministers, in special addresses, in ordinary times and in times of revival, he was indefatigable in his religious zeal and work. In the organization of the Wake Forest Baptist Church he was most active, being the "organ" of those first constituted into the church by President Wait, who did not become a member until later.

On that occasion, August 30, 1835, Armstrong preached the sermon, at the conclusion of which, says a student in his diary, "The Heavenly Dove in all His quickening powers came down among us." Along with Wait he shared in the labors of developing this church, for Wait accepted the pastorate only on condition that Armstrong would serve as assistant pastor. And, while he remained at Wake Forest, Armstrong preached much more often than Wait himself. The diary of W. T. Brooks, from which I have just quoted, shows with what acceptance and appreciation his sermons were heard by the students. Brooks gives the texts of two score of these sermons, the outlines of nearly all, and words of comment. He was uniformly pleased with them, whether the preacher sought to enforce the common obligations of the Christian life, told of the glories of the coming of our Lord and Saviour, or appealed with all his pathos and earnestness to the unconverted. And his admiration grew from week to week. Of one of the last of Armstrong's sermons Brooks says that it "was really sublime." None of these sermons seems to have been without the evangelical note.

In all his religious work at Wake Forest, Armstrong was evidently possessed with a passion to provide the Baptists of North Carolina with an educated ministry.

Here, with a hundred bright young men, he had a glorious opportunity to effect his purpose. His ardor and zeal may be indicated by the story that follows. On the night of November 30, 1836, he rose in prayer-meeting and introduced the following resolution: "That in our estimation our Brethren Henry L. Graves and Wm. T. Brooks are called of God to preach the Gospel of Christ, and it is the duty of this church to authorize them to preach the Gospel wherever they may be called; and that the pastor be authorized to furnish them with an instrument signed by him and the clerk which shall be considered as a license." Brooks says that he was never more surprised in his life, and doubtless Graves was as much surprised. The church adopted the resolution, and the two young men were thrust like fledglings from the nest of mother church to try their wings. And well did the issue justify the inspirational impulse of Armstrong. Brooks became an able preacher and a professor in Wake Forest College, while Graves became the first president of the Texas Baptist State Convention, and also the first president of Baylor University.

In July, 1837, Armstrong was granted leave of absence for two years to study in Europe, subject to recall before the expiration of that period should his services be needed. There is a tradition, seemingly well authenticated, that Armstrong went abroad in accord with a plan of the Trustees to study the educational systems of Europe with a view of introducing them in the college into which they were already planning to develop the Institute, and of which it was expected Armstrong would become president.

But when two years later Armstrong returned from his stay in Europe he found his place filled at Wake Forest. It had been necessary, of course, to get other men in the places of Armstrong and Graves, who left the Institute at the same time. Daniel Ford Richardson, a New Englander, was elected to fill the chair of Armstrong. At the same time John B. White, another New Englander, was also elected to a place on the faculty. During this period

two other New Englanders, H. A. Wilcox and Stephen Morse, were also added to the teaching force. The former remained only a year, while Morse, who had come to the College in February, 1839, as adjunct professor of Ancient Languages, was, right on the eve of Armstrong's return, advanced to full professorship in the place of Richardson, who took another chair. The records leave little doubt that all this was done with the acquiescence if not in accord with the plan of President Wait and the New Englanders on the faculty.

Armstrong, finding his place filled as indicated, was not the man to wrangle for it. When he had understood the situation he came before the Trustees at their meeting during the time of the Convention at Grassy Creek, in Granville County, in the fall of 1839, and offered his resignation of the professorship at Wake Forest. Although the Trustees refused to accept it, Armstrong insisted, and the Board at a later meeting was forced to let him go. Wake Forest College never received a greater blow. It was in vain that the Trustees wreaked their vengeance on the man whose machinations they believed had brought about the situation, but who carried from Wake Forest the church's highest testimonials of character. The College lost many of its friends. Some of the most active trustees never attended another meeting. The resentment against the New Englanders, who were believed to be abolitionists and out of sympathy with the ideals of the South, continued until finally all of them resigned. White was indeed a man of fine moral character and of great ability, and left the College with the confidence of all after remaining ten years longer than the others. The debt of the College remained unpaid, the number of students dropped year after year to the low point of 54 in 1844, and finally in 1846 Wait himself left the presidency, leaving it, however, with the confidence and esteem of the Trustees, who immediately made him president of the Board, a position which he held until his death in 1866. The greatest loss by far, however, was Armstrong himself. No student of his record can fail to raise the ques-

tion whether he was not the very greatest Baptist who ever labored in North Carolina. Only at rare intervals does such an inspirational leader of young men appear. One of the handsomest of men, tall and well proportioned, with good social qualities, full of enthusiasm and untiring in labor, he was lost to the Baptists of the State and to the College at a time when our need was the sorest.

On July 17, 1837, Armstrong embarked at New York for Havre. He had as traveling companions Ezekiel G. Robinson, later president of Brown University, and John J. Audubon, the great American ornithologist, with both of whom he formed an intimate friendship. For two years he was in France and Italy, pursuing a course of reading and visiting places of historical interest. During the first three months of 1838 he was in Italy. In a series of letters published in the *Biblical Recorder* he has left a most interesting account of his observations during the period from December 30, when he was at Lyons, France, until he reached Geneva on April 5. In not twice as many days Armstrong wrote forty-eight letters of an average length of not less than three thousand words. It is these letters that reveal the man as nothing else we have does. He was thoroughly familiar with the history and antiquities, the myths and legends of every place he visited. He quotes freely from Virgil and Horace and other Latin poets, evidently from memory, lines suggested by literary associations of the places he visits. His pen-pictures of Pompeii as he saw it and of the Roman Forum of his day are as clear as photographs. He is alike fortunate and happy whether he is describing the Strada Nuova at Genoa, Virgil's tomb, or the Gulf of Naples, the Italian Campagna with its luxurious crops in contrast with the desolation that seemed to curse even the vegetation in the domain of the Pope, the ruined amphitheatre at Capua, or the Pontine Marshes. He is equally happy and interesting in his descriptions of the churches and the art treasures and antiquities of Rome. He becomes a friend of the priests, is given the special honor of hearing their Sunday evening operas, and is present at the installation

of cardinals, not withholding a word of scorn when even the most intelligent of them kissed, as part of the ceremony, the big toe of the "Jupiter Capitolinus" transformed into a "Saint Peter." His friends and traveling companions are men of prominence and ability, whether Englishmen or priests of the Church of Rome. Unfortunately, only this series of letters was published. He wrote numerous others, and kept a journal with copious notes of his travels and studies. He had even prepared a manuscript volume of his travels, but as many books of travel were appearing, he hesitated to publish it. When after his death Rev. Thomas Meredith, who knew its worth, sought to get it, part of it could not be found, and on that account no publication was made.

After Armstrong had decided to give up his work at Wake Forest he accepted the unanimous invitation tendered him to become pastor of the church at Columbus, Mississippi, and entered upon the discharge of his duties there in the spring of 1840. I am taking the remaining incidents I shall relate of his life from the sketch by Rev. William Carey Crane of Semple Broadus College, Mississippi, in "Annals of the American Baptist Pulpit." He continued in this pastorate at Columbus until the spring of 1843. He led the church to pay off its heavy debt, saw it grow in numbers by revivals, as a result of one of which more than thirty were added to his church by baptism. "During the whole period of his pastorate he was faithful in the discharge of every duty and, with great sincerity and zeal, pressed the claims of the Bible upon saint and sinner. His congregations included a large number of persons distinguished for intelligence, who highly appreciated his intellectual efforts."

In June, 1842, he married Mrs. Pamela Pouncey, a member of the Columbus church. Since she had large properties, this marriage brought upon him a considerable additional burden of care. In the spring of 1843 he moved with his wife to one of her plantations in Noxubee County, though the people of Columbus were unwilling to give him up. Business called him to a visit to Texas in

the winter of 1843-44. He did not, however, cease from Christian work, but continued to preach at several of the churches in the neighborhood of his home in Noxubee County, and instructed a number of scholars in the classics. He attended the meetings of the Mississippi Baptist Convention, and was moderator of the Columbus Association in 1843, "and at the following session in September, at the very time he was on his death bed, he was appointed to preach the missionary sermon at the session of 1845." He had contracted a fever which took a severe form and brought him to his death on the 15th day of the month. "His closing hours were marked by calm and sublime dignity and perfect resignation to the Divine will. His funeral services were attended, on the Sabbath succeeding his death, by an overwhelming congregation in Columbus. . . . It is rare that such a depth of grief appears as was manifested on that occasion." I close with the following words taken from Meredith's notice of his death in the *Biblical Recorder*:

As a minister of the Gospel, Brother Armstrong stood deservedly high. As a scholar and a friend of literature, he was excelled by none of his brethren in this State. As a gentleman and a pleasant and amiable family companion he had few superiors. As a pious man, a sincere and devoted Christian, a man of exemplary moral character and of pure and spotless life, he was far above reproach or suspicion.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

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



Subscription
\$2.00 a year.
Advertising rates
on application

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

THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
R. PAUL CAUDILL, R. D. BULLUCK, JR.....	<i>Associate Editors</i>
W. L. WARFFORD.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
R. K. BENFIELD.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
DR. H. B. JONES.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

VOLUME XLVI

MAY, 1929

NUMBER 7

The Editor's Portfolio

Greetings! The new staff of THE STUDENT pays its respect to the staff of 1928-29 for their services. They collected material rather slowly in the earlier part of the year, but they retrieved the mistake and have given us our regular issues. Their magazine has been as representative as the great majority of similar college publications—more intellectual and much larger than the great majority of them. The editorials, which have been diversified, have discussed major problems on the campus. They have kept in view the advancement of educational interest, the encouragement of literary effort, and the pleasure of their readers. It will be our policy to do likewise. We hope that the students will freely use this magazine as their own, will contribute to it widely, and that it may successfully serve the literary activity of the College.

Improvements On the Campus

It is with the greatest pleasure that we notice a number of improvements on our campus. Attention has already been called to the completion of the rock wall all the way around the twenty-five-acre enclosure of the campus.

Probably no one thing has added more to the general effect than the completion of the campus wall, together with the restoration of the arch which was presented by the Class of 1909, and the planting of shrubs at this entrance of the campus.

We now have several first-class tennis courts at the disposal of the students, including the three excellent courts recently constructed near Bostwick Hall. There have been unsuccessful attempts to supply this great need before, and it is the sincere hope that the present courts will always be kept in splendid condition. There is a plan for preparing additional courts over near the athletic field. Increasing the number of first-class courts will bring about more general participation in this sport and cannot fail to be appreciated by the student body. The new tennis courts tend to bring the beautiful and majestic front of Bostwick Hall more into prominence. They have made attractive this part of the campus, which has been largely waste land and certainly not pleasing in appearance. The need for these courts is shown by the fact that they are continually occupied during practically all hours of the day.

The construction of one main walk through the campus parallel with the highway is under way. This, instead of two smaller ones, will provide larger grass plots. The ground before some of the buildings has been elevated with decayed rock. Concrete steps have been erected where needed. It is obvious, of course, that there will have to be some means of protecting from washing the numerous walks that have been built up. Our lawns are extremely heavy, though with a healthy appearance. Soft lawns have not been the idea, or there would be mowers used to produce this. The continual shedding of magnolia leaves hinders the general cleanliness more than any other one thing.

A major improvement is represented in the gift of the senior class. There was some speculation as to what the seniors would do; now there can be no disappointment. It has been unfortunate that the drive entrance to the

College and the so-called rear entrance were identical. The curbing and the walks to the drive now being constructed by the senior class will bring about great neatness to this part of the campus. The problem of parking automobiles will certainly be presented, however, and will have to be solved. Shrubbery to be planted will produce a commendable finish to this work. This spring is the first season that the larger part of our shrubbery has had a chance to show itself, and we have looked on it with pride.

Exact plans for altering Wait Hall probably have not been concluded. This proposed change should be determined with care, and whether or not both sides of the building should be the same is questionable. It would be likely to appear very affected. The present front of Wait Hall gives an old, grand, august appearance above all, but shall we try to make another like it? In the near future there should be an entire remodeling of the interior of this building, making it permanently fire-proof. We want always to keep this building, which has been in use since 1837. It is the closest to our hearts. No one can notice this hall in the early morning when the sun is shining on the moist ivy leaves without being impressed by the beauty of this historic structure.

Wake Forest has a beautiful location and a beautiful campus. Our sincere interest in culture can manifest itself in no better way than in making our campus more beautiful. May the good work go on!

The Seniors As the time of graduation approaches the professors feel that their smartest students are leaving them and wonder what the next year will bring into their advanced fields. The publications see their best talent retiring, the organizations know that their mainstays are leaving them, and the boys individually feel that they are losing their most useful friends. This attitude is all justified in the fact that a senior group, in the essential sense of the word, withdrawing from anywhere results in a loss. Time and training have

made them a select group of men who have adapted themselves and have very largely chosen their own courses. As they join the alumni their fresh interest and influence will be helpful to us.

We congratulate the seniors on their gift to the College. It shows that they have a turn to see the practical needs of their school, and that they recognize their own ability to meet them.

We wish them all early and full success.

**Why
Examinations?**

During the period of examinations it is often hard for us to see, and harder to admit, any usefulness in them. A common opinion is that they are merely a hardship to test us for grades. We look forward to the easy feeling of relief when they may be over. The ideal condition presents itself at once when we think of schooling without any examinations at all. Their practical uses sustain them, however, and their real value justifies their existence.

Probably the first purpose is that of organization of material. We study fragments of work two or three times a week, assimilating dates and details that we are not able to retain. An examination on a course forces us to look on it as a whole, to weigh the good and the bad, and to balance the scales. We are then able to see the beginning and the ending, the origin and the developments. We must have a complete outline in our minds, with the important facts succeeding one another accordingly, and leading to an end. The examination presented should permit this, and we should be able to remember the contents.

Examinations do, in a sense, command us. There must be a demanding hand. Even the sincerest scholar would not always feel the urgency of daily work without the prospect of being tested. The prospect of examination helps us appreciate the importance of daily work, the daily task, even of frequent quizzes. They will make us organize in our minds the entire field, and so reap the full and final benefit of our work.

The Wake Forest Student

Vol. XLVII

No. 1



NOVEMBER, 1929

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Witchcraft (<i>Poem</i>)	3
IGNOTO	
Living a London Fog	4
BENJAMIN SLEDD	
Thirteen Minutes	9
B. A. STRICKLAND, JR.	
Old North State News (<i>Poem</i>)	15
BENJAMIN SLEDD	
Shadowed	17
A. LAURANCE AYDLETT	
The Song of the Robin (<i>Poem</i>)	30
L. D. MUNN	
The Truth as to the Public School Advancement in North Carolina	31
GEORGE W. PASCHAL	
Mountain Evergreens (<i>Poem</i>)	62
EDWARD T. HARRELL	
Ships (<i>Poem</i>)	63
L. D. MUNN	
Yes	64
S. L. MORGAN, JR.	
Dawn (<i>Poem</i>)	70
LONNIE D. MUNN	
Chaucer's Prioress's Tale	71
A. L. AYCOCK	
The Editor's Portfolio	86

The Wake Forest Student

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

VOLUME XLVII

NOVEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 1

Witchcraft

By IGOTO

Love, there's witchcraft in your eyes!
Where always lurks some fresh surprise;
Now soft and blue as summer skies;
Like far-off hills, now grown to gray
As the daylight dies away;
Now like steel, all hard and cold
With never a spark of love to hold;
Now with darker deeper deeps
Where unhinted mystery sleeps,
Such as midnight moonlight makes
Of two lonely mountain lakes.

What if this enchantment be!
Love, be wise; give them to me!
My lips two holy Palmers, see,
Are waiting, pledged to kiss them free.

Living a London Fog

November 10, 1914

By BENJAMIN SLEDD

LONDON.—Now, of all things, I had wanted to “experience” while in London, a genuine London fog was first and foremost. But it looked as if I should be disappointed; for so far the days had been warm and sunshiny and the nights clear and beautiful. However, my wished-for experience came at last and the next morning I arose a wiser if not a sadder man.

Take a map of London and find Kensington Garden and Hyde Park, those twin pleasure grounds, the most popular if not the most beautiful of London’s innumerable parks and gardens. Notice the Serpentine, that loveliest of man-made lakes. Well, it all began at the great bridge spanning the Serpentine and uniting Kensington Garden and Hyde Park. I was leaning over the parapet watching a glorious sunset—and of glorious sunsets in England there is no end—when suddenly a change came over everything,—so suddenly that I was startled. The great convoys of ducks, swans, and geese steering homeward from under the bridge, became faint and far away; night has come at one stride,—not in the usual lingering English twilight; and white shapes are whirling, twisting, and twining along over the Serpentine, like the dancing of water-wraiths.

I join the stream of humanity which is pouring cityward. There is a feeling of uncanniness, of loneliness in the very air, drawing people closer together as if for mutual protection and comradeship. Look only ahead of you: strolling groups of boys and girls have suddenly become metamorphosed into sets of Siamese twins,—two people and only two hands and two arms visible; the other hands and arms having disappeared—in the mists

of course. Even the trees seem to draw closer together, with those vast, ghostly mist-shapes flitting among them.

As I approach the Marble Arch where the pathways of Hyde Park come together and empty their streams of humanity into the hurrying tides of Oxford Street,— I am aware that a veil is suddenly being drawn over everything. Even the lights look as if seen through ground glass. The Marble Arch itself has grown to fourfold its daylight dimensions.

Shall I take a bus here and hurry on to my own lonely lodgings? No; Fleming's first and a good dinner. (Don't forget Fleming's, Oxford Street, if you ever go to London. No other place like it for a good, square, inexpensive meal and a pretty waiter.)

And now the fog both comes down and rises up. There is no rain and yet your rain coat and cap are white with moisture. The pavement shines as if oiled. As you are swept onward by the tide, you begin to have strange fancies: you are swimming at the bottom of a mighty river with tons of water pressing down upon you. But never mind, here is Fleming's at last, and you turn into the brilliantly lighted room with a sheer sense of relief and of pleasure, which does not come alone from a seven hours' fast. (Never mind that dinner, now. I'll tell you all about London-at-Table in another letter.)

When I come out from dinner a bus is just moving away. I swing on and clamber to the top. No use to try to read the numbers now. I must trust to luck.

"Ticket, Sir?"

"To Russell Square."

"On wrong bus, Sir. Take 9 and change to 77 or 68 at King's Way."

"Where does this bus go to?" I ask recklessly and ungrammatically.

"Trafalgar Square, Westminster Bridge and Southwark."

"All right; gimme a ticket to Westminster Bridge."

A sudden inspiration has come to me. I'll see the fog on the Thames, tackle 68 as she comes by, and go home.

I roll off at the arch of the great bridge and gaze down from the parapet. And truly the sight is worth coming to see. I am suspended over a boiling caldron, bottomless, immeasurable, the vapor from which rolls up toward me, but somehow never reaches me. The vast houses of Parliament over yonder can only be guessed at, and even the lights on the bridge become a faint blur. A snorting, squeaking, puffing steam tug passes with its endless convoy of barges, and the mist for the moment seems to be drawn after the weird procession and you glimpse the Thames, dark and ominous below. Better be moving on homeward. And you start across the bridge. For suddenly all the busses seem to have stopped. You reach the end of the bridge and look around for some familiar object. Where are the houses of Parliament? Where is the Abbey? Swallowed up in the impenetrable fog around you. But you walk on, knowing that Trafalgar Square is straight ahead, and there the name of the busses is legion. But the Square has somehow shifted its place. The houses around you are merely shops, not the mighty government buildings, museums and what-all not that surround Trafalgar Square. Ah, here is a friendly bobbie on the corner.

"What's become of Trafalgar Square, officer? It seems to have pulled up and moved away."

"Trafalgar Square, sir? It's half a mile behind you. You're going south, sir. Where do you wish to go, sir?"

"Russell Square."

"Take 77, sir. Here she comes."

You swing once more onto the bus and clamber to the top seats. Ah, this is glorious. You are being wafted along through the depths of an illimitable ocean, impalpable to touch, impenetrable to sight. It is dream-land, not London.

"Ticket, sir?"

"To Wake Forest."

"Epping Forest, you mean, sir. No more busses there tonight, sir."

"All right; Fiddler's Green, then."

"Golder's Green, you mean, sir. Change at Kingsbury to 27. Show it to you, sir," adds the kind-hearted fellow, who really thinks you are a bit dippy.

You ask the conductor of 77 to put you off at Russell Square Hotel and sure enough here is the familiar stairway. You have only to follow the iron grating to the corner, cross over and go straight back a block, cross over again, count three doors and you are home once more. Easier said than done. You think you are at the right door, and try your latch key. Won't work. You go back to the corner and try again. Perhaps, you have miscounted. But even the corner has moved its place of residence and you stand hopeless before a long line of buildings whose existence, however, you can only guess. If you could only wake up that infernal pug who barks all night next door west, when you are especially tired, and restless. It is your last hope and you give a shrill whistle. There comes the little brute, barking for dear life. But strange to say, he, too, has changed his place of residence and is on the opposite side of the street. Never mind, maybe old No. 47 has changed along with the rest of the world. And you cross the street. You try the door on the right of the barking dog. The lock gives, and you are at home!

But even now your adventures are not done with. When you wake up the next morning at 7:30 and look out, the fog is cutting up as many capers in the street below as if it were playing hide-and-seek with itself. And how strangely it still can transform things. The young lady who lives opposite, second floor front, is leaning out at her window. But her usually trim-fitting dress is strangely loose, and flowing, and white, and her usually closely wound locks are strangely disordered. Here the young lady discovers you, and jerks herself back behind her curtains. Stranger still, for she usually likes nothing so much as to pose between her half-drawn curtains. But

it's all the work of the fog. And you go back to bed for just another nap before the breakfast gong sounds at nine.

And you've had your longed-for, never-to-be-forgotten experience. You have lived a London fog.



Thirteen Minutes

By B. A. STRICKLAND, JR.

*"Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, segas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque."*—Horace.

BLACK night enveloped the little German village of Mausein. Driving rain beat in an insistent monotone on the closed shutters of the shabby little dwellings. At the end of the one narrow street, apart from the other houses, stood a small building which differed somewhat from its neighbors. In this odd structure, which resembled a miniature warehouse, was the home and laboratory of Dr. Smöle, "the crazy chemist," as the villagers referred to him. He was classed by these erstwhile gossips as a kind of semi-maniac. Quite advanced in age was the venerable old man, having witnessed three-score and twelve years flee by in the march of time.

At the age of sixty-eight he had been the victim of a paralytic stroke which had made his left arm entirely useless. Notwithstanding this handicap the old man continued to work with his many chemicals and odd machines, of which he possessed quite an abundance. For years he had been experimenting exclusively with chlorine and neon. By uniting the chlorine with gaseous neon under sufficient pressure he expected to obtain a highly concentrated compound which would absorb oxygen from the atmosphere, causing the destruction of all life on the planet. This substance he anticipated would be a deadly explosive also. Undaunted by countless failures he had of late been working almost incessantly. Hunger and bodily fatigue had long since grown to have practically no effect on the wonderful constitution of the old doctor. So absorbed was Smöle in his experiment that everything was in the background save the object of his experiment. Two days previous he had ordered his

assistant out of the laboratory giving him explicit orders not to interrupt him in his experiment at any cost. This assistant, who was quite a nonsensical type of fellow, greeted the old man's order as a pleasant diversion from what his limited intellect considered foolish and useless labor, the young man's only interest lying in the pecuniary aspect of his position. During the daily gatherings of the villagers at the taverns on the long winter evenings, this worthy delighted to jest carelessly on the subject of his employer's eccentricity.

Probably Dr. Smöle's singular visage heightened the impression of eccentricity which one received of him. Surrounded by drawn yellow skin which resembled old parchment were two ferret-like eyes. Those eyes of old Smöle were terrible. Their stare could be felt. His glance sent urchins scurrying to their mother's aprons, made Catholics cross themselves, and inspired in the strongest soul a feeling of abject dread. A large hawk-like nose only enhanced the dreadfulness of those "orbs of the Devil," as the village scholar described the venerable old doctor's eyes.

On this particular night Smöle was using for the first time a new pressure-machine which he had only recently completed. He had remarked to his assistant during the construction of the apparatus that, with it, he was practically certain that the elements would compound perfectly. It was electrically operated, the current being obtained from a private power plant which adjoined the laboratory.

Due to some inexplicable reason or probably because of severe bodily fatigue and feverish mental anxiety over the outcome of his efforts the old doctor was in an exceedingly excited nervous state and possibly was troubled by hallucinations and passing spells of delirium. He continually muttered something about a college, a professor, and revenge. No one was able to make sense of his mutterings, and people attributed them to mental disorders. Not a soul dreamed that these disconnected monosyllables had to do with one of the most sensational

murder mysteries ever recorded in the Berlin police annals.

The village, lulled by the drumming of the raindrops, slept soundly as the powerful pressure-machine was prepared for use. Shaded lights silhouetting the outlines of retorts and flasks on the walls and ceiling created of bizarre, grotesque, incongruous figures. Dr. Smöle adjusted the last screw and placed an empty retort on a narrow shelf to the left of the switchboard which was located above the pressure apparatus. His useless arm dangled at his side as if suspended by a hinge. The retort encountered an obstacle, balanced a moment on the edge of the shelf then slid off. The Doctor had picked up a beaker of concentrated acid. As the retort fell he instinctively raised the hand which contained the beaker to catch the retort. Glass met glass, shattering both the retort and the beaker. The acid trickled slowly off his hand carrying flesh with it. He winced under the severe pain and staggered headlong toward the door of his bedroom. Scarcely had he reached the middle of the apartment when he halted and turned slowly toward the machine. He had realized in time that the machine having been made ready would not stay adjusted longer than a few minutes. As if controlled by an omnipotent hand he started toward the switchboard. In his disturbed brain he fancied that he heard a noise at the door which led into the street—or was it really an audible sound? The latch was lifted up slowly and the door moved with caution backwards and forwards several times. Excess terror gripped the quaking soul of the old man as he thought of his experiment's being interrupted just at the most crucial moment. He moved again toward the switchboard to press the button which would start the hydraulic piston of the machine. An involuntary movement obliged him to turn his head. Slowly, gradually, deliberately the door turned upon its hinges. Standing upon the threshold he beheld a tall, thin yet stately figure, wrapped in a white shroud which covered it from head to foot.

The vision arrested his feet; he remained as if petrified with his acid-caten hand half raised to the switch. The spectral stranger with measured and solemn steps approached Smöle. A shaded filament bulb located on the switchboard darted a dim melancholy luminousness on the drawn features of the Doctor. The figure advanced slowly yet surely toward him. A few paces from the machine it stopped, raised its right arm, and pointed to the old clock on the wall.

The spectre remained in this posture for several moments. The hand of the clock was upon the stroke of twelve. It began striking. When the reverberation of the last stroke had died away the mysterious stranger advanced yet a few steps nearer the cringing Doctor.

"Yet thirteen minutes," said a voice, faint, hollow, and sepulchral; "yet thirteen minutes and we meet again!"

Smöle's form was convulsed in pain from the burning acid and a horrible expression pervaded his features. He shuddered and gasped at the words of the diabolical thing which stood before him. "We meet again?" he pronounced at length with difficulty. "Where? Whom shall I meet?"

The figure pointed downward with one hand and with the other raised the linen which covered its face.

"Almighty God!" shrieked Smöle, "my professor!" With a superhuman effort of his grisly, talon-like hand he threw the switch. The machine started.

A long, drawn-out, dismal shriek issued from his ashen lips as he fell insensible to the floor. The machine sputtered, hissed, and became quiet. But only for the fraction of a second—a reverberating roar blasted the peaceful silence of the countryside. The house of Smöle burst asunder. Some say that the rain ceased for a moment, so terrific was the explosion.

As silence reigned again save for the dripping of the rain the inhabitants poured forth from their hovels. They seemed not to mind a drenching at all, so intense was their curiosity. Some were attired only in night clothes, others without shoes, a few carrying umbrellas.

Several carried smoky oil lanterns. Driving rain, hurrying forms, and flickering lanterns presented a drear, cheerless scene. They fared forth in the general direction of the remains of the Smöle house which was now partly in flames. A broken, twisted mass of wood and steel was all that was left of the doctor's finely equipped laboratory. As the foremost ones gained a view of the razed structure they beheld a human hand protruding from between two timbers. Speedily lifting the timbers and clearing away as much debris as possible from around the hand, what had once been Dr. Smöle, was dragged forth. Two men in night clothes carried the battered human form to the nearest house. Intermittent groans escaped from the lips of their human burden. He breathed only faintly and was covered with blood from head to foot. The village physician seeing that death was only a matter of several moments administered a stimulant. Presently the bloody lips moved—he spoke faintly, yet audibly, to the group gathered around the bed on which he lay.

"Years ago," the cracked voice said, "he was my professor in college at Berlin." The pitiful voice faltered, then went on. "We were intimate friends, he and I. His secret—about chlorine and neon—I s-stole it. Then I killed him as he slept—gassed him. My God, I repent. Don't let the thing take me!" A spasm shook his frame and in a low and somewhat more steady voice he continued: "No one but me knew the cause of his death. I left the city—came out here. Tonight he came for me—seeking revenge—to take me to hell." Half raising himself on an elbow he cried in a still more frenzied tone: "No more am I beguiled with visions of profit from my damnable lust, my perjury, my hypocrisy. I think now only of the blood which is upon my hands. I am a murderer—hell is my lot—eternal damnation; nought lies beyond my grave save a gulf of devouring flames."

At this juncture the dying old man sat bolt upright in bed, so gripped was he in the throes of a burning conscience. "The Demon, he comes for me! Miserable

wretch that I am! Blessed Virgin, the Fiend sp-speaks to me! He sneers at me. He makes ready to bear me away. His talons are at my throat. I am lost! He flings me from the rocks. The fire, the fire, it burns, it—” His eyes started from their sockets, and with one long, lingering, convulsive paroxysm of mental anguish more than physical pain, he expired.

Only the regular ticking of the tall grandfather clock standing near the fireplace disturbed the unearthly silence of the death chamber. The village physician placed his ear to the motionless breast, listened a moment, raised up and bowing his head breathed a short prayer. As he raised his eyes his glance fell upon the face of the clock. The minute hand stood at exactly thirteen minutes past midnight.



Old North State News

(Dedicated to The Woman's Club, Raleigh.)

By BENJAMIN SLEDD

Post-haste the Muses hie to Wake,
The bardling by the beard to take;
The dames command and he shall make
 A poem instanter!
No balking! Pegasus must break
 Into a canter.

And spread the tidings up and down
There will be held in Raleigh Town
Of newest things the very crown—
 What is it?—A Kermis!
(Look in your Webster, and don't frown:
 It's there, my dear miss.)

A Kermis?—Just Ye Olde Time Faire,
When all the world had time to spare;
When lads were free from cark and care,
 And lassies winfu'
Their last year's bonnet still could wear
 Nor think it sinfu'.

Here's dancing!—Do you watch the spiel
Of tripping toe and glancing heel
In strathspay, jig, hornpipe and reel,
 And gay fandango,
And latest cantrip o' the deil,
 Ye unco tango!

And eating!—World-famed barbecue
Which iron tears from Pluto drew

When Orphens tried the trick anew
 And touched P.'s palate,
 And won his wife from Hades' crew
 Wi' pork and salate.

Such music!—How the fiddle's squeal
 And thumping of the fiddler's heel,
 As in and out the dancers wheel
 In maze bewitching,
 Make e'en the grey-beard bardling feel
 His toes all twitching.

And folks!—All Raleigh Town is there;
 And something more and still to spare;
 The Old North State forgets to rear
 And goes to living;
 And she who sells has hands so fair
 Selling seems giving.

L'envoi.

At Auld Nick's booth are all things sold,
 By the good poet we are told;
 Yet he'd forego his calling old
 And go to buying,
 If yonder lass with locks of gold
 His wares were crying.

Shadowed

By A. LAURANCE AYDLETT

CARTER raised himself in his stirrups and looked far out on the African veldt. In all the vast expanse that met his eye there was no sign of moving animal life except the single speck off to the left and almost disappearing below the horizon. For days, weeks, he had followed that same speck, gradually coming a bit closer in the northward journey, sometimes losing track of it entirely when he failed to learn at once just what parts it had visited.

The white man looked behind him at the group which made up his small band of followers. He nodded as he thought of the fact that his own party would appear as a tiny speck to one in the position of the dot on the horizon. The white man wondered as he surveyed his men if any of those he knew composed that far distant speck had looked back and seen them.

As Carter looked westward into the round ball of the setting sun that set on fire the whole of the flat country before him and cast a curious color on the back country, it seemed the source of the fire of determination that burned within him to catch up with that distant speck, and then—

The white man looked in front of him, examined his small compass, and turned his face again to the west. Why the change of course? He had thought they were heading northward toward the jungle country there. That evidently had been their intention when they had left the Cape. He turned to summon one of the native blacks from his party.

Carter studied closely the map brought him by the negro after he had made known his wishes, then ordered the safari to make camp for the night. Further away

he knew another camp fire would soon appear and, as he later sat divining his plans, its faint glow rewarded his gaze.

There could be but one meaning to the change of course, the white man decided. Those he was pursuing must have decided to head for British Southwest Africa. If they could connect with the railroad there it would carry them much more quickly into the darker portions of the continent.

Carter knew that rail territory very well. He had been a member of the Allied force that had taken the Southwest territory from the claws of the German eagle back before 1918. The British control of the seaport on the western coast had necessitated the German interests building rail connections to obtain an outlet elsewhere. The two curving arms of the road were familiar to Carter. If those he was pursuing could reach the southern arm and obtain transportation to the end of the northern branch they would be speeded on their way far beyond his reach.

From the outer darkness the white man peered into the depths of his own campfire as if it were a crystal glass showing him the events of the past. His mind traveled back to the days of the march into the interior of Togoland, when the British forces had made a successful effort to capture the powerful wireless station hidden in the interior by the military astuteness of the Kaiser before Ferdinand had received the fatal wound at Sarajevo. With its capture the entire German possession had capitulated and Carter with his buddy, Atkins, had been transferred to other sectors.

Atkins was an English lad who accidentally, it seemed to the Briton, had found himself in the invading force that brought under the British lion the first of the imperial possessions. He appeared in Carter's campfire as he had been that day when Atkins, the thinker, had rescued him from a crocodile in the Niger and its swift current.

The Briton had seemed but a boy to Carter, and after the rescue there had sprung up what each had considered an undying friendship. Perhaps the fact that there was found in each the ideal of the other had a powerful influence after the two had become acquainted.

Atkins, slender and blonde, of an artistic temperament and taste, possessing the education and culture Carter had longed for, thinking deeply along lines few of the soldiers could follow, philosophizing much in the evenings when the forces had been halted to rest, had appeared to Carter as the type of man he longed to be.

Carter, the rough man of the open spaces, trader and master of men, had attracted the English lad because of his desire of a lifetime to be the strong, robust, indefatigable person he found in the burdenless, browned resident of Africa.

They had become separated after Togoland and its blacks bowed to the Union Jack and until recently Carter had heard nothing of Atkins. That there would ever come the severe break between them had never been surmised by the lone white man who now was reading his past history in the flames of the fire. That the cause of it would ever have been what it actually was had been the farthest from his thoughts until a short while ago.

Atkins now sat about the distant fire and with him sat the one white woman that ever could have driven the sun-tanned trader in pursuit of his erstwhile friend. Never but once in the many and varied experiences Carter had undergone had he ever been smitten by a face of the fair sex until *SHE*, at Capetown, had requested his assistance. From that moment Carter had made a complete upheaval in his own mind of the position in which he had formerly held all those whom custom had decreed must wear the sleeveless, low-backed, vari-colored garments that had always attracted the admiration of the trader more than their wearers.

She had borne the, to Carter, all-revered name of Diana Cornwall. Her tall, athletic form that moved through the

water as swiftly and smoothly as a fish, and her black eyes and brown hair that brought a second glance from many pairs of eyes on a ballroom floor, made up just the complement Carter had known would be necessary in any woman before he could consider her as his wife. Her skill at tennis had been unparalleled, and she had been runner-up in the tournaments on the links.

Yes, she had possessed all the attributes the lone white man had decided would be necessary in a wife of his, and he had married her. This was one of the greatest surprises of his bachelor life, that he, Kim Carter, ever should look with matrimonial eyes upon a woman and should link himself to her forever. And then Atkins had accidentally come across his path again and had been invited to visit at his house.

Carter had heard of Paris, but the only impression he could give of his acquaintance with that name was that it was a French city, the capital of the nation. He may have heard of the wooden horse of Troy, but it was years ago in his childhood, and since then the African had had little time to devote to mythology and to ancient history. He recognized no similarity in the act of his wife and Atkins to that of Helen when she left Menelaus's household to take a long trip across the water with Paris to his father's kingdom of Troy. Had he ever thought of such a thing, Carter would have sniffed at the idea of connecting his beautiful wife with any of the "wops" of ancient days who ran around with Assyrians when they tired of their mates.

In the few brief months of their married life Diana and her husband had seemed, to him, to get along very well; much better than he had thought he should ever be able to get along with any one of the opposite sex. His one great disadvantage was the fact that he was so often absent from his home on trading trips into far reaches of the continent. Carter had paid little attention to the jokes about traveling salesmen whose wives waited so long for them at home. When he had married Diana he had thought of her more as the addition to

his treasures of some piece of furniture, or as impersonal as a new rifle that would have stayed where he placed it in the gun rack until he removed it himself.

And that is how it happened that, on his return from one of his longest jaunts with trade goods into the interior, Carter found his wife had taken French leave with the guest whom he had asked to make himself at home in his house until his return. His wife had gone off with the pal of former days! Carter saw nothing but the red haze that seemed to come over his eyes. He thought of nothing but to pursue them and bring her back to the place she should rightfully be, after giving her abductor the punishment he deserved. Why she had ever left him, Carter did not ask. He only knew that she was gone and that it was his plain duty to follow and bring her back.

The runaway couple had several days' good start on the pursuing husband, and it was only by dint of careful questioning and trailing that he was able to come within sight of them as they fled across the wide expanse of open ground where his campfire now burned. And it was only by fast moving that he was able later to get within half a day's journey of them when they entered the jungle country above the Congo.

Carter knew, or rather surmised, that they were going into the unknown lands in search of the "white gold" that would later be brought out as huge elephant tusks on the shoulders of the native blacks. Since he had last known him during the war Atkins had learned quite a deal about African travel, the husband thought, since he was enabled to proceed so swiftly through the tangled mass of undergrowth and up the sluggish river. He did not know that those he was pursuing had dropped half their safari and were proceeding into the interior in lighter form. He kept his full body of men with him and its size necessarily cut down his progress in the chase.

The pursuer was perched in the bow of his long, slim boat, snaking its way along up the mighty Congo. The

black men behind him wielded their light paddles with a telling stroke, dipping deep into the dark water and pulling back with a long sweep that had part of the force of the shark's tail as he would flip himself along through the sea many miles away. At the end of each stroke the paddlers would give their implements a short twist that served to check the effect of all working on the same side of the boat, tending to send it in a circle. The sinewy black standing in the rear bent the weight of his sweating body against the steering sweep with which he aided the rowers.

Carter was on the lookout for snags and hidden stumps. Here and there along the way he saw a log on the shore come suddenly to life, take to the water, and swim sluggishly away, as the noise of their progress woke the sleeping alligators and set them to clicking their teeth in rage at the temerity of the lone white man with his black followers who thus dared enter their sacred domain and disturb their rest.

Off in the jungle there sounded the wild wail of a leopard as he sprang through the heavy undergrowth and into the lower branches of the trees seeking his mate, not knowing she had met her death three hours before in the coils of the huge constrictor snake that now hung satisfiedly from the great tree and ran his tongue in and out in remembrance of the beast he had swallowed whole for breakfast.

To the man staring now and then into the dark green of the jungle where it met the bank of the river, the forest, tangled and matted, seemed to symbolize the twisted threads of his own life. He reflected more than once on the thoughts that had occupied him many a night as he sat before the campfires of his safari. He looked back at the expressionless face of the black at the steering sweep and wondered how he could be so unconcerned when he, Carter, could not possibly have passed things off in so light a manner. As he looked about him he mused on the fate of these primitive, care-less blacks of the Dark Continent, and wondered at the

decree that had made it necessary in the plan of the world to send them under the yoke of the white man and his nature-destroying civilization. Why was the Caucasian always to stand at the head of the boat, always directing, always ordering, driving, forcing, expanding his influence into all corners of the world? He harkened back in his imagination to the time when no white man had ever visited the vast country the two safaris had just traversed. He pictured in his mind Cecil Rhodes as he raised himself in his stirrups and peered out over the vast expanses of the African veldt, dreaming of the railroad that was some day to be his gift to that land. Carter pictured the first of the black, puffing, iron monsters as it rumbled over the newly-laid double line of steel carrying its load far into the interior and startling the animals of the plains, to send them fleeing from its vicinity.

That was all many years now in the past. Carter was one of those conquering men with a white skin that must ever hold command over the natives, that must ever subject men of his own race and color to cruelest tortures and kill them off in wholesale lots with terrible machines of war and poisonous gasses, with guns that seemed never to cease their quick firing as they belched forth the steel fed to them in belts, with bird-machines that carried tons of horrible death into the air over great cities and loosed their burdens on the unsuspecting populaces below—white men that fate had decreed must ever pursue one another, even as he was now following his erstwhile buddy of the trenches into the jungle, until perhaps all but one race had been wiped from the face of the earth. It was not often Carter thought of these things and then he always came to the same conclusion: that he and all his fellows must accept their charge as a burden placed by God upon the shoulders of the race, which was not to be shifted until the last white man had finally conquered the entire world.

Even now, he pursued without reason, accepting it as the only solution to the plan of which he seemed to be

a part. He had not thought of letting the modern Paris go unpunished for his poor repayment of hospitality in spiriting away the wife of his host. And in the same way he followed them, day after day, drawing ever closer and realizing that he was fast cutting down the distance between them. Of necessity he had now cut down his band of men to the barest skeleton and these he taxed to their utmost as he shouted and encouraged them to exert themselves to the greatest possible speed.

When he made camp on the bank of the river at sunset each day, he looked down the river as it made its sluggish way to the western sea and pondered on his course when he should catch up with his prey. Had he been asked at one of those sunset musings what he would have done had he known the objects of his pursuit were just around the bend of the river, he would have given a shrug of his shoulders for an answer, and would have remarked that events that might transpire when he walked into their camp would decide.

In the red-glowing face of the sun as it settled over the top of the jungle behind him Carter often saw the picture of the face of his wife; the flowing streamers and rays of light he visioned as the long, golden hair he had often loved to caress and fondle as they sat on the moonlit veranda before the visitor had broken into his happiness. That his wife ever could leave him he had never considered, even though when he had pleaded his love he had told her that her least whim was to be the law in the new household. That she could have loved anyone but him had never entered Carter's mind, for he was the kind of person that sometimes and in some respects closes the eye to possibilities repugnant to joy and happiness in which has been found a new world. Had a cat of the jungle suddenly sprung upon him on one of his trading journeys Carter would have known how to meet the situation without delay, but when a slippery being had captured his wife and taken her into his den he was as lost as a small child that has loosed grip on its mother's hand and seeks vainly for her in the maze of

the city traffic. It was the old story of training and experience; he knew the ways of the jungle, for they had been deeply imbedded in his own spirit, but of the ways of the fairer sex he was totally ignorant, and knew himself to be incapable of rationally meeting them.

Carter had placed his wife on a pedestal when he first met her, as many men do, and she had become a goddess for him to worship, at whose feet he must pour all the admiration in his soul and before whom he must pile all the riches and honors he could wrest from the savage jungle that had become his foster mother. She had disappeared during his absence, had gone away with another, and the only reason he could visualize was that she had been taken against her will. In such event he considered himself bound to retrieve her and to punish the man responsible, no matter who he might be.

Thus it was, that with the steady dip of the paddles, Carter starts at dawn and late encampments at night, Carter found himself within reach of the prey he had hunted so long. It was after dark when he first became aware of his nearness to his wife and her abductor, the glow of their campfire on the tops of the trees as he rounded a bend of the river acting as a beacon to lead him to them. Quickly he made for the shore and established his own quarters for the night, admonishing the blacks not to make a fire or to give any warning of their position.

Making his way alone along the edge of the water, treading silently on the strand, bearing only his pocket-flash and elephant gun, Carter was now aided by the light of the full moon as it peeped slowly over the treetops and shed a silvery gleam over the Congo. When nothing but the darkness of the hot African night had surrounded him, all had seemed different to the white man. The blackness portrayed the anger in his mind and the fury in his heart now rising to a greater height at the end of his journey. The coming of the moon had seemed to shed a bit of reasoning into his spirit and to lighten his mood somewhat, even as it lightened the heavy jungle night and seemed to weaken the cries of the night prowl-

ers after their daily food. Carter smiled grimly as he pictured himself as one of them, as a tiger carefully and slowly stalking his prey sitting so unconcernedly about the fire up ahead.

He left the beach and entered the fringe of the lighter undergrowth that he might approach the camp unseen. The objects of his pursuit were in the full glare of the flames of their own fire, that of the blacks being built some distance away and about which they were crouched eating their evening meal. Atkins was stretched on the ground, leaning back on his elbow as he thoughtfully stirred the red ashes with a long branch. Carter's wife was standing between him and the shore, looking now at the fire, now at the black river behind her. The man in the bushes watched them catlike for a brief spell and cocked his ear to catch the least sound of any conversation the light river breeze might waft toward him. Just before Carter began to move out into the open, he heard the man before the fire speak.

"Diana," he called to the woman. She turned her gaze from the river and brought it to rest on the fire.

"Yes," she said.

"Somewhere back there," he made a sweep with his hand down the river, "is your husband, I guess, in pursuit of us. I don't know how close he might be, nor how far away."

"I was thinking of the same thing," she answered, coming nearer to the fire and sitting down beside him.

"He and I were great buddies in the Togoland campaign during the war."

He paused, and she waited for him to continue.

"I wonder if we hardly treated him fairly in running off as we did without any explanations. He loved you a whole lot, you know."

She bowed her head and drew figures in the sand with her finger-tip.

"Yes," she answered softly, but clearly enough for the man in the bushes to hear. "But when I married him I thought I loved him too."

She turned and looked at the sluggish river.

"I thought you were dead then," she said into the darkness.

"But, Diana, don't you think we should have told him about us before he left? I was so taken aback at finding you, I could think of nothing but how lucky I had been. Don't you think we should have told him we had been married in London before the war?"

The woman nodded. The man in the bushes felt a sickening sensation in the pit of his stomach; he tightened his grip on the stock of his elephant gun. Betrayed, he thought, by the two who could have had his very life only for the asking. That was something Carter could not understand and still keep his head. When he placed his confidence in anyone, to have that trust betrayed was worse than to be knifed in the back. Because from his own nature and training he would not have been capable of such a thing, he could not see it in others without a red flame before his eyes.

Carter's hand fell on the small pocket of his bullet belt and he felt through the canvass the cylindrical forms of its contents. His eyes, had the firelight struck them, would have flashed needle-points of flame back toward the clearing, even as the burning thoughts now flashed through his brain. He remembered now that the cartridges in that particular pocket were blanks he had had occasion to use some months ago. He felt he could give them no more than an even break.

These two, the woman he loved and the man who had been closer to him than any other ever before, should have an equal chance with his fury and sudden determination. He looked down at the gun in his hands. It was an especially built weapon of tremendous power, having force enough behind one of its projectiles to pierce the bodies of two husky men; it was the power that drove the bullets deep into the thick, tough hides of African elephants. Carter fingered the blanks.

He removed his pith helmet and placed in it five of the blanks. From the straps across his shoulders he

took five of the high-powered bullets and laid them among the blanks. The snap of crocodile jaws on the river bank would have deadened twice as much noise as that he made in mixing the shells, the swirl of the water as one of the reptiles sank vanquished came long after he had again placed the helmet on the ground.

Slowly and calmly he ejected the load of the rifle and it fell to the ground beneath him, slowly he removed the deadly charge as if he were again on the battlefields in Togoland preparing to reload against the enemy. Slowly he selected one of the contents of the helmet, grasping the copper cylinder by its primer end, and inserted it in the empty gun. It was another case of the lady or the tiger; from the report of the shell Carter would not know the effect of the firing. The noise of the aroused blacks would drown the aftermath. The figures before the fire were speaking again.

"I had you first," Atkins informed the listener in the bushes, "and it was either to give you up or to double-cross my buddy. Diana," his voice now had a tone as if pleading for her understanding, "you know I couldn't give you up."

She nodded and looked up at the treetops as she spoke.

"I know it, dear; nor could I do without you as long as you remained on this earth. I should never have married him had I known it was not you the dispatch said had been lost in spy duty. I'm sorry we didn't tell him, but I have no regrets now for the step we've taken."

She rose and went over to Atkins as he stood up, and clasped him in a close embrace. His lips pressed hers and the lines of their bodies merged in the firelight that made them a silhouette to Carter.

The man in the bushes grasped his weapon more firmly and sighted down the top of the barrel. The slightest pressure of his finger would release a messenger of death that would pierce the bodies of both, or it would send out a report that was startling but ineffective. Carter, himself, would never know the result that witnesses and you would have to decide. He took careful aim, pressed

the trigger, closed his eyes immediately, keeping them so until he had turned his back to the uproar about the campfire, and departed through the swaying limbs and heavy underbrush of the African jungle.



but he has been convinced by a review of the history of the subject that certain current histories of the progress of the free schools have done just that, and his motive is to speak the truth from the record while those concerned are living, that justice may be done.

This review will be divided into two sections: First, with reference to the claims put forward in behalf of Messrs. C. D. McIver and Edwin A. Alderman; and, second, with reference to the facts in the period from 1894 to 1905—the period in which the condition of the free schools was made a subject of persistent public agitation in this State for the first time, the State's duty to the free schools was presented both to the people and the General Assembly, and the issue drawn and the battle won.

I. CLAIMS IN BEHALF OF MESSRS. ALDERMAN AND McIVER

The two men who we have been told inaugurated the present educational advance in the public schools of North Carolina were Charles D. McIver and Edwin A. Alderman. I will say here that I recognize the just renown these men have won by their great services in the field of higher education. I would detract naught from their renown. Surely their fame is secure without investing them with honors not their due. It is only because certain services of theirs have been used by certain writers hereinafter referred to in such a way as to rob others of their due meed of praise that I now find it necessary to speak of them here. Let us see precisely what part Messrs. Alderman and McIver had in advancing the cause of the public schools.

The Legislature of 1889 (See Laws of that year, Chapter 200) passed an Act doing away with the former numerous normal schools and making an appropriation of \$4,000 a year for holding Teachers' Institutes in the several counties. For this work the State Board of Education selected Messrs. McIver and Alderman at an annual salary of \$2,000 a year each, thus exhausting the

entire appropriation. These men began work on July 1, 1889, and continued until September 1, 1892, a period of three years and two months. At the close of their services the appropriation for the Institute work was diverted to the support of the State Normal and Industrial School of Greensboro, which opened its doors October 5, 1892, and of which Mr. McIver became President and in which Mr. Alderman became a Professor. Thus it was that the entire appropriation for the Institutes began and ended with these gentlemen. When they entered upon the work of the Normal and Industrial College they carried the appropriation with them for the support of that school. It is true indeed that the Act of the Legislature which authorized this change (Laws for 1891, Chapter 139) did empower the directors of the school to require its professors to hold institutes in the vacation without additional pay, but such provision was not regarded very hopefully by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Honorable S. M. Finger, who in his report for 1891-92 says plaintively:

It will therefore be seen that under present legislation we cannot have continual Institute work, as we have had for two or three years by Professors McIver and Alderman. The State Board of Education has now no funds with which to continue the work.

The counties were also given the privilege, which seems to have been unappreciated, of appropriating \$100 annually from the public school fund and employing a conductor of their own choosing. "Only a few were held in a desultory sort of way"; the Legislature of 1895 repealed this provision of the act.

It should be observed here that in order to enable Messrs. McIver and Alderman to reach as many counties as possible, the teachers were required to suspend school when the session of the Institute conflicted with the school term and to turn their pupils loose in the meantime. Yet with Mr. Alderman holding thirty institutes the first year and Mr. McIver probably as many, there were still nearly forty counties which they did not reach. As the

Board of Education had exhausted its appropriation to pay the salaries of these two conductors, it was powerless to provide for these forty counties. In his extremity Mr. Finger appealed to the Agent of the Peabody Fund, Hon. J. L. M. Curry, and secured a donation sufficient to provide several conductors for the Summer months, among them, Dr. J. Y. Joyner, who in this way began his distinguished services for the public schools of the State.

At the close of his term of service Mr. Alderman reported that he had held 84 institutes, that is, he had been engaged about half the number of weeks in the year on an average; he had lectured to 3,607 teachers, and addressed (estimated) 35,000 citizens. Mr. McIver did as much. They did their work well; they were inspirational teachers; they aroused general interest and perhaps some enthusiasm, but not enough to make an impression, as we shall see. For four days at each Institute they instructed the teachers; on the fifth they addressed as many of the citizens as would be assembled.

What we are more concerned with is whether this work started the educational revival still in progress in North Carolina. That it did so and was the chief means of effecting it is the assertion of certain writers of history. A typical expression is that of Mr. J. G. DeR. Hamilton in his *History of North Carolina Since 1860*, in which he is followed almost verbatim by Knight in his *History of Public School Education in North Carolina*. Mr. Hamilton's words are:

In 1889 the legislature abolished the absurdly numerous normal schools which had through division of funds and energy lost all significance, and in their place appointed Charles D. McIver and Edwin A. Alderman as state institute conductors to canvass the state, hold educational meetings, conduct institutes, and awaken public interest. The two years which followed were probably in the long run the most fruitful ones in North Carolina educational history. These two superbly gifted men constituted themselves evangelists and conducted a state-wide revival which made converts by the thousand. Every where they preached the gospel of universal education by the state and aroused an interest and enthusiasm hitherto confined

to politics alone and usually to national politics. To their work has been given the full credit for the unequivocal position in the matter of education assumed by the Farmers Alliance, which was just now assuming a dominant position in state politics. This is scarcely accurate since the Alliance all over the South demanded educational reform, but their work furnished beyond all doubt a real stimulus of the demand which was soon to rise for an improvement in public education. The more obvious results of the campaign were the establishment of the Normal and Industrial College for white women, of which McIver became president and Alderman a professor, and the establishment of the Agricultural and Mechanical (later the Agricultural and Technical) College for Negroes. The fundamental result was the preparation of the soil and the sowing of the seed from which Charles B. Aycock was to reap so rich a harvest.

One may see a number of inaccuracies in the above statement that speak rather pointedly of Mr. Hamilton's carelessness. According to the terms of the empowering Act and the Report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1889-90 it was not the Legislature but the State Board of Education that selected Messrs. Alderman and McIver for this work. But since, as Mr. Hamilton says, the Act under which they were employed was worked through the Legislature by these gentlemen, it may be that he is substantially correct in assuming that their appointment was contemplated from the first by the promoters of the Act, though doubtless many legislators were ignorant of it. The part of the Board of Education may have been perfunctory. And possibly Mr. Hamilton is right in disregarding the part of the Board of Education altogether. But in the Act Institutes are provided for and \$4,000 appropriated; the rest is left to the Board of Education.

Nor is it accurate to say that the Legislature appointed these men "to canvass the State, hold educational meetings, conduct institutes, and awaken public interest." This would seem to imply that they had multitudinous duties, whereas under the Act the purpose of the appropriation was limited to "holding county institutes and conducting the examination of teachers, and for such

other work for the instruction of teachers as may be deemed advisable in the various counties of the state,"—the training of teachers alone being contemplated. Nor is there anything in the instructions given the conductors by Superintendent Finger to suggest that they were expected "to canvass the State" and "hold educational meetings" other than the Institutes. Mr. McIver, however, did speak at several educational institutions, and spoke well, in the interest of the proposed normal school for women. It is singular that the historian did not consult the record.

Again, the historian speaks of the stimulus of the work of these men to "the demand which was soon to arise for the improvement in public education." It is far from me to say that their work was without influence in forming public opinion, but it appears that its influence was remote at best. It is error, and injustice as well to others, to attribute to these two the sowing "from which Charles B. Aycock was to reap such a rich harvest." This is unjust to Aycock and the leadership he gave the free school cause after 1899. It does not appear from contemporary records that their part in such sowing was even considerable, or that it was in any way related to the advancement, the battle for which was won in 1899. Even Mr. Hamilton recognized that there is nothing in the educational history of the years immediately following the period of their Institute work to indicate that they had aroused any significant popular enthusiasm for the public schools, or any demand for legislative action. Certainly there is no evidence of such enthusiasm. In the opening of the paragraph following the panegyric on their work quoted above the historian admits that no manifestation of public interest appeared until 1897 when Superintendent C. H. Mebane, "a live wire," came forward with his plans for the improvement of the schools, but nothing is said of the events from 1895 to 1899. Other men had been powerfully influencing public opinion in favor of public school education, as we shall show, but of these neither Mr. Hamilton nor Mr. Knight,

who follows him, takes any account. In fact, one reads Mr. Knight's entire volume without finding even the name of Superintendent Mebane. The field work of Messrs. Alderman and McIver ended in 1892. The condition of the free schools did not begin to improve until 1899. Let us see what intervened in that seven-year period.

It was not for many years, and after the memory of these events was somewhat blurred, that extravagant claims began to be made for Messrs. McIver and Alderman in arousing interest in public schools. Only a few years afterwards Dr. J. Y. Joyner (afterwards State Superintendent of Public Instruction), their friend and fellow-laborer in the Normal and Industrial School, saw the matter differently. In his presidential address before the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly in 1896 he attributed to two other devoted sons of North Carolina the progress hitherto made in our public schools, saying:

For the commendable progress in public education since the war, the people of the State owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to Hon. J. C. Scarborough and Hon. Sidney M. Finger, who more than any other two men of their generation have given to this cause, in season and out of season, the best energies of their lives, the best thoughts of their minds and the best impulses of their hearts.

Mr. Joyner was silent as to any progress due to Messrs. Alderman and McIver. Manifestly this intelligent man saw nothing worthy of mention in 1896 in their work. If they had achieved anything, Mr. Joyner, the man in position to know, knew nothing of it in 1896—four years after. The truth is, at the time there had been no free school advancement, and the work of Messrs. Alderman and McIver was recognized as having accomplished its purpose in establishing the State Normal and Industrial College.

All will agree that the obvious results of the three years' Institute work of McIver and Alderman was the establishment of the Normal and Industrial School at Greensboro. The historian might have added that it

was also the intended result. The writer heard Mr. McIver's speech during this time. The burden of it was the need of such an institution for young women. Such zeal as he manifested for the improvement of the public schools was by the indirect method of providing a normal school to train teachers. This school was the desire of his heart; to it he subordinated everything else to such an extent that the Act establishing the Normal and Industrial School provided, doubtless with McIver's consent and probably by his advice, that the \$4,000 previously appropriated for Institutes for public school teachers should be given to the institution where he and Alderman were to enter upon their new duties. They themselves abandoned the Institute work and took the appropriation with them. If it had been so valuable, it is inconceivable that they would have done this. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Finger, complained that in so doing they had left what promised to become an important aid to the public schools to die for lack of support. There is no evidence of other than casual interest in the public schools on their part after they were established in the State Normal and Industrial College. It is certain that they openly and vigorously opposed the bill to appropriate \$100,000 for the four months' term in 1897.

In closing this section of my subject, let me say that the true nature of the work done in holding Institutes by Messrs. Alderman and McIver did not escape the notice of the sagacious Ashe, who in his *History of North Carolina* makes the account of this Institute work a part of his paragraph in which he discusses the establishment of the Normal and Industrial School and ends by saying:

Their (Messrs. McIver and Alderman's) text was substantially "universal education; woman the educator; education of women the foundation of human progress."

We may give them credit for bringing the State Normal and Industrial College into existence and for arguing that such an institution would provide public school

teachers, but how difficult must be the task of one who would give Messrs. Alderman and McIver credit for bringing about the advancement of the free schools. Seven years after they had ceased to hold institutes the average free school term was twelve weeks, and less than half the children of school age were enrolled! Four years after they had quit this task their friend, J. Y. Joyner, in appraising public school progress made no mention of them! There was never an occasion or a moment when they favored appropriations from the State Treasury to the free schools—they always preferred another use for those funds. It is quite clear that they had decided in 1892 to work in the State Normal and Industrial College, and to take with them the appropriation for Institute work.

Though the historians above named have been so ready to give credit that is demonstrably not due to those who they have willed should have it, they have with one accord left unmentioned the noble part that certain others have had in promoting the development of interest in public school education since 1890. And yet the labors of two of these men, President Charles E. Taylor and Mr. J. W. Bailey, commanded considerable attention at the time and could hardly have been forgotten when those historians were writing; or, if forgotten, there is ample record in available periodicals which any one claiming to write fair and impartial history should have consulted. Just why this was not done, whether through ignorance, negligence or design, is open to conjecture, but I leave the unprejudiced reader of what follows in this article to judge whether or not any adequate statement of our educational progress can be made that fails to take into account the labors of President Taylor and Josiah William Bailey.

But first I say a word about the support given the cause of common school education in North Carolina by Wake Forest men in the earliest years, for of this likewise no historian has taken account.

II. SOME DATA ANTEDATING 1890

It was General Alfred Dockery, a charter member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest, who, as is shown by the Senate Journal of February 6, 1838, introduced a resolution in the State Senate which led to putting the common school system in operation in the State. Soon thereafter Wake Forest put into its curriculum a course designed to train teachers for these schools.

Later, in 1842, when the common schools were still regarded with indifference or suspicion in many counties in the State, John B. White, at that time a professor in the College, and from 1847 to 1852 its President, led the North Carolina Baptist State Convention to adopt a report he had written in support of the common schools. Since he was a New Englander, it was patent to him under what a handicap the Baptist churches of this State were laboring because of the illiteracy and ignorance of many of their members. In the common schools he saw the one hope of correcting this evil. In the report written by him and found in the Convention minutes of that year we read:

By reference to the last census it will be seen that of 209,685, the number of our white population over twenty years of age, there are 56,609 who cannot read and write. A little calculation will show any one that probably one-third of our population over fifteen years of age is in a like condition. As we have few members in our churches under this age, we know at once what must be their general character. . . .

We are not, however, to improve our course for the future by mourning over the past, but by looking forward, and the course before us appears to be plain. We must labor to benefit our children and our children's children. The young must be educated. . . . If our churches are ever brought to do anything worthy of the name of Christian effort and Christian benevolence, it must be accomplished by diffusing more generally among our people the means of education.

Your committee remark, then, that our Free Schools should receive the special attention of ministering brethren. These schools are just going into operation. We are unaccustomed to them. They are in their infancy. The system itself is un-

doubtedly imperfect, and for this reason requires attention. If its defects be observed and pointed out, they will soon be remedied. In our denomination no person will be found to attend to this unless our ministering brethren do it. And they should make it a point of duty to do so. They should become the guardians of these schools. They should visit every school in their respective sections or in any way connected with their churches. Teachers need encouragement. It will give them great pleasure to see that there is some one at least who sympathizes with them, and who appreciates in some degree the importance of the services they are rendering the community. The students can be conversed with and encouraged in habits of virtue. It should never be forgotten that in a few years they will make the community. From these, too, will be formed the churches and the ministry.

The value of such a statement in winning favor for the new school system can hardly be overestimated, when it is considered that it was addressed to the most numerous body of Christians in the State, and those whose favor was most important. The minutes of the Convention show that its discussion by some of the ablest men of the denomination aroused great enthusiasm before a crowded house in the old Meherrin Church and that it was heartily adopted. The friendliness of our Baptist people to the common schools thus early manifested has, as every one acquainted with our history knows, never waned from that day to this.

III. THE CONTRIBUTION OF DR. CHARLES E. TAYLOR: 1894

Passing over now many years, in which Dr. T. H. Pritchard, even while President of Wake Forest College, was addressing audiences in every section of the State on the need of technical education in agriculture and the mechanical arts and John C. Scarborough was magnifying his office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, a position to which his big sympathies for the illiterate child had brought him, we come to the monumental work of President Charles E. Taylor "How Far a State Should Undertake to Educate." This, I make bold to say, first established in the minds of the people of North

Carolina the fact that public schools for their children were their most important educational concern. This work appeared in a series of articles in the *Biblical Recorder* in the issues from April 4 till May 30, 1894. In the course of the following summer it was published in a rather closely printed octavo pamphlet of 48 pages, of which pamphlet an edition of 25,000 was distributed throughout the State. It was a notable production whether one considers the calm, unimpassioned and judicial temper with which the author developed his argument, the classic elegance of its style, its forcible and unanswerable logic, the wide range of the information it contains, or its popular appeal.

The article was called forth by the fact that President Taylor, in common with many others believed that the denominational colleges of the State were imperiled by the aggressive policies of the President of the State University. It developed three main theses, that it was not right, it was not expedient, it was not possible for the State to occupy adequately the field of collegiate education. No serious attempt was made to answer it, probably because there was at that time no one in the State rash enough to undertake to match an argument which showed at every step the skill of a master dialectician, unlabored literary finish and a profound understanding of the subject in all its aspects, all illustrated by quotation from the work of statesmen, educators and philosophers. This article is not a work for a day but for all time. Though it has been robbed of present day interest by the turn of educational development in our State, the historian cannot fail to note the power of the argument upon the State's paramount duty in elementary education.

While Dr. Taylor's discussion was appearing from week to week in the columns of the *Biblical Recorder* it made a profound stir in North Carolina and excited comment from educators in such distant States as Michigan, Wisconsin and Texas. It was reproduced in a number of the papers of Virginia. (*Biblical Recorder*,

May 23 and 30, 1894). In these other States the interest was largely confined to the main line of argument on collegiate education. In North Carolina, however, the interest aroused in the common schools was no less profound and extended to all classes of readers. In starting the development of the second division of his argument Dr. Taylor said:

It is believed and will be urged that in the present condition of the State every cent of money raised by taxation that is available for educational purposes ought to be expended in increasing the efficiency of the common school system; and that all higher education ought to be cared for by private enterprise, and supported, so far as necessary, by private munificence.

Devoting fully one-third of his pages to the development of this thesis, the author made a most vivid representation of the poor condition of the common schools and a most powerful appeal for their better support by the State. This discussion was read from week to week by the thirty-five thousand readers of the *Biblical Recorder*; it was preached from three thousand pulpits; its facts and figures were repeated before a hundred Baptist Union meetings and fifty Baptist Associations. Nor did the interest stop with Baptists. The article was of such importance that the discussion became general from one end of the State to the other, and resulted in what the editor of the *Biblical Recorder* called "The Educational Awakening." People in all sections of the State now had brought home to their hearts and consciences as never before that by its neglect of the public schools the State was robbing its children of their birth-right, committing them to lives of degrading ignorance, keeping our citizens in poverty and industrial unproductiveness and barring all desirable immigrants; that the State's first duty was to these schools and not to higher education.

Throughout the State the people gave many indications of their interest, some of which I shall tell of here. The Baptist State Convention memorialized the Legis-

lature on the matters urged in Dr. Taylor's articles. The Chowan Association, with its ten or twelve thousand members, at its session on May 23, 1894, passed a resolution, "That in our opinion the next Legislature ought to obey fully the Constitutional requirement to provide at least a four months' public school in every school district in every county in the State." Some further conception of the interest aroused may be had from the following words from a report of its Agent to the *Biblical Recorder* of May 30, 1894.

Many of our brethren expected to see Dr. Taylor, and were anxious to hear him on the subject of General Education. There is no subject in which our people are so much interested. This is born largely of the articles which have recently appeared from Dr. Taylor in the *Recorder* on the subject.

In letters published in the *Recorder* commending Dr. Taylor's views may be found such expressions as this from a prominent citizen of the Southern part of the State: "In Dr. Taylor the common people have a true and able friend,—like the lamented Vance, a lover of our State and people." An able, conservative minister wrote: "He heroically stands for the interest of the people—and I shall be disappointed if, after this, we do not have more and better public schools. I congratulate you on furnishing your readers with the best series of letters on a vital topic that has ever appeared in a North Carolina newspaper."

One whose business carried him into every part of the State and brought him into contact with Baptists of every Association, said:

We are persuaded that no such campaign has ever before been made before the denomination on general education as the one just closed. The effects are not only seen and felt now but will be for years to come. The articles "How Far Should a State Undertake to Educate" have been read and carefully studied by thousands upon thousands of people in North Carolina.

I might quote many similar expressions. As the last writer quoted suggests, the interest aroused by these

articles was to be of no ephemeral nature such as might come from hearing a chance speech from some eloquent evangel but it was an interest which was fixed and made permanent by weeks and months of reading and discussion; it resulted in an abiding determination on the part of the Baptists of North Carolina, who composed nearly one-half of its white people, that the State must do more for the public schools. Why a matter which so powerfully influenced public opinion in this regard should have been disregarded by those who have written on our educational history is known only to these writers themselves.

It may be wondered why the great interest I have told of did not result in immediate provision for the improvement of the public schools. That it should be a matter of wonder with some only shows how far we have come since that day. No one who knows the condition of politics in our State at that time wonders at all. The Public Schools were not considered as objects of State appropriations but only of county taxes. The State institutions coveted every dollar the State could raise, and they were quite powerful in politics. It meant political suicide to oppose a measure favored by these institutions for, as was said by a man who knew, they had "the reputation of killing and making alive office-seekers." Dr. Taylor by setting the betterment of the common schools over against appropriations for higher education had aroused the bitterest opposition. We have learned today that the State need not abandon its central institutions in order to support public education. But in that day with taxation limited by the Constitution to $66\frac{2}{3}$ cents on the \$100 valuation and the consequent limitation of revenues, it was always a question of where the money could be got for both. Thus it was that representatives of State institutions saw danger to their own appropriations in any proposition to better the schools. Dr. Thomas Hume, a professor in the University of North Carolina, probably voiced their general attitude in a speech before the North Carolina Baptist Convention of 1893 when he said that, if either the common

schools or the University had to go, he would have the common schools go and the University live.

Accordingly, after the publication of Dr. Taylor's articles, partisans of the University were up in arms as never before in defense of their beloved institution. The more irresponsible among them thought the way to attain their ends was by personal attack on Dr. Taylor. Even the *Charlotte Observer* lent its columns to the publication of such attacks, which at last became so unbearable that in the issue of that paper for December 10, 1894, Dr. Taylor made a dignified protest of some length, calling attention to the fact that while no serious attempt had been made to refute his arguments, "the bludgeon of personality has been used, for the most part, rather than the Damascus blade of logic." His incomings and outgoings were watched. When he chanced to go to Raleigh in January, 1895, during the session of the Legislature, *The Caucasian*, Marion Butler's paper, intimated that he had come to engage in secret counsel against appropriations to the University. The cue was taken up by the *Economist-Falcon*, of Elizabeth City, which reported Dr. Taylor as an active lobbyist among the members of the Legislature. But an end was effectually put to the publication of such charges and innuendoes by a letter from Dr. Taylor in the *News and Observer* in which for all his efforts at restraint he was not quite able to conceal the fires of his righteous wrath. Dr. Taylor usually smote but once and smote no more, since further smiting was unnecessary.

Most of the friends of the University, however, were too just and too wise to engage in such petty measures. Their concern was to have the Legislature vote the appropriations. Matters looked somewhat dark to them. In the election of 1894 the Democrats had elected only 54 out the 170 members of the General Assembly, the Republicans 56, and the Populists, the party of the Farmers' Alliance, 60. The Farmers' Alliance was known to be committed to the improvement of the common schools. Joining with the Republicans, the Popu-

lists organized the Legislature. Hardly was the result of the November election announced before the friends of the central institutions were busy to secure the election of a Speaker of the House of Representatives known to be favorable to the appropriations so that he might appoint a friendly committee in Education. In this they were wholly successful, since they had the powerful support of Marion Butler, a former University student, who had come out strong for appropriations, and who on this account was affectionately called "a University boy" by one of our editors. After the organization of the two Houses there was no longer any doubt—appropriations as large as could be risked would be voted and nothing would be done for the common schools.

It is true that the *Caucasian* (Butler's paper) of January 25, 1895, had much to say about the hatred of the "dominant classes" for the public schools and made a great pretense of favoring provision for them, but the writer confessed that he knew of no way to help them. This was evidently only a sop from Mr. Butler to his friends in the Farmers' Alliance. Governor Elias Carr in his annual message insisted that the people were not showing proper appreciation of the schools and that attendance should be compulsory; if this were done, he thought the schools were good enough; but he was careful to warn the Legislature against men whose "minds move in a small range and are tainted with bigotry and prejudice," by which phrase some supposed he referred to Dr. Taylor and his friends.

Those who favored appropriations already had things "cut and dried" when the Committee on Education held its public hearing which, following precedent, was purposely deferred until the closing days of the session. This meeting was described as a "battle royal" by the *News and Observer* but so far as appears from the report the only one to say a word in favor of the common schools was Dr. Columbus Durham, who had proved a great popular champion of Dr. Taylor's position, and who had taken great interest in having his article published as a

pamphlet and distributed over the State. His noble utterance must have struck with quaking and dismay some on that committee who were so sadly faithless to the cause of the children.

"What have you done for the public schools?" he thundered. "You have not done anything as yet. A large and better foundation work in public schools would harmonize all the higher educational institutions of the State. . . . I have spoken on the subject in thirty counties, and I expect to speak in every county in the State, and we mean to talk to every community in North Carolina until something is done for the children."

In a few months, however, Dr. Durham's tongue was silenced forever on earth. But the cause of the children found a new champion. Though he was a mere youth, it was soon seen that he was more than a match for all his foes and theirs; he fought so valiantly in their behalf that though the Legislature of 1897 dodged the demand for an appropriation of \$100,000 to bring the terms of all the schools up to the Constitutional requirement of four months, that of 1899 was forced to yield, and voted the appropriation. Thus the fight was won. The State was committed to direct appropriations to the free schools; and the cause of public education became the source of political popularity.

IV. JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY AND THE BIBLICAL RECORDER, 1895-1905

This new champion was Josiah William Bailey. He was a mere youth, having hardly attained his majority. He was born in Warrenton, North Carolina, in 1873, the son of Rev. C. T. and Annie E. Bailey. When he was three years old his father moved to Raleigh to become Editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. In 1893 he graduated from Wake Forest College, having during his college course manifested some of the ability which afterwards characterized him. Immediately after his graduation he took his place in the editorial rooms of the *Biblical Recorder* to assist his father who was in declining health.

Using the first two columns of the first page of the paper he gave such vigorous and able expression to his views on religious, moral and social topics that he at once gained the respect and admiration of the members of the State press, who recognized that in the youthful writer a new star had arisen among them. On the death of his father in June, 1895, he became editor in name of this great Baptist weekly as he had already been in fact. The death of Dr. Columbus Durham, Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention, in November of the same year, left him almost alone to direct the policies not only of the *Recorder* but also of the Baptists of the State. It was a heavy responsibility to be placed on the shoulders of one so young, but events were soon to show that it was not misplaced. The young editor was generally constructive, but if anything was wrong in church or State, it did not escape his attention or his rebuke. When one of the carriers was padding the mails to secure undue compensation of the United States Government he alone of the editors of the State spoke out, and when the railroad officials came to demand retraction with a threat of taking away their advertising and of prosecution, he reduced them to speechless and impotent amazement by showing a letter from Postmaster General Wilson which entirely sustained him. Mr. Wilson made publication of the facts in the Congressional Record. Many were his services of this kind, but it is only that to the public schools which concerns us here.

It seems to have been only after the adjournment of the Legislature of 1895 that young Bailey came to a full realization of the poor condition of the public schools. Reared in Raleigh, as the writer has heard him say, it was hard for him to divest his mind of the idea that all the children of the State had as good school advantages as those of that city of excellent graded schools which he had attended seven years. But having made a study of the Biennial Report of Hon. J. C. Scarborough State Superintendent of Public Instruction, he learned how wretched were the schools provided for most

of the children of the State. In consequence his previous attitude of general friendliness was intensified into a burning zeal for the improvement of these schools. Then considering what the last Legislature had done for them, he found that they had not even carried out the moderate recommendations of the Superintendent. It was then that he wrote the first of his long series of editorials urging the duty of the State to educate its children. This appeared in the *Biblical Recorder* of April 3, 1895.

It was a rather remarkable production for a young man of twenty-two, and had the characteristics of all that he wrote; it was based on understanding of the subject and was vigorous and clear in its expression. The Legislature recently adjourned had left the public schools in a bad way, he said, had heeded none of the recommendations for their improvement made by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction; it had put the public school system back where it was in 1881; it had forbidden the counties to make appropriations for Teachers' Institutes (only rare and desultory ones had been held since the \$4,000 annual appropriation for them had been diverted to the Normal and Industrial School), and left no one to organize the teachers locally or supervise their work. He also called attention to the fact that the amount expended for public schools for the year ending June 30, 1894, \$783,408.09, was about seven thousand dollars less than the expenditures for the same purpose during the previous year; that of the 601,900 children of school age in the State not many more than one-half were enrolled; that the expenditure per child was only \$1.30 a school year; that the school house and property were poor; that the school term was only thirteen weeks on the average sixteen days less than the constitutional requirement. The reason for this condition, Mr. Bailey pointed out, was that, "the amount of appropriations to a number of institutions and departments, support of which is not required by the Constitution, runs up so high that the constitutional limit of taxation is reached when the levy of the taxes for the schools is

sufficient only to maintain them for thirteen weeks." In closing he said: "There is nothing in public affairs that so concerns us as the education of the 601,900 children of the State; and there is nothing of more importance to every patriotic citizen."

Having thus put his hand to the plow, young Bailey was not the man to turn back. In his next issue, that of April 10, 1895, he said:

Next to Baptist churches the *Recorder* takes it as its peculiar aim to hasten the day when the State will be dotted with school houses, public schools, academies, boarding schools and institutions of general education.

One has only to consult the files of the *Biblical Recorder* to be assured that these were no idle words. For the next four years the needs of the children were ever before his eyes and he wrote of them with increasing understanding, sympathy and power. He thus continued the work begun by Dr. Taylor, which otherwise would probably have become without practical result for want of a leader. The *Recorder* had a larger circulation than any periodical in the State save one. It was a long and difficult fight; there was much apathy and indifference and even hostility to overcome; he had to endure the scoffs and sneers of some who should have fought with him; he had to circumvent the wiles of faithless politicians; he was repeatedly told in 1895 that his exposure of the condition of the free schools was ruining the dominant party; he had to meet the issue, that to improve the free schools would educate the negroes; but he finally won such a determined set of followers among his readers, that the demand for improved schools could no longer be resisted. Though several able helpers later joined Mr. Bailey in this noble work, notably State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. C. H. Mebane, who readily approved Mr. Bailey's demand for direct appropriations and a four months' term, I assign the chief credit of the final happy issue to Mr. Bailey, since he alone took up the battle for the public schools after the Legislature of 1895 had, as events proved, left them

worse than it found them; he alone saw clearly the wrong which was being inflicted on the children of the State in denying them adequate schools; he alone of all the editors of the State and of all other men in influential position consistently exposed the condition of the free schools and denounced those responsible for it, and insisted that the first duty of our Legislature was to provide such schools for the children as the Constitution required; and having by his many and vigorous articles won to his support a great popular following, it was he who knew how to win the strong political support which was necessary for victory. I will discuss some of these matters in more detail that the difficulties of his task may be the better understood.

The Baptists were still jeered at and charged with insincerity because they asked that the public schools be made the first concern of the State. A committee of the Baptist State Convention had presented a very moderate and dignified memorial on this subject to the Legislature of 1895; it makes good reading even today. But that Legislature utterly disregarded it. Doubtless partly because Mr. Bailey continued to champion the cause of the public schools in the *Recorder* and before the Baptist Associations, the Baptist State Convention of 1895, meeting at Morganton, reaffirmed its position on them. In a short editorial note the *Philadelphia Record* strongly endorsed the action of the Convention, saying: "Expenditure of State funds for the finishing schools while the primary schools are unprovided for is a piece of folly." Whereupon, the *Charlotte Observer*, seemingly out of patience that so respectable a journal should have commended the Baptists of this State in this matter, said sneeringly and with brutal injustice: "Well it does look rather patriotic on the face of the returns, but our esteemed contemporary is probably not aware that the North Carolina Baptist 'Association' (Convention) was more zealous for the success of its Baptist college than for the betterment of the public school system of the State."

The attitude of this editor, Mr. Caldwell, was all too general among those who might have been expected to join with Mr. Bailey in his plea for the improvement of the schools. So far as I have been able to find, the editors of the State as a rule showed no willingness to coöperate with him in measures to better the free schools but were either cold or hostile. There was a widespread opposition to improving the free schools on the ground that the negroes would share the benefit of it.

Mr. Bailey had his first opportunity with the Legislature of 1897. The year 1896 was a memorable one in North Carolina as in every other State. For months before the national conventions of both the political parties one heard nothing else than "Free Silver," "Sixteen to One," "Bimetallism," and "the Gold Standard." For three months before the election the people were in a seething sea of political fury. But when the election was over it was found that while the Bryan electors had a majority in North Carolina the Democrats had elected only 33 of the 170 members of the General Assembly, while the Fusionists had elected all the State officers.

As soon after the election as the political storm had somewhat subsided and men were able to think again of other problems than national politics, Mr. Bailey began again to urge the claims of the common schools. He recognized now that his problem was twofold: First, to stimulate anew the general public interest; second, to win his way with the Legislature.

He had grown in power during the past two years. The Convention of 1895 had elected Rev. John E. White to succeed the late Columbus Durham as Corresponding Secretary. This man, also in his first youth, a college mate at Wake Forest, was to prove a valuable companion and coadjutor with Bailey. As iron sharpeneth iron each had stimulated the other. Bailey now in the full confidence of his powers returned to the discussion of the schools in a manner that must have compelled the attention of the wisest and ablest men of the State. He and White canvassed the State every year, attending Bap-

tist Associations. In the issues of the *Recorder* of December 2 and December 9, 1896, he had an article entitled "The Distressing Condition of Our Public Schools," of which the following is the opening paragraph:

The people of North Carolina do not realize how distressing is the condition of their public schools. The facilities for teaching the children of the citizens of this State to read and write are meagre in every respect, poor in the extreme, utterly inadequate, distressing to contemplate, and alarming to every one who knows what their condition is. We desire to bring this condition before the people, to tell them the facts; to get them to realize that our school system is the foundation of our civilization and our government, and in truth, the very hope and happiness of our homes, and to realize how very sorrowfully this foundation is laid. The matter is more important than any other public question; it concerns every father and mother, every citizen more vitally than any question of tariff, or finance, or temperance. It concerns our State as a commonwealth more than all other matters, all the institutions put together. The men who lead North Carolina to a better public school system will do her a greater service than those who fought for her freedom from England or defended her in the late war, or who have served her in any way. The public schools are vital to every home. Whoever makes them better does a service to every home in the State. Moreover the improvement of our public schools is a necessity, an essential to our welfare, individually and as a commonwealth, which if neglected will have fruit in a withering ignorance or a whirlwind of mad prejudice and passion—and probably both. These statements have been written calmly and deliberately. If they are true, who will face them and remain in the present indifference. They are only too true.

It is not without significance that among the readers of the *Recorder* at this time was Charles B. Aycock. It is only a surmise but it is not at all improbable that it was the words above spoken that first quickened in him that interest in the schools which was to make his famous. It is certain that he and Bailey were friends and that in the campaign of 1898 he gave Bailey assurance that he would forward the cause of the free schools.

After the introduction quoted above Mr. Bailey devoted the main body of his article to showing the condi-

tions of the schools as revealed by the biennial report of Superintendent Scarborough, soon to be published and to urging the newly elected legislators to do their sworn duty in providing for a four months' term in every district. Since the last session of the Legislature the schools had gone from bad to worse; the average term was now only twelve weeks; the average annual salary (entire pay for school year) of teachers was only \$95; thirty-five per cent of the adults in the State were illiterate; there was no hope for better things with 603,673 children in the State dependent upon the free schools for an education unless these schools were better provided for. He insisted that the Legislature should make the free schools their first concern:

The General Assemblies have uniformly disobeyed the Constitution; and they have done so without adequate reason, notwithstanding each member is oath bound to support it. . . . Now it seems to us that the General Assembly might first provide for taxation for the schools to the necessary amount, and then begin making appropriations to the other interests of the State for which the Constitution does not demand support. Does it not seem plain that the mandatory articles of the Constitution ought to have precedence over the merely permissive ones, and also over other laws providing for support of the various enterprises, departments and institutions?

It is impossible here to give even in outline his arguments and pleas for the schools. They may be found in almost every issue of the *Recorder* from December 2, 1896, to March 3, 1897. Soon they were attracting much attention and able men from all sections of the State were writing words of commendation and encouragement. And even from beyond the State Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Agent of the Peabody Fund, who had favored the North Carolina public schools with financial aid, wrote words of the heartiest approval. It seems singular now, but reference to the newspapers of that time will show that the *Biblical Recorder* stood practically alone in exposing the conditions of public education and demanding legislative action. No public man or political leader would espouse the cause.

Early in February Mr. Bailey got a summary of his articles, published in a pamphlet, into the hands of every legislator; he stood at the doors of the House and Senate and personally delivered them to the members. Seven times he sought a hearing before the Committee on Education and was only admitted on the sixth request; he had found the new Superintendent of Public Instruction warmly in sympathy and ready to cooperate in pressing the matter before the Legislature; a bill, prepared by Superintendent Mebane, John E. White and J. W. Bailey, to appropriate \$100,000 annually to make it possible to keep every school at least four months had been introduced and around this the battle waged. Powerful pleas for its enactment made by White, Bailey and Mebane were opposed by Messrs. Alderman and McIver who offered a substitute calling for local taxation. The bill as introduced was not passed by the Legislature. "At the very close of the session," says Mr. Bailey in the *Recorder* of March 17, 1897, "after every other appropriation had been made, after the session of the Assembly had practically expired, at the last moment, this bill, rather a substitute for this bill, amended, practically killed three times, once in the Committee, twice in the Assembly, its terms entirely changed, its very purpose changed, the amount reduced to \$50,000, passed. . . . It gives no money direct to the schools. . . . It is a fund set apart, to be given in amounts not exceeding \$250 to each school district—which by the new law is a township—that votes a tax of ten cents on property and thirty cents on polls."

The people had asked for bread and had been given a stone, or at least they so believed, and after a most energetic campaign had been made in its favor utterly repudiated it at the elections next Summer, only a dozen townships voting the tax. Mr. Bailey joined in the local taxation campaign. Dr. McIver was its chairman and Mr. Bailey was its secretary. He recognized the necessity for local taxation as well as direct State appropriations. This is a sufficient refutation of suggestions that

he had espoused the free school cause in the interest of Wake Forest College, as set up by the *Charlotte Observer*. At the time the Legislature adjourned it was not known how distasteful this bill was to the people; others, even the presidents of the University and of the State Normal, were ready to claim all the credit for its passage, which credit was hastily accorded them by the morning papers of Raleigh, while they had not one word to say for "the paper which prepared the way for the bill by creating sentiment among the people and in the Legislature," not one word for the Superintendent of Public Instruction who prepared, with White and Bailey, the special appropriation bill and worked for it. This led Mr. Bailey to give some of "the facts in the case," which, so far as I have been able to learn, were never denied and which a sense of justice demands should be printed here. They are from the *Recorder* of March 17, 1897:

Neither of the Presidents of the State institutions worked for the public school appropriations until appropriations for their own institutions had been secured.

They were here in Raleigh, but their whole influence was to delay the cause of the Public Schools until these institutions had got what they wanted. When the question of making appropriations to the University and the State Normal came up, they got the promise of a good number of legislators to vote for their appropriations on the express condition that something was to be done for the public schools. This position was publicly announced on the floor of the House of Representatives. As for the Senate, Senator Grant went so far as to say that unless something was done for the public schools, he would introduce a supplementary resolution rescinding the extra appropriations to the University and the State Normal. In the face of such conditions as these, of course, these presidents were interested in public schools. But the fact remains that their influence delayed the bill; that delay caused the appropriation to be cut \$50,000; that whatever conditions were attached to this appropriation were attached under the pressure of these two "progressive educators."

It is noteworthy that neither Dr. McIver nor Dr. Alderman challenged the truth of this statement.

But Mr. Bailey might well have been content that they who had done to death the original bill and put in its stead a wretched substitute should have the credit for it; they had as much reason to be proud of it as Senator Gorman shortly before had to be proud of wrecking the tariff bill of his party. It is interesting to see who was the political leader that responded to the demands of Messrs. Alderman and McIver and brought on the defeat of the \$100,000 appropriation. That responsibility doubtless belonged to him who was master of the Fusionists in North Carolina, Senator Marion Butler, and his course marked the beginning of his fall. In the Legislature he might have at a word done much for the public schools; he preferred rather to do nothing; in the Legislature of 1897 it was said that the members were practically all for schools but under the manipulations of politicians they were powerless to make their wishes effective. The Populists who had been so strong in their declaration in favor of education had been tried in the balances in two successive Legislatures and found wanting. The people were done with them. And their failure here had to do with their fall and ruin. In his editorial columns Mr. Bailey exposed Mr. Butler's course and threw his influence to the Democrats.

When the Legislature of 1899, strongly Democratic, convened, Mr. Bailey whose powerful influence was now recognized and courted by the able politicians of the day, had grown in wisdom—he had allied himself and his cause with Simmons and Aycock. The Democrats were proposing to limit the right to vote after a few years to those who could read and write; before they ventured to go before the people with such a proposition they saw clearly that they must show unmistakably that they were friendly to public schools. Hence the Legislature, seemingly at first as ready to sacrifice the interest of the public schools as any of its predecessors, passed without demur the new bill carrying an appropriation of \$100,000 for the schools as soon as the will of the leaders was indicated. Mr. Bailey, though confident of the result, did not rest

on his oars, or cease to write strongly and warmly in the interest of the schools in the *Recorder*. Mr. Stephen McIntyre, an alumnus of Wake Forest College, promptly introduced the bill, and it was favored even by those who had formerly opposed a similar bill. Mr. Bailey had won his fight. He had the political leaders with him, and so well had the Democratic Party learned its lesson that the Legislature was so much concerned to have it appear that its first interest was the public schools that it refused to increase the regular appropriations to the higher educational institutions, and allowed them only \$12,500 for special appropriations in place of the \$70,000 which they requested. At this time Messrs. Alderman and McIver did not favor the \$100,000 direct appropriation for the free schools. They were so little regardful of them that they sought authority from the Legislature to borrow for their institutions the bonds to the amount of \$40,000 which had been deposited in the State Treasury as a nucleus for a new Literary Fund for the support of the Common Schools. A loan of \$9,000 had in 1893 been made from this fund to the State Normal and at this time had not been returned, and the Legislature seemed to fear that such might be the fate of the remainder of the Fund if it was lent in this way. Their request was refused. It was remembered too that the Literary Fund of pre-war times, so carefully preserved by Calvin H. Wiley, had been lost when lent. To avoid any further trouble in this matter the Legislature ordered the bonds then in the treasury to be destroyed.

In this it did wisely, for the main battle was yet to come. The next year Mr. Aycock was before the people pledging his continued support to the education of their sons and daughters, if they would adopt the Constitutional Amendment which provided that of those who came of age after 1908 only those who could read and write could vote. The people accepted the pledge, elected Mr. Aycock as their Governor and adopted the Amendment. Mr. Aycock kept his pledge and won immortal renown.

The issue won in 1899 was the four months' school term and the principle of direct appropriations to the public schools by the Legislature. It was for this that Bailey had fought since 1895. It proved a popular victory. Everybody at once got on his side. The original \$100,000 has since grown to more than six millions annually. Mr. Aycock's pledge was made to meet a demand which already existed. He had taken no part from 1895 to 1898. But now that demand did exist and was acute. In view of what is recorded above is it too much to say that it existed largely because of the work of Mr. Bailey for the previous four years? With all his youthful enthusiasm he had been making the cause of better schools for the children of the State his meat and drink for four years. Week after week, month after month, he had kept this cause before the forty thousand readers of the *Biblical Recorder*; and he alone of the editors of State-wide influence did this. We have seen that the *Charlotte Observer* sneered charging that the Baptists were interested only in their college. This was the response when Professor John S. Bassett of Trinity College in the *News and Observer* of December 6, 1895, had said: "Is it too much to urge that the press of the State as every enlightened factor of our society rally to the aid of those who have begun this work so well?" Whatever the restraining reason, the papers of State-wide influence did not throw themselves into the struggle in response to Professor Bassett's plea. Bailey with his *Recorder* was left to fight alone. And not only did he make his pleas through the columns of his paper; he addressed the representative Baptists of the State in their Associations and Convention in hundreds of speeches. During the sessions of the Legislature he was doubly active, working night and day to induce the Legislators to be true to the Constitution and provide the children with better schools. He assailed them with pamphlets; he addressed their Committees on Education. He was constantly in the lobbies. The cause of the children was not his second interest but his first, and in it he was not

impelled by any hope of personal gain or of promoting the welfare of any institution; his service was disinterested. It was founded upon the considerations set out in his editorials in 1895 and 1896, to which I have referred.

It is sad to contemplate that those whose support would have been so valuable and determinative should have stood aloof and left him to fight the battle almost alone; that they blocked his demands for direct appropriations, or came to his aid only when the popular demand for better schools, which he had so assiduously cultivated in his paper and on the platform, had made the cause irresistible. Sadder still that any should have been willing to have claimed for themselves the credit chiefly due this young champion of the noble cause. But saddest of all is it that writers of our educational history, whether because of indifference, ignorance or prejudice, should have failed to make record of Mr. Bailey's important services. I have appealed to the records; no one who claims to be a historian may disregard them. They will be as available one hundred years from now as they are today. And I am more sure of nothing than of this, if current historians shall be content to ignore them, the time will come when other historians will not only assure justice but also will discredit the current historians. Truth is her own avenger.

The Mountain Evergreens

By EDWARD T. HARRELL

I love the faithful, balmy evergreens that with
Their friendly branches furnish screens
From winter's stinging air;
The pines and cedars whose soft arms enfold
And shelter from the winter's blast and cold
The shivering, timid hare.

They are the memoirs that summer leaves
To reassure the changing world, which grieves
To see her sunshine go;
They hold out hope that in the wake of spring
The soothing, living force again will bring
The rose instead of snow.

The oak, in autumn, sheds his full array;
The maple's robe gets thinner day by day;
The flower's flame is dead.
But pines and cedars bravely face the blast
Which comes always to earth but not to last,
With wintry days of dread.

Their gentle murmurs, holding hints of May
Are Nature's living joys which pay
For dreary, winter hours.
Peace, rest, and harmony their notes repeat;
There is no discord in their music sweet—
Only songs of joy and flowers.

Ships

By L. D. MUNN

I

Mighty works of iron and steel,
With pulsing hearts that seem to feel
Their way o'er some wide-watered plain;
Plowing furrows broad and deep
In their wake, like mountains steep
O'erlooking vales of waving grain—

II

Giant monsters of the sea,
Hulled about much mystery,
As they ever come and go;
Struggling with the foaming wave,
Like warriors strong and brave,
Fighting on their skill to show.

III

Guardians of some distant shore,
Boring through the sea's thick floor,
Making thrones and people shake;
The works of human mind and hand,
Slipping by like something grand,
They their proud procession make—

IV

Like human beings on their way
Before the world to have their say—
That they're the master of their realm—
They go by in grand review,
And like humans, just and true,
With the Master at the helm.

Yes

By S. L. MORGAN, JR.

ON a low hill overlooking the Cape Fear River stood a palatial, colonial mansion. The spacious portico looked down along a gentle slope to the water's edge. The evening sun slipping down behind the trees on the farther side sparkled brightly in the large front windows.

Through the doorway glided a girl, with light hair and blue eyes—a perfect blonde. The fading sunbeams glittering in her hair seemed to laugh bewitchingly at her companion, who stood in the doorway. He was a tall, well-built youth, with flaxen hair and blue eyes—a handsome fellow in the early twenties.

"Is not this lovely, John?" the girl asked. "But still I can't help wanting to be at home again.

"You are right, Elizabeth," the young man replied. "Something must be done. Those Tories must be tamed. We will recover your home and all the rest. We'll give the rascals a dose of their own medicine. I must go now to your father."

Elizabeth Brown's home had been at Ashwood, several miles down the river, but when the Tories began their desperate raids on the property of the Whigs, she had, with others of her sex, taken refuge at Owen Hill, the hospitable home of Colonel Thomas Owen. His wife had done all she could to make it a pleasant place for these poor women, driven from their homes on the western side.

Elizabeth's father, General Thomas Brown, was even then at the head of a little band of Whigs encamped in the swamps of Bladen, farther up the river. There were seventy of them—brave and strong. They had been forced to flee from their homes to the east side of the river. For how could they expect to fight the three

hundred men equipped by King George? They had hidden in the lowlands waging a guerilla warfare. This had continued until, worn out from the lack of provisions, they looked across enviously at their enemy. Something had to be done. This was the opinion of all.

When John Owen rode into camp, he immediately looked up General Brown with the intention of broaching the subject of immediate action. But before he had time to mention it, Brown said:

"Robeson and your father and I have decided to attack tonight. But we need more horses. Mose tells me he has been able to save a dozen of my horses by hiding them in the ravine back of my house at Ashwood. I want you to go with me immediately to bring them here to use tonight.

"I'll be ready in two minutes," said John, who hurried away to find another horse.

He was back in the allotted time and they were off. The twelve miles to Owen Hill were covered in short order, but the men did not stop, for there was no time to waste. On down the river for three miles they rode. Then as they looked across toward Ashwood high up on the bluff, a glare of a fire became perceptible, steadily growing brighter and brighter.

They quickly plunged their steeds into the river and reached the other shore. The long circuitous trail to the top seemed endless to John. There in the shadow of the bluff the night was black as pitch; not even a star peeped through the heavy blanket of clouds. But, as they gained the summit, day seemed suddenly to have dawned. For through the trees they could see a group of shadows fitting about a blazing barn. Suddenly from behind them they heard the excited voice of Mose:

"Marse Tom, de don' foun' yo hosses, an' run 'em all in dat barn, an' den set hit on fire, an' I couldn't do nothin', Marse Tom, cause dere's 'bout a dozen of 'em."

The two men enraged at this act of brutality jumped forward and, before they realized the rashness of their act, fired several shots into the group about the fire. The

figures quickly shrank into the shadows and returned the shots, but without effect. Seeing that it was futile to attempt to withstand this superior band they turned and retraced their steps down the face of the bluff. This necessitated slow progress and the Tories were showering them continually with bullets. When they finally reached the other side, John found that Brown had been wounded in the thigh and was growing rather weak and faint. He rode beside the General and helped to keep him in the saddle until they reached Owen Hill. Here Brown was put to bed and he gave John these words of command:

"Take the news of this latest outrage to our men. Tell Robeson to take command and carry out the attack as planned, as best he can without the horses. We *must* put a stop to these audacious acts."

As he finished he dropped back to his pillow exhausted. Elizabeth followed John out of the room and on to the porch, and offering her hands to him she said:

"John, I know you will do your best."

He kissed the proffered hands and whispered:

"I will—for you."

He leaped on his horse and sped toward the camp, where the band of brave men were preparing to attack the Tories across the river.

There were three hundred in the Tory camp at the head of a ravine near the village of Elizabethtown. Tonight around a bright fire they sat, drinking, carousing, and joking of the hardships which they were inflicting on their erstwhile friends, never dreaming that they were about to be attacked.

When John dashed into his own camp alone, the men crowded around him asking about General Brown. He quickly recounted to them the events of the past hour, and on hearing of the wound of their General, as well as the burning of the horses the band immediately swore vengeance on their enemies. As soon as Colonel Thomas Robeson found himself in command he set about prepar-

ing for the attack. Orders were given and quickly obeyed, and the band marched down to the river's edge.

It has been said that the night always seems darkest just before dawn. So it seemed to John, although at Ashwood he had thought it could grow no darker. The camp-fires of the enemy glimmered from the opposite shore as if unable to spread their light. All was still save for the soft swish of the river as it flowed between the two hostile bands.

In the midst of this inky blackness Robeson gave his men their final orders. The company was divided into three groups of twenty-three men each. Robeson commanded one, Owen, John's father the second, and Morehead was in command of the third. John found himself in his father's company. The plan of attack was again explained and Robeson then ordered the men to undress and wade the river. With their clothes and guns held high above their heads the taller men had no trouble, but others found difficulty in keeping their noses above water. At length the farther side was reached and the band silently filed through the trees bearing to the right of the enemy camp. They continued in this manner until they were well in the rear. Thereupon, John's company was given the center of the line; Robeson held the right and Morehead, the left. The companies, now about fifty feet apart, marched down on the enemy.

"Who goes there?" rang out a voice from the dark.

"Whigs," said John in a low voice as he brought his musket down on the sentry's head.

The three companies were now in easy firing distance of the camp. Up to this time no sound had been made by the approaching bands, except for the encounter with the outpost. Now in the stillness the clear voice of Robeson rang out:

"Colonel Wright's company—fire."

With a loud cry of "Washington," Robeson's company fired and wheeling quickly ran ten yards to their right,

reloading at the same time. Immediately on the firing of his own company, Robeson ordered:

"Colonel Gillespie's company—fire."

And with the shout of "Washington," Owen's company poured their accurate volley into the disordered camp, and then they too moved their position and reloaded. Immediately on the second volley Robeson shouted:

"Colonel Dodd's company—fire."

And with the same shout of "Washington," the twenty-three muskets in Morehead's company crashed into the confused ranks of the Tories. And at the command:

"Colonel Ingram's company—fire," Robeson's company fired a second volley from their new position. This time John's company answered the order," Colonel Brady's company—fire," with the cry of "Washington," and bombarded the camp with a second volley from their new position. And so it continued: each company fired and quickly wheeling, moved to another position, there answering to another name with another broadside. The disordered Tories, believing the whole of Washington's army was upon them, attempted to flee. But Slingsby, their leader, recalled them and encouraged them to return the volleys.

Suddenly John's father fell, wounded by a shot through his leg. John quickly leaped to the front and, just as their ruse was beginning to be suspected, led his small band down on the camp. At the sight of this charge, Slingsby's men could be restrained by no entreaty, and they fled in all directions, the majority of them, however, hurling themselves into the ravine and racing down the river. John led his band over the side and into the ravine where, overtaking the frightened Tories, he compelled them to surrender. The other companies quickly arrived on the scene and aided in securing the captives, who were luckily unable to see the number of their captors on account of the darkness.

John immediately returned to his wounded father and with the aid of another man carried him back to Owen

Hill. John helped his father to bed and having told Elizabeth of the victory also went to bed just as the rising sun threw its radiant beams through his window.

About dinner-time the day after the fight Robeson came and reported the night's events, by no means omitting the part that John played in the capture.

"We all should be proud of our young hero," he said and glanced across the table at Elizabeth; she blushed and assented.

After supper John and Elizabeth were strolling on the grassy slope in front of the house. The moonlight played in Elizabeth's hair and made her seem to wear a halo. To John she seemed an angel.

"You will soon be able to return to Ashwood, now," declared John.

"Yes," assented Elizabeth.

"Ashwood is a mighty beautiful place, too," again affirmed John.

"Yes," she repeated.

"But Owen Hill is beautiful also, is it not?"

"Yes," she again assured him.

"Elizabeth, Owen Hill is *my* home, but won't you help me make it *our* home?"

"Yes," she replied softly, and the conversation drifted, becoming more and more romantic.

Dawn

By LONNIE D. MUNN

I

Dawn!
It came so peacefully,
Just like the lull that comes after the storm;
The day's new-opened eyes seemed taken by surprise
To find so calm a morn.

II

Dawn!
It crept into my soul
Like the shadow of an upraised Cross;
The storms soon quietly ceased, and strife gave way
to peace,
And joy untold.

Chaucer's Prioress's Tale

By A. L. AYCOCK

AT the close of a beautiful April day near the end of the fourteenth century, there was gathered at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, just across the Thames from London, one of the most interesting groups ever assembled in "Old England." We learn from a member of this "companye," Chaucer, the poet, that they were on their way to Canterbury

The holy blisful martyr for to seke.¹

Chaucer, who seems to have been a good "mixer," soon became acquainted with the other guests at the Tabard.

And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon, . . .²

Not only had he spoken with each of them, but he had observed so carefully that he was able

To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it seemed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne: . . .³

So well did the poet fulfill his self appointed task that we have not only a good description of their "degree" and "array," but have also a very terse and illuminating character sketch of most of the pilgrims.

¹Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, l. 17.

²*Ibid.*, ll. 30-32.

³*Ibid.*, ll. 38-41.

THE PRIORESS

In this company of Canterbury Pilgrims

Ther was a Nonne, a Prioress,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by sēynt Loy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.⁴

It is with this lady and her tale that this paper is primarily concerned.

First of all let us take a look at "madame Eglentyne," with her shy, modest smile and very mild oath, as the poet has described her. She sang well, spoke French "ful faire and fetisly" according to the school from which she graduated,⁵ and had excellent table manners:

She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.⁶

She was so courteous that when the cup from which the company drank was passed to her,

Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.⁷

The Prioress was very pleasant and amiable. She endeavored to conduct herself after the manners of the court and to be held worthy of respect. She was over sensitive, so much so that

She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.⁸

⁴Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, ll. 118-20.

⁵For an interesting discussion as to the identity of "Madame Eglentyne" and the school at Stratford-atte-Bow, see John Mathews Manley, *Some New Light on Chaucer*, New York, 1926, pp. 202-220.

⁶Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, ll. 128-131.

⁷*Ibid.*, ll. 133-135.

⁸*Ibid.*, ll. 144-45.

So tenderhearted was the lady that she would weep if anyone injured her little dogs which she cared for as if they had been children.

Madame Eglentyne was well dressed and had a very pleasing countenance, with a well shaped nose, grey eyes, a broad forehead, and a mouth "ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed." Withal she was a very dainty lady and quite an asset to the company.

There is nothing about this description of the Prioress to indicate that she was very religious. Let us remember, however, that we are getting a picture of the Prioress, not in her abbey among her people, but in holiday attire and on a pilgrimage. The fact that she

. . . peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere,⁹

gave considerable attention to her dogs, and was personally attractive is not necessarily an indication that she was overworldly or that she was lax in her obligations, religious or otherwise. When we understand that it was possibly her duty to have in her charge at times young ladies of high rank, we can better understand that her court manners are not affected but rather natural. In this connection Professor Kittredge says:

The Prioress is of noble blood, and has been brought up from youth in a religious order; but it is a rich order, of the kind to which parents of wealth and position entrusted, as they still do entrust, their daughters for care and education.¹⁰

Scrupulous in her dress and table manners, priding herself on her command of an antiquated Norman French which she supposes is still the French of fashionable society, in all things taking pains to 'countrefete chere of court,'¹¹ she stands as a

⁹Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, ll. 139-140.

¹⁰George Lyman Kittredge, *Chaucer and His Poetry*, London, 1920, p. 176.

¹¹Professor Kittredge comes to the defense of the Lady Prioress and her court manners when he says: "This couplet is often sadly misunderstood, as if the Prioress's bearings were labored and affected imitation of polite behavior. It implies merely that her manners were exquisitely courtly, with that little touch of preciseness and finish which shows that one regards such things as of some concern. Her position in life required this of her, and it accorded with her nature

typical superior of a young ladies' school.¹²

Moreover, she was comparatively young. She was a woman. And she wanted to look her best in this company. Our picture of this lady is still incomplete, for, as Professor Root has well said:

The true meaning of her character is to be found in the fuller revelation of her tale. She might have been expected to tell a courtly one, which should establish her reputation as an accomplished woman of the world; but her affectations are only on the surface. Her legend of the 'litel clergeon' breathes the 'spirit of earnest, heart-felt religion, and shows that the tenderness of her heart is not confined to the suffering of a wounded mouse or a favorite lap-dog, but to make her susceptible to the truest and deepest pathos.¹³

Grace Hadow found in the Prioress a very interesting character and in writing of her said:

She tells her story with real tenderness and feeling, and it is evident that the atmosphere of the cloister in no wise irks her. It is impossible to regard her as a pattern nun, but equally as impossible to judge her harshly.¹⁴

THE BOY MARTYR

Now that we have seen something of the Prioress herself, let us examine her story. According to Professor French, the Knight, the Miller, the Reeve, and the Cook told their tales on the first day of the journey, April 17. On the eighteenth, the Man of Law told the first tale; the Shipman followed him, and then came the Prioress.¹⁵ When the Shipman had finished, the host turns to Madam Eglentyne and courteously¹⁶ requests:

as well. As to table manners, which often make the uninstructed laugh, they are simply the perfection of mediæval daintiness. Nothing is farther from Chaucer's mind than to poke fun at them." (*Chaucer and His Poetry*, pp. 176-177).

¹² *Op. cit.*, p. 190.

¹³ Robert Kilburn Root, *The Poetry of Chaucer* (revised edition), New York, 1922, pp. 190-191.

¹⁴ Grace E. Hadow, *Chaucer and His Times*, New York, n.d., pp. 137-138.

¹⁵ Robert Dudley French, *A Chaucer Handbook*, New York, 1927, p. 197.

¹⁶ "Of all the Canterbury Pilgrims none is more sympathetically conceived or more delicately portrayed than Madame Eglantine, the

'My lady Prioress, by your leve,
 So that I wiste I sholde yow nat greve,
 I wolde demen that ye tellen sholde
 A tale next, if so were that ye wolde.
 Now wol ye vouche-sauf, my lady dere?'
 'Gladly,' quod she, and scyde as ye shal here.¹⁷

The Prioress before beginning her story, which she tells with childlike simplicity, invokes the blessings of the Virgin, recognizes the miracle of Christ's birth, and begs that in telling the story she may glorify the Virgin and her son:

Help me to telle it in thy reverence!
 * * * * *
 For to declare thy grete worthinesse,
 * * * * *
 Gydeh my song that I shal of you seye.¹⁸

A synopsis of the story follows.

Ther was in Asie, in a greet citee,
 Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye,
 Sustened by a lord of that contree
 For foule usure and lucre of vilanye,¹⁹
 Hateful to Crist and his companye;
 And thurgh the strete men mighte ryde or wende,
 For it was free, and open at either ende.²⁰

At one end of the street there was a school in which Christian children studied grammar and music and were instructed in the Christian doctrines.

prioress. The impression she has made on the company is exquisitely suggested by the courtesy with which the Host invited her to tell her story after the Shipman has finished. His softness of speech and manner contrasts strongly with the robust badinage that immediately precedes." (Kittredge, *Chaucer and His Poetry*, p. 175.)

¹⁷The Prioress's Prologue, *Canterbury Tales*, ll. 1637-1642.

¹⁸The Prologue of the *Prioress's Tale*, ll. 1643-1677.

¹⁹The Christians were not allowed to practice usury; this left the field open to the Jews. For a consideration, a nobleman would protect a Jew who often let him have large sums of money in needy times. The king also borrowed heavily from the Jews at times; at other times he levied enormous taxes on them. The Jews lived in a country subject to the will of the ruler who might banish them at his pleasure—and forget to pay them what he owed them. In spite of their persecution, they became enormously wealthy. Scott gives an interesting picture of one of these Jews, Isaac of York, in his novel, *Ivanhoe*.

²⁰*The Prioress's Tale*, ll. 1678-1684.

Among these children was a widwes sone,
 A litel clergeon, seven yeer of age,
 That day by day to scole was his wone,
 And eek also, wher-as he saugh the'image
 Of Cristes moder, hadde he in usage,
 As him was taught, to knele adoun and seye
 His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye.²¹

This 'litel clergeon' (chorister-boy) was very religious, and, as he heard the older students singing the *Alma redemptoris*,

. . . he drough him ner and ner,
 And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
 Til he the firste vers coude al by rote.²²

Not satisfied with having learned the first verse only, he asked a fellow student, who was older than he, to tell him the meaning of the song and to teach him the other verses.

Though the other boy, "his felaw," appears only once and is then dismissed in less than two stanzas, Chaucer has given us as clear a character sketch as if he had taken up a whole page or more. The contrast between the two boys is interesting. The "litel clergeon" was so delighted and impressed with the fragment of the *Alma redemptoris* that he not only wanted to know all of it, but he also wanted to know what it meant. "His felaw," however, did not seem to have any particular interest in it. For him it was merely part of his school work. He had, perhaps, been told by his teacher that the song was in honor of the Virgin. More he did not know, and, apparently, did not care.

This song, I have heard seye,
 Was maked of our blisful lady free,
 Hir to salve, and eek hir for to preye
 To been our help and soccour whan we deye.
 I can no more expound in this matere;
 I lerne song, I can but small grammere.²³

²¹*The Prioress's Tale*, ll. 1692-1698.

²²*Ibid.*, ll. 1710-1712.

²³*Ibid.*, ll. 1721-1726.

These last two lines tell the story. There has been no quickening response on his part to the song. Not so with the little boy, for he is more keenly interested now than ever.

When he learned that the song was in honor of 'Cristes moder,' he determined to learn it before Christmas, even though he neglected his school work. Having learned the song, he sang it daily on his way to and from school.

As I have seyde, thurgh-out the Jewerye
 This litel child, as he cam to and fro,
 Ful merily than wolde he singe, and crye
*O Alma redemptoris ever-mo.*²⁴

The Jews resented this very much. Their hatred grew; finally they decided to silence this singer and his hateful song. They waylaid him, murdered him, and cast his body into a wardrobe (privy).

When the boy failed to come home that night, his mother was very much alarmed. As soon as it was light, she began to look for him. She went to the school and to every other place where she thought he might be found; indications were that he had last been seen in 'the Jewerye.' She then sought him among the Jews, begging them that they would tell her if they knew anything of his whereabouts.

They seyde, 'nay'; but Jesu, of his grace,
 Yaf in hir thought, in with a litel space,
 That in that place after her sone she cryde,
 Wher he was casten in a pit bisyde.
 * * * * *

Ther he with throte y-corven lay upright,
 He '*Alma redemptoris*' gan to singe
 So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.²⁵

Those who had gathered were astonished. The provost was summoned, the body was taken up, and the Jews were seized and executed. The child was then carried 'un-to the nexte abbay.' The abbot had completed the

²⁴*The Prioress's Tale*, ll. 1741-1744.

²⁵*Ibid.*, ll. 1793-1803.

mass and was ready to bury the boy, but when they sprinkled the holy water on his body, he sang again, "*O Alma redemptoris mater.*" The abbot asked him why he continued to sing even after he was dead. The child explained that, even though his throat was cut, he had so pleased Jesus by singing the praises of his 'moder dere,' that Jesus had sent an angel to place a seed on his tongue. As long as the grain remained on his tongue, he was to sing "*O Alma*" loude and clere.' When the grain was removed, the angel would then take him to heaven. The abbot removed the grain,

And he yaf up the goost softly.²⁶

When those in the abbey saw this miracle, they prostrated themselves.

The covent eek lay on the pavement
Weping, and herien Cristes moder dere,
And after that they ryse, and forth ben went,
And toke away this martir fro his bere,
And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere
Enclosen they his litel body swete;
Ther he is now, god leve us for to mete.²⁷

The Prioress concluded her tale by referring to a similar story current in England at the time, that of Hugh of Lincoln.

There seems to be no effort on Chaucer's part to give his story a particular setting. This is shown in the first two lines of the tale when the Prioress says,

Ther was in Asie, in a greet citee,
Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye, . . .

Since there were several great cities in Asia that might have contained "Jeweryes," it is difficult to know which one Chaucer may have had in mind. Professor Skeat suggests that the "Asia" referred to here is possibly Asia

²⁶*The Prioress's Tale*, l. 1862.

²⁷*Ibid.*, ll. 1867-1873.

Minor.²⁸ As for the "Jewerye" or Jew's quarter, most large cities had one. There is still a section now known as the *Old Jewry* in London.

SOURCES

Professor French says that no immediate source for the *Prioress's Tale* has been discovered.²⁹ There are no less than twenty-seven versions of this legend, at least ten of which are found in manuscripts of the thirteenth century. Professor Carleton Brown has assembled twenty-seven versions of the legend and divided them into groups, according to the differences of treatment. In the first group the boy is lured into the home of a Jew and killed. When he does not return home, his mother looks for him, and, after several days, finds him, guided by his singing to the spot where he is buried. The body is taken up, and the boy is restored alive to his mother through the intervention of the Blessed Virgin, whose praises he has sung.

In the second group, the little boy is a chorister, and, instead of singing in the streets, sings in the Church. The Jews take offense at the song as they hear it when they pass the Church during the services. They lure the lad to some secluded place and kill him. When they leave, the Virgin Mary restores the child to life, and he returns to sing in the choir. The Jews, hearing the same voice, and recognizing the boy as the one they have murdered, are astonished. Many of them are converted, to the glory of the Blessed Virgin.

In the third group the ending is tragic. Only the voice of the child lives, and when the seed is removed from his tongue or when the sacred rock is removed from his mouth, the voice ceases, and the dead body is buried.³⁰

²⁸Walter W. Skeat, *Works of Chaucer*, 6 vols., Oxford, 1894, V, p. 175.

²⁹Robert Dudley French, *A Chaucer Handbook*, New York, 1927, p. 233.

³⁰French, *A Chaucer Handbook*, pp. 234-242. In a footnote on page 235, Professor French says that his material for this section was drawn from Professor Brown's study, *The Miracle of Our Lady told by Chaucers Prioress*, published by the Chaucer Society in 1910.

Though there seems to be no evidence that Chaucer had either of the then extant versions of the story in mind, his original, if he followed any, must have been similar to the version of the third group. It may be that he had no particular story in mind, but merely used the martyr-boy *motif* and made a story of his own. In this connection, Professor Lounsbury says:

. . . But besides his references to those [saints] already described, there are several other saints of whom he speaks specifically enough to show that he was well acquainted with the mass of fable that had collected about their careers. One of these is Hugh of Lincoln.³¹

According to Matthew Paris, the crucifixion of Hugh of Lincoln took place in England in 1255. The fact that this story was well known may account for Chaucer's having used a similar one as the *Prioress's Tale*. A brief synopsis of the story as told by Matthew Paris follows. About the time of the festival of the apostles Peter and Paul, the Jews of Lincoln stole an eight year old boy named Hugh. They invited the Jews from other cities in England to be present at his crucifixion. On the appointed day the Jews assembled. The trial and crucifixion of Jesus was reënacted, the boy taking the part of Jesus and one of the Jews acting as Pilate. Hugh was beaten, crowned with thorns, and, after he was crucified, his heart was pierced with a spear. He was then disembowelled and buried. On the following morning the body appeared unburied, above ground. It was then thrown into a well. The searching mother found the body and summoned her friends and a judge.

It is of interest to note that the only supernatural element involved here is the fact that the body would not stay hidden. The boy does not sing, nor in any other way does he indicate to his mother where he is. According to Matthew Paris,

³¹Thomas R. Lounsbury, *Studies in Chaucer*, 3 vols., New York, 1892, II, p. 324.

The boy's mother had been for some days diligently seeking after her absent one, and having been told by the neighbors that they had last seen him playing with some Jewish boys of his own age, and entering the house of one of that sect, she suddenly made her way into that house, and saw the body of the child in a well, into which it had been thrown.³²

There is no special *motif*, however, for any miraculous gift of singing, since there is no evidence or indication that Hugh was especially devout or had ever sung praises to the Blessed Virgin. The Jews needed a victim, and he happened to be selected. That this is true, and that the Jews were impressed with the miracle is indicated in the confession of the Jew, Copin.

What the Christians say is true; for almost every year the Jews crucify a boy as an insult to the name of Jesus. But one is not found every year, for they carry on these proceedings privately, and in out of the way places. This boy Hugh, however, our Jews crucified without mercy, and after he was dead, and when they wished to hide his corpse, considering the body of a child useless to draw an augury from (for which purpose they had disembowelled it), they could not hide it under the ground as they wished to do; for in the morning, when they thought it was hidden from sight, the earth vomited it forth, and the corpse appeared unburied above ground; which circumstance struck the Jews with horror. Finally it was thrown into a well; but even there it could not be kept from sight, for the mother of the child, searching into all these misdeeds, discovered the body of the child. . . .³³

After his confession, he and eighteen of his friends were executed and over eighty more were confined in the tower of London, awaiting a similar fate.³⁴

In the ballads the story takes a different turn; the boy, though dead, speaks to his mother. One of these, *Hugh of Lincoln and The Jew's Daughter*, has a group of Lincoln boys playing ball. One of this group was "sweet Sir Hugh," and "he play'd o'er them a'." Having

³²J. A. Giles, *Matthew Paris's English History*, 3 vols., London, 1854, III, p. 139.

³³*Op. cit.*, pp. 139-140.

kicked the ball through the window of a Jew's house, he begs the Jew's daughter to throw it down. She refuses, however, and tells him to come up and get the ball himself, using a beautiful apple as an additional inducement to get him into the house. When he comes in, she kills him with a penknife; then

She's row'd him in a cake o' lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him into Our Lady's draw-well,
Was fifty fathoms deep.

When he fails to return with the other boys that night, his mother goes to the "Jew's castel," falls on her knees at the well, and prays. Her son answers her, tells her

The little penknife sticks in my throat,

and bids her prepare his winding sheet, for he will meet her on the morrow "at the back o' merry Lincoln." She does as he requests

And at the back o' merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet.
And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln
Were read without man's tongue;
And never was such a burial
Sin' Adam's day begun.⁸⁵

Another story which is very much like the *Prioress's Tale* is found in the *Fortalitium Fidci. Lugdun.* 1500, fo. ccviii. This story, *Alphonsus of Lincoln*, composed in 1485, is reprinted by the Chaucer Society, with an English translation.⁸⁶ The main differences between this and the tale told by the Prioress are very few. In this

⁸⁵Giles, *Matthew Paris's English History*, III, pp. 138-141.

⁸⁶Sir Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch (ed.), *The Oxford Book of Ballads*, Oxford, 1924, pp. 353-355.

⁸⁷F. J. Furnivall, Esq. (editor in chief), *Chaucer Society: Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, part 2, series 2, no. 10, London, 1875, pp. 108-110.

story, a Jew finds out from a Christian doctor the meaning of the song which the lad sings on his way to and from school. After they kill the boy, they cut out his tongue also. Instead of a grain, an angel gives him a precious stone in the place of his tongue. He then sings the praises of the Blessed Virgin until the stone is taken from his mouth. He gives the stone to the Bishop, and his voice is silenced.

If Chaucer had a particular source for his story, it seems that this story and his must have had a common source, judging from the very close similarity.

Numerous other stories³⁷ have been woven around this martyr-boy legend, some of which take the ballad form, as in Francisque Michel's *Hugues de Lincoln*, 1834. Speaking of this popularity of the martyr-boy *motif* in stories and ballads, Professor French says:

The dark superstition, which laid the charges of these atrocities upon the Jews, had been given fresh impetus two centuries before Chaucer's day, by the martyrdom of St. William of Norwich, a lad of twelve, who was believed to have been lured into a Jew's house and crucified, during Passion Week in the year 1144. As rumors of the fate of St. William passed through England and Europe, other tales of boy-martyrs came into popularity. The most famous was that of St. Hugh of Lincoln, whom the prioress mentions by name at the conclusion of her story of the little clergeon. Chaucer may well have heard one of the ballads written upon the martyrdom of this boy, who, according to Matthew Paris,³⁸ was murdered at Lincoln by the Jews in 1255.³⁹

TREATMENT

Whatever may have been his source, Chaucer's treatment of this story is his own. In the other versions,

³⁷Additional interesting information on this point is found in Walter W. Skeat's, *Works of Chaucer*, 6 vols., Oxford, 1894, III, pp. 421-423. It is of interest to note that William Wordsworth made a poetical translation of Chaucer's *Prioress's Tale* in 1801. It is found in the edition of *Wordsworth's Poetical Works* edited by William Knight in an eleven volume edition, and published in Edinburgh, 1882, II, pp. 209-219.

³⁸See above, footnote 34.

³⁹R. D. French, *A Chaucer Handbook*, p. 234.

especially the one given by Matthew Paris, much attention is given to the enmity between the Jews and Christians. The horrible details of the murder are given, and the execution of the Jews is graphically described. The little singer seems to be merely a thread to hold the story together. Chaucer, however, deals less with the horrors of the story, and more with the 'litel clergeon.' As Professor Root has put it:

The art of the *Prioress's Tale* is shown chiefly in the increased emphasis laid on the human as opposed to the supernatural aspects of the story. The main purpose of the other versions is to show the miraculous power of the Blessed Virgin and the black malignancy of the cursed Jews, the murdered boy himself being little more than a lay-figure, a necessary part of the machinery of the tale. Chaucer has slighted neither the glories of the Virgin nor the wickedness of the Jews; but he has subordinated both to the deep and tender pathos which centres in his 'litel clergeon, seven yeer of age,' his 'martir, souded to virginitee.' Eight full stanzas are devoted to the setting forth of his sweetly simple child-nature, before the tragic murder is even hinted at.⁴⁰

Professor Root might have added that not only do these eight stanzas but the other twenty as well set forth the story with a beautiful child-like simplicity. There are no far-fetched allusions. Mars, Venus, and the other gods have no place here. The Prioress has in mind the story of the martyr and his devotion to the Virgin, and so simply and beautifully does she tell the story that the spirit of the little child seems to pervade it from beginning to end. It breathes the tenderness and love that the narrator possibly felt for the "litel clergeon" and his *Alma redemptoris*.

Chaucer, it seems, never lost sight of the fact that this tale was being told by a devout prioress. The way in which she lingers lovingly over the account of the little boy and his devotion to the Virgin Mary may be an

⁴⁰R. K. Root, *The Poetry of Chaucer*, p. 197.

expression of the mother love which, with her, is never to find its natural outlet.

It is no accident that Chaucer makes her tell the infinitely pathetic legend of the pious little boy who was murdered for his childlike devotion to the Blessed Virgin.⁴¹

Whatever the case may be, one thing is certain; Chaucer has selected a beautiful, pathetic, and touching story for an equally beautiful and sympathetic character.

⁴¹G. L. Kittredge, *Chaucer and His Poetry*, p. 177.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

A literary magazine
published quarterly
by the Students of
Wake Forest College



Subscription
\$1.00 a year
Advertising rates
on application

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

THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR. *Editor-in-Chief*
RICHARD PASCHAL, B. A. STRICKLAND. *Associate Editors*
W. L. WARFFORD. *Business Manager*
M. L. CASHION, T. C. WRENN. *Assistant Business Managers*
DR. H. B. JONES. *Faculty Adviser*

VOLUME XLVII

NOVEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 1

The Editor's Portfolio

"Living a London Fog" is a letter written from abroad. Dr. Sledd has promised THE STUDENT one of these for each of its publications. The staff is delighted over the assurance of a real literary contribution for each of its remaining issues.

* * *

Where
Are We? Not long ago a small group of loyal and determined alumni of the college met in Durham. This meeting was followed by another, both being altogether unofficial. The purpose was to discuss the needs of Wake Forest College. In doing so they came upon appalling facts—some of them new and some old.

Most of the alumni of the college do not know that Wake Forest has these grievances, and some of the students, facing them day after day, do not realize exactly what they are. In short, Wake Forest has been neglected. A movement is now in the hands of the alumni to present the conditions and ask for remedies.

One of their presentations is that of the twenty-one classrooms here, thirteen would be condemned by a high school inspector. Six of these rooms have only one window.

Another is that Eu and Phi dormitories are in dire need of a complete remodeling. It would be interesting to know when such work was last done in this building. Also our gymnasium now has been condemned by the State inspector for over a year.

In other words the physical equipment of Wake Forest has not only stood still but relatively it has fallen backwards. The most tangent needs voiced by this meeting of alumni are those of more efficient classroom provision, especially for the Department of Bible, a new gymnasium and more money for library books. Last year only \$1,000 was available for new books and periodicals. For the last five years Duke has averaged forty times this much.

Demands for physical equipment go hand in hand with demands for finance. The denomination in the state has limited funds, but of that they do have the percentage given to Wake Forest is deplorably small.

For the last four years, excluding the Centennial campaign, Wake Forest has received seven-tenths of one per cent of the total contributions to Christian Education. In turn she has given to the cause of Christian Education, in the form of scholarships, twelve times this amount.

From the Centennial Campaign it is arranged that Wake Forest receive only sixteen and two-thirds per cent. Following this, she was forbidden individually to solicit funds within the State while the campaign is going on, and it was only during the last convention that a committee recommended, "That owing to the dire and urgent needs of Wake Forest College we recommend that the College be granted permission through its Alumni to secure the sum of \$250,000"

One school that on its own initiative has gone ahead in the past and acquired a small amount of money and

a large amount of fame, should not now be held back and strangled while younger schools catch up.

There is an opinion that Wake Forest, as old and famous as it is, is provided for financially. This is a mistaken idea. The college is endowed to a small extent, but who endowed Wake Forest? By far the larger part was secured from Mr. Jabez Bostic by President Charles E. Taylor. But for this sum we would certainly have no Bostic Hall, nor would it have been possible to provide for many other improvements.

This group of alumni made several recommendations. Three of them are as follows: That they ask the Board of Trustees to approve a plan to enter the field in behalf of Wake Forest; that Wake Forest men everywhere be acquainted with the grave needs of the college; that in the allocation of funds Wake Forest should be given a larger percentage of the contributions to Christian Education. We are certain that as an organ of the Wake Forest students we can honestly thank our alumni for this movement in support of the "oldest and most vital institution in our midst." It is a positive, non-antagonistic plan, and fully in accord with the constructive policy of President Gaines.

* * *

**Emphasis Where
Emphasis Belongs** In "The Truth as to the Advancement of Public Education in North Carolina," which we are publishing in this issue of THE STUDENT, we have a historical document of great interest, especially to Wake Forest men. The author refutes the conclusions of some former historians, and accuses them of not consulting original sources, or of failing to record the facts therein contained. The article is of especial interest to friends of Wake Forest because of the light which is thrown on the life and achievements for many years of one of her presidents, Dr. Charles E. Taylor, and on her illustrious son, Mr. J. W. Bailey.

Although the article necessarily gives considerable space to Wake Forest men, it is an effort to give credit where credit is due.

With the new drainage system maybe the occupants of Hunters Hall this year won't have to swim to their eight-ten.

* * *

The South Count Hermann Keyserling in his observations on America has been uniquely kind to the South. In his most recent article in the pride magazine of New England, and of the United States, he makes a bow to the Southern states by saying the future, as has the past, will come out of them. As much as we want it to be true, we almost look on him with curiosity when he says, uncompromisingly, that the South contains the only lasting quality of mankind.

In an earlier article in the *Atlantic* he proclaims Virginia to have the only real cultural atmosphere, while the taste of food in New Orleans alone reaches the European ideal. Does this not make us regret that we are unable to eat our meals on the Mississippi while inhaling the air of the Shennandoah?

We appreciate his compliments to our states and believe in his prophecy. He reminds us of proud reminiscences and inspires us with hope and ambition.

* * *

The hands who work on the campus walks and grounds might as well look for a great deal of routine in their work—the same old thing after every rain.

* * *

Fall has finally been sentenced to jail. In prison he will be the sole representative of the crooks that infested the Harding administration. Even then, in the name of justice and expediency, we hope his appeal will be futile.

The Golden Bough Address With one exception, the address of Mr. R. N. Simms at the tapping ceremony of the Golden Bough put practicality and idealism into the three ideals of scholarship, leadership, and character. In an ordinary time the statement would not have called for special attention, and possibly it was a mere exaggeration to stress a point. But in the face of a movement that friends of Wake Forest are now publicly supporting, the declaration of the speaker seemed ill-timed, to say the least. In a single striking sentence he advised us to let perish the thought that Wake Forest needed a million dollars to live, declaring that with the character and traditions of her past she could never die.

We remonstrate with the speaker on this statement. That Wake Forest has trained men of large reputation is unquestionable. But can Wake Forest live without material improvements? The answer depends entirely on what we mean by "live"—and let us fear the passive sense of the word! For Wake Forest to live truly, the college must maintain the standards of the past, and if possible, to produce richer harvests for the future.

Let us recall the time when Wake Forest established her fame in North Carolina. During the nineteenth century and earlier years of the twentieth, the classroom equipment here would compare favorably with that of any other college or university in the state. The dormitories were modern and satisfactory. The library was well financed. The college owned a rare and powerful telescope. In 1905 our gymnasium was the best in the state.

In 1834 the denomination undertook the Herculean task of establishing a school that would be as good as any other in the entire South. During the period mentioned above the college secured gifts which today amounts to about eighty-five per cent of our total endowment. Youthful scholars, who are today venerable professors, came to the wide-awake school. Students who were most capable and ambitious chose the atmosphere of Wake Forest.

The fact is that when Wake Forest was creating ideals and making them good to the world, she was adequately

equipped and had excellent financial support. The support allowed her to be active and make progressive moves in the state. It established her as a leader. It attracted the attention of scholarly men and of rich men. In other words, here is where our glorious achievements were made.

Must we live and advance on them now? Will they not become pretty threadbare? For the sake of the many men who have given their lives for our cause let us cherish and *protect* the traditions they made for us. It would be cowardly not to do so. It is the height of injustice to boast that we have traditions and then do nothing to keep our Alma Mater worthy of them. They have been delivered into our hands to be safeguarded—not merely to be remembered. Recall Longfellow's line and take warning: "Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pre."

The most profound admiration for the honors and standards of Wake Forest can be shown, not in relying on the past, but, in an attempt to perpetuate the traditions that created her fame.

The Wake Forest Student

Vol. XLVII

No. 2



JANUARY, 1930

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Drip, Drip, Drip! (<i>Poem</i>)	95
L. D. MUNN	
Heritage	96
EDWARD HARRELL	
When the Current Strikes	103
A. LAURANCE AYDLETT	
Black Death	112
L. D. MUNN	
A Vagabond's House (<i>Poem</i>)	121
ANON.	
At the Tomb of Napoleon	126
BENJAMIN SLEDD	
The Faust Legend	131
NATHAN C. BROOKS	
Weiners for Supper	141
W. N. ROSE	
By the Mississippi (<i>Poem</i>)	144
VIRGINIA BENTON	
Church and State	146
RICHARD PASCHAL	
What About the Yo-Yo, Anyway	165
WALTER L. WARFFORD	
Mystery (<i>Poem</i>)	168
CHARLES G. SMITH, '13	
Radio-Activity	169
J. N. EARLY	
The Editor's Portfolio	181

The Wake Forest Student

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

VOLUME XLVII

JANUARY, 1930

NUMBER 2

Drip, Drip, Drip!

By L. D. MUNN

Drip, drip, drip!

Upon the earth, O rain!

So that some dying rose

May bloom again.

Drip, drip, drip!

A tear-drop from above!

That heaven may send some lonely heart

The gift of Love.

Drip, drip, drip!

Upon some parched tongue!

That Time may bid some withering life

Again be young.

Drip, drip, drip!

Ah, blood-drops on my Soul!

That God may take the broken threads

And make them whole.

Heritage

By EDWARD HARRELL

CHARACTERS:

John Cameron.
Agnes Cameron, his daughter.
Browning Cameron, his son.

TIME: Present.

PLACE: John Cameron's home on Back Bay, Virginia.

SCENE: The living room of John Cameron's humble home.

The room is furnished with homemade chairs and table, all of good design. On the left wall, forward, is a large fireplace; on the back wall, center, hangs a huge oil painting.

Opposite the fireplace are pegs on the wall with fish nets hanging on them. A cot with a blanket is placed against the wall, almost directly under the large painting. Near the center of the room, a long table with two straight-backed chairs, one in front, the other to the right. A cheap, dark-colored rug is on the floor. Not far from the fireplace, facing it, a large wooden rocking chair.

Insistent reverberations of the ocean are borne upward to the house, which stands near the bay's water front. A storm is raging on the bay and on the ocean, which is ten miles away, just beyond a narrow stretch of sand that separates the two bodies of water.

After the curtain rises the door in the rear is opened slowly and Agnes Cameron appears. Her face shows anxiety and worry as she goes slowly before the fire and halts, looking into the blaze. She is a pretty girl of seventeen, neatly dressed. Her hair is dark, her eyes are brown, her body is of medium stature. Her voice is low and distinct, with a tremor of sadness in it. She goes slowly, after a few moments, to the door and opens it. As the door is opened a gust of wind rushes in. She closes the door hurriedly.

AGNES. How cold that wind is! [*Goes to the window facing the open bay.*] The ocean's roaring is louder than it's been in months. The bay's rough; I can hear

it lash the boathouse. [*Pauses.*] If only Browning would come! [*Another pause. Her voice shows anxiety.*] What if the bay—was—too rough for him? He's not strong like "Daddy Jim." [*Speaking impulsively.*] O, I hate! Hate it! Every breaking wave, every dark cloud hanging over the bay, every whistling wind that slashes at the house when I try to sleep reminds me of that day when they dragged Mother ashore—drowned! This fear! This fear of—the waves taking—him, the only consolation God has left me—now—to remind me of the Beautiful! [*Turns sadly away from window.*] What if he's—being beaten—tonight—by those clawing, cold waves? Drowned—like—Mother. [*Hears sound outside the door. Turns quickly.*] O, I hope he's come, I hope—

[*The door swings open and John Cameron comes in, breathing hard. He is a heavy-set man, not resembling his daughter, but with a face stern and formidable; his form erect, muscular. When he takes off the heavy raincoat and slicker hat his hair is dark, tinged with gray lines. Bushy half-gray brows overhang the obsessed glare of his fierce, gray eyes. He wears a common, faded, dark-blue suit, and rubber boots coming to the top of his knees. Agnes waits breathlessly for him to speak.*]

JOHN. [*Unbuttoning heavy coat.*] Couldn't find the boy. [*Agnes turns away sadly.*] He wan't on the sand strip when we got there.

AGNES. [*With agitation.*] Oh, Father, do you suppose—

CAMERON. The boy ain't havin' no easy time of it out there; it's rough. [*Noticing Agnes.*] But, Girlie, he'll hit shore. He ain't been living on the bay all his life for nothin'. [*Sits before fire.*]

AGNES. [*Coming nearer him.*] But he's never been out there in a storm like this—alone. Listen! [*They pause.*] I can hear the waves beat at the boathouse, and you know it's been only a few times that we've heard that. Oh, it's wild out there; it's more than that—it's merciless! Oh, God, God! What if Browning—

CAMERON. [*Interrupting.*] Ain't I told the boy to stay away from the sand strip when he's alone? You know he ain't strong. [*Agnes starts to speak as he pauses, but remains silent.*] Why didn't the fool put up those damned books when he saw that cloud makin' in the north-east?

AGNES. [*Timidly.*] I don't suppose he was aware of the spreading cloud.

CAMERON. [*Speaking harshly as he gets up.*] No, that he wan't! He was moonin' over them books again! I wish to God Elizabeth had burned 'em! They got him mad, mad I tell you! He ain't never been satisfied with me. Poetry! Music of the sea! Sunsets! That junk! That's all he talks about. [*Agnes shakes her head slowly as he continues in a harsh, angry voice.*] There ain't no sense in it, I tell you!

AGNES. [*Thinking of Browning, goes nearer, speaking in a pleading voice.*] Oh, Daddy, you're hard. You don't understand him or— [*Pauses.*] The wind's rising. It's getting late. Can't we do something? Can't you try just once more—look along the shore? [*Almost sobbing.*] Won't you go, "Daddy Jim?" [*Brings his coat and hat.*]

[*Cameron puts the coat on without a word, pulls the hat down over his eyes, lights the lantern, and goes out. Left alone, Agnes stirs the fire, then goes slowly across the room and halts under the oil painting. She looks up at it for a minute, her eyes dimmed with tears.*]

AGNES. It's sublimely beautiful—so like him. I'll always—love it—and—if he never—comes back— [*Her head rests against the wall, as she gives way to sobs.*] Dear God, Mother is gone—now—Browning is—gone! Don't let the sea—take him, Oh, God!

[*The door is flung open and Browning, exhausted, comes in. His hat is gone, his clothes are wet and torn. He is tall, but slender. His hair is black and uncut; his eyes are brown and gleaming. His features are sensitively outlined.*]

As he flings open the door there is a fierce light in his dark eyes. In one hand he squeezes a small oil-skin bag which he holds close with both hands after the door is closed. As he halts a step or two from the door and looks wildly at Agnes, the girl halts too, realizing that he is half-insane. Browning hugs the bag closer.]

BROWNING. [*Pointing to her and speaking wildly.*] Stand back! I know you! You're after my masterpiece. I—

AGNES. [*Shrinking back.*] Brother—

BROWNING. Almost—finished! [*He comes a step nearer her. Agnes backs away toward the rear door.*] "Up where the silence sings"—Oh, I'm cold! Dead, eh? [*He lays the bag on the table, tears off the coat, and lies down on the cot.*] Tired! Dead!

[*After a few moments of silence Agnes goes hesitatingly to the cot, sees he is still, and drops on her knees beside him.*]

AGNES. [*Tenderly but half afraid.*] Brother! Brother! Thank God you've come; but [*brokenly*] like—this. [*She rubs his hair and forehead. Browning stirs as though in a fever and opens his eyes. He sees Agnes.*]

BROWNING. [*Naturally.*] God! What a dream! Was he angry with me for going? [*He tries to sit up, but falls back on the cot*] It was wonderful today, Agnes. Up there [*pointing*] on the sand, overlooking the waves. Oh, it was rest—not physical, but an inward peace that melted the weariness that often we know deep within our pain-swept souls. Oh, you know; [*Caressingly*] I don't forget that you are an artist, too, my only soul-companion. [*Pauses.*] Listen! I've nearly finished it! I've written on it for weeks; the poet's light was on the sand veranda today—that's why I was late. [*He kisses her and then goes to the table and, unstrapping the bag, lays the papers on the table.*]

[*Just as he is seated John Cameron opens the outer door and hurries in. The storm is still raging.*]

CAMERON. Been with your poets, ain't you? [*Pauses.*] Drag me out on a night like this lookin' for you, you fool! Who's fault would it 'a been if we'd come across you in the bay tomorrow, drowned like a rat? I've warned you a plenty, ain't I? What's the reason you didn't get here before now?

BROWNING. [*Calmly.*] I was caught in the gale, and the wind took me farther down the bay. Had to land there.

CAMERON. [*More angrily.*] I'm damned tired of this "poetry" stuff! I'm not goin' to have it either! Now, get over there by the fire and dry them clothes. [*Browning takes a seat before the fire. Agnes stands behind his chair. John Cameron is standing close by.*]

CAMERON. You're some son! You'll be under my eye from now on. No more "sand veranda" for you, I tell you, unless you go with me!

BROWNING. [*Looking in the fire.*] I must go just once more—tomorrow.

CAMERON. We'll see 'bout that! You'll stay here!

AGNES. Father, there's no harm—

CAMERON. You stay out of this, girl! I said the boy ain't goin'!

BROWNING. [*Quietly.*] I must go.

CAMERON. [*Furiously.*] So you disobey me, you whelp! I reckon you must have forgot them beatin's I uster give you for disobeying me! I'll show you!

[*Cameron goes to the table and snatches up the sheets of poetry. With a swift movement Browning tries to reach them first, but fails.*]

BROWNING. [*Tensely.*] Don't touch that.

[*As Cameron starts toward the fire with the papers, Browning catches his hand. His father turns and, dropping the sheets on the floor, hits the boy with a terrible force that sends him back against the wall. Browning sinks to the floor, while*

his father picks up the fallen pages and carries them to the fire. Agnes is sobbing and wringing her hands.]

AGNES. [*Going pleadingly to her father.*] Father! Please, please—

CAMERON. [*Ignoring her.*] Now, look here, you poet, you! I'm going to burn—

[*Browning struggles up. He starts toward his father, and then halts.*]

BROWNING. [*Bitterly.*] Listen to me! Tonight when I landed the boat and started home I fell over some logs lodged in the marsh. It stunned me. When I got up and got within sight of the house something went wrong with my mind. In just a moment I'll be the same way again. But if God lets me, I'm going to tell you this: You beat me several years ago, beat me brutally because I wouldn't obey you. On my back there are still whip scars. Maybe you don't know this, but it's my secret—and hers [*Pointing to Agnes who is leaning against the wall, sobbing.*] Once since then I was sick for a whole summer. A doctor came. He found out about the scars. He shook his head, and muttered something that I did not understand about shock—nerves—shattered—I didn't understand what. I understand now. I felt something awful come over me again when I fell tonight. It was that infernal lash again. God! Something was wrong when I came in just now. I don't know what I said—or did. [*He comes closer. His eyes light up with a furious fire. Agnes sobs and moans.*] If you burn my—the thing I love I'll—I—love—my—

[*He totters toward the table and falls. He lies still on the floor. Agnes screams and then covers her face. Cameron drops the papers where he is standing and goes to Browning. He picks him up and lays him gently on the cot. For a few moments there is silence, save for the sobs of Agnes. When she looks up Cameron is on his knees by the cot, his head bowed. Agnes is deep'y touched. She goes and stands by her father, trying to restrain her sobs.*]

AGNES. Browning! Browning! [*Her father rises to his feet and moves away slowly. She kneels and buries her head against her brother.*] Can't you—speak—to me? O, God, don't—let—him—go!

[*Cameron has picked up the poetry and is holding it in his hand. His face is distorted with pain. Folding the paper slowly he goes noiselessly and remorsefully to the window and looks out across the bay. The girl is still kneeling by her brother.*]

CAMERON. [*Painfully.*] It's been home—to me; [*Slowly.*] not for him. It ain't been home to you either—you're both like your mother. [*Chokingly.*] I ain't been able—to—

AGNES. [*Rising and picking up a sheet of paper which has fallen to the floor, gazes intently at it for a moment, and then reads meditatively*]: "When tragedy lies like a bruise upon the heart, misty music rises for the artist to snare."

[*Cameron's face shows that he doesn't understand.*]

(Curtain)

When the Current Strikes

By A. LAURANCE AYDLETT

Does the State of North Carolina Show Cruelty in its Use of the Electric Chair in the Little Octagonal Room?

“GOOD MORNING.” The two words that dropped from the lips of the negro seemed hardly to be said in the tone and manner one would expect of a condemned criminal who in a few brief seconds would pay with his life the extreme penalty required by the State of North Carolina of one who indulged in the bloody pastime of first degree murder.

The man that had entered the door was stooped low as if he were carrying a burden too heavy to bear, which he would soon shift to other shoulders. He was Hector Graham, murderer, who had killed, according to his own statement, in self-defense. The thick mustache was graying, perhaps with care; the dark skin was tinged with that curious color commonly termed the “prison pallor,” the shaven head was round and with a high forehead.

Certainly to one unused to the faces of criminals he did not seem of the type that would kill another man. He appeared rather to be of the type of negro that walks behind the plow or with his foot pushes the spade deep into the earth in forming a drainage ditch.

To the last Hector Graham maintained he was innocent of the crime charged against him—wilful and premeditated murder of a white man—and claimed as he took his last seat in this world that he had done the deed in self-defense—to preserve his own life.

Men who are about to meet their death at the hands of the State of North Carolina are usually deadened emotionally, so far as fear goes, by excessive and con-

tinuous instruction along religious lines that has the effect of a sedative.

The condemned man, as he sat down in the oaken chair, asked for the open Bible in the hands of his spiritual advisers who stood within the chains that kept the spectators of the tableau a safe distance from the death seat. The voice with which he read the word of God trembled a bit as he began to speak aloud, but he almost instantly seemed to get a grip on himself and forced his quaver down his throat until the words that fell upon the ears of the listeners were clear and distinct. He seemed unafraid.

When he finished reading, the prison employees had not yet finished their task of strapping him in the chair. The heavy leather belt, about three inches wide, had been pulled across his chest and the smaller straps had fastened his wrists to the arms of the chair, consequently forcing him to sit in a strained, erect position. He leaned forward above the belt over his chest to watch the operation of clamping the copper electrode to his right leg about four inches above the ankle bone. When removed after the ceremony it will have left its round brand seared upon his flesh.

The attendant leaned forward from behind the chair to bring the black leather face strap-mask over the man's eyes and the negro looked hastily about him, taking in every detail of the white-washed octagonal room, almost stuffy now with the crowd on the other side of the chains, and perhaps catching a glance through the narrow, iron-barred window of the beautiful world which he was leaving.

The face strap was adjusted and Graham's head pulled back against the board rest on the back of the chair, then the leather-covered, water-soaked, copper-lined cap was placed upon his head and the dangling wire inserted in the waiting fastener. Warden Norman stood back to give a brief, hasty glance at the chair and its occupant, then his eyes met those of the waiting executioner at the switch. There was no need of spoken words to remove

the breath of life from the waiting negro; the glance was a sufficient death warrant.

The negro spiritual advisers turned their faces away from the scene as they chanted a psalm for the heavily-built negro in the death chair. They seemed not to hear the thud of the body as it was thrown by the force of the current against the straps that kept it from being hurled the entire way across the room. They were speeding on its way the soul of a black man of their own race as the 1800 volts drove it from his body.

And that was all. Of course there was a second shock; the first had been insufficient to kill, but it was brief, for Graham was a large man and large men die easier than small ones. The current during the two shocks had been jockeyed by the man at the switch as he played with his victim, tightening and loosening again his muscles with every surge of the lethal current. When he was pronounced dead the outer door was opened and the watchers were allowed to file out. Among the number had been more than one white face and clenched jaws.

[To record the feelings of one who witnessed such a ceremony for the first time would be very difficult in view of the passage of time, conflicting emotions at the moment, and subsequent details of later executions. When one is a member for the first time of the group within the death chamber it seems as if he does not think. All the sights and sounds impinge upon a subconscious nervous system that after the ordeal is over transmits them to the functioning center of the brain. Thus it might be said all impressions are second-hand, not being perceptible on the instant. One has to have time to think over the experience and to recall the details before the actual feelings can be described.]

Yet, as the writer looks back over the first experience he had with the effects of the vengeance of the State of North Carolina, an array of conflicting emotions present themselves. That occasion was the second visit to the octagonal room, the previous one having been made on a tour of inspection and curiosity. The first visit had

shown to the eyes of a college youth merely a chair, albeit somewhat harmless looking and perhaps even comfortable, the hanging wires, and the twenty light bulbs in a double row hanging on the western wall. The chains about the chair to enclose it and the rubber mat on the floor underneath were mere unessential details.

Then came the occasion for the second visit, the necessary cutting of two classes and the nervous trip down town followed by the equally nervous waiting about the Associated Press rooms in the Raleigh *Times* building. The departure for the prison, conversation on the way, and the anecdotes of the group in the hall distracted the mind from the unknown experience in store. As the hands of the clock in the warden's office neared 10:30, a shakily lighted cigarette less than half smoked was restlessly trampled under foot when the doors were opened.

Of the group that crowded close to the iron bars across the way to the death chamber it came to the ears of the writer that W. T. Bost of the *Greensboro News* had witnessed about forty such tableaux—the figures were uncertain at the time—; the representative of the International News Service had seen sixty in this and other states; McKevlin of the *News and Observer* was an old hand at the game; Lucas of the *Times* was not a novice.

For protection from the unknown and imagined harrowing experience, the writer instinctively sought the center of this group with a hope that his action had been unnoticed, and, thus fortified, walked through the prison rooms and corridors toward the octagonal room. The security of his position, surrounded by the collective experiences of all the others, made a welcome support until the narrow passage between the souvenir room and the death chamber was reached. Behind the right wall of this passage was the humming dynamo, unnoticed now in the new uneasiness that came over him. The small width and windowless sides of the short corridor brought on anew the dread of the unknown that set going once more the trip-hammer beating of the heart.

There was a halt at the door of the octagonal room. From the threshold but still within the passageway, the writer could see the death chair with the test lights on the boards lying across the arms, the dull gleam of the filaments showing the flow of current and causing for the moment an intense desire to be on the other side of the prison walls. To the sudden coming upon these test lights across the arms of the chair and the muffled hum of the dynamo from some place near by—it hardly seemed possible to locate—was later attributed the desire for flight from the unknown.

"I think I'll wait here and watch it," the writer informed the warden, little knowing he stood on the exact spot occupied by the executioner and having at his right hand the very switch he was to see in action within a few seconds.

"You can't stand here because you'll be in the way, and you can't go back because all the doors are locked," the warden informed him, and so he followed his only recourse, which was to range himself quickly on the other side of the death chamber near one of the windows which would afford a much more pleasing view should transpiring events in the room become too unwelcome. The window would also afford fresh air if, as he had been told, the man in the chair was scorched by the current and the smell of burning flesh were to pervade the room. He felt of the ammonia-soaked handkerchief in his pocket that had been put there on the advice of Lucas of the *Times* with the remark that its odor would be more agreeable than that of a cooking human. In the pocket of Lucas also rested a similar handkerchief which had always been a part of his equipment.

Watch in hand, to catch the exact time on each of the successive steps in the execution, the writer waited expectantly, somewhat nervously with a dread of seeing what he might wish later he had not seen, for the condemned man to appear.

The first man to appear in the doorway was that of one of the spiritual advisers. He was chanting a psalm

and was well-dressed as if he were president of a negro bank. The writer wondered if this were the criminal, since he was unfamiliar with the blue shirt and trousers the condemned habitually wore. Gone now was the former dread of the unknown and in its place was an unexpected ease that appeared as soon as things commenced to happen. The long seconds of uncertainty were to become only a remembrance in the future.

The second man to appear was dressed similarly to his predecessor and was at once put down as not being the man to die. Then came the slumped, round-shouldered form clad in prison blue, the right leg of his trousers slit to the knee, his head bent forward, eyes flitting about as if he were uncertain about the reality of it all. This undoubtedly was the man. Then they set him down and killed him.

As Hector Graham went, so went many others before and since; so will go many more, and there will be comparatively little difference in the details of their going. Other men are now waiting their turn on Death Row, the short, horrible walk, from which there is no returning, staring them in the face. Citizens of the State might wonder whether there is any cruelty in their punishment.

To witness no more than the short execution itself would leave the impression that it is simple and an easy way of going to other worlds. The man sitting in the chair seems to have made a wager with some one that he cannot be fastened in a manner that would not permit of his escape. Indeed the usual question plied to those who have seen their first electrocution is: "Well, what did you think of it?"

Then comes the habitual reply: "Why, there isn't anything at all to it. You would't have known he was dying unless they had told you so." And that is as it seems on the face of it.

Later experiences are almost as much without anxiety as the first is filled with it. There was Dave Devlin whom the writer heard in an interview laugh as he heard on the day before his death the drone of the dynamo as it

was being tested and say with what seemed a light heart: "They're getting ready for killing hogs now."

He seemed little worried by the ordeal through which he was soon to pass and confessed the next morning to the crime for which he was sentenced and another as well. When Dave left he had given a warning to all the young boys and girls to go on the straight path, and he followed the practice of Graham his predecessor in reading aloud from the Bible of the clergymen. How could he laugh and speak of hog killing time as he grasped the iron bars across his cell door and smiled at newspaper men outside!

"They all get fed up with religion," was the information volunteered by Otto Wood, a resident of Death Row, because of his record breaking breaking-out record. Otto hears the spiritual exhortations of all of them from his cell in the western end of the double-locked row and he listens to them leave their cells on the last walk.

[From the small window in the warden's office one can see the other condemned men standing in the doors of their cells, their hands grasping the bars above their heads as they listen to the prayers and songs over the one who leaves that day, and which they know will be repeated before long for them.]

To remain in the death chamber, however, after it has been emptied save for the attendants who are to take the dead man from the chair will show an entirely different aspect of the death penalty project.

One has to see but once the bulging eyes, distended nostrils, peculiar color of the face, sunken cheeks that are almost pierced through by the cheek bones, and the drawn lips exposing the teeth to realize that the man before him must have died in intense and untold agony.

One Friday morning before the condemned man had been brought in, McKevlin of the *News and Observer* nudged the writer, put his finger on the words "Sports Timer" on the dial of his stop watch and remarked: "This is a hell of a sport."

To this sceptics would perhaps agree if they had ever smelled the burning of flesh as the current licks up the life of the man along whose nerves it is surging and causes the body to send off an odor that tends to make the stomach crawl inwardly and rebel. The curling steam coming from beneath the cap and the bubbling saliva oozing through the face straps and collecting in a huge ball as if the victim were mad, are far from lessening the horror of this method of punishment.

The effect of witnessing such a tableau can often be observed in many fashions. The writer has personally seen jaws clenched so tightly as to drive every noticeable drop of blood from the face leaving it a ghastly pale while the owner sometimes watched the chair, sometimes peered intently at a tree or a brick on the ground outside the window. One man, it is said, even sat down on the octagonal floor, white and shaking, saying he was too sick to stand it.

So the State of North Carolina continues to send men into its prison in the Capital City who are never to come out again unless they leave feet first in the body of a mortician's carriage. Their bodies are sent to their relatives or, if there are none to claim them, they are shipped to one of the medical schools in the State where they are dumped into vats of formaldehyde and become the "stiffs" upon which embryo doctors of medicine carve in their search for knowledge.

Four crimes are today punishable by death in North Carolina: murder, arson, rape, and first degree burglary. The second and the fourth rarely are forced to the ultimate end, sentences generally being commuted by the governor. Yet a sentence of death for both arson and for first degree burglary recently hung over two of the inmates of State's Prison.

With the onward sweeping tide of humanitarianism it is possible that the death penalty within the next generation will be abolished in this State and some other punishment substituted. It is not every state in the union that kills its greatest criminals, some of those in which

there is no death penalty having a smaller crime wave than in those where men are sent to the chair or to the gallows.

Little effect do the executions have on the people of the State who would be likely to commit crimes that would lead them there. Shut away from the eyes of the curious, few but the six official witnesses required by law, newspaper men, and prison attendants ever see a condemned man leave the world of his birth.

Were the scene open to the public the ghastly effect might be some deterrent to the criminally minded, but it remains useless in its seclusion, reaching the eyes of the outer world only through the censored columns of newspapers that are not allowed to carry the sordid details.

Again comes true the adage that "seeing is believing," and not until more of the people of the State see their punishment in operation will they change its methods of procedure.



Black Death

By L. D. MUNN

“MY GOD! Where am I? What’s happened? Oh, my God! my God! They’ve sealed me up in here and have turned on the water. Help! Help! Oh, God, have mercy on me, have mercy on me! I’ll never get outer here alive. Help! Help! Why don’t someone answer me? Help! Help! Somebody open that man-hole and let me outer here! Help! Help! Let me outer here, I say! Where is everybody? Help! Hey! John! John! Open that hole I say! If someone don’t open that hole quick, I’ll knock a damn hole in the side of this tank. Oh, God! I’ll die in here if somebody don’t let me out. Oh, why did I ever come down in this tank? Where was I? I don’t remember nobody closing that hole. I must have gone to sleep. Hey, somebody! John! Oh, John! Help! Help! Where is that watchman? Is everybody deaf? Oh, God, why did I ever go to sleep? They’ll never hear me out there. My God! My God! Have mercy on me and let me outer here. Help! Help!”

The frenzied speaker was none other than Broadus Keats, a holder-on for a riveter in the employment of the Hampshire Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. He was a moderately-handsome youth of about twenty years, stockily built, and possessing almost indomitable courage. His muscles were as hard as steel, due to years of heavy manual labor in the blacksmith’s shop of the Hampshire Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. At present he was holder-on for his riveter-mate, John Wellings, an employee of the same company. Their last job had been the replacing of three new plates in one of the water-tanks of the steamship *Nova Brook*, which now lay in dry dock Number 2 for general overhauling and repairs. He had only recently quit his place in the black-

smith's shop on the advice of his doctor. The steel-chipped fumes arising from the blacksmiths' anvils were taking an effect on his lungs. He quit a good-priced job for one of much smaller pay just to have an opportunity of breathing the pure atmosphere occasionally. The three years he had spent as apprentice-boy in the blacksmith's shop, laboring for eight hours a day in that smoke and grime, had been too much for growing lungs. He welcomed the change. Only one who has been subjected to that heavy, death-dealing air can realize the change that came over Broadus Keats as he walked along the docks or on deck, opening his lungs to the new-found atmosphere. Of course a part of his time now was spent below deck or down in the holds of some ship, but the greater part was spent on deck or alongside the ship.

Although Keats had lived all his life under the very shadow of the ship-yard, he had never exactly been conquered by its environment. That is remarkable, for once you become a part of that great human ocean, you are almost entirely swallowed up in its whirling chasm. You absorb so much of the environment of the sweating, cursing men that you eventually come to the place where you actually think in terms of profanity. Nowhere in all the world is there such a display of wickedness, goodness, vice, love, friendship, happiness, and jealousy as that displayed behind the gates of a great ship-yard. Nowhere is the drama of life so vividly depicted.

Maybe one determining factor in keeping Keats from being enveloped by that surging sea was Mary Lovlace. She would have been a determining factor in anyone's life. She and Keats had been childhood sweethearts; they had grown up together. It was an accepted fact that they were engaged, and it had recently been rumored that the wedding day was not far hence.

Mary, who was one year younger than Keats, was a lovely girl of strong character and resolute mind. She was always smiling and never seemed to have a care. Today she seemed happier than usual, for it was Saturday,

and he would spend the evening with her. It seemed as if evening would never come.

At this time Keats was in the hold of the steamship *Nova Brook* sealed up in one of the water tanks, with water pouring in upon him, and he frenziedly beating the side of the tanks with his fists and calling loudly for help.

The water had now reached his knees and his hopes for rescue were fading rapidly. His voice was becoming weaker and weaker, but he put that much more power behind his yells. He had begun to cough—a rough, hacking cough—due to overworked, weakly lungs. The louder he hallooed the less it seemed to take effect. His voice seemed to roll over the top of the tank and come back to him like a hollow echo. It sounded like the slow tolling of a death bell—his own death announcement. Now the water had reached his shoulders. His face almost touched the water, as he had to keep his head turned down because of the height of the tank. Now he continued to yell. Now he called on God the louder. What was going on in his mind? Let him speak for himself:

“My God! My God! Do I deserve such a fate? A living hell! Oh, God, save me, save me! Take everything I got; take everything, but let me live. Oh, God, have mercy!” Meantime, the water was closing about the shoulders of Broadus Keats.

II

“Jack, go over to the office and tell Carson I want to see him right away.” The speaker was Quarterman “Hardboiled” Riley, in charge of the repair work on the steamship *Nova Brook*.

“Yes, sir,” replied Jack McIntosh, Riley’s leading man. McIntosh hurried down the gangplank and disappeared around the tool-shop toward the superintendent’s office. In a few minutes he could be seen returning across the yard with another man at his side. Not a man could help laughing when these two men could be seen walking

together across the yard—the short, dumpy legs of the little Scotchman trying to keep up with the long strapping strides of the big Irishman, Carson. They started upon deck to where Riley was standing. If anyone had been observing closely, he could have seen the quartermen peering around a corner to see if any of his men were knocking off before time. He was feared by his men and they were careful not to let him see them slipping off deck. No one seemed to know just how long he had been called “Hardboiled,” but the name could not have been better applied. He was in this position when the two men came up.

“Well, Carson, how’s the tanks? Have you tested them as I told you? You know it is five minutes till four and we fill the tanks when the men get off deck.”

“Yes, sir. They’re all tested and ready to go. I just had finished the last one and had gone to the office when ‘Mack’ came after me.”

“Are you sure everything is O.K., and did you look in every tank? You know this boat has got to leave here in a couple of days, and I don’t want something popping up here at the last moment. Don’t forget that the tanks on that last ship gave trouble after you tested them, and I don’t want that to happen again.”

“The tanks are ready, sir. I’m sure of that.”

About that time a shrill whistle was heard from up about the front of the yard, and a multitude of men began to swarm like bees. They poured out of every door on the yard and there was a general rush towards the three main gates. That quitting signal seemed to inject new life into the men; the laziest man on the yard was suddenly transformed into a rejuvenated athlete; he was generally about the first to get to the gate. The gangplank of the *Nova Brook* became loaded with human cargo as the day shift hurried to get off ship. When the last man had got off deck, a sharp command was heard above the chatter and noise.

“All right, turn ‘er on!” It was the quartermen speaking, and the command was characteristic of the man—

sharp, biting, cutting. A couple of negro riggers grabbed the valve wrenches and in a moment the rushing water could be heard flowing to the tanks below. If any one had been standing near, and if it could have been possible for a human voice to penetrate the airtight chamber of one of those iron tanks, he would have been startled out of his senses on hearing a heart-rending cry coming from the bowels of the central tank.

III

Mary Lovelace was getting nervous. Her mother had been noticing the change coming over her for the last hour. Thrice she walked up to the telephone—thrice she placed her hand on the receiver—and thrice she turned around and walked away as if in disgust. She could neither stand nor could she sit still. She walked from one end of the parlor to the other; several times she sat down on the settee only to get up and continue her walking. All the pent-up fury of a suppressed volcano was about to burst forth in a violent eruption. Her mother, watching her intently began to tremble. She laid aside her dainty piece of embroidery on which she had been working. She knew her daughter was about to break out in one of those violent outbursts of temper which she had witnessed only a few times in her life. It seemed ages before she spoke, but finally the silence was broken by one of those tremulous, cracking, rasping noises that always come from the throat of an extremely angry person.

"Mother, Broadus hasn't sent any word here today, has he?" she blurted out. Her eyes were red for want of weeping, but she was one of those who had rather die than be humiliated by letting some one see her weep.

"No, Daughter, he hasn't." The words were filled with such sympathy that only a mother can express.

"He hasn't phoned, either?"

"No, Darling, he hasn't."

"Well, I can't imagine what's keeping him. He's already an hour and a half late. If he couldn't come, he ought to have let me know."

"Now, Mary, don't go acting like that! You know how I hate to see you let your temper get the best of you. You are in your ugliest moments when you are that way. Strong people don't let their tempers rule them; they rule their tempers."

"Temper or no temper, I'm getting tired of the way he's treated me the last month. This makes twice he has done this in the past two weeks, and I'm getting good and tired of it. If he thinks, just because our wedding day is only three weeks off, he can treat me any way he pleases, he's got another think coming."

"But, Mary, dear, he probably has a legitimate excuse for being late. You ought to give him a chance to explain before you criticise him. People become life-long enemies because of that very thing—accusing one of something and not giving that one a chance to explain."

"I know, Mother, but he promised me two weeks ago that if ever he had to break a date again, he would certainly let me know, and you see, he—he—he—hasn't kept his word. I can play just as stubborn as he. I'm no toy to be played with."

"Why don't you call up his home and see if anything is wrong?"

"What do you think I am? Me—me—call him up. Me—let some man know that I am that crazy about him. Well, I should say not. I'd rather be dead first."

"Why, there isn't any harm in that. If anything is the matter, he would appreciate your interest in him. I can't see why some people say you ought not let your love be known to others. I can't see any wisdom in that. People generally like to know what others think about them. Look at your dad and me!—we always manifested our love towards each other, and we haven't lost a thing by it."

"Well, I'm not Dad, nor am I you. I'm not going to do it!"

The mother saw that it was useless to try persuasion any longer. Every now and then a little ball of moisture would roll down her cheek and fall upon her now-wrinkling hand. A dagger thrust could not have pained her more than one of those cold beads of water falling on her tender flesh. Silently she turned away and applied a tiny handkerchief to her cheeks.

Mary noticed her mother's tears and for a time they cooled down her passion, but it was not for long. When the large hand of the clock began to point toward ten o'clock, another outburst occurred.

Well, I don't guess he's coming, and I don't guess he's going to call up either. He must think I have no pride. Oh, I don't care, I don't care; let him stay! I don't want him to come! I never want to see him again!" With these words still ringing in her mother's ears she rushed upstairs and flung herself across the bed. Probably those tears that sealed her eyelids in sleep that night would not have been so hot with anger had she known how near her request was to being answered.

Monday morning the men on the *Nova Brook* were laboring under a suppressed atmosphere. The usual laughter and cursing of the men were gone. The men seemed to get no enjoyment out of their work. They applied the torch or drove the rivets mechanically. That subconscious intuition which by some miraculous manner warns us of danger was working in every breast. The lowest passions were subdued that morning—other thoughts occupied their minds. What had happened? No one seemed to know, yet they all knew something out of the ordinary had taken place. The men conversed only in whispers. They all had that feeling which comes over a person when he stands in the presence of death.

Toward nine o'clock the word was out. A man had disappeared and he had last been seen on the ship. The officials of the yard instituted a search for the missing man just as soon as the disappearance had been made

known to them. A group of watchmen went over the ship from top to bottom, but no man had been found. The boss men were in a dilemma. They could not account for the disappearance. Finally Riley happened to think of the missing man's mate.

"Go find Wellings," he commanded.

McIntosh hurried away and soon returned with the riveter.

"Say, Wellings, did Keats work Saturday afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"It was about twenty-five minutes until four, sir. I sent him down into tank Number 3 to hold on my last rivet for me. When I elamped on the rivet, I went on over to the wash room expecting him to follow, but, as I recall now, I don't believe he ever came."

"Did you see him after that anywhere?"

"No, sir."

"My God, can it be possible that boy is in that tank? It can't be. Carson examined every tank Saturday before we turned on the valves. Wellings, do you think it possible he can be in there?"

"Well—yes, sir. Carson could have forgotten to go down in that tank, and I remember now how sleepy Keats was Saturday. He could't stay awake. He said he went down to the beach Friday night and hadn't got any rest the whole night. It is highly probable that in that stuffy tank he could have easily gone to sleep and not have awakened when they closed the manhole."

"Regardless of whether he's in that tank or not, tell the chief watchman to tap that tank. If that boy is on this ship, he is going to be found."

It wasn't long before the watchman had succeeded in opening the tank. Then the bomb exploded.

"Dead man on deck" was the word passed from lip to lip. The secret was out.

One of the bravest of the negro riggers went into the tank to extract the body, but he soon came back out and reported that the body was swollen so he could not get

it through the manhole. A command was given to fetch a couple of burners and for more than an hour they were engaged in cutting a hole in the tank large enough to get the body through.

It was an awed and breathless gang of men who stood and watched the big three-ton crane reach over the side of the ship, grasp the "death-buggy" in which the swollen body of Keats had been placed, and convey it to the ambulance on the yard below.

"What a death! It must have been a living hell to die like that. The company will pay for that. They murdered him like a drowned rat." This was the sentiment of the men that day. They could think of nothing else.

"Death due to natural causes—heart trouble; the man was dead before the water reached him." Although this was the verdict of the coroner's jury, it leaked out that a couple of men were secretly dismissed from the employ of the Hampshire Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.



A Vagabond's House

[We have made an effort to discover the author of this poem, which, so far as we can find, has never been printed. The original, written on hotel stationery, was found in a bureau drawer at Honolulu. It was turned in by E. M. Harris. We shall appreciate any information that our readers may give us about the authorship of the poem.]

When I have a house—as I sometimes may—
It'll suit my fancy in every way.
I'll fill it with things that have caught my eye
In drifting from Iceland to Molokai.
It won't be correct or in period style,
But—Oh, I've thought for a long, long while
Of all the corners and all the nooks;
Of all the bookshelves and all the books;
Of the great big table; the deep, soft chairs;
And the Chinese rug at the foot of the stairs;
(It's an old, old rug from far Chow Wan,
That a Chinese Princess once walked on.)
And there, where the shadows fall, I've planned
To have a magnificent concert-grand
With ivory keys and polished wood,
I'd play the thing if I only could.
There'll be on the table a rich brocade,
That I think the fairies must have made.
For the dull, gold thread on blues and grays
Weaves the pattern of Puck—the Magic Maze.
On the mantelpiece I'll have a place
For a little mud god with a painted face,
That was given to me so long ago
By a Philippine maid in Olongapo.
I'll have on a stand a box inlaid
With dragon-plaques of milk white jade
To hold my own particular brand
Of cigarettes from the Pharaoh's land,

With a cloisonne bowl on a lizard's skin
 To flick my cigarette ashes in.
 A long, low shelf of teak will hold
 My best-loved books in leather and gold,
 While magazines lie on a bow-legged stand
 In a polyglot mixture close at hand.

Pictures? I think I'll have but three;
 One, in oil, of a wind-swept sea
 With the flying scud and the waves whipped white,
 (I know a chap who can paint it right.)
 In lapis blue and deep jade green—
 A great big smashing fine marine
 That'll make you feel the spray in your face;
 I'll hang this over my fireplace.

The second picture—a freakish thing—
 Gaudy and bright as a macaw's wing;
 An impressionistic smear called "Sin";
 A nude, on a striped zebra's skin,
 By a Danish girl I knew in France.
 My respectable friends will look askance
 At the purple eyes and the scarlet hair,
 At the pallid face and the evil stare
 Of the sinister, beautiful, vampire face—
 I shouldn't have it about the place,
 But I like—while I loathe—the beastly thing;
 And that's the way one feels about sin.

The picture I love the best of all
 Will hang alone on my study wall
 Where the sunset's glow and the moon's cold gleam
 Will fall on the face and make it seem
 That the eyes in the picture are meeting mine,
 That the lips are curved in the fine sweet line
 Of the wistful, tender, provocative smile
 That has stirred my heart for a wondrous while.
 It's a sketch of a girl who loved too well
 To tie me down to that bit of Hell

That the drifter knows when he finds he's held
 By the soft, strong chains that passions weld:
 It was best for her and for me, I know,
 That she measured our love and bade me go,
 For we both have our great illusions yet—
 Unsoiled, unspoiled by a vain regret.

All these things I will have about;
 Not a single thing could I do without;
 Cedar and sandalwood chips to burn
 In the tarnished bowl of a copper urn;
 A paperweight of meteorite
 That scared and scorched the sky one night;
 A Malay kris—my paper knife—
 That slit the throat of a Rajah's wife.

The beams of my house will be fragrant wood
 That once in the teeming jungle stood
 As a proud, tall tree, where leopards couched
 And parrots screamed, and black men crouched.

When I have my house, I will suit myself,
 And have what I'll call my "condiment shelf,"
 Filled with all manner of herbs and spice,
 Curry and chutney for meats and rice,
 Pots and bottles of extracts rare,
 Onions and garlie will both be there,
 Soys and saffron and savory-goo,
 And stuff that I bought from an old Hindu,
 Ginger and syrup in quaint stone jars,
 Almonds and dates in tinselled bars,
 Astrakhan caviar—highly prized—
 Citron and orange peel crystallized,
 Anchovy paste and poha jam
 Basil and chili and marjoram,
 Pickles and cheese from every land,
 Favors they use in Samarkand.
 I'll have a cook I'll name "Oh Hoy"
 A sleek, fat yellow-faced China boy,

Who can roast a pig or mix a drink—
(You can't improve on a slant-eyed Chink.)

There'll be driftwood powder to burn on logs,
And a shaggy run for a couple of dogs,
Boreas, a winner of prize and cup
And Mickey, a lovable gutter pup,
Thoroughbreds, both of them, right from the start,
One by breeding, the other by heart,
Pewter and bronze and hammered brass;
Old carved wood and gleaming glass;
Candles in polychrome candlesticks,
And peasant lamps with floating wicks;
Dragons in silk on a Mandarin suit
In a chest that is filled with vagabond-loot;
All of the beautiful useless things
That a vagabond's aimless drifting brings.

Then when my house is all complete
I'll stretch me out on a window seat
With a favorite book and cigarette
And a long cool drink that Oh Hoy will get—
I'll look about at my bachelor nest
While the sun goes zooming down the west
And the hot, gold light will strike my face
And make me think of some heathen place
That I've failed to see, that I've missed some way,
A place that I'd planned to find some day—
I'll feel the lure of it drawing me—
Oh, damn! I know what the end will be.
I'll go, and my house will fall away,
While the mice by night and the moths by day
Will nibble the covers off all my books
And the spiders weave in the shadowed nooks,
My dogs—I'll see that they have a home
While I follow the sun, while I drift and roam
To the ends of the earth, like a chip on a stream,
Like a straw in the wind, like a vagrant dream,

And the thought will strike with a sharp, sharp pain,
That I never can build my house again,
This house that I'll have for a single day—
Well—it's just a dreamhouse anyway.



At the Tomb of Napoleon

By BENJAMIN SLEDD

Paris, November 30, 1914.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON was once more sunshiny, warm, and inviting, a good time for strolling over that part of Paris which lies to the south of the Seine between Boulevard Saint Michel on the east, the Gardens of the Luxembourg on the south, and the Champ de Mars and the Eiffel Tower on the west. This is, after the Quartier Latin and the Cite, the oldest and most interesting part of Paris. Here in the olden days dwelt the flower of the French nobility, and the old palaces still stand in their sombre secludedness, even though built straight-up from the edge of the pavement. The lowmost windows are barred and shuttered and the pair of doors that open on the street are of heart of oak reinforced by cross-bars of iron, or, in many cases, of solid iron, or even of bronze moulded by a sculptor's hand,—all meant for defense against the possible mob by day and the still possible subtle-handed, nimble-footed thief by night. But let us look within these forbidding doors. Ah, here is a truly fine specimen of the old-time palace. The walls are faced with marble; there are galleries with artistic iron balustrades along the front, from the second story to the fifth; and these bronze doors are the work of an artist, however sadly tarnished and marred. The sign "Apartments to let" is in one of the windows. We pass through the half-open doors; there is a rather forbidding entryway, low, dark, and not too clean; and almost our courage fails us; but we go on; and once out of the low-arched entry, lo, a vision of something enchanting, romantic. We are in the midst of a court-yard perhaps a hundred feet square, about which the palace is built solidly. Here

are trees which in summer must make this courtyard a paradise of cool shade; a fountain is in the midst; a maid holding aloft an urn, over the edges of which ripples the murmuring water; there are four galleries running around the square, into which open doors and windows. True there is no green grass; there are no flowers; both of which would be here, if this were England. The square is roughly paved with the small block found in most Paris squares and streets; and there is much evidence of uncleanliness everywhere; but the surroundings bring up visions of the mad, glad old days when the whole world poured its treasures and its follies; its madness and its gladness, at the feet of the French nobility. Here is a bench, and American cheek is not yet departed; so let's sit down and dream a while,—of the lovely feet that have tripped up and down those steps, of the glorious dark eyes that have looked out from yonder iron-doors; of the splendid banquets which nightly ran riot in yonder richly gilded and heavily paneled room,—once a nobleman's salon; now the salle a manger of a pension, where some half a dozen furtive-eyed men are sipping their absinthe.

But I am roused from my day-dream by the consciousness that crowds of people are streaming past the doorway and all going westward. It is a silent crowd, too, not the merry, chattering, laughing crowd that one associates with Paris. Indeed all Paris is strangely silent now. The young girls, even, talk in earnest, hushed tones. And the boys look and act like mature men. Yesterday at the Lycee Saint-Louis, when the several hundred boys thronged the courtyard at recess, all was low-voiced conversation. I could only think of the glorious tumult that could have been if my own dear young barbarians beyond the main had been crowded to the number of five hundred within a courtyard a hundred feet square.

Well, I join this silent westward-going throng. In the old days I used to be *in* a crowd; now I have learned to be *of* it. The sidewalks in these old quarters are painfully narrow; so, most of the people are in the midst of the street. This man in front of me has his four boys

with him; they all wear soldier caps and are keeping step with the precision of youngsters who have already been in the hands of the drillmaster. My hostess tells me that even the wee tots play at soldiering. Poor France! Nay, let us rather say "Glorious France!" For the splendid way in which these French people are facing their fate must needs win the admiration even of their enemies.

So I follow after these manly little fellows. My old heart warms to the sight. And now I begin to catch somewhat of the subdued talk of the boys. Can it be? Yes; they are talking of Napoleon, whose image just now looms large in the imagination of this people. Yes; it seems so from their talk, but it sounds almost too good to be true: they are going to see the Tomb of Napoleon! Why, the guard at the gates told me only yesterday, the Hotel des Invalides and the Eglise Saint-Louis were closed and would be closed until the war was over. Well, never mind, you doubting Thomas; come on and let's follow these boys. Ah, here is the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides sparkling in the low afternoon sun, and here we are under the walls which surround the courtyard before the entrance. At the gateway is a long line of patient-waiting people, drawn up two abreast. We bring up at the edge of the waiting line. Don't try to work your way forward; see, the gendarme yonder has already ordered one man to go back to the extreme rear. Each must wait his turn. So, only keep your place firmly and let yourself move with the great chain of humanity. But the pressure is a bit strong from the impatient rear. Heaven only knows what will become of this duck-legged bit of womanhood just before me. But she floats on, like a piece of cork on water, and seems to be well used to the tremendous pressure which is all but lifting her off her feet. Never mind; the waiting line is already passing in; and you, lucky old dog that you are, will be in the very next after the one now forming. Up and down the sidewalk pass the venders of post-card pictures of the war. Over here on this tree a man has hung a genuine oil painting by one of the best Paris artists. It makes one's blood

run cold to look at it. A man with wide fear-frenzied eyes is crouching by the wall. That boy before him, a lad of some fifteen summers, has been offered his liberty if he will only shoot his old corporal, now a prisoner in the hands of the Germans and crouching there by the wall; the boy has grasped the loaded rifle handed him; has lifted it to his shoulder; and in the very act of firing has turned and sent the bullet into the heart of the German officer, whose face is contorted with the death-horror, beneath his flashing steel helmet. Already the wolfish-looking men crowding around the boy have lifted their rifles and we know what the boy's fate will be. But he has won immortal fame. Henceforth this name will be on the lips of all France. Everybody buys a card as we pass.

But it is weary waiting. You feel as if you were an atom in a giant cable holding up a suspension bridge and the strain is beginning to tell. But patience: the long line is quivering, is moving, and the strain relaxes. What has become of the woman aforesaid? Safely wedged between an old soldier on the right and that trimly dressed banker-like fellow on the left. I know now that France is really a Democracy. Will she be crushed in the narrow gateway? Never; already she is flattened from cylinder to parallelogram and yet seems to be greatly enjoying the transformation!

We are swept on into the courtyard and here all is well. Only a score or so are admitted up the steps and through the great wide doors at a time. A moment of breathless waiting and at last I am beneath the soaring dome; am at the marble railings; am indeed looking down on the Tomb of Napoleon!

The crypt, in which stands the black sarcophagus, is a circular pit about thirty-feet across and about fifteen feet deep. The sarcophagus itself is hewn out of a solid piece of Siberian porphyry or black marble. The marble pavement represents a gigantic wreath of laurel and is inscribed with the names of Napoleon's victories, the history of Europe for twenty years. Some dozen colossal figures surround the crypt, symbolizing Napoleon's chief

victories. But to tell you the truth I remember but little of this. The spell of that name which overawed the world for a score of years was on the place and I yielded myself to its conjurement.

An old soldier beside me leans over the balustrade and gazes at the tomb with rapt looks. His hands are clasped and tears are streaming down his cheeks as he mutters to himself. Not a word do I understand but I know what he means. "France has need of her emperor today, when she is sorely pressed; if he could only rise and come to the aid of his people!" So I translate the mutterings of the old soldier; and I am sure the words find an echo in the heart of everyone present.

And now I am aware for the first time of a pale bluish light falling through the stained glass of the dome and adding weirdness to a scene which can hardly be equaled for its solemn grandeur.

Some one touches me on the shoulder. We must move on and give place to the next squad. The way out is through the *Eglise Saint-Louis*; and a stately church it is, but I remember little of it, except two things: first, the curious light falling upon the high altar from candles placed behind a huge stained glass window on each side and making me think of Poe's *Masque of the Red Death*; and next, the collection of battle-flags hung about the galleries, as trophies of victory. Among these were two flags, bloodstained and bullet-riddled, recently won from the Germans in the Battle of the Marne. And as the people gaze silently and sternly up at these ghastly witnesses of human ferocity, I read in every eye the meaning of the old Roman cry "*Vae Victis!*" Woe unto Germany when the day of reckoning comes! And I go out into the gathering gloom of the early November twilight and turn back along the banks of the *Scine*, whose waters flow under the stately arches of the *Pont Alexandre*, not sparkling, as they should be, with innumerable lights from quai and bridge, but silent and sullen, dark and menacing.

The Faust Legend

By NATHAN C. BROOKS

THE well known Faust Legend, after the manner of legends, is popularly considered as being historical though not verifiable. True to the characteristics of such tales it has passed through the ages of gaining new material here and losing a detail there until in its present form one can neither distinguish fact from fiction nor accurately determine the sources of the material. According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "the historical legend forms little more than a nucleus around which a great mass of legendary and imaginative material has gradually collected." An idea of the varied interpretations given to the story may be gained when one realizes that from two to three hundred volumes are devoted to the Faust Legend and the black art around which it centers.

The legend is said to have had its beginning at the time of Adam's creation. It is not merely the fictitious narrative of a man who sold himself to the devil, but it is a cross-section of life; not of the life of one man, but of all life, for in its essential truths the story differs very little from a corresponding story in the life of every human. Faust is represented as one who in seeking to know the great mystery of life determines to experience the bad as well as the good which it offers, in spite of God or any impending consequence. He is willing to renounce the next world in order to be able to find that which he seeks, for to him ignorance is the greatest torment which he can be made to endure. At this point one comes upon the central theme of the legend—the contract with the devil. In the "fall" can be found a trace of those two streams of passion—a desire for the unlimited control of the world through knowledge, and the unlimited indulgence of self through the senses—which,

along with the contract, have ever been connected with the Faust Legend. The serpent in speaking to Eve introduced into the world the idea of the dualism of life. This has been the cause of the struggles in the souls of men all through the ages. This dualism was one of the great causes of the struggles in the soul of Faust. Through the years man has been face to face with different strands of this dualism. There was the Aryan strand which emphasized the struggle of Light against Darkness. Another, the Semetic strand, stressed the fall of both man and angel. Goethe in his *Faust* hints at this in "Prologue in Heaven" where he distinctly contrasts God and the devil. Upon the introduction of Christianity there arose another example of the dualism of life in the struggle between Christianity and heathenism. In fact it was probably in this conflict that the name of the original hero of the legend originated; for Simon Magnus who was mentioned in the first Faust-book in all probability derived his name from the name of two mighty sins of the early church—simony and magic.

Soon after the advent of Christianity there arose a number of legends to which much that is contained in the Faust Legend can be attributed. In the first century there prevailed a popular legend about a heathen magician by the name of Cyprianus who, it was claimed, had hugged the devil. The devil then promised to grant him anything which was in his power while Cyprianus was living on earth and to make him a prince in the after-life. In this may be found the germ of the contract between Faust and the devil. Later Cyprianus broke his contract with the devil because the devil had no power over a Christian girl with whom he was in love. He repented of his sin and became a Christian himself, dying the death of a martyr a few days afterward.

In Spain there appeared a drama by Calderon of a great wonder-working magician. The interest of this drama lies in the triumph of Christian mysticism over heathen magic. It contained many of the traits of the

later Faust such as the contract with Satan, the signature in blood, and the sensual passion of man transfigured through the woman into celestial love.

In a like manner many other old legends began to take on this religious aspect. Among them was the old Magus Legend which arose in ancient times from the deification of the powers of nature. At that time the philosophers who penetrated more deeply than usual into the mysteries of nature were believed to be endowed with supernatural powers, and were regarded with veneration, as wonder workers, or magi. With the advent of Christianity the divinities of the ancient world were changed into demons and were associated in the popular imagination with Satan. Thus under the influence of Christianity magic became inverted and was given a diabolical character. The church was supposed to be an antidote for the influence of magic, but this power was forfeited during the Reformation when the Pope was regarded as being anti-Christ. Therefore a bond-slave of Satan at the expiration of his term became the prey of Satan.

In considering the sources of the legend it might be well to look forward to the different conceptions of Faust in order to be able to classify the legendary material which appeared before the time of Johann Faust. The Faust of Catholic origin originated in the Orient and was introduced into the West before the split came between the Greek and the Roman churches. This conception in which Faust is saved and returns to the church was exemplified by the sixth century story of Theophilus, a Cilician archdeacon, who was wrongfully dispossessed by a bishop. He then began to attend secretly a circus at night, and it was here with the aid of a Jewish sorcerer that he surrendered his soul to the devil. Throughout the narrative the devil is made to ape God. His contract with man was supposed to be an imitation of the contract of God with man. He promises Theophilus supremacy over the bishop, and the contract is made. Theophilus soon repents of what he has done, and after forty days and nights of prayer he gets back the document, is forgiven

of his sin, and returns to the church, dying three days later. This tale became the theme of a poem in Latin by Nun Hroswith (also spelled Hrotswithe) of Ganderheim. She changed the archdeacon into a monk and had him expelled from his order. He then began to devote his life to magic, but repented and with the aid of Panaghia, or the Holy Mother, he returned to the church. The Faust Legend may be said to have sprung here. Another treatment of this theme was made by Hartman in the twelfth century.

Protestantism gave a different interpretation to the story and at the conclusion left the hero unsaved. The fight was shifted from the church as a whole to the individual person and it became a matter of conscience. Both spiritual and natural bonds were broken, thus bringing in much of the supernatural. The hero also involved into an intelligent student who possessed endless spiritual cravings. Immediately one sees that there stands before him an entirely different Faust, but even this Faust differs greatly from the modern conception in which the fight to make truth a reality seems to be the underlying thought. These several conceptions give to one an entirely new vision as a study is made of the legends which eventually became associated with the sixteenth century Johann Faust.

Some doubt that such a person as Johann Faust ever existed and think that he is merely a fictitious character whose name has sucked up the legends of an exceedingly superstitious people. It is generally believed, however, that there was a basis of fact on which tradition has built its grotesque structure, and the opinion prevails that there lived some well educated man by the name of Faust who might have practiced jugglery about the beginning of the sixteenth century. This, as is suggested by the *Colombian Cyclopaedia*, probably led the ignorant and superstitious people of the time to think that he was a dealer in the black art. There is a considerable amount of proof which may be used to verify this belief.

On August 20, 1507, the Benedictine Johann Tritheim, or Trithemius, wrote a letter to the mathematician and astrologer Johann Windung at Hoffurt. Tritheim, who was the author of a number of mystery books, spoke with contempt of Faust. He stated that Faust called himself Magister Georgius Sabellicus Faustus Junior. According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Tritheim called him a fool rather than a philosopher. Gorres, as stated in the *Colombian Cyclopedia*, claimed that George Sabellicus who disappeared about 1517 was the real Faust. One can readily see from the name that Gorres and Tritheim must have been speaking about the same person.

More is heard of this Faust from other contemporaries. On October 3, 1513, Konrad Mudt in a letter to Heinrich Urbanus spoke of him as a charlatan. From 1516 to 1525 he resided with his friend the Abbot of Maulbronn, and it is at this place, according to Swanwich in *Goethe's Faust*, that one may even today see the old Faust tower and Faust kitchen. Philipp Begardi in the fourth chapter of his *Index Sanitatis* which appeared in 1539 spoke of Faust as being one of the wicked, cheating, useless, and unlearned doctors of the times. Melancthon, one of the most reliable men of that period, spoke of Faust as "a disgraceful beast and server of many devils." The words of these and other men of the age convince one that Faust did exist.

In trying to find exactly what was contained in the original Faust legend one again runs into difficulties. Johann Faust, the son of peasants, was born, according to one authority, at Knittlingen in Wurtemberg, while the popular legend says at Rhoda in Saxony. Elsewhere it is claimed that he is a native of Swabia, and many other towns call him their own. It seems that after throwing away a rich inheritance left to him by his uncle, and attending a higher institution of learning, he was dissatisfied with life. Seeking happiness he made a contract with the devil and signed it with his own blood. According to the contract he should renounce God and

all ecclesiastical hosts; he should be an enemy of all mankind; he should not obey priests; he should not go to church or partake of the holy sacraments; and he should hate and shun wedlock. The devil then gave him an attendant spirit who remained with him during the period of the contract. Many persons thought that the dog which followed him contained this spirit. For the next twenty-four years it is supposed that he traveled around Germany and other countries of Europe practicing the black art. Faust who soon became the chief magician of the period was able to summon Alexander the Great and Roxana from Hades. He allowed a student at Erfurt to gaze upon the heroes of the Iliad and the Odyssey. He made blind Homer to appear and sing for him. He brought the Grecian Helena to the upper world and being conquered by her great beauty married her. This marriage with Helena forms the main theme of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*. In his symbolic treatment Goethe made her to become the perfect realization of ideal beauty and Faust's union with her became an upward step in spiritual regeneration. In all of these miracles of Faust one can see his longing (a longing characteristic of the age) for freedom from the restrictions which were upon learning during the middle ages. He was bringing to a hungry world a glimpse of those forbidden figures of the Classics. He was trying to break the bonds which were holding him from the truth.

Count Anthony Hamilton's *The Enchanter Faustus and Queen Elizabeth* paints a vivid picture of Faust at work with his powers. At this point it might be well to turn aside and get a glimpse of this tale so that the twenty-four years which Faust spent under the contract may be better understood. Faust, the story goes, left Germany and went to England to see Elizabeth. He wished to see whether or not she was gifted with as many good qualities as with bad. "No one could judge this for him so well as himself—who read the stars like ABC and whom Satan obeyed like a dog—yet, withal, who was not above a thousand pleasant tricks, that make people

laugh and hurt no one. Such, for instance, as turning an old lord into an old lady, to elope with his cook—maid—exchanging a handsome wife for an ugly one, &c., &c.” He found her better than he expected, but with less beauty. He at once began to flatter her about her beauty. “He was the most adroit courtier you could find, though you search the world over.” She knew of his powers; so at once she wished to have him bring before her all of the ancient beauties in order that she might be compared with them. In the presence of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, and Sir Philip Sidney, the magician performed this feat, bringing Helen of Troy, Mariamne, Cleopatra, and Rosamond before them. The queen thought that only Rosamond, who was said to favor the queen, was beautiful. In fact she wished to have another glimpse of her; so Faust with seeming difficulty called Rosamond into their presence again. “The grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.” Elizabeth stepped out of the circle which Faust had made around each of the onlookers, and cried, “My dear likeness.” Immediately a violent clap of thunder shook the place. Black vapors filled the room “and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpented to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.” Essex’s right brow was burned off in the confusion that followed, Sir Sidney lost his “moustachio,” and the clothes of the queen were scorched. A host of deeds similar to this were ascribed to Faust during the twenty-four years when he was served by the devil.

Faust must have been “carried away by the devil” about 1540, the date given in the *Harvard Classics*. The devil took him from a house near Wittenberg between twelve and one o’clock one night, though as the *Colombian Cyclopaedia* points out, many other towns lay claim to this distinction. The diabolical doings of the magician did not end here according to Johann Gast, a Separitist pastor, who said that the dead body lay constantly upon

its face upon the bier, although it was turned upwards as often as five times.

This story afforded much amusement for the people and was soon very popular. Its orthodox and protestant character doubtless were responsible for its appeal to a great many. The clergy likewise rejoiced in the tale as it gave them a weapon with which to warn the people against excessive desire for secular learning. They were able to point out the fate of Faust as the fate of all who tempered with the black art, or sought too much learning.

In 1587 Johann Spies, a publisher at Frankfort, produced *Historia von D. Johann Fausten* which was written by an unknown author. This was the first of many Faust-books. The first edition was placed on the market in the autumn and four editions had been sold before the end of the year. This book told how the son of a peasant had achieved distinction at Wittenberg. He sought to deepen his knowledge by a study of the black art and became connected with the devil who amused him with high living, sexual indulgence, and visions of the spirit world, but Faust soon repented of the life that he was living and sought consolation in mathematics. Faust was carried through many other adventures until he was finally carried off by the devil while pointing out the moral of his folly. To some it appears that the author was trying to make Faust a counterpart of Luther. The book in comparing Luther and Faust shows "orthodoxy brandishing its theological branch at the freedom of human inquiry." In the following year a rhymed version appeared at Tübingen, and at Lübeck there appeared a version in the low German by J. J. Balhorn. There were reprints and amendments of Spies' book every year until in 1599 Georg Rudolph Widmann published a very lengthy work on Faust. Numerous Faust-books during the next few years were based on the account of Spies. In 1588 there appeared a Danish work on this subject. During the period from 1588 until 1594 there appeared in England a book entitled *History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus*. This book

had been preceded in 1588 by *A Ballad of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus the Great Congerer* which bore the name of Ayemes, a bishop of London. In 1592 Victor Palma Cayet prepared a French translation, fifteen editions of which were sold during the next two hundred years. In 1592 the oldest Dutch and Flemish versions appeared. In the Dutch the date of Faust's death was said to have been October 23-24, 1538. In 1612 there was published a Czech translation at Prague. In 1674, Johann Nicholas Pfitzer published a Faust-book at Nuremberg which was based on Widmann's earlier version, and in 1712 the most popular of all Faust-books *The League with the Devil established by the world-famous Arch-necromancer and Wizard Dr. Johann Faust* was being sold at German fairs. This book written by Christlich Meynendon bore the obviously false date of 1525.

In 1598 *Fusti Placidii infelix prudentis*, a Faust play in Latin verse, was published at Leipsic, but it was not until 1604 that the first great drama on this subject was published. This was *The Tragical History of D. Faustus as it hath bene acted by the Right Honourable Earle of Nottingham his servants* which was printed in London by Thomas Bushall. Marlowe who was the author of the drama died in 1593 so he must have written it shortly after the appearance of the English translation of Spies. The first recorded performance of this drama took place September 30, 1594. Swanwick shows that Marlowe sacrificed many of the possibilities of the story to the necessity for humoring the prevailing public taste of the age. Faust's soliloquy just before he was carried away by the devil is one of the most dramatic pieces of poetry in English literature. As the Faust-books degenerated into chapbooks which were sold at the German fairs so the drama degenerated into a popular and often vulgar spectacle in which a clown representing the shrewd common sense of the middle-class became the chief character. Puppet plays with Faust as the hero were not long in appearing. Many of these performances were impromptu and were passed down unwritten from one generation to

another. The *Colombian Cyclopedia* holds that Goethe received the inspiration for his play from a marionette performance in which Faust was beaten to death by the devil much to the joy of all good Christians present. One of the more modern of these puppet plays is *Puppen-spiel of D. Faust* which appeared at Leipsic in 1850.

The change to the modern conception of Faust began in 1753 when Lessing became interested in Faust. He wrote a play which has become lost, though a play published at Munich in 1775 has been attributed to him. But the *New International Encyclopedia* claims that the play is not his.

The man who immortalized Faust was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. His work was begun during the early years of his life and was completed only a few years before his death. Being in composition for such a great period was the cause for the difference in structure between the first of the drama and the last. The spirit of Goethe's youth may be perceived in the first part of the work, while the more reserved attitude of age characterizes the latter part. Much of autobiography was contained in the completed work. The main theme introduced by Goethe into the legend was that "a man must not be judged by the sins and follies which may be but accidents of his career, but by the character which is its essential outcome." He showed that truth is the thing which is sought after, no matter what the cost. Thus as G. H. Lewis says, in the modern Faust the world sees, as though in a mirror, the eternal problem of its intellectual existence.

Weiners for Supper

By W. N. ROSE

BENT over with his head in his hands and his elbows on his knees, Ralph was a pitiful looking man. The flames in the open fireplace before him were slowly yet surely dying out of the smouldering coals. The fire in the grate was very much like Ralph: dying slowly, dying because of no more fuel to revive his slowly ebbing life. Not only was he ruined financially but he had also been robbed of his reputation.

Both catastrophes had come at one time as the result of a false accusation on the part of his business partner. It seemed impossible. This man whom he trusted implicitly, with the assistance of a sleek-tongued lawyer, had "framed him"—maliciously planned to appropriate the fortune which rightfully belonged to Ralph.

His body slumped forward, his hands passing feverishly through his hair, inarticulate sobs causing his body to quiver like that of a frightened child. Truly Ralph was a pitiful spectacle.

Nan, his beautiful wife, walked in and sat down on the stool on the opposite side of the hearth.

God! How was he going to tell her. She had been sweet and faithful, patiently waiting and working with him so that sometime they could have something. Only a year had elapsed since their marriage. It had been a heavenly year, filled with sunshine and happiness. They had moved into their little bungalow only a month ago. Now it all must end. The grim reality of the situation—he could hardly bear the thought of the thing. It was like a frightful dream. No more dresses for Nan, no more parties which they both enjoyed so greatly. Nothing they had was to be their own any longer.

She spoke to him.

"Ralph, it is time to go to bed. You are tired tonight. Come now; it's past eleven already."

She rose and walked across the room toward their bed-chamber. He gazed at her as she went out. Nan was a beautiful creature. Such grace and poise in the rhythmic movements of her slender yet perfectly formed body. With chestnut-brown curls falling nonchalantly over her ears and temples, and eyes that were wonderfully brown surmounted by a smooth, white forehead she seemed like some fleeting vision. Her skin was like faintly tinted ivory. How nature could perfect such a lovely woman he wondered.

He rose from his chair and followed her into the bed-chamber. She was already in bed and had turned the sheets back on his own.

That night was a miserable one. He could not sleep. He would close his eyes and try to rest, but each time he would soon begin rolling and tossing from one side to the other. Several times he arose to smoke and pace the floor until the consumed cigarette burned his fingers.

God only knew how he had fought. It had been a good but a losing struggle. That was what hurt him so badly. He had worked hard, saved and stinted, oftentimes denying Nan and himself things which they really needed, so that they might have something later. Yes—later, and now that wretch who had been his partner had taken it all. Ralph had sacrificed everything and received nothing. Why not take a gun and end it all? He could get out of it so easily that way. Yes, he would do that. The goal was not worth the struggle. It would take a lifetime to regain what he had lost. He walked over to the dresser, opened the drawer and took out his revolver. Ah! He had shot many a "bull's eye" without missing a time. He laughed fiercely, hysterically. It was funny that he couldn't miss this last target even if he wanted to. With rolling eyes which protruded like halves of eggs instead of human eyes he resembled some wild thing. He was a terrible sight. Gnawing at the nails of his left hand he raised the gun in his right hand to his temple. Glanc-

ing in the mirror he saw Nan's sweet face. A faint smile caused little dimples to form on her cheeks. He must hurry—something might awaken her before he acted. He looked again. She seemed like a peaceful, carefree child lying there asleep.

No, he couldn't do this without leaving some reason for the act. Seating himself he wrote:

NAN DEAR:—Knowing you can never forgive me for the thing which I am about to do, I shall not ask it of you. I merely want to explain.

My fortune is gone. I have been swindled by my partner. It seems that I will never be able to give you more than the merest livelihood and you deserve so much more. I am doing this to free you. I am sure you can find someone to love you who can give you the things which you enjoy so. With him you will find happiness. I could never stand to see you live in want. I would be forced to divorce you if I lived, not because I love you less, but because you could never stand the circumstances in which we would have to live. I wish you the best of luck and happiness in the world.

Devotedly,

RALPH.

He placed the note on the dresser and walking over to Nan he kissed her sweet lips tenderly. "Goodbye, Nan darling," he murmured.

No longer was he nervous. Calmly, as a hero being led to the post of torture, he reached for the pistol.

Raising the gun to his head he looked at himself in the mirror and saw his forefinger tighten on the trigger. As the silence was broken by—

"Ralph, Ralph, wake up," shouted his mother. "Don't you know it is time for you to go to work? The alarm clock has been ringing for almost an hour."

By the Mississippi

By VIRGINIA BENTON

I

I must go down from your hills and woods that hem me in;
I am homesiek for the sight of the treeless plains,
Stretching on and on, no bounds bounding them by day
Save noon's blue dome, sunset and sunrise,
And by night only the stars that come and go;
I am homesiek to see once more the Mississippi,
Lolling its monstrous tawny folds along,
In lazy lengths and angry loops and curves;

II

To hear the deep hoarse warnings of the bells along the
shore,
The hollow clangings of bells answering bells on the river,
The shattering, piercing screams of the whistles,
Signals bellowing from boat to boat,
Echoing and dying away, only to be echoed again;
Side-paddlers sucking in, and exhaling,
Sending deep shudders over the boat,
The ehurning of the stern-wheelers,
Leaving trails of yellow-spume in their wake,
The black-funneled steamers nosing their way up stream,
The long trails of black smoke from the smoke stacks,
The coal barges dotting the river here and there,
The great dredges grimly heaving the mud along the
banks,
Seows and rafts like dragon flies darting baek and forth,
The ferry boats with decks now thronging with people,
Now heaving aecross with a huge train of cars;
Half-dozing negro fishermen calling lazily to one another,

The measured chanting of the workmen piling sandbags
on the levees,
The shouting of the stevedores as they trot barefoot up
the gangplanks,

III

The strange mingled smells of catfish mud,
And rotting wood of wharves and piles,
The pungent mustiness of wet ropes and driftwood,
Land breezes heavy with the odors of magnolia and
jessamine,
Mingled with the deep damp breathings of the summer
mists.

IV

By night—the vague shoreline wrapped in grayness,
The dim half-lights on the shores,
The signals flashing through the deepening fog,
The boat rounding the bend,
Its pale lights reflected in the dark waters,
Snatches of ghostly laughter,
And phantom voices dying away as the boat glides by;
The lip-lapping of the waters against the piers,
The long-drawn sighing along the levees,
Baffling shapes and uncertain distances,
The nameless dread of great waters by night,
Now smooth as the breath of a summer's day,
Now turbulent and treacherous as the angry ocean;
And now up from the Gulf the night wind
Bringing the freshness and sounds and scents of the Home
of Waters.

Church and State

I

*The Proper Relationship Between Church and State as
Viewed and Held by Baptists*

By RICHARD PASCHAL

Revised and Enlarged by G. W. PASCHAL

GENERAL STATEMENT

BETWEEN Church and State several relations may exist. The State may rule the Church and direct its operations as a peculiar function of civil government; or the Church may rule the State and use civil government primarily to further the interests of the Church; or there may be complete separation of Church and State, each being supreme in its own sphere and independent of the other.

The Baptist view is the last mentioned. And this is the view that the world is gradually adopting. Hence it is important that there should be a clear understanding of what is implied in this view and under what terms and limitations separation of Church and State can obtain. It is evident that in those countries where such separation is found the citizens have a double allegiance, one to the State, the other to the Church of their choice. A clash between the two can be prevented only when the nature of each is clearly understood and Church and State are careful to keep each to its own province and do not seek to exercise authority in that of the other. For a correct understanding of this matter something more is needed than a cross-section view of present conditions. If we would see clearly the nature of the problems involved, we must see them in historical perspective and follow through the Christian centuries the struggles for

the realization of the view that now holds, at least in America, of the complete separation of Church and State.

It will be my purpose then in the present paper, after indicating briefly the basis of the doctrine of separation of Church and State as found in the teachings of Jesus, to trace in outline the relations between Church and State in the Roman Empire until the time of Constantine, then from Constantine until the fall of Rome, and from that time until the Reformation. Beginning with the Reformation it will be necessary to make my account more detailed, for at this time the doctrine began to receive formulation at the hands of the forerunners of the Baptists and there was begun that struggle for its recognition and acceptance which is still going on in many parts of the world. As we follow the story we shall not only see what a large and honorable part the Baptists have had in this struggle, but also shall get a clearer understanding of many aspects of the doctrine and thus be able to pronounce a better judgment of what today is the proper relationship between Church and State. For there are several important issues involved in this question over every one of which there has arisen sharp contention, but a contention which resulted in giving the disputed points greater distinctness and clarity.

It is in the teachings of Jesus that the principle of separation of Church and State first may be found. It is organic in His conception of the Kingdom of Heaven and the Gospel which He preached, since it taught that man's supreme obligation was not to laws or traditions but to God, and that the individual alone with no other mediator than Jesus Christ had access to God. It necessarily follows that with this relationship between the individual and his God no man or set of men, no King or other temporal magistrate, and, no priest or pope has a right to interfere. Man's supreme allegiance is to God. Loyal to this allegiance the follower of Christ, obeying his Master's commands, strives to attain to the perfection of righteousness in his own life, and undertakes to preach

the gospel of his salvation to every other creature. In order the more effectually to accomplish this he joins with his fellow Christians in an organization known as a church.

But Jesus both by the example of His life and by precept recognized another allegiance as binding upon Himself and His followers, allegiance to the State. Living as a subject and not as a citizen of the mighty empire of Rome he yielded obedience to its despotic laws. He was careful to conform even in little matters, as was shown when he paid the petty exaction of tribute money to the little town. And so He taught his disciples. As touching His loyalty, in face of the accusations of the Jewish Sanhedrin, Pilate declared that he found in Him no fault at all, even though Jesus acknowledged that he was a king, but of a Kingdom not of this world.

Thus Jesus when threatened with impending death confessed that his highest allegiance was to the Kingdom of Heaven, and there also is the highest allegiance of His followers. And yet by the incident of the tribute money Jesus taught that this higher allegiance in no way annuls the allegiance which men owe to the State which they have formed for their government or to which they have submitted themselves. It is no less our duty to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's than to render unto God the things that are God's. Both Church and State have their proper spheres and claims on our loyalty.

Perhaps it is well for me to stop at this point to indicate in what sense I am using the words Church and State. By the State I mean any political organization occupying a definite territory and able to enforce its laws. The word Church is not so easy to define since it has different implications when used in different connections. In the early centuries it means Christians generally. In the fourth century it came to mean the state church; later it meant the dominant church, the Church of Rome; after the Reformation it might indicate any one of the numerous national churches; with the Baptists it means

a local group of Christians organized to enable its members to lead better Christian lives and to promote the spread of the Gospel in the world. But in the phrase Church and State the word church in the last analysis signifies the religious interest of any individual be he Christian or Jew or infidel or Mohammedan or Buddhist. It is with the individual and not with a group that the State has relations; it is as individuals and not as groups that the State has punished men for their religious beliefs. Recognizing this the plea of the early Baptists was for Liberty of Conscience rather than for separation of Church and State, possibly without seeing that the latter was involved in the former. While I shall inevitably use the word church in all the senses mentioned above, the context will, I trust, make it sufficiently clear in what sense it is to be understood.

For the first three centuries the State was pagan and cruelly intolerant of the Church, at first indeed slaughtering Christians with an aimless brutality, but in the third century seeking with all the Imperial powers to obliterate a sect whose spread was threatening the very existence of the State religion. In vain was the rage and cunning cruelty of Nero, who as Pontifex Maximus was head also of the religion of pagan Rome, in vain the persecutions of Trajan, Decius and Diocletian. Christianity continued to increase and paganism to wane; in the year 311 Galerius on his death bed signed an edict of toleration for Christians, and three years later Constantine by the Edict of Milan gave the Christians the protection of the State. Before the close of the fourth century Theodosius the Great had established Christianity as the sole official religion of the State, and put heathen worship under the ban.

While the Church was thus winning its way in the face of hostility and persecution to a position where it was tolerated and later officially approved, it suffered itself some modification from the influence of the very imperial government which had thrown the Christians, young and old, the matron and the maid to the wild beasts

of the amphitheatre or had wrapped them alive with a coat of pitch and, tying them to stakes, had used them to light the grounds of an inhuman Emperor. In the early years indeed the Christians almost forgot they were living on earth; "they were a people of God, called and set apart." The Christian Church in their thought was a divine, not a human institution. . . . Their citizenship was in heaven, not on earth, and the principles and laws by which they strove to govern themselves were from above. The present world was but temporary and their true life was in heaven.¹ When this first sweet enthusiasm had passed and the Church began to organize its forces it modified the organization and government of its churches by successive stages to an approximation of the government of the Empire. First, the bishop of the local church became virtual dictator of it, whose decrees even in the time of Ignatius were to be revered and obeyed without question; the diocesan bishops followed; and next we find the bishops of the church of Rome arrogating to themselves supreme authority over the Christian world. While it is certain that conditions within the churches themselves brought about by the numerous heresies of the early centuries were the occasions of these gradual changes, it is none the less true that the ready acceptance by the churches of the system of episcopacy was made possible only by the fact that their members had learned as members and subjects of the mighty empire of Rome to think of government as arbitrary and without responsibility to the governed. It was easy for these early Christians to be made to believe that the government of their churches should be patterned after that of the Empire and led to accept a Pontiff of the Roman Church who was only a Christian replica of the pagan Pontifex Maximus.² So true it is, as is shown not only

¹ McGiffert, Article "Church History" in *Ency. Brit.*

² "The organization of the Church followed in its main lines that of the empire. It also had its dioceses and provinces, coinciding for the most part with the similarly named political divisions. Not only did the same circumstances which marked out a city for political

in this instance but in many others, that a Christian church tends to model its government after that of the State in whose territory it is found.

THE CHURCH A DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE

With Constantine the Church became a department of the State, the emperor in his role of Pontifex Maximus becoming its head, and exercising authority no less absolute than his predecessors in the pagan system of the old religion. To him the priests owed their appointments and to him alone were responsible for the conduct of their office; by him all the laws of right and wrong were prescribed for Christians. Toward the end of the fourth century, after Christianity became the sole official religion of the empire, the Church became a compulsory institution with a well defined and definite creed which all were required to accept under penalties of loss of citizenship. And this rule was enforced against pagans and dissenters alike. Religious compulsion and not religious freedom was now the role of the Church. This system had its fullest development under the Eastern Empire after its separation from the West, and there it lasted more than a thousand years to the fall of Constantinople in 1453. After this it was inherited by the Russian autocracy, where from the time of Peter the Great until the Bolshevik revolution of 1918 the Czar was the sole source of authority in the church which he so directed as to make it a great stay of his despotic power. It is hardly any wonder that one of the first acts of the Bolshevik leaders was to outlaw this church.

The danger which a church undergoes from an unequal alliance with a despotic government has been strikingly illustrated in the last half century in the case of the Protestant Evangelical Lutheran Church in Germany. I shall speak below of the relation between Church and

pre-eminence also indicate it as a fit centre for ecclesiastical rule, but it was a recognized principle with the Church that the ecclesiastical should follow the civil division." Abbe Guétee, *Papacy*, pp. 53-58, quoted in Larned's *New History for Ready Reference*, article "Papacy."

State established in the German States at the time of the Reformation. It is sufficient now to say that at that time the German States were regarded as champions and protectors of the Church against the designs of Rome. But with the growth of absolutism in Germany under the last Kaiser the Church found herself a slave to the government, with its powers prescribed and made subservient to the State to almost the same degree as in Russia. In discussing this matter about the first of the present century, a discriminating German writer³ says:

"While the old territorial state rendered a magnificent service in rescuing the Gospel, the close embrace of the State now threatened the church with suffocation. The Evangelical Church in Germany has completely lost the support of the masses. For them it is an institution of the State, or of the aristocracy and part of the system which they oppose. . . . But how is any other condition possible under a church régime whose fundamental principle is that the Church must subserve the political interests of the State? Naturally the legal pastor must fit into this régime. . . . Political interests predominate, but such interests, which come and go with ministers do not coincide with those of the Evangelical Church whose chief interest is to extend the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

With the fall of arbitrary power both in Russia and in Germany it is to be hoped that the world will never witness again the Church subjected to servility to the State.

CHURCH AND STATE UNDER THE PAPACY

The Eastern Empire, Russia and Imperial Germany have furnished woeful examples of the degradation of the Church when it is made subservient to the State. The history of the Papacy shows that conditions equally pernicious arise when the Church strives to exercise temporal as well as spiritual authority. Even before the division of the Roman Empire in the year 395, the Roman Episcopate had developed into the papacy and was claiming supremacy over the entire Christian Church. The very

³ Otto Mayer in Schaff-Herzog, *New Ency. of Religion*, article "Church and State."

invasions of Goths and Vandals which, beginning in 410, finally overthrew the Western Empire in 476, served to strengthen the Church, since the Pope alone could act as mediator between the conquered people of Italy and the conquering barbarians who were themselves Christians even at the time of the first invasion. Though with the fall of the Western Empire the Roman Episcopate lost its position as a state church, "it became itself a new empire, the heir of the glory and dignity of Rome, and the greatest influence making for the peace and unity of the Western world."⁴ Though, before the end of the sixth century, it had lost control of the Eastern Church it exercised its supremacy in the West with increasing powers from the fifth century on. It gained the more ready acceptance for its claims by an appeal to the famous treatise of Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, published soon after 410, in which the Church was identified with the Kingdom of God, and the claim made that it was supreme over all the nations of the earth. "Augustine's theory was ultimately accepted everywhere in the West, and thus the Church in the Middle Ages was regarded not only as the ark of salvation, but also as the ultimate authority, moral, intellectual and political. Upon this doctrine was built, not by Augustine himself but by others who came after him, the structure of the papacy, the bishop of Rome being finally recognized as the head under Christ of the *Civitas Dei*, and so the supreme organ of divine authority on earth." (McGiffert.)

In the limits of this paper can be mentioned only a few of the more important periods in the development or modification of this temporal power of the popes. Gregory the Great, in the years 590 to 604 was already virtually temporal ruler of Rome and the greatest power in Italy. This Gregory, the last of the Church Fathers, was a very able man. He found himself able to disregard the Emperor, who had his seat at Constantinople, and began to create new nations in the West laying the

⁴ McGiffert, *op. cit.*

foundation stones with his own hands.⁵ Another Gregory, Pope Gregory III, before the year 774, was able to bring another great accession to the temporal power of the papacy. By resisting the Emperor in his efforts to abolish image-worship in the churches he won great favor in Italy. Later by an alliance with the French kings, Pepin and Charlemagne, he established the temporal power of the papacy no less than its spiritual power in Italy, and greatly extended the influence and authority of the Church in all the expanding domains of the Carolingian princes. About this time, too, the popes assumed all the outward pomp and majesty of the Roman emperors, deriving their authority from a forged edict purporting to have come from Constantine. Since that time the Pope inhabits the Lateran palace, wears the diadem, the purple cloak, and carries the sceptre, and is attended by a body of chamberlains, while he graciously allows his foot to be kissed in imitation of the practice at the old Imperial court.⁶ It was another Gregory, Gregory VII, or Hildebran, 1059 to 1083, who by his courage and ability brought the Catholic Church to its highest position of political influence and gained for the papacy the political power which it claimed as its right. "Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpe that all human authority being holden of the divine and God himself having designated his own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a divine right to universal obedience was the inevitable attribute to the Roman Pontiffs."⁷ If any king was incredulous and refractory, as was Solomon the King of Hungary when Gregory assured him that his kingdom was the property of the Holy Roman Church, he was deposed and another king put in his place. Hildebran spake and the kings of the earth obeyed, or disobeyed at their

⁵ T. W. Allies, *Holy See and Wanderings of the Nations*, quoted in Larned's *New History of Ready Reference*, article "Papacy."

⁶ Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, chap. 7.

⁷ Larned, *History of Ready Reference*, p. 6474.

peril. When the young Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, Henry IV, dared to disregard his authority, he found himself abandoned by his lords and people in consequence of being excommunicated by the Pope, whose partial and conditional pardon he obtained only after the most abject submission and after standing three days barefooted in the snow in the courtyard at Canossa in Northern Italy. Thus was realized and exemplified the papal claim to temporal power, supreme over all the kingdoms and governments of the world. For hundreds of years this claim was recognized and respected by the kingdoms of Western Europe. Upon the discovery of America, the Pope as God's vice-regent on earth bestowed the newly discovered lands to his liege and faithful subject kings, assigning the whole New World to Spain. Though the Protestant Reformation and the new spirit of nationalism in Europe have deprived the Church of Rome of much of its political power, the claim to the right to exercise that power has by no means been abandoned by the members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. In their view the Pope should be the sovereign head of every government on the earth, and all political power should have as its purpose the promotion of the Roman Catholic Church. Their earnest expectation and prayer to God is that this consummation may come, and that the world may soon see the Pope vested again with the power and dignity of Hildebran.

This theory and practice of the Church of Rome will be seen to have an important bearing on present day problems when we reflect that this church has never recognized the right to freedom of conscience, but has always used the civil power, when it was able, to crush dissent by the extermination of dissenters. Charlemagne forced the Roman religion on the Saxons at the point of the sword. Every valley of northern Italy has been drenched with the blood of humble Christians whose only crime was that they did not recognize the Pope as the head of the church. On every plain and hill of France and Germany, of Austria and Bohemia, the Church of Rome has used the

civil power to hunt humble followers of Jesus Christ to death. Petrobrusians, Waldenses, Taborites, Bohemian Brethren have all felt the murderous and some of them the exterminating hand of the Church of Rome. In Holland alone more than a hundred thousand men, women and children have been victims to Rome's unholy alliance with civil power. In view of all this it may seem a terrible anachronism that there should still exist even one to defend such a union. The reality is that it is still the cherished official policy of the Roman Church as a whole. So long as this is true the danger to the religious freedom of the world continues. Though the day of putting people to death for conscience sake may be gone, in States where Rome has influence with the civil power dissent is repressed by cruel and arbitrary discriminations. The Church of Rome continues to be a threat which can not be disregarded to the proper relations of Church and State. So long as this threat exists the Baptists must continue to proclaim the doctrine which they originated and of which they have been the champions since the days of the Reformation, that is, the doctrine of complete separation of Church and State.⁸

Some have seen in the Renaissance, which was nearly contemporaneous with the Reformation, a transformation of the relations of Church and State. The new States which arose at this time in most instances were each a nation of homogeneous people, who with the new pride of nationality sought, prince and people, to promote the progress and welfare of all in the State, and who, regarding religion essential to their temporal and eternal welfare made the Church a department of the State.

⁸ "In reality, the Roman Catholic Church is not simply a self-governed State church, holding itself subject to the State. It remains that same remarkable world-power which in the middle ages shared with the State the function of government. If the power of Rome has been greatly diminished in the modern State, this has been accomplished only by force. In principle, the Roman Church has yielded nothing." Otto Mayer in Schaff-Herzog, *Ency. of Religion*, article "Church and State."

"Its aim has been to include humanity within its spiritual fold, while exercising a dominating influence over the secular policy of the State, its kings and governing authorities." Hastings, *Ency. of Religion and Ethics*, article "Western Church."

They regarded the king as the champion and protector of their faith, and head of the Church, and in his own territory no less than a pope.⁹

It was only under the protection of such States that Luther and Zwingli believed that the Reformation they preached could be realized. With reference to this an able apologist of Luther has said:¹⁰

It was necessary that the new Christian community should have an outward organization; but whence was this to come? Considered juristically, that was a grave question. For Luther, however, it presented no difficulties. It was sufficient that means of grace be provided, and immaterial how this be accomplished. In the end, it was found that the simplest arrangement was to entrust the care of the church to the existing authorities. Thus arose the German State Churches as the mature product of the sixteenth century. The Reformation did not recognize the necessity for an ecclesiastical organization apart from the State. The Church was a homogeneous mass, and each temporal prince fostered that particular section which was coterminous with his temporal domain. With the appearance of dissent and the rise of other confessions, the inadequacy of this simple arrangement became manifest.

From reading the above one might gain the impression that dissent only arose many years after the beginning of the Reformation. The fact is, however, that from the very first the Reformation was regarded as stopping short of its proper goal.¹¹ On October 31, 1517, Luther had nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door in Wittenberg. They reveal, as one reads them today, a moral rather than an ecclesiastical revolt against Rome. Luther was no longer willing to see his country robbed in the name of religion, but he was still professing allegiance to the pope, the immediate successor to the murderous Borgias. When later he had refused to recant and had defied the power of Rome at Worms and had

⁹ A famous sentence coined at this time expresses this idea: "*Dux Cliviae papa est in suis terris.*" The prince is pope in his own land.

¹⁰ Otto Mayer, article cited.

¹¹ "The Reformation had scarcely boasted an existence of five years, when, from the midst of its adherents, men arose who declared it to be insufficient." Moehler's "Symbolism," ii, 155, quoted in *Tracts on Liberty of Conscience*, p. lxxiii.

professed to take the Scriptures as the sole authority in matters of doctrine, he retained many of the forms and fictions of the Church of Rome. He retained infant baptism, disallowed the idea of a church made up entirely of believing members, yielded to the State the oversight of the Church, and endorsed the punishment of dissent by the civil power. It is due him, however, to say that historians of all faiths are agreed that but for the protection given the Reformers by the princes of the German States the Reformation would have been suppressed by Rome, and furthermore Luther and Zwingli believed that the support of the princes could not be kept if any dissent from the State religion was allowed.

By its very nature, however, the Reformation called into life and expression many forms of dissent. It was by claiming the Bible as authority that Luther had been able to repudiate the demand for allegiance to the Church of Rome. And it was by an appeal to the Bible likewise that the swarms of dissenters in the regions over which the Reformation extended sought to justify each his peculiar form of dissent from the Lutheranism which most of the German princes adopted as the religion of their States. Some of these forms of dissent were fanatical and revolutionary, others were not only harmless but went beyond the Reformers themselves in insisting on the spirituality of the Church and the necessity for a regenerate church membership. But all were regarded by the State as equally obnoxious to its welfare. Out of this situation the question of the right to dissent from the State Church was raised in all the German States, and the relation of Church and State became the subject of much thought and discussion. At this time the modern doctrine of complete separation of Church and State, so dear to Baptists, was first clearly and ably formulated and proclaimed. A proper appreciation of the advance thus made in the struggle for religious liberty is possible only for those who keep in mind the religious, social and political conditions of the time. Accordingly I rehearse them briefly here.

Luther's Reformation, beginning in 1517, being welcomed by the German peoples and princes, was established by the year 1522. In Switzerland, where a spirit of independence had existed long before the days of Luther, the people welcomed his ideas and were ready to abandon the papal cause so soon as they found a leader. And a leader was found in Zwingli, pastor at Zurich, under whose leadership the people, who were living under a republican form of government with independence of any foreign authority, in 1523, adopted measures which were radically anti-Catholic, going much beyond the reforms adopted by Luther in Germany. This Swiss movement, beginning in Zurich, soon extended to other Swiss centres such as Basel, Berne and St. Gall, and enlisted in its support such scholars as Hetzer, Conrad Grebel and Balthaser Hubmaier. Outside of Switzerland it spread to Strassburg and Waldshut.

Although the reforms instituted by Zwingli were much more evangelical than those of Luther and although his views of the Lord's Supper were much different yet the Swiss movement was like that of Germany in that in both infant baptism was continued and both were State churches. As such, each was tolerated by the other. But neither in Germany nor in Switzerland was there more room for dissenters than in Austria in the realm of papal authority. Both Luther and Zwingli were unrelenting in their opposition to dissenters from the State churches and persecuted them to their death and finally exterminated them in the realms of their influence. These dissenters were of several classes, all of whom may be regarded as products of the Reformation, for their zeal had been quickened by the example of Luther himself, "the bold reformer, taking his stand on Scripture and insisting on bringing every doctrine and practice to the Scripture touchstone, defying emperor and pope and boldly standing forth as the champion of evangelical truth and the rights of man." (Newman.) One class was made up of mystics, fanatics, revolutionists, men whose millennial views led them to fix times and places for future events,

men who denied the rights of States to enforce men to perform civil and military duties. Such men were the Zwickau Prophets, Munzer and Storch, who won to their views not only many ordinary men but even the head of Wittenberg University in which Luther had been a professor. Munzer became a pronounced socialist of the modern type, propagated his views in the most inflammatory harangues, declaring that if princes disregarded the rights of the Gospel and the people they "should be strangled like dogs." Other able and influential revolutionary evangelists of this time were Pfeiffer of Mülhausen and Hut of Augsburg. For several years they exerted much influence and had large followings, but after a few years of violent denunciation of all in authority in Church or State, and pernicious misleading of the poor and simple with their millennial prophecies, they were repudiated by the sound common sense of the people no less than by Luther himself and came to their end, most of them by violent deaths. They had all ceased from their activities before 1528. Munzer, Storch and Pfeiffer did more evil than the others, in that by misleading the peasants with their millennial prophecies they caused them to make an untimely uprising to seek redress for their wrongs, which were real enough, in which a hundred thousand lost their lives.

The second class of dissenters which arose and came into prominence at this time were the Anabaptists, or Re-baptizers. Their leaders were not fanatics nor did they preach a doctrine subversive of good morals though many of them had socialistic views and denied magistracy. They lived pure lives themselves and advised their followers to live in peace and industry. But they differed from both Luther and Zwingli in making religion individual and a matter of conscience, believing that "faith is the result of divine intuition alone, and cannot be compelled by fire or sword."¹² Believing that baptism should follow faith they did not baptize infants nor consider the rite when administered to infants real baptism, but admin-

¹² *Tracts on Liberty of Conscience*, Introduction, p. lxxiv.

istered the ordinance anew to as many as sought membership in their society, and thus they got their name. The visible sign of difference was in the matter of infant baptism and over this were numerous public discussions and debates. But neither Zwingli nor Luther were deceived as to the real point at issue: the liberty of the individual to act in matters of religion as his conscience might lead him was in its tendencies destructive of a State church. Zwingli indeed had at first been convinced that infant baptism was unscriptural, but when he realized the menace its discontinuance might bring to the State church, like Luther, he counseled the most atrocious measures for the suppression of opposition to infant baptism. It was no easy task they undertook. The Anabaptist doctrines were popular and were championed by some of the ablest preachers and scholars of the time. The first leaders of the movement in Zurich—Grebel, Manz, Blaurock and Hubmaier, were men learned in Greek, Latin and Hebrew. Hans Denck of Augsburg was perhaps the best scholar of all the Anabaptists, though somewhat of a mystic. Under the leadership of such men the Anabaptist cause gained thousands of adherents not only in Germany and Switzerland but also in Silesia and the Tyrol and other parts of the Holy Roman Empire. There were seventy organizations of Anabaptists in the Canton of Zurich alone. Nearly all of these were suppressed before 1530, and all of them before 1535. Their leaders were banished or imprisoned and put to death unless they agreed to conform to the State church. Hubmaier being allowed to escape was afterwards burned at the stake by the Austrian authorities, while his wife was drowned. Equally repressive measures were resorted to in other places where the Anabaptists were found. Protestants and Roman Catholics alike waged a war of extermination against them. The persecuted saints found a home longer in Moravia than elsewhere, but before 1550 they had been practically exterminated there also.

From the very nature of their faith and practice the Anabaptists were in opposition to a State Church such

as Luther and Zwingli made the guardian of their reforms. For, as I have said, without infant baptism for every child in the State they saw there could be no State church embracing in its membership every person in the realm. We have seen that some of the Anabaptists went to the extreme of denying the right of private property, while some were ready to declare that the civil government had no claim to the allegiance of Christians. It was only a few who attained to the position on the proper relations of Church and State as held by the Baptists of our day. Most prominent of these was Balthasar Hubmaier. Newman speaks of his "remarkable abilities as scholar, thinker, pulpit orator, disputant, and organizer and leader of men," and declares that he was the greatest, ablest and soundest advocate of radical evangelical reform, and worthy of a place among the evangelical leaders of the church universal. Trained to the priesthood of the Roman Church he adopted Anabaptist views in 1523, and after four years of labor, principally at Waldhut and Nikolsburg in Austria, he was arrested. After a long imprisonment he was burned at the stake on March 10, 1528. Three days later his wife was drowned in the Danube and her body buried. On the four hundredth anniversary of his martyrdom the Baptist periodicals of the world called attention to his labors and justly claimed him as the first modern father of their faith. For not only did he stand with present day Baptists against infant baptism and for a regenerate church membership, but his views on the relations of Church and State coincided almost exactly with those held by Baptists of today. He believed in the right of private property; he believed that Christians properly owed to the states in which they lived such duties as other citizens; they should pay their taxes and perform all the other functions of citizens both in peace and war; they were free to take oaths in courts of law. This was the constant tenor of his preaching, in these matters differing from the majority of his brethren. He set forth his views on the right of a Christian for liberty of conscience unmolested by the State in a paper

written in 1524 at Schaffhausen in Switzerland whither he had barely eesaped with his life from his Austrian persecutors. The paper was entitled "On Heretics and their Burners." A summary of it is given by Newman,¹³ who declares it to be "the most remarkable plea for liberty of conscience that the sixteenth century produced." From this summary the part pertinent to our discussion is this:

The greatest arch-heretics are those who against Christ's teaching and example condemn heretics to the flames and before the time of the harvest destroy wheat and tares together; for Christ did not come to butcher, to murder, to burn, but that men might have life and that more abundantly. So long as a man lives we should pray and hope for his repentence. A Turk or a heretic is to be overcome not with the sword or fire but by patience and weeping. We are therefore to wait patiently for the judgment. As thus violating the spirit and teaching of the Gospel, the preaching orders, who were the leaders of the Inquisition, are declared to be the producers of arch-heretics. If such knew of what spirit they should be they would not so shamelessly cry out, "To the fire!" It is no excuse that they deliver their victims for execution to the godless secular power. Nay, in this they sin still more grievously. Every Christian has a sword against the godless, that is, the word of God; but not a sword against evil-doers. The civil power has a right to execute evil-doers, but the godless, God alone should punish; for such can injure neither body nor soul, but are useful rather; for God knows how to bring good out of evil. For true faith for God knows how to bring good out of evil. For true faith thrives by conflict; the more it is opposed the greater it becomes.

Thus early had Hubmaier understood and maintained the twin principles of separation of Church and State, that the Church should not interfere with the civil duties of its members, nor should the State interfere with its citizens in matters of religion. After the rise of the Baptists in the next century these principles were to be much developed, but before that time they were not heard again. There was a radical departure from it in the ideas of Melehor Hofman who had convinced himself and others that in the year 1533 God would dispense with civil government on the earth, but would make

¹³ *Anti-Pedobaptism*, pp. 96ff.

Strassburg the New Jerusalem and from this city extend His dominion over the world. Still further removed from the principles preached by Hubmaier were the purposes of those who set up the Kingdom of Münster, in 1535, for they did not wait for the Lord to come and set up the new dispensation, but took upon themselves the task of making of Münster the New Jerusalem of their dreams, and under the name of religion committed excesses which had made the name Anabaptist a reproach throughout Europe. Nor did the so-called "Quiet Anti-pedobaptists," the followers of Menno Simons, attain to the full measure of the doctrine of separation of Church and State as expressed by Hubmaier. They no longer wished, as did the leaders of the Münster uprising, to take the sword and smite the enemies of God, but on the other hand they proscribed civic duties for themselves. They could perform none of the functions of citizens of the State, whether in peace or in war, they must not take oaths in courts of law, nor must they marry outside the society. They tolerated the State as a necessary evil.

What About the Yo-Yo, Anyway?

By WALTER L. WARFFORD

THE American people are noted for their fads. In styles of dress one fashion is the fad for a while, then another. Not so long ago it was the style for the ladies' skirts to cover the ankles; then skirts extended barely to the knees. The protests of various reform societies have barely ceased to echo through the land when, lo and behold, Commercialism and Faddism, more powerful than all the reformers and moralists, have issued a new decree, and knees are beating a hasty retreat. At one time it was a fad for men to wear "Peg-leg" trousers. Today trousers are made on the box style; the bottom of the trouser leg challenging the top. So it goes. Men and women alike are subject to fads in fashions and styles of dress.

Another fact about American faddism is that it is not confined to fashions of dress. The particular fad to which I now refer is that of playthings for grown-ups. Each "play-pretty" has had its day. One day it was the Come-Back Ball; recently it was the Jumping Bean. The latest, most popular, and most universal fad that has struck the country is the Yo-Yo. In the colleges and universities its popularity has been unexcelled. Even Yo-Yo teams have been formed. Only recently the Dean of Wake Forest read an announcement in chapel to the effect that all candidates for the Yo-Yo team would report at the college gymnasium at two o'clock for tryouts.

There are several reports as to who was the inventor of this little machine. I cannot vouch for the authority of any of them, but some of the explanations seem to be perfectly reasonable. One report says that the Yo-Yo was first invented in Japan. A father made one as a toy for his child, calling it "Yo-Yo" in Japanese. Inci-

dentially it is said that the word "Yo-Yo" means in Japanese "to do nothing." Another report is that the Yo-Yo was invented by an elevator boy in New York City, while still another suggests that it was first whittled into existence by a boy in Texas.

Leaving the determination of the origin of the Yo-Yo to some future investigator more scientifically inclined than I am, let us consider the operation of the Yo-Yo. The Yo-Yo is a pretty little spool with a tiny axle. Attached to the axle is about a yard of string which is wound around it. Drop the disc-like structure while holding to the string and watch the spool climb back again. The professional Yo-Yo-ist drops the spool, watches it climb back again, and runs it over his hand, and then sends it off on another mission of caper-cutting. If he really knows his "Yo-Yo" he can throw the spool straight out, watch it come back to his hand, and throw it over his hand sending it toward the floor on another mission of cutting the loop-to-loop.

"Well, what makes the Yo-Yo 'yo,' anyway?" "Torque," says Dr. D. W. Cornelius of Chattanooga, and he certainly ought to know for he is a professor of physics. Being neither a physicist or a mathematician, I merely quote this authority as it is quoted in *The Daily Tar Heel*. He explains that the Yo-Yo "yos" thus: "Mass time linear velocity equals momentum. In the ideal case of the Yo-Yo, it would go on spinning forever. . . . If mass time linear velocity equals momentum, it follows that a force applied in the simplest ideal case will change the momentum of a body; that is, the mass remaining constant will change the linear velocity.

"Now take the Yo-Yo. As a result of the mass falling under the force of gravity, and attached to the axle, we have a force or torque, which causes an angular velocity to be produced. The farther the top falls the greater the angular velocity becomes, because the acceleration is greater. If it were left alone and it were perfectly free from friction it would spin forever. But being attached to the string, when it comes to the end, the stored energy

can be utilized to bring it back up the string again. In what we term the ideal case, it would return completely to the top of the string. But no energy is equally 100 per cent returned.

"So now we have the Yo-Yo coming partly back up the string. Now to get it up the string it is necessary to apply another force, or torque at the strategic moment to overcome the loss of momentum brought about through friction and other imperfections of the machine. It is just like swinging someone in a rope swing. One must wait until the swing is just at the right place at the top of the upward motion before pushing."

Mystery

By CHARLES G. SMITH, '13

The icy cold has now all winter stilled
The honeybee, and every tree has lost
Its leaves except a few, which, dead and tossed
About by winter winds, have long fulfilled
Their purpose but, defying winter-chilled
Destroying storms, as though there were no frost,
Persist in hanging on. The sun has crossed
Northward. Have all the tender buds been killed?
No, for I hear a song from every tree
They now are singing, and they will right soon
Their nests forsake, each heeding Time's decree.
Then new-old life, when Spring begins to croon
The mystic music Nature bids, we'll see
Revived again by heat of sun and charm of moon.

Radio-Activity

By J. M. EARLY

THE advance of science during the past few years has been great indeed, almost beyond our perception. Much of the knowledge that has been gained and the startling facts that have been discovered, reads like a great romance. Our discoveries have ceased to become just a series of cold facts. The story of radio-activity and the almost unbelievable conclusions drawn from it, if we lay aside all other facts, will make these last few years memorable indeed, and bring back the "golden age" of long ago. With the discovery of radio-activity there came into being a new branch of science, and of scientific facts, marking an epoch in world progress.

When, in 1896, Becquerel, the great French chemist, found that uranium salts continually and spontaneously emitted rays he led the way to a greater field in the scientific world—in introducing a new substance, and substances possessing that peculiar property known as radio-activity. The scientific world soon realized the great value of this new discovery, and in 1898 witnessed the startling work of Madame Curie, who successfully isolated the most important of all radio-active substances—radium.

The first of these who introduced to the world the facts of these wonderful substances was Sir William Crooks. His work with the vacuum tubes which bear his name, in 1879, gave us the beginnings of the study of these mysterious rays or particles which have such marvelous properties and characteristics. He took a glass tube, inserted wires in the ends and passed the current through; sparks crossed the gap between the two wires. Then he closed the ends of the tube, and inserted a side tube in the vessel thus formed, and noticed

that as he reduced the pressure within the tube, the sparks became less, and instead they were replaced by a glow in the tube. He found that a tiny windmill placed in the path of these "rays" would revolve. Thus he was led to believe that these "rays" must be solid particles moving at a great velocity. Since the properties of these residual molecules differed from those of ordinary gases, he concluded that it was a new state of matter, "radiant matter." The next problem, of course, was to decide the nature of this "radiant matter." It might be either of two things: the residual molecules of gas in the tube, or tiny fragments of the metal of the electrode which were torn off by the disruptive force of the discharge. In proof he constructed an electrode of platinum, and the discharge was allowed to pass through it for long periods. If these particles were torn off they would be splashed against the tube at the spot where the luminosity was visible. A careful examination of this spot, after many experiments, failed to show any trace of the metal, and hence this was satisfactory proof that the green light at the end of the tube could not be the bombardment of the glass by the platinum particles. Crooks further noticed that an object placed inside in direct path of these "rays" would cast a shadow, but failed to identify these. Thus he assumed that these "ray" were particles or corpuscles sent off from the cathode. It remained for another to further complete this work.

In 1895, Röntgen noticed that the green fluorescent patch of glass where the cathode rays struck the tube, was the center of origin of a new set of rays, which he termed X-rays. These rays Crooks had failed to identify in his work. They are invisible, very penetrative and have an effect upon photographic plates, and even cause certain substances to glow. These rays were found to be not particles like the cathode rays, but mere vibrations in the ether. From this work on the vacuum tube, three types of rays have been found, which have a close resemblance to the rays emitted by radium. The first type of these rays is known as the anode rays or plus ions.

They are particles of residual gas, relatively large and slow. The cathode rays, or negative ions, are smaller, travel with a greater speed, 10,000 to 100,000 miles per second, and have a mass of $1/1845$ of the Hydrogen atom. The third type of rays discovered by Röntgen was the X-rays. These are produced when the cathode rays are deflected by a suitable anti-cathode. As stated by Röntgen, they are not particles but electro-magnetic waves in the ether. They travel with the speed of light, and have a greater penetrative power than the cathode rays. They also ionize gases, and render the air conductive.

In 1896, Becquerel discovered another type of rays very similar to X-rays, known as Becquerel rays. He placed some crystals of uranium sulphate on a sensitive photographic plate which was wrapped up in black paper, and obtained marks upon it, similar to those produced by X-rays. Neither of these can be refracted by a prism, and in this respect they differ from ordinary light. Both have the power to pass through solid bodies, and to render gases conductive to electricity.

Let us consider some of the most important of these radio-active substances with respect to their properties and discovery.

URANIUM

Somewhere back of radium lies its grandparent, whose weight must be 230, 234, or 238. After careful study on the radio-active elements, uranium with an atomic weight of 238 was found, which answered the above requirements and we now know that from it comes radium. Uranium, placed in Table VI-A, has a life of 5×10^9 years which is almost inconceivable to us. From the slow disintegration of uranium, several new substances are formed. By losing an alpha ray, it becomes an entirely new substance with different atomic weight, and by losing a beta ray it becomes a new substance, but with the same atomic weight. The former we call isotopes, the latter isobares. We have already learned that a beta ray is only $1/1845$ the mass of a hydrogen atom so this loss does not affect the weight of a substance to any notice-

able amount. Uranium disintegrates in this manner: by losing an alpha ray its weight drops down to 234, and we have uranium X; then a beta ray is lost, with the product uranium X₂, with the same atomic weight as uranium X; another beta ray is lost, which gives uranium ²; then an alpha ray is lost, and Ionium with the weight of 230 is formed, which is the parent of radium. This substance then loses an alpha ray and the product is radium with the weight of 226. This process continues until the end product, lead, with the weight of 206 is reached. It is interesting to note that the final product of these radioactive substances is lead with various atomic weights, each differing from the other and from our lead found in the fourth group in the table with the weight of 207. Becquerel found that the radiations from uranium and its compounds showed very little variation after three years. They resemble the Röntgen rays more than ordinary light. Rutherford showed that the radiations from uranium were complex, the beta radiation being far more penetrating in character than the alpha radiations.

THORIUM

Uranium is the parent of the whole series of which radium and niton are members. Thorium, with an atomic weight of 232 is the parent of another series. Radium could not occur in this series because the atom of radium with an atomic weight of 226 could not be obtained by expulsion of alpha particles. The nearest approach to it would be 228 or 224. The life of thorium is given at 3×10^{11} years. The disintegration process is the same as in the other series, first emitting an alpha particle, then a beta. However, the end product though lead, is different from the other end products, its atomic weight being 208.

POLONIUM

In 1903 Madame Curie took a ton of pitchblend, dissolved it in acid and added sulphureted hydrogen. The sulphides thus obtained were very active. After careful

extraction, she subjected a residue to qualitative test, and found in Table II-A, a new substance associated with bismuth which she named Polonium, after her native country—Poland.

She found that it may be partially separated by three methods, the last of which she used. Polonium nitrate hydrolyzes more easily than bismuth, and therefore the active body is precipitated by adding water to the nitric acid solution. By using this method, which was very slow and tedious, Madame Curie obtained a small quantity of material extremely active. The activity, however, as she found, was not constant, but diminished regularly according to time. She found that in eleven months, polonium had lost half its weight. This very fact has caused many to believe that polonium is not an element but merely active bismuth, because inactive elements in the presence of active ones, acquire activity.

Marckwald entered upon the discussion as to the character of polonium and reported finding a substance in pitchblend similar to polonium, but whose activity did not wane with time. Giesel confirmed this by immersing bismuth in a solution of Curie's polonium and found that it emitted alpha rays. He also found that bismuth, platinum and palladium could be rendered active by immersing in a solution of radium salt. After the metals were washed with hydrochloric acid and water to remove all traces of radium, they still emitted alpha rays. Bismuth was much more active than the other two, and consequently Giesel insisted that polonium was nothing more than bismuth rendered active by contact with radium salts. The Curies found that the radio-activity of radium, thorium, and uranium was the same and does not vary with time. Even though they should lose any of their activity, which they sometimes do, it is regained in the course of time. Polonium in these respects acts differently.

PROTACTINIUM

Protactinium is a comparatively new element, an account of its recent discovery appearing in *The Scientific*

American, January, 1930. It was recently isolated, and its properties verified by Aristid V. Grosse, Director of the Chemical Research Institute, Shanghai, China.

This element, of course, is radio-active, resembling radium in its properties, though very different, and rarer and more active. The explosion of the atom sends off alpha particles and gamma rays at enormous speed. In this manner an atom of the element Actinium is formed, and hence the name Proto-actinium, "proto" meaning in Greek "first." Also there is a whole series of atomic disintegration products formed in this process.

Protactinium is put in the ninety-first place in the Period Table between two of the heaviest elements known to man—uranium and thorium. The existence of protactinium was predicted sixty years ago, by that great Russian scientist, Mendeleeff, who gave us our present Periodic Table of the elements. Others worked on it, trying to isolate it, but due to wrong chemical properties attributed to it, no one ever saw any until 1927. Its oxide is a white powder, of a high melting point, and glows in the dark, due to the atomic explosion. It was thought that protactinium was associated with tantalum, just as radium is associated with barium. The difference from tantalum as predicted was actually proven. It was not necessary to separate it from tantalum because protactinium occurred by itself.

It is found in the richest uranium ore in the proportion of only one part to 10,000,000 parts of ore. It was found that while the uranium ore is worked up for radium, protactinium accumulates in these insoluble residues which constitute the wastes from radium, which previously had been thrown away as having no commercial value. These waste products contain more protactinium than the natural uranium material.

Radium costs around \$65,000 an ounce, so one would reasonably expect protactinium, which is rarer than radium, to cost a great deal more, but fortunately such is not the case. Because the radium ores are cheaper, and the protactinium content is higher than that of radium

in uranium ores, together with the fact that its extraction is fairly simple, the cost of it is relatively low. The extraction of it is not very complicated and difficult, thereby differing from radium. This is due to the individual nature it possesses which distinguishes it from other elements. Radium as we know has a close resemblance to barium, so much so that it requires several crystallizations to separate it.

It is not probable that protactinium will replace radium, because radium produces in shorter time a far larger amount of effective radio-active disintegration products than does protactinium. However, in medicine, it ought to find a different application because its salts act differently in the human body than does radium.

Protactinium, with a life history of 50,000 years, has a life period fifty times as long as radium. It is a metal which can be made formed into sheets and wire, and alloyed with other metals. From protactinium there is a possibility of getting actinium which is 2,000 times rarer than protactinium. It has never been seen with the eye, though its existence is known, and it is used in radio-therapeutics.

Anything that will bring us a step further in the science of radio-activity is very important, because this branch of science has opened up many facts on which our present day conception of matter and the structure of the atom are based. From this standpoint alone, the worth of protactinium is greater than any commercial value that it may later acquire.

In this connection the chemistry of these radio-active substances with respect to their atomic weights, chemical properties and position on the Periodic table should be of interest to us. The majority of these are so short lived that they are available only in exceedingly small quantities, and hence the direct determination of their atomic weights is impossible, at least by ordinary chemical methods. However, there is a relationship existing among them. In alpha ray transformations, each atom of the substance emits on disintegration one helium atom, so

it is to be expected that the transformation product will be less than that of the original element by the atomic weight of helium which is four. On the other hand, in beta transformation an electron, the mass of which is $1/1845$ of a hydrogen atom, is lost. But this minute change does not affect the atomic weight, because the then positively charged atom takes up from the outside an electron to make it neutral again; so the weight in the beta transformation product is the same as the parent substance. In this manner the atomic weights of the radio-active elements of the uranium, radium, and thorium series have been determined. As already mentioned the atomic weight of actinium is unknown, so the atomic weights of all the members of that series are unknown. However, the weight of it has been advanced by some to lie in the neighborhood of 226. If this is found to be true, then the atomic weights of these elements, about thirty in number, lie between 238 and 206.

It is not surprising to find that the properties of the radio-active elements have only been recently fully understood. Owing to their short life, the majority of these cannot be obtained in pure weighable quantities, so that the investigation of their chemical properties has been limited to a study of their behavior when mixed with larger quantities of other elements. In this connection, the question often arises as to the validity of the comparisons made between the chemical behavior of radio-active elements which are available only in minute quantities, and that of ordinary elements which are investigated in weighable quantities. These doubts were removed in 1907, by the discovery of a new phenomenon first observed for thorium. It was found that it was impossible to separate by chemical methods some radio-active elements from one another, or from certain ordinary elements. This phenomenon explains the earlier difficulties encountered in arranging these elements in the periodic system. The table contains only positions sufficient for the elements that can be separated by chemical or physico-chemical methods, hence those that could not be separated from

other elements by these two methods must be given a common place on the table. The chemical investigation of these elements that were not too short lived showed that they could be divided into two groups. In one, part of the previously known elements, uranium and thorium, there are those discovered by radio-active methods—polonium, actinium, radium, and radium emanation. To the second group belong those which cannot be separated by ordinary methods, either from one of the above radio-active elements, or bismuth, or lead, though qualitatively they are chemically identical with them.

In concluding this discussion, we must not leave out the most important of all radio-active substances, and the one which has meant much to the world—radium. The story of this marvelous substance would require much study, and would be too long a discussion to undertake here. However, a few important facts concerning it will suffice to give an idea to its great value and interesting discovery.

Becquerel, in 1896, noticed that in a room containing uranium salts, all photographic plates were rendered useless. He suggested to Madame Curie that she investigate the cause for this strange action. So as stated above, she took a ton of pitchblend, and after careful extraction found the residue far more active than the uranium itself. She found in Table IV a new element associated with barium, so much so that it required several crystallizations to separate it from barium. This new substance she named *Radium*.

It is separated from pitchblend in just the same way as barium. After removing all other substances, it remains behind mixed with barium. It can be partially separated from the latter by differences in solubility of the chlorides in hydrochloric acid, alcohol or water. Then by fractional crystallization, radium can be almost freed from the barium. There are such small quantities of radium in pitchblend, that it is necessary to use several tons to get a few decigrams of very active radium, and

thus it is obvious that the expense and labor involved in its preparation is great indeed.

Giesel found that pure radium bromide gave a beautiful carmine color to the Bunsen flame. If any barium was present there would be the green flame, and a spectroscopic examination revealed only the green line. This carmine color in the flame is a good indication of the purity of the radium.

It was soon found that radium emitted three types of rays, each differing from the other in speed and size. The alpha rays are positively charged atoms of helium, moving at the speed of 12,000 miles per second (rays from one ounce of radium) striking with the force of 10,000 tons of steel. They pass through the surrounding molecules of nitrogen and oxygen, and knock off electrons from elements thus ionizing everything near them. They, however, do not really travel 12,000 miles in any time, they are stopped completely before they have gone eight centimeters through the air. After colliding with thousands of air molecules their initial velocity is reduced to nothing. Alpha rays strike a zinc sulphide screen, and produce flashes of light (Spinthariscopes). Due to their mass, they are not very penetrating.

The beta rays are similar to cathode rays (electrons), but travel much faster, 180,000 miles per second, and therefore have a greater penetrative power.

The gamma rays correspond to X-rays, but are far more penetrating. They have a shorter wave length, and therefore a greater penetrative force. Alpha rays are stopped by .1 m.m. thickness of aluminum foil, beta rays by 4 m.m. thickness, and gamma rays by one foot of iron. The gamma rays are always found associated with the beta rays.

Radium disintegrates into two substances, nitron and helium. Ramsay and Soddy proved that the alpha particles were nothing more than atoms of helium having the same weight. Rutherford found later a gas from radium which he condensed by cooling in liquid air and volatilized by warming. This peculiar gas was radio-

active, though its activity decreased after several days. It was called "radium emanation" until Ramsay, working with a small amount, found its weight to be 222, and named it nitron.

The energy of radium is very strange. It gives off more than enough heat every hour to melt its weight of ice. This heat is due to the alpha and beta particles colliding with each other. When atoms unite in ordinary reactions, only a minute fraction of the total energy locked up in the atom is released; what if science should find the key to this vast storehouse of energy?

The chief use of radium today is as a therapeutic agent. Its radiations have a greater effect on unhealthy tissues than on normal ones, so, if properly managed, it is possible to destroy cancerous growths on the surface of the body. It is quite certain that accessible cancers have been cured by careful use of radium. The curative effect of some spring waters has been ascribed to radium emanations. Too long exposure to its rays, however, produces dangerous burns, so that it has to be kept in thick lead tubes to protect the operator. Radium is also used, though in very small amounts, in the preparation of a luminous paint for radiolite watch faces and door numbers. The average amount used on each watch is about twenty cents, and from the cost of it per gram, it must be a very small amount.

So far, the world has produced not over 200 grams of it. The price of it ranges from \$65,000 to \$120,000 per gram. The pitchblend deposits of Bohemia, from which Madam Curie first obtained radium, are almost exhausted, and the only important source of it today is in the carnotite ores of Utah and Colorado. Of course it occurs in only minute quantities, about two milligrams per ton, after four months of careful labor. Carnotite ores were exported to Germany, not realizing what they were used for. Today, most of the radium is converted into the insoluble sulfate in order to prevent loss from possible water contact in handling.

Madam Curie deserves much credit for her great work in this field. During her recent visit to this country she was highly honored, and in commemoration of her great discovery she was presented with a gram of this precious substance, which she turned over to a hospital for its use. She has given all she has received to the hospitals in Paris and Warsaw. It is indeed wonderful that those who bring to us these great discoveries, use them for the benefit of humanity, not asking anything in return, rather than as a method for the enrichment of themselves. The name of Curie will ever stand out in the records of the achievements of science.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

A literary magazine
published quarterly
by the Students of
Wake Forest College



Subscription
\$1.00 a year
Advertising rates
on application

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

THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
RICHARD PASCHAL, B. A. STRICKLAND.....	<i>Associate Editors</i>
W. L. WARFFORD.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
M. L. CASHION, T. C. WRENN.....	<i>Assistant Business Managers</i>
DR. H. B. JONES.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

VOLUME XLVII

JANUARY, 1930

NUMBER 2

The Editor's Portfolio

Shoulders to
The Wheel

We are now approaching the more concrete attempts of Wake Forest men to build a greater Wake Forest. Through much difficulty aspirations have developed into plans. At present, the work is concerned with such things as completing an alphabetical file of all former students and making preparations for a monthly issue of the *Alumni Bulletin*.

In launching a drive for immediate improvements, there will be no "high-pressure" campaigning, no canvassing by specialists. The supervision is under men who are interested because they are friends of the College and because they believe in the undertaking.

This step for advancement should command the cooperation of every Wake Forest man. And the wholesome, straight-forward spirit of this campaign can be reflected in no way more effectively than in a wholehearted interest on the part of the student body. After all, it is the students, and the students to come, that will reap the harvest.

Changes in Catalogue Two notable changes appear in the new Catalogue of Wake Forest College, now in the hands of the printer: first, the reduction of the entrance requirements in foreign language from four to two units; second, the substitution of a system of majors and minors for the group system.

Hereafter any graduate of an accredited high school may enter college with a minimum of two units in one of the foreign languages. We understand, however, that a student who offers the minimum number of units may be required to take as much as twenty-four hours of foreign language in college, while a student who offers four units may take a minimum of sixteen hours in college.

The beginning courses in language will count toward graduation without restriction. Heretofore these courses, which were designated as A-B courses, were used in part to satisfy deficiencies in entrance requirements, and in part for elective credit after more advanced courses were completed in the same language. These elementary courses were not allowed to count in the language requirement. As a result many students not especially interested in language found it necessary to take more language than will be required even in majors in this subject hereafter.

At first glance, this change appears to be a sacrifice of standards. In compensation, however, a system of majors and minors provide for greater concentration in two chosen fields throughout the junior and senior years, this concentration to be in advanced courses. It is understood, too, that all students who graduate after the class of 1930 will have to meet the quality requirement in grades—a grade of 85 or more on half of the courses taken at Wake Forest. Relief from making up entrance requirements in language, with the consequent heavy schedule, will in some instances make the 85 easier of attainment.

About two weeks ago the President of Wake Forest College preached to the Chief Justice of the United States. We conclude that Wake Forest is a big place in a little world.

* * *

The Revolt
of Youth

Read the following and see if it doesn't sound like the twentieth century: "Alas!

How miserably maidenly modesty and honor have fallen off and the mother's guardianship has decayed both in appearance and fact, so that in all their behavior nothing can be noted but an unseemly mirth wherein are no sounds but of jest, with winking eyes and babbling tongue and wanton gait and most ridiculous manners. The quality of their garments is so unlike to that frugality of the past that in the . . . tightening of their bodices . . . , nay in their whole person, we may see how shame is cast aside." This statement is attributed to a writer of the twelfth century.

In 1807 it was declared in alarm that boys "assume the air of full grown coxcombs." Bristed, writing in 1818, concerning social subordination in the United States, says, "Parents have no command over their children."

It is evident that every generation is skeptical of the succeeding generation. There are trained and philosophic minds, however, who look at this revolt of youth from a cosmic point of view. They are optimistic in spite of popular bewilderment.

Gilbert Murray, after discussing present day morals writes, "And I should like to say emphatically that the undergraduates, both men and women, whom I now know as pupils or friends, seem to me every bit as well behaved as we were, and perhaps a little more public spirited and intelligent." And, he adds, "I trust for the general maintenance and gradual raising of moral standards in a society such as ours."

James H. S. Bossard of the University of Pennsylvania gives this explanation: "The problem of modern youth,

then, is one of tremendous mental and emotional power, of superabundant energy, of experimental hopefulness, of high idealism and of a superb confidence, clamoring for intelligent utilization and effective expression in a daringly dynamic world." A conclusion of his is that "What naturally follows in the course of history is a constant rise of moral standards."

* * *

In the *Virginia Quarterly Review* there is an article, "North Carolina at the Cross-Roads." From its title one would expect to find an article of great significance, but when he reads it he only finds a prejudiced account of the labor situation.

* * *

One of our associate editors last summer won \$150 for a prize essay. We are publishing "Church and State" in *THE STUDENT* in two parts, the first part appearing in this issue.

* * *

The Senatorial Race In the Democratic primary next June a former student of this campus will face the voters of North Carolina in one of the most crucial battles of the State. Josiah William Bailey graduated from this College and has served on the Board of Trustees. Now, in the prime of his life, he seeks the higher political honors.

Mr. Bailey, as a United States senator, would be an honor to his alma mater, as well as to the State of North Carolina.

* * *

A fact: About the middle of January when the whole class was present on one of the major English courses, there was no room available for one of the pupils. But why worry over material things!

When The
Current
Strikes

A feature article in this issue of THE STUDENT gives interesting, though somewhat disconcerting, information about an electrocution. The article is not argumentative but descriptive of the scene, and at the same time an exposition of the mental experience of the writer. Nevertheless, there is no greater argument against capital punishment than the sight of it.

The punishment of murderers is of vital concern to every American citizen, for the United States is the most murderous nation of today. "There are more murders in the United States in proportion to the population than in any other civilized country in the world." We have capital punishment and still the rate of these murders is increasing every year. The reason for this increase is because the penalty is so little used. The majority of murders are not detected. "Less than one per cent of the murderers are now executed."

Switzerland, which is the least murderous nation, once abolished capital punishment. But on account of an increase in the murder rate, it became necessary for her to restore the death penalty.

On account of the abuse of the pardon power life imprisonment, as punishment for the extreme crimes, is reduced almost to the absurdity. Every prisoner is reasonable in hoping that some day he will be pardoned. Nothing is more demoralizing to a state than her prisons filled with these life convicts.

Death is the only penalty that murderers fear. A criminal so intent on crime as to murder will not long let a possible life imprisonment "with hard labor" detain him. "Give him the cell" could never be comparable to "Give him the rope." Every person has an instinctive fear of the loss of his life, the more degenerate the person the greater the fear.

The sight of an electrocution may make one disbelieve in it himself, but this is irrelevant to the example it sets. It is urged that capital punishment does not set an

example because it is not seen, but this is untrue to human nature. It is not the sight of death but the thought of death that is so forbidding. It is this phase that serves as the best preventive to these *extra-normal* persons.

Capital punishment, it is sometimes argued, brutalizes society. This is a mistake. It is the low grade of newspapers that fill their headlines with crimes and executions, and their front page stories with sordid details, that brutalize society—not the executions themselves.

John Rathbon Oliver, world-famous psychiatrist, examines every criminal before and after death in Baltimore. He admits the effects of the experiences, but concludes, "And yet, I still believe in capital punishment," as necessary to the safeguard of society.

Human life has always been held sacred. When one deliberately takes the life of an innocent person he forfeits his own right to live. For this crime "capital punishment has been used since the world began," to safeguard society and to insure the sacredness of life and individual liberty.

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Tuition and Room-rent free. Scholarships available for approved students. Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses: I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma. II. Resident Course with Special Emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree A.M. III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course, Seminary degree Th.M., University degree Ph.D.

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

Edwards & Broughton Company

Complete Annual Service

The good will and friendliness of Wake Forest Students and Faculty is a matter of sincere appreciation on the part of this company; and earnest effort, expert workmen and modern machinery enter into our service to Wake Forest and other colleges.

Printers of College Publications

The Wake Forest Student

Vol. XLVII

No. 3



MARCH, 1930

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Fire From Heaven	189
BENJAMIN SLEDD	
'Tis Spring (<i>Poem</i>)	201
SCRIBBLER	
Eleanor	202
NIELA ALEIN	
Boomerang	205
R. E. WILSON	
By Their Tombs Ye Shall Know Them	209
C. A. WILLIAMS	
A Louisiana Sketch	217
VIRGINIA BENTON	
Sonnets	220
SCRIBBLER	
The Old Water Wheel	222
Y. L. BROWN	
Blood Money	229
A. LAURANCE AYDLETT	
Some of Louis Pasteur's Contributions to Society	232
J. MILTON EARLY	
Three Poems	241
L. D. MUNN	
Futility	243
WILLIAM N. DAY	
Church and State	246
RICHARD PASCHAL	
Exchanges	271
Editor's Portfolio	276

The Wake Forest Student

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

VOLUME XLVII

MARCH, 1930

NUMBER 3

The Fire From Heaven

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By BENJAMIN SLEDD*

CHARACTERS:

Abraham.

Ishmael, his son.

Eli ezer, Abraham's chief servant.

Elihu, Abraham's messenger to Lot.

Zilpah, foster-daughter of Lot.

SCENE:

The Holy Land, near the city of Hebron, where Abraham has made his encampment under the oaks of Mamre.

In the middle foreground is a natural mound of earth and stones, which serves as a watch-tower.

On the right, in the background, is the tent of Abraham, with the door unlooped. Beyond, are glimpsed the tents of the encampment.

On the left is an open view toward the Cities of the Plains.

The time of the action begins late in the afternoon and ends just at sunrise of the next day.

As the scene opens, Ishmael, a youth of some sixteen years, is gazing out from the top of the Lookout Mound. He is tall and hardy, with the dark, startling beauty of the desert-folk. He is clothed in a sleeveless tunic, woven in a single piece, of fine white wools, and falling just below his knees. About his waist a girdle of mingled bright cloth is wound loosely in two folds, the ends falling down over his hips. He is without head-dress, his black hair curling thickly about his brow and neck. His sandals are of fine leather, with ornamented double latches.

* Copyright by the Author.

Eliezer is just coming out of Abraham's tent-door. He is above medium height, heavily made, and stern-looking, with a grizzled beard and shaggy black eyebrows. His dress is a long-sleeved white tunic, falling in loose folds about his ankles. He wears, not the common turban, but a distinctive white head-dress, which covers his neck and shoulders and is bound about his head with a dark band. His sandals are of coarse leather, with two latches.

ELIEZER. (*Walking back and forth before Abraham's tent.*)

High over the Great Sea the sun still hangs
But gives no light,—a blood-red eye that burns
Like as with Jahveh's wrath.

(*Gazing toward the encampment*)

On man and beast
Has fallen strange fear. Shepherds skulk in their tents
All day, and flocks and herds cower in their folds.

(*Turning toward the Cities of the Plains*)

Must we, too, feel the weight of Jahveh's hand,
Whereof the Strangers spoke, in Abraham's tent?

(*Seeing Ishmael, who comes down from the Mound*)

That son of Hagar! With no sign of fear!
Always abroad when danger is at hand!

(*Calling*)

Where is your father, Ishmael?

ISHMAEL. Gone just now,
With those three Strangers he has entertained,
Toward the Cities of the Plains.

ELIEZER. Three Strangers!
Angels they were, messengers from his God,
Sent to renew that promise of a son
To white-haired Sarah; whence should spring, in time,
The Chosen Seed, unnumbered as the stars
Or sands of Seir!

ISHMAEL. Even Sarah laughed aloud
Out of her tent, hearing her childless age

Once more made sport of by the god or devil
That plays on Abraham's folly.

ELIEZER. (*Angrily*). Madness, call it!
A man revered and feared above all kings;
By day, an eye that looks men through and through;
More filled with instinct than the beasts themselves,
So sure in reading signs of earth and sky;
But soon as darkness comes, a very child
Hearing his God speak in the desert wind,
Even in the twinklings of the silent stars:
Always a prophecy of the Chosen Seed!
And now when overhead hangs Jahveh's wrath—

ISHMAEL. No more of our backbiting Abraham, pray;
But come with me up to the Lookout Rock.
Lean on me hard; the path is steep, old man.
Now look toward the Cities of the Plains.

ELIEZER. 'Tis only what the Strangers warned. The
doom
Of Sodom and Gomorrah is at hand.

ISHMAEL. What do you see?

ELIEZER. I see a mighty cloud,
Shield-shaped, stretched north and south over the
Plains,—

The rims heat-white but darkening, ring on ring,
Inward around a boss blacker than night.

ISHMAEL. That is the cloud I saw at noon come down
And rest first on the House of Baal, which tops
The mount of hanging gardens in the midst;
Then fold on fold it lowered, blotting out
Temple and pillared walks.

ELIEZER. What is the sound
That comes up from the desert, far and near,—
Whimpering, shambling, grinding, like the voice
Of the Great Sca heard from the cliffs of Carmel?

ISHMAEL. Wild beasts that denuded and cubbed in the
warm caves

And gorges of the heights rimming the Plains,
 Drove after drove, fleeing the doom they know
 Is now at hand,—wiser than man himself.
 All day I stood and watched them streaming past.
 First a great lion came slinking along
 Almost in spear-length. As I rose tiptoe
 With muscles strained, spear poised to make the cast,
 The creature turned upon me such piteous eyes,
 Their fires all quenched and gray, I lowered my arm
 And let him go. A tigress brought her cub
 And laid it at my feet, then hurled herself
 Madly back through the packed and swaying mass
 And brought a second cub and still a third.
 Mere folly call it, when I left my spear
 Thrust in the sand, and with a whimpering cub
 In either hand, she with the other in her mouth,
 I made my way on to a sheltering rock
 And left them safe, I hope.

ELIEZER. You should have thrust
 The mother through and through and brained the cubs.

ISHMAEL. For shame, Eliezer! Faithful as you are
 To every trust, you have a heart of stone.
 But look! Abraham and Strangers stand at gaze
 Toward the Cities of the Plains.

ELIEZER. They look
 Pillars of fire against the pit's black rim;
 And Abraham kneels, with lifted hands, to One
 Towering in majesty above the rest.
 Now Abraham rises to his feet and stands
 With bended head, like one whose prayer is answered.

ISHMAEL. Two of the Strangers go toward the Plains.
 Where is the other?

ELIEZER. Vanished like a torch
 Plunged into sand.

ISHMAEL. As Abraham comes this way
 He grips his breast and mumbles in his beard.

Some fancy works him hard.

But look, Eliezer!

Some one, with camel in full stride, draws near,
Leaps down and kneels, but Abraham passes on
With holden eyes.

ELIEZER.

It is the boy, Elihu,

Sent before dawn with messages to Lot.

Let us go down.

(As Ishmael and Eliezer come down from the Lookout Mound, Abraham passes, with bended head and unseeing eyes, and enters his tent.)

ISHMAEL. *(Calling)*. Elihu, come this way.

(Elihu enters from the left. His dress is a short tunic of camel's hair, a girdle of leather, and a turban of white cloth. His feet are bare. He waits with folded hands and lowered eyes.)

ELIEZER. The master set midday for your return,
Elihu; make plain why you have tarried so long.

ELIHU. There was no help, Eliezer. Every way this
side

Down to the Plains was blocked. The desert's face
Was verily hidden by wild beasts on the move.

The fiercest and the timidest alike

Cowered and crowded round my camel's feet;

Only the elephant, in trappings still,

Trumpeting madly, trampled over the rest.

I must draw back and go round by the south,

By Seir and Zoär and the brook Arnon.

ELIEZER. You reached the Plains at last?

ELIHU.

About midday.

ISHMAEL. Why do you pause? What tidings do you
bring?

ELIHU. Tidings almost too strange to tell.

ELIEZER.

We listen.

ELIHU. Past Zoär, where the way bends to the Plains,
The sun went out and yet I saw no cloud.
A shining haze wrapped everything about;
So bright, it made the eyes ache but to look.
The air burned like the desert at midday;
My hair stood up and prickled to the touch;
Sword-point and spearhead sparkled, held aloft—

ISHMAEL. The people, Elihu?

ELIHU. Mad as the shapes that dance
Across the desert's face before the storm.
Women and men, unclothed down to the waist,
Even the children, naked as at birth,
All wantoning in open shamelessness;
Feasting and dancing cumbered all the ways,
The stones reddened with wine and strewn with food—

ISHMAEL. And what of Lot?

ELIHU. Skirting the walls outside,
I found him sitting in the Eastern Gate,
And with him were two men in talk, whose like
These eyes of mine will never see again.
All light they seemed; their garments woven of light;
Their faces raying light as does the sun.
They looked upon me with their shining eyes
And straight they knew whence I had come and why.

ELIEZER. And Abraham's warning message?

ELIHU. Left unsaid.
There was no need. The men had told Lot all.
I turned and gave my camel his own way.
Terror lent wings to his slow, stubborn feet.

ISHMAEL. And Zilpah,—have you tidings of her,
Elihu?

ELIHU. Lot's foster-daughter? Maddest of the mad.
As I went down by Zoär from the heights,
I met her coming up out of the Plains,
Holding a new-born lamb under each arm,
The mother-ewes trotting along beside.

For days she has been herding, shepherding,
 Whatever of clean beast pastures the Plains.
 These were the last, she said; in her strange way
 Smiling, not with her lips but with her eyes.
 The wild beasts had been turned toward the west;
 To-night the birds would gather for their flight—

ELIEZER. (*Mocking*). She wore her vaunted veil of
 second-sight?

ISHMAEL. (*Fiercely*). Blistered may be your tongue
 for speaking so!

(*In an awed tone.*)

Look up, Eliezer, toward the Plains. You see—

ELIEZER. A cloud shaped like a moving locust-
 plague—

ISHMAEL. Or bow drawn taut, the ends bent to the
 west—

ELIHU. The birds in flight! The last sign, Zilpah
 said.

ISHMAEL. The doom of Sodom and Gomorrah falls—

ELIHU. To-morrow at sunrise, the Strangers said,
 Reasoning with Lot and urging him to flee.

ISHMAEL. You saw Zilpah again, as you returned?

ELIHU. No; but I heard her voice, so clear, so sweet,
 Calling her flocks high up among the hills
 Between Scir and Zoär. She is safe.

ELIEZER. (*Going*). Abraham,—he must know of
 this at once.

(*He disappears through the tent door*)

ISHMAEL. Elihu, have ready for me at moonrise
 Your fleetest camel, nor let Eliezer know—

ELIHU. You will not venture down into the Plains—

ISHMAEL. Fear not for me. Do as I bid, Elihu,
 Then go and rest. You tremble for weariness.

(As Elihu goes out by the right, Zilpah enters from the left. She is tall and slender and seems somewhat younger than Ishmael. Her light, straight hair, and fair skin would mark her, not of the desert-folk but of an alien race. She wears a white flowing robe, sleeveless, with a high girdle of bright colored cloth. Her sandals are laced high about her ankles. Her head is bare. For a moment she stands in silence, with a hand on either shoulder of Ishmael.)

ISHMAEL. Zilpah, why have you come?

ZILPAH. To tell of Lot;
But most I feared what your brave heart would do,
When you had heard the boy Elihu's tale.

ISHMAEL. Beasts of the wilderness obey your voice,
And should not Love?

ZILPAH. Speak not of love
In such an hour. Look east: what do you see?

ISHMAEL. The moon breaking above the Moab hills.

ZILPAH. And with to-morrow's sun, high heaven itself
Will veil its sight from what it must behold.

ISHMAEL. But you are safe. And Jahveh cares for
Lot.

ZILPAH. I left my frightened flocks safe in the hills
And ventured down once more into the Plains
To urge Lot and his people to escape
While yet was time; but all about his house
The men of Sodom raged like angry beasts.
Two strangers lodged with him, who had foretold
The city's doom.

ISHMAEL. The rabble sought to lay
Rude hands on them?

ZILPAH. From madness such as theirs,
Even Jahveh's messengers are not secure.
There was no time to wait; for one more task

I had to do,—to loose halter and door
 And let the King's white steeds, half crazed with fear,
 Follow my own white Selim, whom you know,
 To safety. Yonder by the tents they wait.

(Bending her knees half-mockingly)

Some day my lord will vaunt his flocks and herds!
 But hide me now. I hear Eliezer's voice.
 He hates the white outlandish thing I am.

*(Zilpah is hidden among the rocks of the
 Lookout Mound.)*

ELIEZER. *(Coming forward and muttering in his
 beard)*. It should be dark but everywhere a light
 Burns like a witch-fire, brighter even than day.—
 Ishmael, you and I keep watch to-night.
 Abraham wrestles with his God in prayer
 To save harlots and drunkards from their doom;
 The young men cower helpless in their tents—

ISHMAEL. Leave me to watch alone to-night, Eliezer.
 Last night you watched, unhelped, from dark to dawn—

ELIEZER. *(Suspiciously)*. This eagerness—

ISHMAEL. *(Feigning anger)*. Go, old man. Do as
 I bid

NOR stir my wrath. Am I not Abraham's son?

ELIEZER. *(Surlily)*. And I chief steward, hated of
 all men?

(He goes out past Abraham's tent.)

ISHMAEL. *(Bringing out Zilpah from her hiding
 place)*. Up to the Lookout Rock, where all is safe!
 Lean on me heavily, the way is steep.

*(They reach the top of the mound and lean against the
 circle of stones, their faces turned toward the Cities of
 the Plains.)*

ISHMAEL. Listen! A sound comes up, like to the roar
 of swarming hives in springtime from the rocks—

ZILPAH. It is the rabble's voice, about Lot's door.

ISHMAEL. But see! The cloud that since noonday has
hidden
Cities and Plain is lifting; and, below,
Temples and towers and walls seem all on fire;
The mount of hanging gardens in the midst
Flames like a terebinth torch against the dark—
That blinding flash and deafening thunder peal!

ZILPAH. The House of Baal is cloven through and
through,
And roof, columns, and walls go ruining down!

ISHMAEL. That cry went up to heaven's very face!
A thousand human hearts perished in it.

ZILPAH. The cloud lowers again and all is hidden—

ISHMAEL. And gloom, like Jahveh's frown falls from
the heavens—

ZILPAH. The very earth trembles like one in fear.

*(Utter darkness, for a moment, veils the scene. As the
weird light returns, the lovers are seen clinging together
in helpless terror.)*

ISHMAEL. *(In an awed voice).* Zilpah, put on your
veil of second-sight;
Look forth and tell me how it fares with Lot.

*(The girl draws a dark veil from her bosom and wraps
it about her head. Her eyes alone are seen above the
folds hiding her face. She looks out toward the Plains.)*

ZILPAH. I see two men in white. They reason with
Lot
And urge him and his wife and all his house
To flee. Daughters and husbands mock their words.
The men in white seize Lot, his wife and daughters
And hurry them out at the Eastern Gates.

ISHMAEL. But see, Zilpah! The sun before his time
Breaks over Moab's hills. The cloud has lifted.
Cities and Plain are wrapped in dazzling light;
While overhead the cloud still hangs and glooms

Darker than Jahveh's frown.

Zilpah, look forth

Once more and tell me how it fares with Lot.

ZILPAH. Now up the pathway from the Plains Lot
goes,

Supported by a daughter, on either hand,—

His limbs unable to bear up a body

Heavy with meat and drink.—They enter Zoär.

ISHMAEL. Where is their mother?

ZILPAH. Yonder, she turns back

And stands leaning upon an upright stone,

Bending her looks toward the home she leaves—

She lifts a vessel to her lips and drinks.

It is the wine she loves, better than life;

For now—Ishmael, veil your head and face!

ISHMAEL. My eyes are blinded and my ears are
stunned!

Where are you, Zilpah? Are we lost?

ZILPAH.

Safe, safe!

Look now with guarded eyes toward the Plains.

The heavens rain down their living fires, to meet

Fires bursting from below; the very air

Seems all on fire.

ISHMAEL.

And Lot's wife,—is she lost?

ZILPAH. A cloud of fiery snow has compassed her.

It lifts, and where she leaned against the stone

Stands something whiter than a pillar of salt.

ISHMAEL. From Jahveh's anger—

ZILPAH.

She would not be saved;

For she was warned to haste and not look back.

Almost I loved her, for her gentle ways,

Even with a foster-child. But Lot I feared;

And trembled when I found his lustful eyes

Fixed on my face.

(*She removes the veil.*)

ISHMAEL. I must go down, Zilpah,
And let Abraham know of Lot's escape.

ZILPAH. And I must go back to my troubled flocks.

ISHMAEL. And I shall find you where?

ZILPAH. We say farewell.
Abraham removes to-day far to the south
And I go to my own dear Moab hills,—
Forever out of reach of Lot's vile eyes
And viler hands and tongues of his two daughters.
Your mother Hagar has in store for you
A wife out of her own Egyptian folk—
My heart aches but to see the coming years!—
Your father stands in his tent-door. Hide me!

(A stern voice is heard calling, "Ishmael!")

ISHMAEL. My father calls. I dare not disobey—

(As Ishmael goes down from the Mound, he looks back a moment, to see Zilpah standing in the shadow of the rocks and holding out her arms.)

(Curtain falls slowly.)



'Tis Spring

By SCRIBBLER

'Tis Spring, they say!

The flowers wake and so silently peep
From the beds where Autumn had
bade them sleep.

The birds, gone long
To a sunnier clime,
Are back with their chatter and song
To herald the coming glad springtime.

New life is stirring in field and in tree,
New hope arises in you and in me—

'Tis spring—today!

Eleanor

By NIELA ALEIN

ELEANOR first came into my life when I was eight years old. I was living in Philadelphia at the time. Both she and I were members of the "Pastor's Choir," which was composed of about sixty children whose fond parents cherished the delusion that their offspring could sing. I had never noticed her until an incident occurred which, very forcibly, called her to my attention.

One Sunday morning I found myself seated beside a very small girl who was busily engaged in doing something to a piece of paper with a pencil. As my father was pastor of the church, I felt rather insulted that anyone would thus ignore the main business of the occasion, and was quite anxious to discover the cause of this infant's inattention. With nothing but the best of motives, of course, I peered over her shoulder. To my horror, I saw that she was busily at work on a caricature of my father! It wasn't even a good likeness. Fire was spouting from his nostrils, and he was waving one arm in a manner which, I must admit, was characteristic of him. The girl happening to turn in my direction at that psychological moment, I glared at her as ferociously as was possible. She turned red. Her face, neck, and even her hands were a violent shade of crimson, but, like the valiant little warrior that she was, she continued to draw. More glaring, on my part, did not seem to have any effect on this terrible per-son. So I sat and suffered until the awful deed was completed. Then the impudent minx, after scanning the results of her efforts, handed *me* the horrible picture of my own father, and, with her nose exceedingly high in the air, proceeded to go to sleep! No, I should not say that my first impression of Eleanor was a very favorable one.

The next occasion of my coming in contact with this high-voltage young lady was at a banquet which was held at the church. Of course, as is the fashion at that sort of affair, a receiving line was formed. I was dragged, rather forcibly, to be sure, into position in the line, for I was the minister's oldest son, and must, therefore, pay the penalty for my position. I was shaking hands and mumbling polite "Howdydos," when I heard a giggle. Looking up from the floor, where my gaze had been resting, I stared into the face of a girl. Her countenance seemed vaguely familiar, but I could not place her in my mind until she blushed. Ah, then I remembered! This was the girl that had drawn that rotten picture of Dad. Just then, Mother came up and introduced us to each other. This formality over with, Mother at last freed me from my bondage and told me to see that Eleanor had a good time. The insult of the caricature still rankled in my mind, and as soon as I was out of sight of my mother, I started to scold her about her actions on that eventful day. This was a mistake, as I soon found out. She slapped my face and walked away, leaving me rubbing my cheek and thinking unpleasant thoughts about her. The next time I saw her, though, she apologized, and we became fast friends.

Four years after I first met Eleanor, Dad accepted a call to a church in Baltimore. I did not want to leave Philadelphia, mainly because of Eleanor. We were real "pals" by that time, and the thought of moving away was wholly obnoxious to both of us. However, we couldn't do anything about it; so I said my fond farewells, feeling that this was the last time that I would see her. However, I was to be badly fooled.

One year from the time my family moved to Baltimore, taking me with them, Eleanor's family came to Baltimore and rented a house just across the street from us. But Eleanor—how changed she was! No longer did she blush. Far from it, for she was more sophisticated than any girl of her age that I had met. Both her hair and her skirts had been bobbed since last I saw her, and her face was plastered with "make-up." Alas! Where was my pal?

Where was the girl to whom I used to take all my troubles and woes? Where was the girl I had liked so well—so unaffected and frank?

Ah, she was gone forever! Today, Eleanor is the belle of the town. She is beautiful—I admit it—but with the dangerous beauty of a flame. Fascinating? Yes—with the fascination of a great precipice, which leads one on to destruction.

I sometimes sit and dream of the Eleanor that I loved, and wonder why she had to change. And as I sit and muse, there passes before my eyes the vision of a little girl, with crimson face, drawing a picture of her minister, while an angry boy glares at her and tries to break down her morale. *My* Eleanor is gone—I know not this new one.



Boomerang

By R. E. WILSON

THERE was no sense in Dick's being as cruel as he was. He had had two or three dogs when he was younger, but they were always abused, beaten or tortured. One dog, Sport, a beautifully colored collie had got in Dick's way when he was angry, and Dick, poking at Sport with a stick, had punched the dog's left eye out. Sport had left his home then, and no matter where he had gone, he surely must have fared better under any other owner.

When out hunting, Dick never narrowed his quest down to quail or rabbits or ducks; he delighted in shooting robins, pigeons—anything that crossed his path. The S. P. C. A. had had him arrested two or three times in an effort to check his cruelties to dumb beasts. Dick hadn't had a horse or dog for months; in fact, people who knew him were loath to sell him any helpless thing.

Dick loaned money. That was his business. His father had left him enough to keep him comfortable the rest of his life, but Dick seemed to delight in foreclosing mortgages when they came due, and putting his debtors out of house and home. He never lost any money, for he always had ample security before lending any out. He wasn't popular. People only went to him when they had to have money.

This year the Boll Weevil and the wet weather had ruined the cotton crop. Instead of getting a bale to the acre, tenant farmers, and independent farmers too, for that matter, were only getting from a sixth to a third of a bale. The county was hard hit. Nearly everyone was borrowing.

Dick was on his way out to an old Negro's place, with papers to eject him from his home, if he could not pay off the mortgage.

After having the satisfaction of seeing the old slave and his weeping old wife shuffle out with a few belongings to a friend's house, Dick crawled back into his "doggy" roadster and started for town.

"Well," he chuckled to himself, "not a bad morning's work. Ought to get two thousand for the place next year, if the cotton crop is any better.

"By golly, I better have two more tires put on in front. They're plenty bad, and I'd hate like hell to have to change one on this sandy road." Such were his musings as he drove slowly along, in second gear, through the sandy routes towards town.

After reaching the concrete highway, Dick increased his speed somewhat. A short distance ahead, just off the pavement on the right side of the road, a dull black and coppery-colored snake was basking in the early morning sun, not bothering anything or anyone—preferring to make his way unmolested to some secluded spot by way of the ditch. The warm, fine grains of sand felt good to his belly as he crawled along. He was not looking for trouble. He never did unless someone pushed it on him. He was contented and lazy. A field mouse had constituted the Copperhead's breakfast.

Dick spied the snake as he drove by, slowed down, stopped, and backed up. Turning his wheels so that the right front and rear wheels would run over the coppery ribbon, he pulled over to the side and ran over the snake with both wheels. This sudden attack caught the unsuspecting snake off his guard. Even though the soft sand in the ditch did absorb some of the weight of the heavy, disc-wheeled roadster, it was still enough to be exceedingly painful.

Dick looked back at the snake after both wheels had crossed its body. Seeing it writhing in pain and lashing its head to and fro in anger and surprise, Dick threw the car in reverse and backed over the snake. It struck the back and front tires with bared fangs. No use giving up without a fight.

Dick grinned, more of a smirk or sneer than anything else, jerked the big roadster's gearshift in low, and pulled the car back to the highway.

"Well, so much for that," soliloquized Dick. The last he had seen of the snake it had been partially covered by the loose sand in the ditch, feebly waving the upper part of its body around in the air. Dick continued on his way to town.

Before he had gone more than a mile, he noticed that his car was harder to steer, that it wanted to pull to the right side of the road.

"Damn, bet I've got a flat," he cursed as he pulled over and stopped. "Hell yes. Why didn't I have those tires put on yesterday? And two miles to town. Oh, well, I've got a good spare. Must have picked up a nail."

The right front tire was slowly hissing out the balance of its air. Removing his tweed coat, Dick unlocked the rumble seat and got out his jack and tools. He wasn't so very used to changing tires, for he ordinarily kept good ones on the car.

A passing motorist slowed down and yelled, "Need any help, Buddy?"

"No!" answered Dick, mumbling because some of the nuts were very hard to loosen.

At last, perspiring and growling, he removed all except one nut. It would not come loose. He turned the tire around and around, pulling on it with his hands, but the last nut would not come loose. With an oath, he gave it one final jerk, and as he did, he felt something sharp stick in his finger.

"Ouch," he yelled, removing his hand hastily from the tire, "Feels like a piece of glass. Not enough to have a flat and not be able to get the tire off, but I also have to stick something in my finger."

He got in the car, ran it off of the jack, gathered up his tools and started slowly the two remaining miles to town, with the car bump, bump, bumping on the flat tire.

Dick left the roadster at the service station, with orders for two new tires to be put on, and walked on to his office,

where he told his stenographer what had happened. He then washed up, and went into his private office. He was tired, and his finger hurt a little. Dick put some iodine on it and sat down to rest.

• • • • •

The phone rang. Miss Stephens answered it. "Hello. Is Mr. Jessup there? This is Watt's Service Station. Tell Mr. Jessup that we found a dead Copperhead snake wrapped around the right front axle between the brake and the disc wheel. Just thought we'd let him know it. We'll have his car up there in a few minutes. Goodbye."

Somewhat astonished at the unusual news, Miss Stephens went to the door of Dick's inner office and knocked. No response. She went in, shook him, and called his name. He did not answer.



By Their Tombs Ye Shall Know Them

By C. A. WILLIAMS

IMAGINE yourself, if you can, rolling back a stone, entering a low room, and seeing there on the floor before you a track in the dust made by a human being five thousand years ago and yet looking as fresh and as clear-cut as if it had been impressed there only a few hours earlier. Or if you prefer, how would you like to enter a similar chamber and behold the perfectly preserved remains of the identical Pharaoh who was villain of the story told in Exodus? This may seem utterly absurd but these experiences have recently been enjoyed by intrepid Egyptologists in their endless search for knowledge.

Our age may be defined as the period of the resurrection of ancient worlds, and the romance of the explorations which have given back to us the buried civilizations of antiquity is almost as thrilling as that of the discoveries and exploits of Columbus, Byrd, and Lindbergh. As a matter of fact Lindbergh has become an enthusiastic archeologist and does his work from a speeding plane through ultra-modern air photography.

Ancient and mighty empires which before have lived for us only in the dim traditions and distorted pictures of classical historians have risen out of the past. They have begun to take shape and solidity before our eyes; their palaces, their temples, and their tombs have yielded us unquestionable and vivid illustrations of the height of culture that had been reached in almost incredibly ancient days.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that we know as much about the life and customs of the leading peoples of four millenniums ago as we do of those of the Europeans

of the Middle Ages. The science of Egyptology, which is reconstructing for us the ordered history of the three thousand years before Christ and enabling us to see the types of men, the manner of living, the forms of government, and the religious customs of period after period from the very dawn of Egyptian nationality, is specifically a growth of our own time.

The emergence from the mists of the past of this ancient world with its ancient kings, its ordered courts, its highly organized government, is surely one of the most dramatic surprises which the progress of scientific investigation has presented to the modern mind. The wonder has only been increased by the disclosure of the fact that the rise and development of this race are so much more ancient than was believed a few years ago.

Egyptology is at present hopelessly divided against itself over the question of all dates prior to 1580 B.C. Petrie places the beginnings of the first dynasty at 5510 B.C. while the Berlin school brings them down to 3400 B.C. In any case, by the middle of the fourth millennium B.C. society was already in a state of high organization and culture. Modern exploration has not, of course, and could not follow a strictly chronological order in its researches. Explorers have to take and interpret whatever a site yields them, whether it belonged to the first dynasty or the thirtieth.

In the task of turning back the wheels of time for forty centuries and studying what may be called pre-historic history, the tombs of ancient kings have proved our most interesting and fruitful source of information. We now know that civilization in Egypt followed the natural course of development by which it has grown to maturity in other lands. It was the gradual growth of many centuries of patient effort on the part of pioneers whose greatness the later Egyptians revered with a true instinct; though perhaps their actual knowledge of them was even scantier than that which modern excavations have given to us.

The kings of the earliest dynasties built no pyramids as tombs. Their remains were placed in a square chamber sunk in the ground which had a roof made of poles and brushwood overlaid with sand. A little later—that is, a few hundred years later—a wooden lining for the chamber was fashionable. It had a beam roof and side stairways over a mound of earth held in place by a dwarf wall made of wood. By the third dynasty the dwarf walls were being erected of brick. This led to the use of stone for the wall, and repeated coverings of stone enlarged the structure until finally a smooth coating on the outside completed it. Thus, we see that the first pyramid was merely a square chamber which was sunk in the ground and covered over with sand and stone. In fact, these flat top, sloped sided tombs, with their burial chambers extending from 10 to 100 feet beneath the surfaces, were really not pyramids but mastabas.

It was the fourth dynasty, however, which produced a race of pyramid builders. The tombs of these ancient monarchs were not such as could be erected by a race undeveloped or just emerging from barbarism; they could only have been the product of a people comparatively far advanced in culture. Their contents revealed evidence not only of an astonishing proficiency in the arts of peace but also of an elaborate and complex social organization such as we should scarcely have deemed possible at so early a date.

In the care bestowed upon the dead the Egyptians surpass all other peoples of ancient or modern times. This is largely accounted for by the fact that they believed the preservation of the body to be an essential prerequisite to any life after death. The means adopted were more or less elaborate in proportion to the wealth of the deceased's family, but the principle was the same in all cases. The body was first embalmed and after being swathed in linen bandages was placed in the coffin. In the time of the Middle Empire magical texts, designed to protect the deceased from the perils of the lower world, were inscribed upon the coffin boards. Under the New Empire similar

texts were written upon papyrus and placed within the coffin. Amulets of various kinds were placed beside the mummy or around the neck. When these preparations were complete the body was carried to the tomb, accompanied by relatives, friends, and troops of hired mourners. At the place of burial, the officiating priests performed the appropriate ceremonies: extracts from the sacred books were read, incense was burned, offerings were made, and the body was then committed to the tomb. Every provision was made for the comfort of the deceased. Alabaster figures of fowls and loaves of bread and little wine jars of wood were provided, which, by virtue of the charms repeated over them, acquired the properties of real food and drink. In the same way the food was supposed to be prepared in wooden models of kitchens by statuettes of cooks and bakers. Should the deceased wish for recreation there were games of various kinds and his favorite papyri. Should he desire to travel he might voyage in wooden models of boats which, with oars, rigging and crew, were placed in the tomb. He was, moreover, spared the necessity of performing labor in the future life by numbers of statuettes or answerers which answered to his name and took his place whenever any work was assigned to him.

Evidence indicates that in earlier dynasties, the slaves of the kings were buried with their masters so that they could serve him in the next world. They were doubtless slain on the death of the monarch. The chambers of the royal tomb were also filled with stacks of great vases of wheat and corn, with pottery dishes, splendid copper bowls, carved ivory boxes, golden buttons, pallettes for grinding milady's face paint, chairs and couches of elaborate design and decoration, and ivory and pottery figure plaques bearing records of the king's valor in war or his piety in the founding of temples.

Such an expensive funeral could only be arranged for the upper classes, but even in the case of the poor, when the tomb was a mere hole in the ground, the presence of the bones of birds and other animals in these crude tombs

shows that the welfare of the deceased in the other world was not neglected.

Here and there in the wreckage of immemorial splendors a little touch helps us to realize that these dim figures were real men who loved and sorrowed as men do still. Close to Mena's second tomb lies that of his daughter—"Sweetheart" as he called her—to suggest how love and death went side by side then as now.

The furniture of the tombs reveals an amazing proficiency in the arts and crafts. Ebony chests inlaid with ivory, stools with ivory feet carved in the shape of bull's legs, vessels cut and ground to translucent thinness not only out of soft alabaster but out of iron-hard stone, finely wrought copper ewers, all tell us that the Egyptian of the earliest dynastic period was no rude barbarian but a skilled craftsman. Perhaps the daintiest and most convincing evidence of his skill is given by the bracelets which were found encircling the skeleton arms of the queen of King Zer of the first dynasty, which, alike for the grace of their design and for the skill with which the gold is wrought and soldered, are admirable and such as would do credit to the best craftsman of today.

But these tombs have not only yielded evidence of the skill of the Egyptian workman; they have taught us that even at this incredibly early date the nation had a complete method of expressing its thought and had reached a thoroughness of organization which we should not have imagined possible. At an early date in the first dynasty hieroglyphic had begun to make its appearance; by the middle of the period it is completely developed and by the end of the dynasty it has already become so familiar that the symbols are carelessly engraved. On the very lowest date which may be assigned to the dynasty this fact gives the Egyptians the astounding start of all other nations in the art of writing.

The inscriptions tell us of a court fully organized with a complete bureaucracy. Mena has his "chamberlain" and his successor tells of a "commander of the inundation," a proof of the early date at which the Nile flood was

utilized and regulated for the benefit of the land. In subsequent reigns we meet a "commander of the elders," a "keeper of the wine," a "leader of the peers"—head of the most ancient of earthly aristocracies—and a "master of the ceremonies." The titles "royal seal bearer," "keeper of the king's vineyards," and "royal architect" show us with what minuteness the business of the court was regulated.

Some of the ancient kings had several tombs. The builder of the Step Pyramid was one of these. This pyramid is the most imposing structure which has survived from such an early date. Its base covers over thirteen acres and the height is 195 feet. The chambers are lined with fine blue and green glazed tiles. In these pyramids of five thousand years ago we find "accuracy equal to optician's work but on a scale of acres instead of inches." One of them contains 2,300,000 blocks of stone, the smallest weighing two and a half tons and some of them having a mass of forty to fifty tons. The largest stone known to have been handled by the ancients was the seated statue of Rameses II weighing a thousand tons. The large stones were squared, leveled, and fitted in a manner that puts to shame our best modern work of this type. One of the largest pyramids has a mean error of only six-teenths inch in length and twelve inches in angle from a perfect square. The hard stones, granite, basalt, and diorite were sawed by bronze saws set with jewels of corundum or diamond, and hollows were made by tubular drills similar to our diamond point drills. It has been estimated to have taken a hundred thousand men twenty years to build such an imposing structure, the pyramid of Cheops.

A king who could rear such a monument had evidently at command the resources of a very well organized state and capable architects. A striking thing about works of this type is that the pyramids were built to satisfy the egotism of a single individual—the king. This is an impressive example of the excellent organization built up by the ancient monarchs and of the power they were able to wield over their subjects.

The religious beliefs which found expression in the methods of conducting funerals and preparing for the life after death seem to indicate that the conceptions of religion held by the ancient Egyptians were behind the high standards of material civilization they had attained. Each group or settlement had its own gods. These were often some natural objects, and, although several towns worshipped the sun, probably no two of them called the Sun-god by the same name.

From the tombs we also learn that the fifth dynasty of Egyptian kings were Sun worshippers. The royal family was thought to have descended directly from the Sun-god himself so that if the ruler could marry—as he often did—one or more of his sisters, his title to the throne was so much more strengthened, because he thereby acquired more of the favor of the Deity.

One of the richest finds in all the history of Egyptian explorations was nearly lost a few years ago through the carelessness of archeologists. In one of the ancient tombs a woman in 1887 found some tablets of baked clay, inscribed with arrow-headed superscriptions. Two archeologists refused to buy them because they thought they were fakes. Finally they were recognized as archives from the Egyptian Foreign Office of fifteen centuries before Christ containing correspondence from all the neighboring provinces and countries. This, too, from the very period which more and more is being accounted the crisis of the fortunes of the Empire. The tablets show us that a regular correspondence was carried on with other countries.

We are still being influenced a great deal by the ancient Egyptians—probably more than we realize. For example, many people today speak of the dead as having “gone west” probably believing they are using an idiom so new it is almost slang; yet the inhabitants of the Nile Valley of four thousand years ago must have had a similar expression because their tombs—whether pyramids or not—were always on the west side of their temples so that to be buried the deceased literally had to “go west.”

The position of woman in that ancient day seems to compare very favorably with her position today and the ideal of relationship between husband and wife seems to have been singularly high. In some cases the queen was buried in the same pyramid with her husband though in different chambers.

Judging from the extensive preparations made by these old monarchs before their departure into the next world, they evidently planned to spend eternity there. It is extremely fortunate for us that they did take with them their own gods, slaves, servants, household furniture, pictures, diaries, histories, clothing, and corn. One of them even included a jar of honey for dessert, which was found some few years ago still liquid and still retaining its sweet smell and taste.

But if one of those old rulers had been told that his position in a later world would be as one of the chief exhibits in an American museum of the twentieth century A.D., one wonders what his reaction would have been.

Some of the ancient monarchs now rest five thousand miles from the place where they were first buried five thousand years ago. A mile a year. Not bad—for a dead person. And every time they have moved since they died, they have “gone west,” even crossing an ocean three thousand miles wide.

A Louisiana Sketch

By VIRGINIA BENTON

THE coastal highway following the gulf into New Orleans is one of the most beautiful that I have ever travelled. Particularly was it true on an early morning in June when I determined to drive into New Orleans in spite of the recent floods. The sun behind me as I travelled westward touched the fresh blueness of the gulf changing it into an iridescent sea of loveliness. The great white sea birds screamed and circled, ever wheeling and dipping into the opalescent waters to arise with their prey clutched in the black strength of their talons.

This was the last of June and the flood waters had either receded naturally or had been forced back into their accustomed channels. Everywhere could be seen the devastating results of the flood. Piles of mud and driftage lined the road. In places the road had been undermined and for some time I had been driving in water several inches deep. Just up the road I saw an old man jumping up and down and frantically waving a red flag. I pulled up beside the ancient Frenchman. In broken English he informed me that if I intended reaching my destination I would have to leave the highway and be ferried up the bayou. In even more broken French I told him that I most assuredly did expect to reach my destination, so with the aid of our language, which could be called neither French nor English, and with more frenzied wavings and gesticulations I drove my car on to a flat-bottomed boat which the Frenchman had dignified by the name of ferry.

Louisiana highways may not be the most perfectly constructed, but they are unsurpassable in their natural beauty. Ordinarily I would have been disappointed to leave such native loveliness, but I did not begrudge the change. As lovely as the roads are they cannot rival the

beauty of the bayous. Green, grassy banks grow right down to meet the even cooler greenness of the water. Luscious vines hang heavily with rose colored flowers and fruits, touching the water and spilling ever rarer perfumes. I settled back to enjoy every minute of the delay.

Two stalwart 'Cajuns poled the clumsy craft up the narrow, winding bayou. Soon they were crooning a song peculiarly their own. I watched our boat nose its way among the lily-pads and low-hanging vines. We rounded a curve and burst upon the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. It was still fairly early morning and the mist hung in faint shreds above the water. The feathery greenness of the cypresses dripped with a fragrant moisture. Two white cranes, delicately poised on their slender legs, rose in graceful flight as we interrupted their morning chat. The narrow passage was choked with the luxuriant growth of the water-hyacinth. We plowed ruthlessly into the midst of the delicate bed, the lovely blossoms folding away from us on either side until we were in a dream of pinks and purples. One of the polers flashed me an engaging smile as he tore up a handful of the sweet bells and tossed them to me. Gay-feathered birds hopped sprightly from brush to brush and the clear sweet notes of a swamp angel could be heard in the morning stillness. Now and then a rusty old alligator could be seen, the pale gleam of his malicious eyes turning to follow us. The plop of a fat contented turtle would break the stillness of the waters as he left his sunny log at our approach. Small fish made tiny flashes as they leaped and played. Jewelled dragon-flies darted in and out. Just ahead of our boat great fishes turned lazily, leaving ever-widening rings until the prow of our boat touched the edge. Water-snakes, beautifully colored, glided smoothly out of sight, and once I saw one stealthily catch a small green frog.

How long I could sit and watch such ever-changing, ever more beautiful scenes I cannot tell, but an aroma more powerful than the fragrance of the water-hyacinths teased my nose. Coffee! Nothing could persuade me to

leave a setting like the one I was enjoying except a tempting cup of Louisiana coffee. I closed my eyes and sniffed hungrily. But I had no cause to think that I would be slighted when time came to serve coffee, because, typical of the Louisiana French, the old ancient who had conducted me to the ferry soon stood beside me with a cup of this divine drink of the Louisianians. I assured him that I would be delighted to have the refreshing drink before I left their boat for the highway. And I re-assured him by sitting with him and his two helpers, drinking the delicious coffee, while the boat drifted unheeded against the grassy bank.



Sonnets

By SCRIBBLER

TO VIRGINIA

(Mercedes, Texas, 1916)

My prairie-tired eyes, they ache to see
Thy hills and vales, O Mother State of mine,
Beneath whose fairest skies God gave to me
To live and love in freedom's air, divine!
They long to see thy autumn woodlands, fair,
In garb of green and red and gold all gay.
Thy browning fields and barns, aburst with their
Full store for hungry Winter's snow-bound day.
Sometimes—my ears are almost false to me—
Sometimes I seem to hear thy purling streams
As murmuring down the slope to seek the sea
They stir my heart to sweet, sad, mystic dreams!
My wandering, weary feet would bear me fa'
To press thy soil again, Virginia.

TO THE WOUNDED PATRIOT— WOODROW WILSON

(1921)

The race will always stone the saint and seer,
It seems, as ever from of old was found.
The multitude today will rend and hound
Whom yesterday their clamor held most dear.
No cruel thrust is now enough severe
For him who then by all mankind was crowned.
The gliding years will quickly roll around—
Rich tomb and marble shaft will soon appear.

Each friend of man they drown with gushing praise
While others to his name their voices raise;
And then in turn we join the Judas throng
Who see in every holy deed a wrong.
We sell and kill each savior of the race—
Tomorrow is his grave a sacred place.

SONNET

How soon life's spring and summer too are spent
And nothing by my bungling hands is done
To give me place among good men as one
Who to worthwhile tasks, of strength, has lent
His all or to man's aid his will has bent.
Each young accomplishment a blighting sun
Or scorching wind of failure, e'er begun,
Has slain. Each hope fell sick and, dying, went
Beyond recall. The autumn comes and then
The winter's cold, the westward-slanting rays
Before the setting sun—and then the dark!
In those chill days of age and weakness when
The feet of men but halt and stagger in life's ways,
Must I all empty-handed hence embark?

The Old Water Wheel

By Y. L. BROWN

AMID the ruins of what had once been an old grist mill, towering almost as high as the tall pines which enshroud it, stands a tremendous water wheel. The dam which once furnished a lake of water is almost gone, only the edges remaining. The sluice which passed the water over the top of the wheel has long since passed into decay. The steel is covered with rust and its bottom is buried deep in the sand underneath. It stands a symbol of industry in a former generation.

Except for the wheel, a few twisted shafts, and what is left of the dam, nothing remains that would suggest man's ever having set foot there. All traces of a road are gone and grass, weeds and ereepers are having a merry battle in their race to obliterate all but the old wheel. In one of the buekets a robin has built its nest, seemingly knowing that this great wheel will never again turn at man's bidding. It is grotesque in its appareenee, and the weeds and ereepers, as they seek unsuccessfully to enfold the last remaining evidence of man's quest of power, bring to one's mind the snakes of the Laokoon sculpture as writhing about the priest. Standing there submissive to its fate it reminds one of a caged animal waiting patiently to escape, ever straining at the leash yet outwardly aaccepting its fate. Strange in its appearance, strange in its location; yet strangest of all is the sound of water running over it where there is no water. By climbing the tall stone columns to its hub you can hear the murmur of water continually pouring over it; yet it stands still. It is a mystery of the past age.

Professor Broek is gone now, but still within me lingers memories of the kind old man whom I loved as if he were

my father. Sometimes I go and sit by the old wheel to listen to its song and somehow I live again as I did the day when we were sitting on the dam and he told me the secret of the wheel and its unceasing chant. It is in moments of downheartedness and despair that I seek the comfort of its song and go away contented as if the old fellow himself had spoken to me, and patting me on my shoulder had told me to try again as he had in the days gone by. Here is the story as he told it to me as we sat upon the old dam admiring the big wheel below.

Son, he said, there was a time when this old place was the pride of the country for miles around. There where you see those bent and twisted pieces of steel stood a huge mill and adjoining it was the home of John Bapin, the miller. Day after day the old wheel turned unceasingly to the mad chant of the miller as he went happily about his work. Living there alone with his small daughter, Betty Jean, he was happy. Day after day, month after month, and year after year, the old wheel turned on without protest while the dam steadily defied the torrential rains of spring and the melting snows of late winter.

As time rolled on the old miller became fatter and more jovial, his business more prosperous, and his daughter more beautiful. People still came as usual to the mill but it was whispered that they came as much to see the old miller's daughter as to see his mill. Jean, as every one called her, was as beautiful as the place in which she lived. In growing up she seemed to have absorbed some of all its beauty. Her voice was like the low crooning of the wheel as it turned merrily onward and her long golden hair blowing in the breeze reminded you of the marigolds that grew so plentifully along the lake shore. Her limpid blue eyes that always sparkled with laughter made you think of the deep blue of the lake glittering in the rays of a dying sun. Nestled in her small and delicate body was a soul as restless as the water which foamed and lashed its way through the rocks, ever seeking its way onward to freedom.

(At this point the old professor stopped, turned to me, and asked for a match to light his pipe. Handing him the match I waited impatiently for him to continue.)

Her admirers were many, and almost every one of her acquaintances tried to win her love. Some even said that old Congressman Dare was interested more in her than in those weekly chess games that he and Bapin indulged in so laboriously. She treated them all the same, encouraging none yet polite to all. That is, she did until the boy from the college came to work in the mill. He came every afternoon and worked from two until six. His bashfulness and feeling of insuperiority she mistook for a feeling of indifference. She could not understand why he did not make love to her as all men had tried to do before.

Day after day he came, worked his four hours and left. Seldom did he ever speak to her except to answer her questions. As the days passed she became more interested in the boy, and for some reason which she herself could not understand she would sit on the dam near where the path from the town came into the clearing, waiting impatiently for his arrival.

Sometimes he would bring with him a book, or a sheet of paper on which he would write in his spare time, but always his greeting to her was the same—"Good evening," and that was all.

Things went on this way until Jean, while swimming in the lake above the dam, was almost drowned. Hearing her cry he threw down his book and raced along the rocks to the dam. He could not swim, yet somehow, he dragged her from the water. In her first consciousness she heard him voice his plea for her to speak and she clung tighter to him fearing it was all a dream.

He lost his timidity and his bashfulness. When school was over he would now hurry from his class and run most of the way to the mill for the few moments he could sit and talk with her before work. Sometimes he could sit on the edge of the lake and dream of each other; then again they would talk of the things and people in distant lands; but what Jean loved most was to sit and listen as

he read the poems he had written. Some were of his home, some of the trees, the flowers, the loves of the heroes of ancient mythology, but most were of her.

When his work was over he would no longer hurry back to the small town on the hillside, but would often tarry until the last rays of the sun had faded from the tree-tops. On Saturdays, when he knew there was to be no work for the following day, he remained even longer. On these nights they would sit by the big wheel watching the moon as it made its way through the trees to illumine the small clearing with its dim yellow light, causing the little ripples on the lake to glisten like gold as they merrily chased each other from shore to shore.

They sat content with the world and the life which it offered, as the big wheel crooned a song of progress. Never did its sound change, yet never did they become tired as they listened to its cry. The old miller sat on the porch of his house, puffed on his old clay pipe, and was happy.

With spring came rumors of war, vague at first, yet growing more certain as the days proceeded. News of Fort Sumter reached the town and the people knew that the war god was again reigning over the earth and the skies, spreading its dark shadow before him. Grey-clad men were seen hurrying swiftly north to stop the endless tide of blue. Each day their numbers increased until it seemed that even the children were being armed and rushed forward. At first the boy tried to deafen his ears to the call to arms, tried not to see the grey clad men who answered, but in his heart he knew it was useless. He knew he must go; yet he feared to tell Jean. He continued to work even to the eve of his departure, and the night before he left he stayed for supper with the miller and his daughter.

After supper was finished the old miller went to sit on the front porch and smoke his pipe. As soon as everything was finished and the dishes put away Jean and the boy slipped out the back door and down to the big wheel by the edge of the stream where they had spent so many

happy nights before, living and laughing as two children, living for the mere joy of life itself. That night he said little but held her tight in his arms cherishing her as one who is doomed to die. Sensing that something was wrong she asked him why he was so sad. Unable to remain silent any longer he told her he must go, and clasping her into his arms he kissed her again and again, telling her of his love, his hopes, and his ambitions, and promised her he would return in spite of all. She sobbed like a child, but he held her small quivering body even closer, kissing away her tears. The owl perched high in the pines above the dam sat observing all, his wise old eyes never changing, but there was a note of unusual loneliness in his cry.

• • • • •

Three bitter years followed. Lee with his half-starved veterans was on the verge of surrender and Johnson had been driven back to Hillsboro. Following in the wake of it all, came vice, greed and hate. John Bapin died and Jean was left alone. No longer did the farmers come with their grain, because there was no grain to bring, but still Jean would not leave the place, not even after the Federals had taken over the mill and stationed troops in the valley below. An old woman came to stay with her, but she cared for the company of no one. Long months had passed and she had heard nothing from the boy. He was unable to write. There was nothing to do, it seemed, but fight.

She hated the troops below, hated their haughty caps, the dark blue of their uniforms, and everything they represented. She hated them because they had deprived her of the only one she loved. She hated them all, but that dirty-looking one from the bowery of New York she hated worst. In his cheap familiar way he had tried to make love to her and even tried to kiss her. She detested him as a snake.

Night after night she would sit by the old wheel dreaming of the boy, praying for his return, hungering for his

arms and his kisses. She would weep, and then become ashamed of herself, only to cry again. The old owl still came nightly to sit on his favorite perch and, hearing her, would mourn with her. She was sitting thus one night, crying softly to herself, when the owl boomed his warning into the night. Turning, she screamed, for standing behind her was the Yankee soldier. In his eyes there glowed a beastly light. She read his purpose and tried to run, but he grasped her. She felt his large hands upon her and she vainly struggled to repell him. With a sob she passed into unconsciousness.

That night the storm broke, rain fell in torrents, lightning streaked the skies, thunder shook the earth and it seemed as if the deamons of hell were running at random. The trees swayed and groaned their defiance at the wind. The wind infuriated at their cry howled onward driving the tempest before it.

A figure was climbing the dam. It stopped at intervals to laugh hysterically and cry out its heart to the storm. It was the figure of a girl and from a crushed and battered soul she muttered unintelligible sounds, but she kept moving, slowly onward, to where a tall and ancient walnut stood just beside the dam. Behind her she dragged an ax, and arriving at the tree she set about feverishly cutting at its bottom, stopping only to cry into the storm. Leaning more and more the big tree finally began to waver throughout its entire body, and at last with one last groan it fell from the dam, dislodging the rocks as it fell. The pent-up waters rushed from the huge century-old lake and descended on the camp below, sweeping all before it as it went. Men awoke only to cry in terror and be engulfed in its swirling arms. All this the girl saw, and ereeping to the edge of the dam cast herself into the water to be carried on in its current.

The war had passed. The boy now grown into a man returned. An old woman told him of what had happened in the days that he was gone. Hardened by the bitter daze of the war he listened. At first he did not seem to understand, and then realizing what had hap-

pened he wandered around caring to see no one. He wandered as a man unconscious of his existence; he would touch very little food, appreciated the sympathies of none, and lived entirely within himself. As time went on he slowly began to regain his senses, but his hair once dark brown had become as white as snow. He went back to the college again, not as a student but as an instructor. In the years of reconstruction that followed the fiery cross flamed throughout the land; silent and swiftly it moved, and always at its head a white haired man rode tirelessly on meting out justice with the hand of the whip. Often he would come to the old wheel and listen to its crooning for hours at a time. Sad, yet contented, he would leave satisfied—what the old wheel had told him. . . .

The old professor had finished. I turned to him. Tears were running down his pale cheeks, and his white hair was shining in the dying rays of the sun. It was growing dark. In the distance I heard the mournful call of an owl, and suddenly I understood.



Blood Money

By A. LAURANCE AYDLETT

BEFORE Helen Carter had married her husband she had said it would afford her the greatest pleasure to work her fingers to the bone for him and any family they might have. Northrop Carter had long ago told his intimate friends he would give all he had, even his very life's blood, to give his future wife anything she might desire. Those were statements made during the wonderful bliss in which the courtship of Helen and Northrop had been surrounded; but that was ten years ago.

In the subsequent years there had been quite a change in the Carter family and its fortunes. The family Helen had once mentioned as inspiration for her labors had never appeared, and only she and Northrop now occupied their little third floor apartment in the suburbs. In those ten years since their marriage Helen had gradually relinquished her pleasure of working her fingers to the bone, of having her hands in the dishwater, and of doing her own cooking and housework.

The change had come three years after the Carters had been married when Northrop's father died, leaving his son and daughter-in-law a comfortable income. Helen soon became interested in teas, bridge, and the Club to the exclusion of her husband and her housework; all because the small social group in the suburban section in which the Carters lived finally had recognized her sufficiently to bow and speak when they met on the street.

Northrop Carter's love for his wife had never let him go back on his bachelorhood statement about caring for his family. He was at the insurance office early and late, putting in extra time that Helen might have a bit more

spending money for fine clothes. And then the crash came.

An unlucky investment of almost the whole of their capital in the estate of the deceased Carter was suddenly wiped out when the market fell late in the fall of 1929. Northrop had staked their all on a stock of the "sure to be a humdinger, take it from me" type on the advice of one of his co-workers in the office. Her husband now had nothing to offer Helen for her support except his earnings at the office and admonitions to apply a check-rein to her social program.

Helen tried, but the seven years of enjoyment among the weekly and semi-weekly gatherings of the scandal mongers of the suburban Select Fifty was deeply ingrained in her. For a time she refrained from so much spending, but soon plunged again into reckless extravagance.

Somehow, after a time, Northrop found a way to supply her wants. What he could not earn at the office, he managed to dig up in some sort of outside work. In the several weeks he was engaged in this new source of revenue he never once mentioned its nature to his wife. For that matter she had not even asked whence came the supply of ready cash he now seemed always to have. But the strain of it all was telling on him. Where he had once been strong and well physically, he now gradually grew thinner and paler.

If Helen noticed, she said nothing of her husband's change in appearance and health. She was now president of the Suburban Club that was a replica of the larger group in the section of the city where large lawns, great houses, and powerful motors were as common and as numerous as the folding space-saving implements and furniture in the suburban apartments.

Then, one day, Northrop was brought home to his wife from the office where the heat of the summer afternoon had caused him to faint. It was the first time Helen had really noticed the pallor of his cheeks, the prominence of his cheek bones, and the blariness of his eyes. It was

the first time she had forced upon her realization the extent of her husband's sacrifice. Then fever set in.

Helen immediately cut out her social engagements, her teas, her bridge, her visiting. She remained at home all day for the first time in several months and nursed Northrop. Yet, despite her now tireless efforts, he seemed all the while to get worse, though whether from fever, worry, or other ill health, Helen could not learn from the physician.

Dr. Emmerson was called late one night when Northrop seemed to be sinking more than usual; when he came out to Helen there was a serious look on his face. She felt her heart sink; felt that some great loss was about to come to her; felt her voice quiver as she asked the physician's verdict.

"The typhoid hit him too severely," the grey-haired practitioner said, "especially in his weakened condition, and, coupled with his worrying, has about burned out his entire body."

He looked searchingly at Helen, peered deeply into her eyes as if he sought there to read the truth to the question he was about to ask her.

"Mrs. Carter," he asked, "do you know what a sacrifice your husband has made for you?"

Helen shook her head in a tearful negative. The doctor spoke again.

"Recently you have become known as quite a social butterfly. He wished to humor your social whims and struggled long and hard at the office to make an income sufficient to keep you both in the way you wished to live. He was always until recently an excellent physical specimen of the type whose blood is much in demand at some hospitals. Finding his salary too little, he sold his blood for transfusions, and—I'm afraid—he did it a few times too much."

Some of Louis Pasteur's Contributions to Society

By J. MILTON EARLY

Il faut travailler

THESE were the words that led Louis Pasteur into the great mysteries of science. He was born at Dole, France, December 27, 1822. His father was a tanner by trade, although he had gained distinction as a soldier and had been awarded the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Louis was sent to school and though not a brilliant student, he revealed to those about him that some day he would become a dominant figure in the world of science. After graduating from Royal College, obtaining his degree of "baccalaureate es lettres," he entered the Ecole Normale in Paris, October, 1844, after successfully passing the examination for his degree of "baccalaureate es sciences."

His first opportunity to show his scientific ability was in the study of crystals. He had been asked by Aguste Laurent, a well known scientist, to assist him in the work on crystallization, but the latter having been called away to accept a position in some college, left Pasteur to carry on the work. Pasteur possessed the ability to make the study interesting as the results of the work show. He took up the study of polarization, and explained that by means of a polarizing apparatus, it could be seen that certain crystals rotated to the right of the plane of polarized light, while others caused it to turn to the left. He observed that some natural organic material such as a solution of sugar rotated to the right of the plane of polarized light, while others like the essence of turpentine rotated it to the left; whence the term "rotary polarization." Pasteur in his study of the crystals of tartaric acid,

noticed little faces on them that had escaped the eyes of the most noted scientists. He came to the conclusion that the deviation to the right of the plane of polarization produced by the tartrate, and the optical neutrality of paratartrates would be explained by a structural law. He noticed that the crystals of the tartrate were hemihedral, and when he came to the paratartrate, hoping to find none of them hemihedral, he was greatly disappointed. Not only were they hemihedral, but the faces of some of the crystals were inclined to the right, while others turned to the left. He carefully picked out the crystals, putting on one side those which turned to the right, and on the other those which turned to the left. By mixing an equal number of these, the resulting solution would have no effect upon the light, the two equal and directly opposite deviations exactly neutralizing each other. He proceeded to this experiment with an anxious heart. At last with his polarizing apparatus, he found what he had been seeking. His excitement was so great that he could not look at the apparatus again, but rushed out to make known his discovery. Thus having completed successfully this problem he began the great life of service that was to mean so much to his fellow countrymen and to the world.

Of his many discoveries, space will permit the mentioning of only three. His first great work was the study of fermentation. He noticed that the globules in wine were round when fermentation was healthy, that they lengthened when alteration began, and were quite long when fermentation became lactic. "I have indeed reached this result," he explained, "that the alteration of wines is co-existent with the presence and multiplication of microscopic vegetation." He showed that all the work came from a small fungus, the *mycoderma*. This mycodermic veil, sometimes wrinkled and visible, is greasy to the touch. He further pointed out that the fatty material which accompanies the development of the plant keeps it on the surface, air being necessary for its growth; otherwise it would perish and acetification would be arrested. The fact that an open bottle of wine ferments and is

transformed into vinegar is due to these tiny mycoderma that are suspended in the air, whereas a closed bottle retains its former taste. He heated some wine in a closed bottle and let it remain for several weeks. Upon opening, the wine had not changed; this he explained was due to the fact that all the tiny plants in the wine together with those suspended in the air had been killed. If wine previously heated is exposed to the air, it will quickly sour thereby showing that these small microscopic plants are flying around in the air. It was further shown that if alcoholized water is put out in the open, it will not acidify, though germs can drop into it from the air. This is because it does not contain food for those germs necessary to the plant food that is present in wine but not in alcoholized water. Pasteur proved that the yeast which caused fermentation was no dead mass, but consisted of living organisms capable of growth and multiplication. He revolutionized the vinegar industry by showing how instead of waiting four months for the elaboration of this process, it could be made in eight or ten days, by exposing the vats containing a mixture of vinegar and wine to a temperature of 20° to 30° and souring with a small quantity of the acetic organism. He explained to the vinegar manufacturers that these microscopic beings, *anguillulae*, which were found in the tubs of some Orleans vinegar works were of some practical value. They have also an injurious character, as they require oxygen to live, and as the mycoderma, in order to accomplish its work, is equally dependent on oxygen. Hence a great struggle is going on between the *anguillulae* and the mycoderma, each fighting for the surface to get the necessary air. If acidification is successful, and the mycoderma spreads and invades everything, the *anguillulae* must take refuge against the sides of the barrel and watch for the first chance when the veil breaks. Pasteur had watched this struggle many times with the aid of the magnifying glass. Sometimes the *anguillulae* would form in masses and succeed in sinking a piece of the veil. The discovery of a way to preserve wines was a great aid to France. It was

now possible after Pasteur's work to ship wine to all parts of the world without fear of it spoiling. To verify this, the minister of the navy planned this experiment. A ship that had started on a world cruise stored in a large quantity of this heated wine, together with a small quantity of the non-heated. If this trial proved successful Pasteur was assured of its future success. It did prove successful, and the problem of preventing fermentation was solved. Thus Pasteur had added another laurel to his crown of service.

His second great work was in the silkworm region in southern France. Years ago the silkworm had been introduced into that region and the emperor took great delight in it. It grew so rapidly and payed so well, that the name "Tree of Gold" was given to the mulberry. Suddenly, all these riches fell away; a mysterious disease was destroying the nurseries. The disease was recognized by little black spots on the diseased worms, and was therefore given the name of "corpuscle disease." It not only ruined the silkworm industry in France but spread to Spain, Turkey, Austria, and even to China. Dumas, one of Pasteur's former teachers in the Academy des Sciences, called him from his laboratory to come to their aid. Although he had never seen a silkworm, he had read several essays on them. When he reached the stricken area, he questioned several of the silkworm cultivators, but only received confused and contradictory answers. Some had sprinkled sulfur and charcoal powder on the worms. Ashes and soot were used; some had used mustard meal or castor oil. Fumigation with chlorine was approved by some, but objected to by many. Thus Pasteur found everything in a confused state. He was more interested in seeking the origin of this disease, than the method used to destroy it. Some worms died on the frames in their earliest days, others went through the third and fourth moultings, climbed the twig and spun their cocoon. The chrysalides became a moth, but it had deformed antennae and withered legs, and besides that, the eggs from these were unsuccessful the next year.

Pasteur settled down in a laboratory near Alais, France, and began his study. He used two sets of moths; the first was full grown coming from Japanese stock guaranteed as sound. Those of the second set were sickly and did not feed properly, and these seen through the microscope only exceptionally presented corpuscles, while he found some in almost every moth from the set which was supposed to be sound. The question was naturally raised, was it then elsewhere than in the worm that the secret of the disease was to be found? "It was a mistake," wrote Pasteur, "to look for the symptom, the corpuscle, exclusively in the eggs or the worms. Either may carry in themselves the germ of the disease without presenting distinct and microscopically visible corpuscles. The evil developed itself chiefly in the chrysalides and the moth, it is there it should be chiefly sought. There should be an infallible means of procuring healthy seeds by having recourse to moths free from corpuscles." From this he formulated his hypothesis: "every moth containing corpuscles must give birth to diseased seed. If a moth has only a few corpuscles, its eggs will provide worms without any, or which will only develop them towards the end of life." Pasteur later explained the whole situation thus: "I am coming to the conclusion that there is no silkworm disease but an exaggeration of the things which has always existed, and it is not difficult in my view to improve on it. The evil sought for in the worm and even in the seeds, that was something, but my observations prove that it develops chiefly in the chrysalides, especially in the mature moth's formation, on the eve of the function of reproduction."

Pasteur's method of procedure was quite simple. At the moment when the moths leave their cocoon and mate with each other, the cultivator separates them and places each female on a separate square of linen where it lays its eggs. The moth is afterwards set aside where it dries up, later it is moistened with water and pounded in a mortar and the paste is examined under the microscope. If the least trace of corpuscles appears, the linen is burned together with the seed which would have given birth to dis-

eased worms. Pasteur was pleased to learn that several cultivators had followed his instructions and had met with success, while others less well informed had not taken the trouble to examine whether the moths were corpuscled or not and had been the victims of the failure he had prophesied. "There is not greater charm for the investigator," Pasteur exclaimed after seeing his efforts rewarded, "than to make new discoveries; but his pleasure is heightened when he sees that they have a direct application to practical life." He had the pleasure of seeing his great discoveries benefit both the human family and the animal world.

Pasteur's next and one of the most valuable of his many contributions to mankind was his discovery of the treatment for that dreaded disease—*Hydrophobia*. Much confusion prevailed at that time in regard to the causes and cure of it. However there were three things which were quite positive: first, the rabid virus was contained in the saliva of the mad animals; second, that it was communicated through bites; and third, the period of incubation might vary from a few days to several months. Many had studied the disease and insisted that the real seat of the evil was in the saliva, and the experiments that had been made seemed to support that contention. A child was taken with this disease and died amid the most horrible sufferings. Pasteur gathered some of the saliva that had filled the child's mouth, mixed it with water and inoculated it into some rabbits that died in less than thirty-six hours. This seemed sufficient proof that the virus was really contained in the saliva; but Pasteur guided by his great love of scientific investigation was not yet convinced. A few months later, he collected some saliva from a mad dog and inoculated it into other rabbits. The incubation was so slow that it took months before the results could be determined. He had a growing conviction that hydrophobia had its real seat in the nervous system, and particular in the medulla oblongata. As long as the virus has not reached the nervous system, it may sojourn for weeks in some other point of the body.

Pasteur at another time uncovered the brain of a rabid dog exposing the medulla oblongata which was scalded to remove all dirt or dust. Then with a tube, a small particle of the substance was drawn and put in a glass with water which was heated to a high temperature. Most of the animals that received this inoculation succumbed to hydrophobia; thus showing that this virulent matter was even more successful than the saliva. "The real seat of hydrophobia," wrote Pasteur, "is therefore not in the saliva only; the brain contains it in a degree of virulence at least equal to that of the saliva of rabid animals." To prove his statement, he resorted to another method. A dog was put under chloroform and a round portion of the cranium was removed. The tough fibrous membrane being thus exposed, was then injected with a small quantity of the virus which had already been prepared. The dog on recovering seemed quite the normal, but after fourteen days, hydrophobia appeared. Other similar experiments were made, each time obtaining the same results.

It was now the problem to prepare a serum that might be inoculated into humans. This serum was known as Pasteur's treatment. It was found that the virus of all dogs was the same strength, but when inoculated into monkeys it became weaker and weaker. It was also found that if this weakened virus be passed back through dogs or rabbits it regained its strength. The principle of the treatment as explained and tested by Pasteur, consists in making an emulsion of the medulla cord, and graduating the strength of the dose by using a succession of cords, which have been kept for a progressively diminishing length of time. Those which have been kept for fourteen days are used as a starting point, yielding virus of a minimum strength. They are followed by preparations of diminishing age and increasing strength, day by day up to the maximum which is three days old. These are successfully inoculated into the circulatory system. The principle here of course is the artificial acquisition by the patient of resistance to the rabid virus, which is presumed to be in the body but has not yet become active, by ac-

customing him step by step to its toxic effect, beginning with a weak form and progressively increasing the dose.

As yet Pasteur had worked only with animals. He was not sufficiently satisfied to attempt it on man. However, on July 6, 1885, he made his first attempt to test his treatment on a human. A little boy, nine years old, had been attacked by a fierce rabid dog who threw him down and was in the act of tearing him in pieces when a near-by workman saw the struggle and went to the rescue. The lad's mother, after having the wounds cauterized, set out for Paris where she sought the great help of Pasteur. He was somewhat hesitant, at first, and conferred with his colleagues all of whom urged him to undertake the experiment. The substance chosen for the first inoculation was fourteen days old and had quite lost its virulence. It was followed with inoculations of increasing strength. Pasteur proceeded to this experiment with every hope that it would prove successful in the human family even as it had done in the animal kingdom. He placed the little boy in a comfortable room and kept constant watch over him. One of the world's greatest experiments was now in progress and he felt the keen desire of caring for his patient. Throughout the nights he lay awake hoping that the boy would recover and yet fearing that he was already dead. Thus he spent long nights in constant dread that his efforts had been in vain. On the sixteenth of the same month, some medulla only one day old, bound to give hydrophobia to rabbits after only seven days incubation, was injected into the young patient. Pasteur spent a terrible night of insomnia; through those long hours, he, losing sight of his many experiments that guaranteed his success, imagined that the boy would die. But on the morrow, his patient was alive; more than that, he had been cured of that disease that had been one of the most feared of all diseases. His work had been a crowning success, and now through him, hydrophobia, the dreaded spectre that had crouched at the doors of the world unchallenged, had been conquered by the greatest of all conquerers—Science.

People from all parts of the globe flocked to Paris to share in this blessing to the world.

Bouley, chairman of the Academy of Science, showered this tribute of praise upon Pasteur: "we are entitled to say that the date of the present meeting (October 26, 1885) will remain forever memorable in the history of medicine and glorious for French science, for it is that of one of the greatest steps ever accomplished in the medical order of things. A progress realized by the discovery of an efficacious means of preventive treatment for a disease, the incurable nature of which was a legacy handed down by one generation to another. From this day humanity is armed with a means of fighting the fatal disease of hydrophobia. It is to Mr. Pasteur that we owe this; and we could not feel too much gratitude for the efforts on his part which have led to such a magnificent result."

It is needless to go further into Pasteur's great works and their application to the world. We are indeed indebted to him for his marvelous discoveries. Of the great men that France has produced, he stands out more clearly than any, even above the great military genius, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Pasteur's creed is very beautifully expressed in his eulogy upon *Littre*: "he who proclaims the existence of the Infinite, and none can avoid it, accumulates in that affirmation more of the supernatural than is to be found in all the miracles of all the religions; for that notion of the Infinite presents that double character that it forces itself upon us, and yet is incomprehensible. When this notion seizes upon our understanding, we can but kneel—I see everywhere the inevitable expression of the Infinite in the world; through it all, the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the Infinite. As long as the mystery weighs on human thoughts, temples will be erected for the worship of the Infinite, whether God is called Brahma, Allah, Jehovah or Jesus; and on the pavement of those temples men will be seen kneeling, prostrated, annihilated in the thought of the Infinite."

Three Poems

By L. D. MUNN

HEAVEN

Where is Heaven? Youth boldly asked.
Old Age replied:
Heaven, my lad, is any place
Where sin's defied.

Where is Heaven? The sinner begged.
The Christian said:
Heaven, my friend, is any home
Where Christ's the Head.

Where is Heaven? In vain I sought
It everywhere;
One day I cheered a soul and found
My Heaven there.

SHE LOVES ME

What are the robins singing?
"She loves me."
What are the sweet chimes ringing?
"She loves me."

Why are the roses blushing?
"She loves me."
What say the streamlets rushing?
"She loves me."

What are the raindrops telling
On the window-pane?
"She loves me."
Why is my proud heart swelling
Over and over again?—
"She loves me."

THE HELPING HAND

'Tis good to live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man;

'Tis better still to toil in the mill
And help wherever we can.

'Tis good to live by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;
But what about the down and out
Who in the gutter lie?

'Tis good to live by the side of the road
By the side of the highway of life;
But on the side of the highway wide,
Can you put an end to strife?

'Tis good to live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man:
But what can you give to those who live
Where never a highway ran?



Futility

By WILLIAM N. DAY

“**B**UT, Nona! Don’t you love me?”

“Yes, Jimmy.”

“Well, marry me, then, and quit this stalling.”

Jimmy Brandon leaned back in his chair and looked across the table at the girl opposite him. She was a striking brunette, but with a rather hard look about her mouth.

Nona Balfour was nobody’s fool; she had been trained too well in the school of hard knocks for that.

“Jimmy, listen to me! And don’t say a word until I’m through. I know you’ll think that I’m money-mad when you hear what I am going to tell you, but if you love me as much as you say, you will agree.

“My father was a mechanic in a machine-shop. His folks were poor, hard-working people, and Dad had never known anything but absolute poverty from the day he was born. I went to work when I was sixteen years old, and I’ve worked hard ever since then. At present, as you know, I am getting more money than most girls my age; I have a job that I like; I pay my own rent, and take care of Mother.”

“But, Nona, what’s that got to do with your marrying me?”

“Jimmy, can’t you see? You have no steady income—I’ll bet that you are living off what little money you got from your father’s estate. Aren’t you?”

“Yes. But what of that? When I sell my invention—”

“Oh, you make me tired! You and your invention! Jimmy, you have never really earned a cent in your life, and you know it. You won’t get anywhere by talking about your invention. Why, the thing won’t even work!”

Jimmy, listen! Go back to Baltimore. When you can come to me and show me your bank-book with a balance of fifty thousand dollars in it, then I'll marry you. In the meantime don't try to see me or write to me. When you have made the fifty thousand, if you still love me, then wire me that you're coming. Until then—goodbye, dear."

Nona Balfour rose and walked swiftly around the table. Bending over the astounded Jimmy, she brushed a quick kiss over his forehead, and was gone.

* * * * *

Work. Hard, brain-wracking work. Nerve-searing work. Hours before the lathe, the drill-press, the finisher. Nights spent in figuring—days spent in testing ideas that, somehow, always failed. Reams of paper filled with all sorts of diagrams. Disappointments by the hundreds. Rays of hope, that disappeared into blighting despair. Models made, tested, and thrown in the scrap-heap.

And through it all, Jimmy Brandon stuck to his dream—the dream of a girl who had sentenced him to hard labor. For the first time in his life, he worked. Work dominated his whole being. His mind was never idle—in his sleep, he would dream of new methods, new ideas. Work—of the hardest kind. Work—both mental and physical. The kind of work that wears a man down quicker than anything in the world. The kind of work that sucks the best out of a man's life, and leaves him exhausted in brain and body.

* * * * *

Two long years he had slaved—and all for a girl who demanded gold. At last, however, his work was rewarded. His beloved invention was a success. This very day, a man had come from a great corporation to see him.

"How much, Mr. Brandon?"

"What will your company give?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars. Royalties, of course."

"Where do I sign?"

With the precious check pinned to his inside pocket Jimmy Brandon hurried to the bank. The teller looked at Jimmy, and at the check.

"This is quite a surprise, Mr. Brandon."

"Yes. I sold my invention. Hurry up, please."

"Yes, Mr. Brandon."

A quick wire to Nona, which simply stated, "Coming," and to the flying-field went Jimmy, with a song in his heart, and a bank-book in his pocket that meant happiness to him.

"New York plane?"

"Leaves in seven minutes. This way, sir."

* * * * *

Nona Balfour stared at the evening paper.

TRANSPORT PLANE FALLS; EIGHT KILLED

PLANE FALLS AT LOGAN FIELD, BALTIMORE

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 5.—Three persons were killed instantly when a N. Y. A. T. passenger plane fell this afternoon just after leaving Logan Field for New York. It was reported that the accident was due to the carelessness of the pilot, who was said to have been drinking.

* * * * *

Among those killed was James A. Brandon, of this city. Identification of his body was made possible by a bank-book bearing his name, which was found in the pocket of his coat. The bank-book showed that Brandon had, today, made a deposit of seventy-five thousand dollars.

Church and State

II

By RICHARD PASCHAL

Revised and enlarged by G. W. Paschal

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BAPTIST IDEAL—COMPLETE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

IT was among English-speaking people that the Baptist ideal of complete separation of Church and State was to have its rise and development. In the mother country indeed the ideal still lacks somewhat of realization, but in America it may be said to be complete.

Dissenters known as Lollards had existed in England for many years before the Protestant Reformation. They can be traced back to the times of Wycliffe, 1378. They were the religious ancestors of the Puritans rather than of the Baptists. But the forerunners of the Baptists, the Anabaptists, driven by the persecutions on the Continent, were already coming to England as early as 1528, coming to seek a refuge which was not granted them. Instead they met cruel persecution in England and Scotland. One of these whose name is unknown in the year 1560 got into a controversy with Rev. John Knox, the celebrated Presbyterian reformer, on the matter of liberty to dissent, in which according to Knox he uttered "a great number of blasphemous cavillations," the most atrocious of which was his hinting that a just vengeance had overtaken Ridley and Cranmer when they were burned at the stake, since they had been served with the same measure wherewith they measured to the persecuted Anabaptists. For these eminent divines, who once had been ready both to say and write "that no man ought to be persecuted for conscience's sake," had "of endured malice,

. . . for a perpetual memory of their cruelty, set forth books, affirming it to be lawful to persecute and put to death such as dissent from others in controversies of religion, whom they call blasphemers of God."

The persecutions of Anabaptists continued with little remission in severity throughout the entire reign of Elizabeth, imprisonment, tortures, banishment, and many executions by burning being recorded to blacken the annals of the reign of the Virgin Queen. Though the rage of persecution was strongest against the Anabaptists it extended to all Dissenters, or Separatists, as they were then called. Of the latter, the ablest leader at this period was Robert Browne, the originator of the sect of Brownists, who proclaimed in published treatise "the abominableness of prelatial or civil interference with conscience, and the rigid limitation of the authority of the State to civil matters." (Newman). In 1580 or 1581 he organized a separate church at Norwich. But neither this church nor any other church of Dissenters found any home on English soil during the reign of Elizabeth and the early years of James' reign. Their pastors were hanged and the churches dispersed. The only way for such churches to maintain an existence was for pastor and people to escape to Holland where there was toleration in matters of religion. Such was the congregation of Puritans led to Amsterdam about the year 1595 by Francis Johnson, where he was afterwards joined by Henry Ainsworth. Another was the church of John Robinson, the Father of the Pilgrims, who, after the accession of James the First, organizing a church at Scrooby led it to Leyden, and after a sojourn there of many years, brought his Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock. Robinson and two other Pilgrim Fathers of note, William Brewster and William Bradford, had first been members of the Separatist church of John Smith at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, in the vicinity of Scrooby, sixty miles north of London. Being harassed by persecution Smith and his followers also went to Holland, making their way to Amsterdam in 1606 or 1607, where they became the Second English Church at Am-

sterdam. About the beginning of the year 1609 this church of Smith reorganized on a congregational basis of government, and the members receiving a new baptism, most certainly by immersion, became the first Baptist church of English-speaking people. Leaving aside the divisions in this church caused by the withdrawal of Smith, I will state only the matters which show how from the very first the Baptists have been promoters of proper relations between Church and State. This is evident from various confessions of faith both of General Baptists and Particular Baptists in the seventeenth century.

This first church at Amsterdam, becoming convinced in 1611 that it was its duty to return to England and give the people there the gospel according to their faith, published a confession which in one very important respect showed a departure from the Mennonite and Anabaptist teachings of the time in that it did not deny magistracy. On the other hand it recognized in the fullest way the right of the State to the loyalty of members of the church. The officers of the State might be members of the Church of Christ and perform all the duties of citizens, supporting the State "with their lives and all that they have," and taking oaths "in a just cause for the deciding of strife."¹

In another General Baptist Confession, that of 1651, the makers declare that they stand "ready at all times, as necessity may require, to vindicate such a magistracy or magistrates, not only with arguments of sound reason, but also with our estates and lives; that righteousness may reign and vice be overthrown without respect of persons. Like expressions are found in the Standard Confession of 1660 and in the Orthodox Creed of 1679, in which it is said that Christians ought to support magistrates, "paying all lawful and reasonable custom, and tribute to them, for the assistance of them against foreign, domestical, and potent enemies." In the confession of 1679 the right of unrestricted marriage according to the laws of the realm is also recognized.

¹ McGlothlin, *Baptist Confessions of Faith*, p. 91.

The Particular Baptists also held like views of magistracy with their General Baptist brethren. In their first confession, that of 1644, they declare their purpose to defend "the King and Parliament freely chosen by the Kingdom . . . and all civil laws made by them, with our persons, liberties, and estates, with all that is called ours, although we should suffer never so much from them in not actively submitting to some ecclesiastical laws, which might be conceived by them to be their duties to establish which we for the present could not see, nor our conscience could not submit unto; yet are we bound to submit our persons to their pleasures." They desire to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. Like expressions are found in all subsequent confessions put forth by the Particular Baptists of England.

It is a striking fact that in the confessions of both General and Particular Baptists in almost identical language is declared the duty of allegiance on the part of Christians to the State. The prominence given to these declarations is doubtless due to the fact that these early Baptists found it necessary to make it plain that they were not in this regard followers of the Anabaptists of Munster. Baptists were as ready as any other citizens to support the regularly constituted authorities. The Church had no right to interfere with the citizen in the performance of his civic duties. This principle, the complement to the principle of freedom of conscience in the doctrine of separation of Church and State, did much to disarm prejudice against the Baptists in the seventeenth century and should be religiously observed by our Associations and Conventions of today.

The Confession of 1611, the main purpose of which seems to have been to show King and people of England the sweet reasonableness of the new church in contrast with the excesses of the Anabaptists, was not the place for the declaration of the doctrine of freedom of conscience. But this doctrine is put forth in striking fullness in two papers, one by Leonard Busher, and the other

by some unnamed member of the first English Baptist church. Busher's paper was written probably before the little church had left Amsterdam. It is a plea for permission to return to England with the protection of the government rather than for liberty for dissenting churches already in England. However it was not published until 1614. The second paper was published in 1615. Both are reprinted in *Tracts on Liberty of Conscience, 1614-1660*. Busher's article, entitled, "Religion's Peace, A Plea for Liberty of Conscience," is addressed to the "High and Mighty King James and—to Parliament." Busher insists on many principles dear to Baptists of today, regeneration, believers' baptism, the equality of all before God, and adduces seventeen detailed arguments against persecution. But most remarkable is his advanced position on the matter of liberty of conscience. He declares that "those bishops and ministers which persuade the king and parliament to burn, banish, hang, and imprison, for difference of religion are bloodsuckers and man-slayers." He would have the blessings of liberty of conscience extended to all alike, Protestants, Jews and Catholics. A half century before Milton made his plea for unlicensed printing Busher uttered these noble words:

That for the mere peace and quietness, and for satisfying of the weak and simple, among so many persons differing in religion, it be lawful for every person or persons, yea, Jews and papists, to write, dispute, confer and reason, print and publish any matter touching religion, either for or against whomsoever; always provided they allege no church fathers for proof of any point of religion, but only the holy scriptures. Neither yet to reproach or slander one another, nor any other person or persons, but with all love, gentleness, and peaceableness, inform one another, to the glory of God, honour of the king and state, and to their own good and credit.

It is impossible here even to mention the many arguments and considerations with which Busher supports his various theses all leading to the general conclusion that the true apostolic church, then scattered by persecution, would be most speedily restored by freedom of conscience.

The second paper, published in 1615, was written by one who identified himself with the church which four years before had put forth the Confession of 1611. This paper is in the form of a dialogue, and is entitled "Persecution for Religion, Judged and Condemned." Nearly every point touched upon in the paper of Busher is treated in this paper, and on doctrinal matters the two papers agree. But some of Busher's points are discussed in more detail. Busher had declared that no king or bishop should seek to compel faith. The second paper takes up the matter of compulsory church attendance and treats it at length. At this time in England as later in Virginia, all were required to attend the services of the Church of England under severe penalties. The position taken and maintained with much acuteness and judgment is that such a requirement is contrary to the religion of Christ and a violation of the right of freedom of conscience, the conclusion being that "none ought to be compelled by any worldly means to worship God, neither can any be accepted in such worship, in that it is spiritual worship that he accepteth." Like Busher, the author of this paper includes Jews and Roman Catholics in his considerations. This is all the more remarkable since at this time, in consequence of the famous "Gunpowder Plot" of 1605, there was much enmity against Roman Catholics in England. In the course of the dialogue objection had been made that if all religions should be suffered, it would be dangerous to the King's person and state, and but for fear of such danger King and State would be more tolerant. The writer abhors any who would harm the King, and declares that no true follower of Christ would commit such a crime. By a proper execution of the laws such treasons and jealousies as had been practiced could be checked. He goes on to say:

And for the papists, may it not justly be suspected that one chief cause of all their treasons, hath been because all the compulsions that have been used against their consciences, in compelling them to the worship practiced in public, according to the law of this land; which being taken away, there is no doubt

but they would be much more peaceable; as we see it verified in divers other lands where no such compulsion is used.

The objection is also made that papists are dangerous because some of them hold that kings and princes when excommunicated by the pope, may with the approval of the Roman Church be murdered or deposed by their subjects. The writer abhors such "damnable and accursed doctrine" and desires that others may, and regards as most necessary all the laws that can be made for the prevention of such execrable practices. "But now," says he, "I desire all men to see that the bishops and we justly cry out against this accursed doctrine and practice in the pope and his associates, that princes should be murdered by their subjects for contrary-mindedness in religion; yet they teach the king to murder his subjects for the same thing, viz., for being contrary-minded to them in their religion."

It was on deaf ears that these noble pleas fell. King James the First believed that the Puritans and other Dissenters with their doctrine of equality in Church were a threat to the royal government and Divine Right. Accordingly, when the Puritans presented their millennial petition at the Hampton Court Conference in 1604 asking that their ministers should not be required to conform in all respects to the liturgy of the Church of England, James sided with the bishops. Following his favorite maxim, "No bishop, no king," he imprisoned the ten persons who had presented the petition, and declared, "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land." He paid no attention to the pleas of the Baptists, but dissolving what he called the "Addled Parliament," in 1614, he ruled according to his own will until the assembling of the next Parliament in 1621. But in the meantime the Baptists had greatly increased in numbers, "had multitudes of disciples," according to a writer quoted in Crosby, *History of Eng. Baptists*, I, 139. But they had increased in spite of persecution. This had become so severe in 1620 that they again presented their grievances to King James in an "Humble Supplication." They say:

"Our miseries are long and lingering imprisonments for many years in divers counties of England, in which many have died and left behind them widows, and many small children: taking away our goods, and others the like of which we can make good probation; not for any disloyalty to your majesty, nor hurt to any mortal man, our adversaries themselves being judges; but only because we dare not assent unto, and practice in the worship of God, such things as we have not faith in, because it is sin against the Most High." Accordingly they petitioned him to allow them to worship God in their own way. But the King would not.

King James the First died in 1625, and was succeeded by his son, Charles the First, who was even more zealous than his father in seeking to root out heresy. During the eleven years from 1629 to 1640 he ruled without a Parliament, and in this period he established the High Commission Court under Archbishop Laud for the express purpose of punishing Non-conformists. "Under his direction," says Macaulay, "every corner of the realm was subjected to a constant and minute inspection. Every little congregation of separatists was tracked out and broken up. Even the devotion of private families could not escape the vigilance of his spies." During this period the Baptists could only worship secretly, and we have few records of their activity. They had a right to expect that the day of the persecution was over when the new Parliament of 1640 broke up the Star Chamber and the High Commission and brought Laud to the scaffold for his crimes. Events showed that the Baptists alone knew what liberty of conscience means.

The next enemies the Baptists found to their cherished doctrine and to their own freedom of worship were not members of the Church of England, but Presbyterians. For it was the Presbyterians who had the superiority in the Long Parliament which sat from 1640 until 1653. During this period Presbyterianism supplanted Episcopacy as the established form of worship and discipline. Seemingly intoxicated with the hope of establishing their

church for all the kingdom, the most noted Presbyterian divines of that day showed that they were no less intolerant of liberty of conscience than were Laud and Strafford. Dr. Calamy, one of the ablest among them, in a sermon before the House of Commons, October 22, 1644, with much eloquence and power urged upon its members the view that to tolerate errors and heresies in religion was to approve them. Dr. Baxter declared that he abhorred toleration; Mr. Prynne maintained that when Presbyterianism should once be established all Independents would be conscience-bound to submit to it; while Mr. Edwards, another preacher of the same faith, hoped to have the Baptist proved in error, when "the Parliament should forbid all dipping and take some such course with all Dippers, as the senate of Zurich did,"—that is, he would have had the Baptists burned at the stake.

The assembly of Divines which met at Westminster at this time refused to make any concession to Independents, in which decision they were encouraged by a letter sent them by the whole body of London ministers, December 18, 1645. Their exasperation that the Baptists and others should ask to be unmolested in their own ways may be seen in the following excerpt from that letter: "We cannot dissemble," they say, "how upon the forementioned grounds we detest and abhor the much endeavoured toleration. Our bowels, our bowels are stirred within us, and we could drown ourselves in tears, when we call to mind how long and sharp a travail this kingdom hath been in for many years together, to bring forth the blessed fruit of a pure and perfect reformation; and now that at last after all our prayers, and dolours, and expectations, this real and thorough reformation is in danger of being strangled in its birth by a lawless toleration that strives to be brought forth before it." (Quoted by Crosby.)

To satisfy this spirit of intolerance Parliament passed several laws in the interest of Presbyterianism, one of which, that of May 2, 1648, was, according to Crosby, so cruel and bloody that only the Popish law *On Burning*

Heretics may be compared to it. One section of this law provides severe penalties for those who preach "that the baptizing of infants is unlawful, or such baptism is void, and that such persons ought to be baptized again, and in pursuance thereof shall baptize any person formerly baptized." In this period a number of the ablest Baptist preachers were imprisoned and punished in other ways. Their lot would have been much worse had not the influence of Cromwell, in whose army many of the Baptists were serving, given them some measure of protection. It is the opinion of a conservative historian that, "nothing but the overthrow of the Long Parliament, and with it the Presbyterian domination, prevented a more tyrannous and implacable persecution than any that disgraces the fair pages of English annals."²

In the place of the Presbyterian establishment Cromwell in 1654 put a kind of State Church. This new organization was non-episcopal and evangelical in character and broad enough to embrace nearly all groups of Protestants in England, while it left ample toleration of Dissenters. It was endowed by the State. Some of the Baptist churches and leaders approved this system, in this way coming nearer than any other Baptists have ever done to endorsing union of Church and State. On the board of Triers, whose function was to select pastors for the various benefices, were some of the ablest Baptist preachers, while at least two of Baptist faith were approved and served as pastors of State churches. That there may be no misunderstanding of the nature of this service, I am giving the following description of Cromwell's State Church, written by John Brown, and found in *Social England*, IV, 397, f.:

Cromwell's established Church recognized no one form of ecclesiastical organization; it had no Church courts, no Church assemblies, no Church laws or ordinances. Nothing was said about rites and ceremonies, nothing even about the sacraments. The mode of administering the Lord's Supper, and also baptism, was left an open question to be determined by each con-

² Vedder, *Baptists and Liberty of Conscience*, p. 53.

gregation for itself. All that the Commissioners dealt with was the personal piety and the intellectual fitness of the minister presented to the living. If he was shown to be worthy he was at once installed. The Church buildings were regarded as the property of the several parishes, and in one was to be found a Presbyterian minister, in another an Independent, and in the third a Baptist.

Notwithstanding the fact that Cromwell had sought "to save free conscience from the paw of hireling priests whose Gospel is their maw" (Milton), and had so signally favored the Baptists, some of them had not approved his assumption of the Protectorate. After his death many Baptists were among those who invited Charles the Second to return. After the Restoration, on July 26, 1660, they presented a petition to the King in which they pleaded their loyalty and asked for the royal protection and freedom to worship God in their own way. Charles made a gracious reply, assuring them "that he would have particular care that none should trouble them on account of their conscience in matters pertaining to religion." (Crosby).

Whether Charles was sincere in making this promise is open to question, but he was certainly not able to restrain the spirit of animosity with which the members of the Episcopal Church began to follow all not of that faith. The period of the Restoration witnessed the most destructive persecution of Baptists and other Dissenters, the Baptists suffering only less severely than the Quakers.³

Taking advantage of the uprising of Venner early in 1661, in which the Baptists and the Quakers had no part, their enemies inflamed the mind of the King against them with the result that he issued a proclamation forbidding "all meeting and conventicles under pretence of religion." There followed a period in which every turbulent mob had its will with Baptists and Quakers without restraint; while

³ It is hard to realize that the following statement can be truthfully made of persecutions of Quakers in the England of 1660-89: "The number who died in prison approached 400, and at least 100 more suffered from violence and ill usage. A petition to the First Parliament of Charles II stated that 3,179 had been imprisoned; the number rose to 4,500 in 1662." Article, "Friends," in *Ency. Britan.*

any petty magistrate invoked what law he pleased to imprison them.

And Parliament was not slow in enacting laws cunningly designed to exterminate all sects which did not conform to the worship of the Church of England. The Uniformity Act passed in 1662 provided for the first time that no one could enjoy a benefice who had not episcopal ordination. This drove some two thousand non-conformist ministers from their pastorates, many of whom were thus rendered destitute. As very few Baptists were enjoying benefices they suffered very little from this act. But they felt the full force of two other acts: the Conventicle Act of 1664, which forbade under severe penalties any minister to officiate at or any one to attend a religious service not conducted after the liturgy of the Church of England; and the Five-Mile Act of 1665, which forbade a dissenting minister to live within five miles of any incorporated town. Armed with the powers bestowed by these acts and all the statutes against dissenters which had been passed from the times of Queen Elizabeth, and which were declared still in force, mayors and magistrates to the remotest corners of the kingdom arrested Baptist preachers, dispersed Baptist congregations, and in some cases pronounced death penalties which, however, in nearly all instances were stayed by appeal to the King. But some were left to die in filthy prisons which they were forced to share with the most abandoned and violent criminals. The pages of Crosby which cover this period are little more than chronicles of persecutions.

Though the storm of persecution had spent its greatest fury in ten or twelve years, there is no denying the fact that the Baptist cause in Great Britain was almost destroyed by these cruel laws. At the Restoration in 1660 there were not fewer than forty thousand Baptists in England. Their numbers had diminished rather than increased in 1689. They were already discouraged and disorganized. When the Toleration Act of that year once more gave them the right of worship they were no longer able to regain their former enthusiasm. Evangelical

religion in England had no revival until the coming of the Wesleys and Whitfield a half century later. But in the English colonies across the sea the idea of religious freedom had already been planted, and here it was to have its perfect flower and fruitage.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN AMERICA

Even in the New World the fight for religious freedom was not won without many struggles. Virginia, first settled in 1607, maintained until 1775 as strict an establishment of the Church of England as was to be found in the Mother Country. With imprisonment, banishing and flogging, even the flogging of women on their bare backs, the provincial government of Virginia sought in vain to suppress all religion but that of the Established Church. Likewise Puritan Massachusetts by harassing those of other sects sought to protect the Puritan faith from contamination. With fines and imprisonment, with branding with hot irons and with cutting off ears, with whipping and with hanging, they endeavored to prevent freedom of worship. Had they not come to America to found a State in which they might worship God after their own way? Let all who could not conform go elsewhere.

Roger Williams did go elsewhere. In 1636 he went to Providence and there set up the first government that having the power to punish dissent in matters of religion did not, but on the other hand granted full religious freedom. As long as the world stands this will be told to the honor of this little State. All men of all creeds or none found a refuge here from their persecutors. Thither in 1657 and after came the persecuted Quakers with the marks of Massachusetts cruelty exhibited on their persons in the shape of brands with hot irons on their cheeks or festering sores on the side of their heads from which the ears had been torn, and found safe refuge. For Rhode Island disregarded the threats of cruel reprisals made by the New England Federation if the persecuted should find refuge there. It was entirely fitting that the founder of Providence should have been also the founder of the first

Baptist church in the New World, that of Providence, which Williams organized in 1639, for in this little State the Baptists first found that religious freedom of which they had been the first champions.

Except for the free ocean off the coast Rhode Island was surrounded by colonies which detested toleration. In 1643 was formed the New England Confederation, composed of the jurisdictions of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Plymouth, and New Haven. All members of this confederation were as intolerant of religious freedom as was Massachusetts, and in 1658 all agreed upon the enforcement of the most cruel measures against the Quakers, though none except Massachusetts went so far as to hang those of that sect who persisted in preaching in their territory.

In Maryland, from its first settlement until the year 1700, we find an approximation towards religious freedom. Though this colony was intended to be a refuge for the persecuted Roman Catholics of England, the Protestants always were in the majority, three-fourths of the inhabitants being Protestants as early as 1641. The early colony, however, was largely under the control of Lord Baltimore and prominent Roman Catholic families, who showed a policy in regard to religious freedom far in advance of what was found in Virginia and in the New England Confederation. In 1649 this policy found expression in a statute which provided that no person "professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall from henceforth be in any ways troubled, molested or discountenanced, for or in respect of his or her religion nor in the free exercise thereof." This was religious freedom, at least for all Christians. But with the Act for the Establishment this was all ended in 1700.

What might have resulted to religious freedom had it been confined to the small province of Rhode Island, with toleration granted in the other small colony of Maryland is only a matter of conjecture. But it was not to be. In this matter the Lord made the avarice, if not the wrath, of man to praise him. In 1663 Charles the Second granted

to eight of his courtiers all that magnificent domain whose boundaries are the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, and the lines extending westward from the northern boundary of North Carolina and the most southern point in South Carolina. In the charters the King authorized the Lords Proprietors to grant full religious liberty to colonists. In the second charter, that of 1665, the guarantees of this are as explicit as language can make them. It is as follows:

No persons or persons to whom such liberty shall be given, shall be in any way molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question, for any differences in opinion, or practice in matters of religious concernments, who do not actually disturb the civil peace of the province, county or colony, that they may make their abode in: but all and every such person or persons may, from time to time, and at all times, freely and quietly have and enjoy his and their judgments and consciences, in matters of religion, throughout all the said province or colony, they behaving themselves peaceably, and not using this liberty to licentiousness, nor to civil injury or outward disturbance of others; any law, statute or clause, contained or to be contained, usage or custom of our realm of England, to the contrary hereof, in any wise notwithstanding.

The Lords Proprietors wanted colonists and hoped to secure them by this promise of religious freedom. It was reasonable for them to expect that many would flee from the persecutions of the Restoration to this land where they could worship God unmolested. By agents and numerous pamphlets this religious freedom in the Carolinas was kept before the people of England as one of its chief attractions. Later, in 1681, Penn's charter for Pennsylvania authorized religious freedom in almost identical terms, and Penn actually established a government in which religious freedom was secure. Thus the colonists settling in America came to regard religious freedom as an inalienable right.

But the victory was not yet won. The Church of England was to make one last desperate effort to gain in the colonies the place it held in England and to repress all other churches. For this purpose there was organized in

England about the beginning of the eighteenth century the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Its chief promoter was Dr. Thomas Bray, who, like most of the other members of the Society both in his day and after, was actuated by true Christian missionary zeal. With Bray's assistance the Maryland Legislature in 1700 passed an Act establishing the Church of England in the Province as a part of the diocese of the Bishop of London. A year or two later almost identical Acts were passed, not without much political trickery, by the legislatures of North and South Carolina. In accord with the cunningly devised scheme for the repression of dissent and the promotion of the Establishment the famous Schism Act was revived by statutes in the colonies, requiring that all schoolmasters should be members of the Established Church and have the approval of the Bishop of London. Thus it was hoped to keep the teachers and preachers of other denominations ignorant and impotent. In this way was begun the fight for absolutism in religion in the English colonies of America. It lasted until 1776 with the Church of England fighting a constantly losing battle. The people of the Carolinas soon showed that they were not willing to be taxed to support an Establishment. Many even of the Church of England refused to serve on the vestries and the people were not to be induced by any threat of distraint of goods to pay taxes for the support of the Church. Thirty years after the first vestry act was made in North Carolina, though in the meantime the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had sent a dozen missionaries to the Province, there was not a single minister of the Church of England regularly established there; sixty years later there were no more than five. The tyrannical Governor Tryon, who assumed many of the functions of a Bishop, succeeded in bringing the number up to eighteen by 1771, but got himself and the King and the Establishment the more detested thereby. While he was declaring that the Baptists were not to be tolerated and was identifying with the Baptists and Quakers those Regulators who opposed

his extortionate officers, the great mass of the people of North Carolina learned to see some connection between his tyrannical and murderous actions and the policies of the church which he supported. This was the easier for them to do since the pastor of his church in New Bern in public prayer thanked the Lord for his victory at Alamance. The result was that when the Royal Government fell the Establishment also fell never to rise again. And the day of full religious liberty, if not of complete separation of Church and State, was at hand in North Carolina. A like record might be made of the struggle against the Establishment in most of the other colonies. But it would be tedious to go into more detail.

It is necessary, however, to indicate just how the separation of Church and State was finally brought to the present happy status. For this purpose I will use the course of events in North Carolina and Virginia, in both of which States it can be shown that the Baptist influence was strong and determinative in this matter.

In North Carolina the first constitution, which was adopted by the Convention which met at Halifax in November, 1776, provided for complete freedom of conscience, prohibited any established church, but did not quite reach the goal of complete separation of Church and State. There were two views among others than Episcopalians in that Convention, one the view of the Baptists sponsored by Elder Henry Abbott, a son of Rev. John Abbott, Canon of St. Paul's, London. Coming to America he had been converted and joined the Baptist Church then called Pasquotank, but now Shiloh, in Camden County. As pastor of this church he was a well known friend of freedom and an able and staunch advocate of complete separation of Church and State. The other party represented the Presbyterian ideal as set forth in a set of resolutions sent in from Mecklenburg County. The plea of these resolutions was for the recognition of the Protestant religion, an approved form of it, as the State religion, and the disallowing of popish religions. Any religion which did not violate the Westminster Confession and the

Thirty-nine Articles with the omission of the thirty-sixth was to be allowed, and there was to be no establishment of one church to the preference of any other. In this clash of the full freedom demanded by the Baptists and the State protection of Protestantism urged by the Presbyterians, the Baptist view prevailed, except, for article 32, which reads:

That no person who shall deny the truth of the Protestant religion, or the divine authority of the Old and New Testaments, or who shall hold religious principles incompatible with the freedom of the State, shall be capable of holding any office or place of trust or profit in the civil department, within this State.

There were similar restrictions in the first constitutions of New Hampshire, New Jersey, South Carolina, Georgia, Maryland and Massachusetts, while those of Pennsylvania and Delaware required belief in God, in future rewards and punishments, and in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

The North Carolina constitution also provided that no clergyman or preacher while in the exercise of his pastoral function should be a member of either house of the State legislature. In this State the restriction with reference to denying the truth of the Protestant religion was not operated so as to debar Catholics, and was changed in 1835 by substituting the word "Christian" for the word "Protestant." But Jews and those of other faiths were not allowed to hold office in North Carolina until 1868.

In Virginia the Baptists had suffered more during the provincial period than those in North Carolina from the persecutions of the government. Says Dr. Hawks:⁴ "No Dissenters in Virginia experienced for the time harsher treatment than did the Baptists. They were beaten and imprisoned, and cruelty taxed its ingenuity to devise new modes of punishment and annoyance."

This persecution was the severer because the friends of the Establishment saw Baptist preachers springing

⁴ *Protestant Epis. Church in Virginia.*

up on all sides, making thousands of converts and winning popular favor. There were able men among the Baptists who could maintain the argument against the best of their opponents and who in public speech knew how to quicken the aspiration of the people for political and religious freedom.

As the Revolution began the "Baptists to a man" were in favor of it. In 1775 the General Association presented its memorable Address to the Virginia Convention. They assured the Convention that they were ready to take up arms in the cause of liberty. And in a statement of principles promulgated at the same time they declared:

We hold that the mere toleration of religion by the civil government is not sufficient; that no State Religious Establishment ought to exist; that all religious denominations ought to stand upon the same footing; and that to all alike the protection of the Government should be extended, securing to them the peaceable enjoyment of their own religious principles and modes of worship.⁵

For ten years the Baptists stood firm in their support of these principles before they saw them completely accepted by the Government of Virginia. Other denominations wavered. The Methodists at first stood with the Episcopalians in asking for a continuance of the Establishment.⁶

The Presbyterians strongly urged a General Assessment under which all should be taxed for the support of the churches, and each taxpayer be allowed to designate his tax for the church of his choice. They favored a multiple-headed State Church, whereas the Baptists were fighting almost single-handed against any Establishment at all. It was on this issue, very similar to that in North Carolina nine years before, that the battle was finally joined before the Virginia Legislature of 1785. Patrick Henry who before had favored the Baptists now forsook them and took sides with the Presbyterians. But the

⁵ Howell, *Early Baptists of Virginia*, p. 144f., and authorities cited.

⁶ Address to the House of Delegates, Journal, October 27, 1776.

Baptists had abler champions in Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, the latter of whom voiced the Baptist view in the famous "Memorial." On its final vote the Legislature defeated the bill for a general assessment by a large majority. After this Mr. Jefferson secured the legislative enactment of his famous Statute of Religious Liberty. In its preamble and enacting clause it embodied the principles for which the Baptists had been contending. It is the completest declaration of the principle of separation of Church and State ever written into a statute. Mr. Jefferson counted it one of the great achievements of his life, and in accord with his request it is so named on his tombstone along with the Declaration of Independence and the founding of the University of Virginia.

This statute was a distinct advance over the provision for religious liberty in the constitutions of the other States in that it no longer prescribed any kind of religious test for citizenship or the holding of office, the last part of it reading:

That all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities.

As interpretative of this famous statute from the viewpoint of a Baptist we have this from Elder John Leland, in 1790 laboring in Virginia:

The liberty I contend for is more than toleration. The very idea of toleration is despicable; it supposes that some have a preëminence above the rest to grant indulgence; whereas all should be equally free, Jews, Turks, Pagans, and Christians.

Mr. Leland likewise declared that it was inconsistent with this principle for a husband to force his religious opinions upon his wife or children or servants.⁷

A few years later the friends of religious liberty, among whom Baptists had a prominent part, secured an amendment to the Federal constitution, forbidding Congress

⁷ *The Virginia Chronicle*, XIX.

from making any law establishing a religion or preventing the free exercise thereof. It was many years before the last vestiges of State religions had faded away in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire, but it came at last, and for more than a century in all the States of the American Union separation of Church and State approximates the Baptist ideals.

STATE LAWS AND THE CHURCH

Since, however, the churches exist in the territory of the State and own property in the State, it is necessary that the State make certain laws setting forth the limits to which the churches may go in setting rules for the government of their members, and also the terms on which the churches may hold their properties. Such laws would have been almost if not quite unnecessary if all churches had the simple form of government of a local Baptist Church and sought to exercise no more control over their members than Baptist churches exercise. But not all churches have a government so simple; some like the Roman Catholic Churches have been accustomed to regard the law of their Church as superior to the law of the land, and to punish for heresy those who depart from their faith; and to seek to restrain those who join their monastic orders from liberty to leave them. Accordingly the law in the United States, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, definitely provides against the infringement of the right of any of its citizens in these respects. No church can, according to law, coerce any American citizen to perform any service, or to remain in its membership longer than he wishes.

In the matter of property-holding every Baptist congregation is a local unit and owns its own church property, requiring no special legislation. The Baptist plan is the American ideal and was the plan followed in the early days of the Republic, and until the year 1830 in most States, and as late as 1896 in Virginia. But early in the last century churches with episcopal or synodical organizations began to ask for special laws to permit their hold-

ing of property. Twenty-four different churches have obtained such laws in most of the States. In the Roman Catholic Church the property is vested, not in the local congregation, but in the bishops and arch-bishops; the Methodist Episcopal Church has a similar method of holding property. The simple method used by the Baptists of holding their property is a standing protest to all these special laws made for ecclesiastical corporations, while at the same time it carries no threat of such an accumulation of property by any Baptist church as will menace the welfare of the State.*

In actual practice there are a number of matters in which the province of the Church and that of the State have not been clearly delimited. Some of these are properly matters for the State in which some of the churches claim they have a voice because "moral issues" are involved. Such before the Civil War was the slavery question on which the churches of the North held one way and the churches of the South another. Such today are the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act. Such also are matters of peace and war, child labor, education. In regard to these Baptist Conventions and Associations have passed numerous resolutions, and sometimes, as on the questions of war and peace, conflicting resolutions. In the matter of Sunday observance also there seems to be an overlapping of interest. It is now being generally recognized that the State will no longer seek to establish holy days primarily for the purpose of worship; such Sunday laws as are made are to secure rest and recreation for citizens; the Church must by its own teachings impose the obligation to worship on the consciences of its members.

As the State has taken over to so great a degree the education of the children, the question of religious instruction in the schools has become acute. In certain States the Catholics have asked for a division of the funds raised by taxation to use to help pay the expenses of their parochial schools in which their nuns and priests

* Information for this paragraph was found in an article, "Civil Church Law," by Bayles, in *The New International Encyclopedia*.

teach and in which instruction is given in the doctrines peculiar to their church. In many other States the question of Bible-reading in the public schools has been much discussed. Generally, as in Virginia and North Carolina, the Baptists have taken the position that such reading of the Bible would be a violation of the rights of those who do not accept the Protestant form of religion, and it is believed that the Baptist view is destined to prevail in all our States.

With the growth of the Catholic population and influence in recent years many Protestants including not a few Baptists have become alarmed lest the Catholic influence in our government become dangerous and subversive. It has been told and believed that the Catholic population votes as a unit, or practically so, and as the priest directs; that in many towns and States they hold the balance of power and use it for the promotion of the interest of their church. Partly to meet this threat, real or fancied, was organized the Ku Klux Klan, which is said to have in its membership in some States many influential Baptist laymen and preachers. Many of the religious papers of the country avowedly made one of their reasons for opposing the election of a candidate for President in our last national election the fact that he was a member of the Catholic Church. With others this purpose was ill concealed. More recently it is said that a cabinet position was denied a prominent member of the President's party because he is a Catholic. As an expression of present-day Baptist opinion on this matter I am quoting the following from a recent issue of the *Baptist* (Chicago):

It might as well be understood once and for all that if any Catholic is subject to political opposition in this country because of his faith there is a reason perfectly consistent with a tolerant spirit and with the principle of religious liberty. And the removal of that reason is in the hands of a political monarch at Rome. A question of conflicting political loyalties is involved. . . . We are not saying that Baptists ought to oppose a candidate for any office because he is a Catholic. But the point we make is that their doing so in any particular instance is not

in itself an evidence of bigotry. . . . They observe in the office of the pope a joint political monarch with the center of its sovereignty in a foreign country, trying to extend its power in and over the United States by every available means. They understand that monarch to be opposed on principle to religious liberty. They reason that both religious and civil liberty are imperilled in the United States to the extent to which the power of that government is extended in this country. . . . They are not happy in such a conviction. They would be happy to be assured that the political control of this country by Catholics would involve no impairment of religious liberty and no attempt of the Catholic church to promote its own special interest by the use of the functions and favors of the government. Pledged irrevocably, as Baptists are, to a renunciation of political power and of all special privilege on the part of their own ecclesiastical fellowship, they wait and hope for assurance of a similar renunciation on the part of their Catholic fellow citizens, authenticated by the only agency which has the power to give validity to such renunciation. On this point, the Baptists, like the Catholics, can listen only to the pope.

Such is the view of the ablest Baptist periodical in the United States. However, I venture to express the opinion that the view expressed above is not quite in accord with the historical Baptist position. The nameless Baptist writer who in 1615 addressed King James in a plea for toleration pleaded for liberty for Catholics no less than for himself, although he had much more reason to regard them as dangerous to the State than we have. And he pointed this out most clearly. Yet he would not have the Catholics persecuted on account of their faith. In this country to deny a man the right to hold office, even the highest, because he is a Catholic smacks a good deal of persecution. Technically the editor of the *Baptist* is right, for technically the Catholic does have a divided allegiance. But in reality there is no doubt about the essential patriotism and loyalty to our government of many Catholics. Accordingly, while we should continue to point out to all the dual political allegiance of Catholics, we should not let the fact that a candidate for office is of that faith outweigh all other considerations. Moreover, Baptists should remember that, as the experiences of

history show, the way to win people to their way is not by persecution but by being liberal and charitable. It would be a great consummation if all Baptists had the faith of that one who was pleading for liberty of conscience in 1615, when there were not a hundred Baptists in the world, and yet declared for the same rights for Catholics as he desired for Baptists. With such faith they could win favor with God and men.

I have tried to tell of the glorious records of Baptists in securing liberty of conscience and complete separation of Church and State. It is their achievement; they began it, and have brought it to completion in this country. But no such complete separation is to be found elsewhere. There is still work to do in other lands. And we must preserve our winnings in our own country. The surest way to do this and win others to our view is for Baptists to keep strictly to their religious work, avoiding every semblance of persecution and not seeking to interfere with the functions of the State, or the civil rights of members of Baptist churches.

Exchanges

The December issue of *The Acorn*, while somewhat pleasing in most respects, would have been much more attractive had it included a poem or two and maybe a drama. (In regard to the drama, it is to be greatly lamented that so few magazines of our colleges seem to be encouraging attempts at drama. There is probably no student body but which has some talent that could be made useful and of promise in the field of drama, if that talent would appreciate encouragement from the right source. Would it not?)

"A Snow Storm" by Mary Henly is very finely done. Her words are well chosen and portray graphically and realistically the spirit of her theme. She proves that she is an observer of Nature, and as she feels the approach of the snow her sympathy is touched even by the "poplar trees" which "creaked and groaned" as the black clouds rolled "menacingly from the northeast."

"The True Story of the Voyage of Sir Thomas Duval to the Coast of South America," by Margaret Craig, is hardly more than ordinary. The plot does not have the resistance it ought to have and at times there is a drag in the general movement of the story.

"On Things I Love," by Helen Abernathy, is in theme somewhat a new departure, quaint, almost whimsical; yet one cannot read it without appreciation. Miss Abernathy speaks subjectively and certainly her article evinces a clear, sparkling imagination.

In "Sketches" *The Acorn* adds a tasteful note to the issue. "The Night Watchman," by Ruth Britt, though local in color is a splendid tribute to one devoted to duty. "Saved by Grace," by Dorothy Lindsay, is a sparkling, semi-satirical review of the young college boy as he calls

to see his girl friend at college. Miss Lindsay might have improved or added further to the humor of her sketch had she portrayed in similar style, the ultimate and immediate approach of the young lady to her suitor.

"The Return of the Magi," by Mabel King Becker, is perhaps the outstanding number of the issue. The story is particularly adapted to the season and is written in a charming manner. Miss Becker presents her characters in such a way as to portray a keen, sympathetic understanding of life. There is a realism about the plot and action that manifests fidelity to nature—a representation without idealization.

The October number of *The Wataugan* is hardly more than average in quality.

"Freshman's Soliloquy" by Gene Richards is particularly well named, especially if the word "Freshman" is well *accented* on the penpet and if the word "boy's" were inserted in the place of the word "man's."

In the first place Mr. Richards' selection is not poetry. Truly he has fashioned it in part as such. It is somewhat symbolical of the fowl that tried to arrange a gorgeous plume from feathers not its own.

In the second place Mr. Richards has not said anything that is in the least bit of harmony with the Muse. He has used language that cannot possibly be associated with the spirit of poetry—in fact there is hardly anything in his lines either in spirit or theme that could be called poetic. It may be, however, that he has recently been to Mt. Olympus, or King Tut's tomb, or the Monmouth cave, or been inspired with some priestly oracle to institute a new style of verse, verse that is not of the spirit, verse that is but the feeble expression of foolish incantations.

"If such there be
Go mark him well."

"The Duel" by Mr. Richards is decidedly better than a "Freshman's Soliloquy." In this poem Mr. Richards

gives evidence of talent that might be of promise! The selection possesses a sort of weird charm that is delightful.

Felix M. Italiano in "Poetry or Prose?" has written a very timely article in an excellent manner. He has sounded a note of criticism that is well directed. He speaks of a true prophet in saying, "The element of emotional and imaginative discourse in metrical forms seems to be lacking in modern poetry, but, instead, the overworked idea of rough-and-ready realism has taken the place of emotional and imaginative thought."

"Lineman's English" by Charles P. Loomis adds considerable flavor to the issue. Judging from his article he is well acquainted with his theme, and that is the first requirement in all forms of intelligent discourse whether oral or written.

"Letters of a Freshman" by Elmer is very admirable in one respect—that is, it adds to the "corpulency" of the issue, if such a term as "corpulency" may be applied to the inanimate. The writer has attempted to portray satirically the "frosh" who leaves home for his first time and finds himself floundering amid the dazzling effects of college life. In his effort, however, he destroys the desired effect by simple exaggeration. He has manufactured a dialect which is neither provincial nor colloquial, technical nor standard. Elmer should be reminded that are if received and appreciated as art must conceal itself. No other art is effective. Even the most invective satire is humanely enjoyable if it is natural and not forced, logical and not fallacious.

"The Constitution" by Lee R. Mercer is a splendid piece of work. The thought is well organized, clearly stated and has the earmarks of a real oration. Mr. Mercer is evidently a clear thinker along political lines and the treatment of his text is well worthy of commendation.

One thing might be added however, about the October *Watagan* as a whole; it is decidedly colorful and varied.

It is free from much of the triteness and overworked style of many of our college publications. The editors should be congratulated on this achievement.

The December number of *Voices of Peace* is fairly well balanced and of about its usual quality.

"The Death of Autumn" by Mary Dwight Turner is a bit of verse charming in spirit and style. The verse reveals the author's keen, sympathetic observation of Mother Nature, and the world is always ready to listen when one speaks sympathetically of her. Then, too, she has observed something of the accepted laws of style—style which lends music and charm to poetry as does the theme itself.

Miss Bush in "Blessings" has taken a really great poem and done an almost unpardonable and incusable thing in paraphrasing it. She has not only done Mr. Whittier an injustice by harnessing his style, but she has marred the lofty spirit of the original theme. Such inventions in the field of literature—amateur or professional—should be outlawed and stopped forever. It is grossly unfair to a man who has literally poured out his soul's highest sentiments on a noble subject to have some one—after he has gone on to "rest under the shade of the tree"—come along with some plagiarized invention and excuse it "with apologies." If a writer cannot be original enough to at least fashion the general framework of his expression then he should "bud" for a while longer.

The January issue of *The Acorn* is fair. There is room for more short stories and poems, although "New Year's Eve" paints a nice picture. The manner of the treatment of "Shakespeare's Three Roman Heroes" is very good along with the excellent selections from the plays to illustrate these characters.

"Princes and Peasants" connects Arthur and his Round Table, whose chivalrous deeds were supposed to have been done in the sixth and seventh centuries, with the bold and cunning outlaw, Robin Hood, who presumably lived 600

years later. It is a pleasing narrative. "An Old Story" is a nice little story that is well constructed, with a unified plot. It is much more interesting than "Notes."

The editorials are on topics very well chosen, written on the way many students do not avail themselves of the opportunities offered them through well-shelved libraries.

The Acorn for February is of varied excellence. The best prose contribution is "The Autobiography of a Roman Slave." Though the chronological order of the events seem to cast a little plightedness over the story, some of the many interesting incidents of Roman life at that time are brought to the mind of the reader.

"Burial" stands above in the poetical attempts.

[Signed]

R. P.



The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

A literary magazine
published quarterly
by the Students of
Wake Forest College



Subscription
\$1.00 a year
Advertising rates
on application

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

THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR.....*Editor-in-Chief*
RICHARD PASCHAL, B. A. STRICKLAND.....*Associate Editors*
W. L. WARFFORD.....*Business Manager*
M. L. CASHION, T. C. WRENN....*Assistant Business Managers*
DR. H. B. JONES.....*Faculty Adviser*

VOLUME XLVII

MARCH, 1930

NUMBER 3

The Editor's Portfolio

In and
About the
Library

Some years ago Dr. B. W. Spilman suggested the collecting of publications of Wake Forest men. To this end he contributed funds for the purchase of a handsome bookcase, and later he made a gift, the interest on which was to be used to buy books written by our alumni. As a general rule graduates of the College make generous response to appeals from the library for their publications, but instances occur when such publications are so numerous and so expensive that their authors feel they cannot afford to contribute them. There are over thirty titles listed under the name of the widely known Greek scholar, Dr. A. T. Robertson. Dr. Robertson gave a number of these works to the library and last year others were purchased by the Spilman Fund. This year an attempt is being made to procure the publications of Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams of Cornell, now acknowledged as one of the foremost of Shakespearean scholars.

An interview with Mrs. Crittendon also showed that there has been a very definite advance made in filling in

important periodical sets. About fifty volumes of the *Literary Digest* have been added to the library. We have been very fortunate, too, in securing *Littell's Living Age*, seventy-five bound volumes of the earlier years when this magazine ranked among the foremost of periodical publications. And *Science*, the authoritative organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has been bound in fifty-eight volumes covering a period of twenty-nine years.

A collection of Baptist material in the library is gradually gaining recognition, and will increase in value as the years pass. Even our immediate College group is probably unaware of the wealth of material accumulated in the steel cabinet and on the shelves in the northwest corner of the library. Files of important Baptist periodicals, such as the *Baptist Quarterly*, published during the sixties, the *Baptist Quarterly Review*, the *Review And Expositor*, *Baptist Quarterly*, the *Religious Herald*, are being completed wherever possible. The library has the editor's file of the *North Carolina Baptist*, and is also the possessor of the most nearly complete file of the *Biblical Recorder* in existence.

The library is meeting the need for the preservation of historical material and is also performing the primary function of a library in the stimulating of a love for literature. Last May there was an increased appropriation made for books, and the library is now receiving significant additions. Each department is given a certain proportion of the book fund to spend. The latest books are sometimes purposely not bought at the time of publication (for such books must be proved by the acid test of time); still, many of the more important of these actually are finding a place on the shelves, and alluring titles are constantly kept before the student.

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Tuition and Room-rent free. Scholarships available for approved students. Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses: I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma. II. Resident Course with Special Emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree A.M. III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course, Seminary degree Th.M., University degree Ph.D.

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

Edwards & Broughton Company

Complete Annual Service

The good will and friendliness of Wake Forest Students and Faculty is a matter of sincere appreciation on the part of this company; and earnest effort, expert workmen and modern machinery enter into our service to Wake Forest and other colleges.

Printers of College Publications

The Wake Forest Student

Vol. XLVII

No. 4



MAY, 1930

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Dream Lies Dead (Poem)	281
WILLIAM N. DAY	
The Hotspurs of Cape Fear	282
S. L. MORGAN, JR.	
Chemical Warfare Agents	291
C. S. BLACK	
The Ruined Pier (Poem)	297
VIRGINIA BENTON and BENJAMIN SLEDD	
Redemption	299
G. W. PASCHAL	
Marriage and Divorce	307
WADE H. BOSTICK	
Magic Lights	317
B. A. STRICKLAND, JR.	
On Choosing One's Ancestors	324
WILLIAM N. DAY	
A Snow-Storm (Poem)	327
SCRIBBLER	
Some Utopian Mechanical Devices of H. G. Wells ..	328
S. W. HUGHES	
Crucifixion of a Soul	334
NIELA ALEIN	
The Test	336
L. D. MUNN	
My General (Poem)	352
SCRIBBLER	
Mid-air	353
R. E. WILSON	
Editor's Portfolio	355

The Wake Forest Student

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

VOLUME XLVII

MAY, 1930

NUMBER 4

A Dream Lies Dead

By WILLIAM N. DAY

A dream lies dead here.
Softly go,
With bended head
And eyes held low.
Revere the memories—
All I have—
Of a dream I once held dear.

A dream lies dead here.
'Twas a vision divine,
And its hopeful joy
Filled this heart of mine.
And now 'tis gone—
Its passing marked
By only a sigh, a silent tear.

*The Hotspurs of Cape Fear**

By S. L. MORGAN, JR.

WITH a steady sweep of his oars, a young man was rapidly forcing a little boat down the muddy waters of the Cape Fear. The early morning sky was the color of slate, and the biting wind that was whistling through the dark green pines and live oaks on either shore prophesied snow before night. For a portion of his journey the river had been shut in by lofty bluffs, but now the evergreen hills sloped gently down to the water's edge.

Suddenly the rower ceased his efforts and turned the prow toward the left bank. The current soon brought him opposite a break in the pines. For a quarter of a mile inland from either shore a narrow avenue had been cut leading up from the water's edge over a terraced slope to the top of each hill where, facing each other about half a mile apart, stood two beautiful colonial mansions. These imposing dwellings were the homes of two well-to-do planters of Bladen County, the Robeson brothers—Colonel Thomas on the western hill, and Captain Peter on the eastern. The plantation of the former was called "Walnut Grove." The two men were highly esteemed by all who knew them, both for their truthfulness and honesty in their dealings with others and for their bravery in battle. Peter was hot-headed and rash in his actions at times, although his brother usually used his influence to restrain this characteristic. It was this trait that, added to their bravery, led them to be called "The Hot-

* This story, like "Yes," which appeared in the November issue, is based on certain historical events that took place in Bladen County, North Carolina, during the Revolutionary War. The characters are taken from real life. The John Owen in "Yes" was at one time governor of the State, while the county of Robeson was named after the two Robeson brothers appearing in this story.

spurs of the Cape Fear." Only several months before they had taken a very active part in defeating the Tories at Elizabethtown. The latter had been completely routed and had been forced to withdraw to Wilmington where they nursed their wrath and awaited an opportunity for revenge. In the meantime the Whigs had made an encampment above Wilmington that enabled them to prevent many supplies from reaching the enemy. This state of affairs was very irritating to the Tories, and they were planning an attack on this encampment.

It was toward the home of Captain Peter that John McPherson, the young rower, hurried after he had secured his boat to the eastern bank. As he hastened up the slope he wondered how the Captain was going to accept the proposal he intended to make. Ever since the struggle with England began he had been a Tory—at least in name. His father had insisted on it, even to the point of threatening disinheritance if he failed to comply with his demand. But several weeks ago his father had died as a result of a wound received in the Battle of Elizabethtown, and now he felt free to support the cause he loved. He might now follow the youthful impulse to fight for freedom without opposing a loved one. This morning he had come to offer his services and his wealth to the Robeson brothers, the recognized leaders of the Bladen patriots.

As he reached the porch the massive oak door swung inward and the Captain himself appeared.

"Come in, McPherson. How's our Tory friend this morning?"

"That's just what I've come to see you about, Captain," returned John as he seated himself before the large fireplace filled with crackling logs. "Your Tory friend is about done for; in fact I'm almost a Whig. Strange as it may sound, I've come to offer myself and my property to the Whig cause. Father can no longer restrain me with his conservative ideas."

"Great, McPherson. You don't know how opportunely you have intervened. Our resources have been

quickly disappearing and it was only a matter of days before the Colonel would have been forced to break up the encampment above Wilmington, because of lack of supplies. They seized the last boat your father was sending down to Wilmington several weeks ago, but that is gone now. I guess you didn't know that you had already made a contribution to us."

"That is interesting. But I'll have another sent down tomorrow night, and this time it won't have to be seized," John declared as he rose to go.

"Wait, don't go yet. I must call the Colonel over, and we'll discuss this matter at dinner. I'm sure he will be greatly interested in your decision."

The Captain drew a blue square of cloth from a drawer in his desk and beckoned John to follow him. Out on the porch he pointed to a tall pole by the steps with a rope attached—seemingly a flag-pole. As he tied the blue flag to the rope and raised it, he said: "When Tom and I married we built these two homes, cut the avenue you see between us, and set up these signal poles—he has one in his yard. Wait a minute and you will see his signal. A red flag lets him know that Elizabeth and I will be over for dinner. A blue one invites him over. A white one signifies acceptance; a black one, refusal."

After a short while a white flag had arisen on the distant signal-pole. The Captain lowered his, and with his visitor went in again to the fire.

It was not long before Colonel Thomas arrived, and John's offer was repeated.

"But, McPherson," he said, "even if the Captain and I believe you are in earnest, the majority of our fellow-patriots will be very suspicious of your actions. There will be many who'll think it much safer for us if you are in jail. You have the reputation of being a devoted Tory, more so on account of your father, and your sudden reversal of policy will seem to some to be a trick the Tories are pulling on us to gain inside information. From what I gather Peter has already told you too much, if that were the case. However, as far as I am concerned,

I believe you are in earnest, and we certainly need your help. The next step is to go to Elizabethtown and take the oath of allegiance to the United States."

"I'm ready any time," agreed John. "I will go this afternoon."

"You must not go alone. It would not be safe. Peter and I will accompany you and vouch for your sincerity. If you're ready we'll go right after dinner."

Two hours later in Elizabethtown the court-house square was filled with a crowd of men, women, and children, talking noisily and at times even angrily, glancing repeatedly at the door where just a few minutes before three men had entered. Two of the men the crowd knew well. They were the Robeson brothers. But everyone was asking about the third man. Rumor had it that he was a Tory. Then what was he doing here?

Just at that moment a young man rushed out of the door, and spoke in a tone audible to all those around.

"That fellow is John McPherson, the son of the old Tory that raised so much trouble around here. He has just taken the oath of allegiance to the United States."

There was a notable gasp of astonishment, then several cheers were heard. But the young man continued excitedly: "This man is a spy. He is just trying to pull the wool over our eyes by this stunt. As soon as he learns what the Tories want to know, oath or no oath, he won't be a Whig any more. Let's hang him! Hang him!"

The cry was taken up by the crowd, and the yard was in an uproar when the Colonel appeared on the steps followed by Peter and McPherson. He drew the latter to his side and raised his arm. The uproar ceased.

"Fellow-patriots, this is John McPherson, son of the wealthy Tory who died only several weeks ago. McPherson has just taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and has offered himself and his resources to our cause. All this you seem to know. The suspicion that you harbor in your minds was anticipated by us. We realized that this move would indeed look doubtful to many of you. But McPherson has convinced my brother

and myself that he is sincere. And the financial aid that he can give us will help greatly. Whoever dares to lay a hand on him must first meet us."

The two brothers with John between them walked over to their horses and mounting them turned back up the fifteen-mile river trail to Walnut Grove. Colonel Thomas rode by the side of the youth, while Peter acted as rear-guard, but there was no interference and they reached the Colonel's at dusk without mishap.

"McPherson, come in and eat supper with us. You'll hardly get home in time to get any there."

"Thank you, Colonel, I'll come in and warm up a little, but I reckon I'd better not stay long enough for supper—that is, if you'll lend me this horse for tonight."

The Colonel readily agreed to that and led the way into the large living-room, the bright light from the fire-place casting flickering shadows over the walls.

"This certainly feels good," said Peter, closing the door behind him. "It's turning colder every minute. I wouldn't be surprised to see several inches of snow on the ground in the morning."

After fifteen minutes of conversation around the blazing logs, John arose, and bidding the two "Good-night," started toward the door. When he reached it he turned around.

"Tomorrow night at nine o'clock a boat will pass here with supplies for the camp down the river. I will be on it. If by any chance one of you would like to go along, let me know and I will pick you up."

"Fine. If we decide to go we'll make some signal on the shore that you will easily see." Then addressing Peter, who had also risen to go, "By the way, Captain, how are Elizabeth and the baby getting on? I was so busy this morning I forgot to ask."

"They're getting along very well, thank you, Tom. I think Elizabeth will be up in a few days."

"McPherson, I'll cross the river with you."

McPherson opened the door. A flurry of snow blew into his face.

"Just as I predicted," commented the Captain, "but a little sooner than I expected. That bunch of men down the river will certainly appreciate the supplies you're sending them tomorrow."

The two men then plunged into the blizzard and set out down the slope to the river. When they had finally reached the eastern side the Captain deserted his young friend and turned up the hill toward his home. The latter continued on up the river and reached his plantation without accident.

Early the next morning his slaves were set to work loading a boat with supplies—food, clothing, and ammunition for the needy soldiers in the encampment down the river. The snow ceased after two inches had fallen, and the work was greatly facilitated. Although all the cargo had been loaded by noon, John thought it better to make the trip after dark. Therefore it was dusk when he at last set out.

In the meantime, supper being over, Captain Peter crossed the river to talk to his brother.

"Tom, I heard rumors today that the Tories are planning to attack the camp tonight. What do you think we had better do?"

Half an hour later the conversation of the two officers was suddenly interrupted when the large oak door swung quickly inward, and a negro slave rushed in almost out of breath.

"Come quick, Marse Peter; dey is done set yo' house on fire! Come quick, quick!"

The negro turned his head and glancing through the open door, cried again, "Look, look, come on quick!" and rushed out.

The two officers ran to the door and could hardly believe their eyes. Across on the opposite hill Captain Peter's house was fast becoming a solid mass of flames. The snow-covered avenue in front of them glistened brightly in the strange light. And already black dots could be seen moving about on the snow around the house.

"My God! My wife is sick in there!" burst out Peter and dashed down the slope with the Colonel right behind.

The little ferry seemed to take hours to reach the other shore. Again on land the men set out at a run up the slope. As they hurried on they saw that the slaves were dragging out furniture, for the house was too far gone to save. The Captain breathed a sigh of relief when he saw his wife and child lying on a bed that was standing in the yard. Seeing that she was safe for the time being the men rushed on to save what they could.

At this moment John McPherson appeared and taking in the situation at a glance joined in the rescue work.

When everything possible had been saved, the three gently carried Mrs. Robeson and the baby across the river. They learned from her that a small band of Tories had entered her room, taken her, bed and all, and placed them in the snow outside. Then while she looked on helpless, they had set fire to the house. The only man-servant in the house at the time was the old negro who had carried the news to Walnut Grove.

The Colonel's wife took Mrs. Robeson in charge and the three men held a hurried consultation. Peter was furious.

"These Tories will pay dearly for this piece of work they've pulled tonight," he cried. "McPherson, I'm going with you down the river. Tom, you may come if you like. If they don't attack tonight, I'm going to attack them tomorrow night with the help of the new ammunition and supplies."

"You're getting mighty bold," returned the Colonel, "but if there's any attacking done tonight, we'll certainly be ready for them. Let's be on our way."

They jumped into the boat, and on the way down the river began making plans for the encounter, if there was to be one. A little more than two hours later the fires of the Whig forces were seen on the left, and with some difficulty the boat was brought to the bank and secured. The little garrison welcomed the two officers, and on learning of the service McPherson was rendering, re-

garded him, too, with favor. They were surprised and angered to hear of the recent atrocity committed by the enemy. No rumors had reached them of an immediate attack, but this news started rapid preparations for defense. Colonel Thomas took charge and ordered the ammunition brought to the camp. He then set about to carry out the plan decided upon during their brief voyage for defense against the greater numbers of the enemy.

Leading away from the river was a road which a few hundred feet away led across a little creek over a bridge. The creek flowed along in a deep gulley, and the bridge therefore was somewhat elevated. Here it was that Captain Peter was to hide with his half of the patriot band. The remaining Whigs under the command of the Colonel were to stay in camp in an effort to fool the enemy into the belief that they had succeeded in surprising them. If the attack was made, they were to retreat down the road, making a feeble show of resistance. After all had crossed the bridge, the hidden reserves were to attack from the rear, catching the Tories between two fires.

The Captain had soon disappeared with his men, and the Colonel had ordered his forces into their tents, ready on an instant's notice to play their part in the anticipated battle. It was now almost midnight and the camp was dark save for the smouldering embers of the fires. There was an unearthly stillness, such as is noted only when the land is snowbound, broken only by the measured tread of the sentry and the soft murmur of the icy waters flowing close at hand. An hour of this dark stillness had slipped away, and still nothing had been heard of the enemy. The suspense was beginning to tell on the excited soldiers. Frequently some one would raise a hand to quiet the low whispers of his comrades, and listen intently, only to decide at last that his imagination had been playing him tricks.

But hist! What was that? Surely the sound of oars steadily dipping in the river. But almost instantly it ceased. Presently, however, some branches crackled in

the woods below the camp. Every man was alert. The air became tense with excitement. The enemy had landed and were creeping up on them through the trees. And then the cry of the sentry rang out and simultaneously several shots were fired. The men rushed out, and then pretending fright began to beat a hasty retreat, firing at times to lead the enemy on in a victorious advance. In the glow of the fires the Tories were comparatively easy marks for the Colonel's men, and the few shots of the latter were effective, while the former were at a great disadvantage in having no distinct target. On, on, they advanced, driving the Whigs before them. What an easy victory. Nothing like surprises!

Little did they know the truth of this last statement. When their last man had stepped on the bridge the Captain's soldiers leaped from their hiding place and with loud cries opened a murderous fire from the rear. The Colonel's men hearing this fell to the ground to avoid being hit by stray bullets from the guns of their friends, and began a steady fusilade into the ranks of the Tories.

Shut in by Whigs in front and behind, and by the gulley on either side, the Tories were utterly bewildered. They fired wildly about them, but the patriots lying about them were not easy shots. Some leaped into the gulley and escaped, but very soon the bridge was groaning under the weight of the dead and dying, and the road beyond was covered. A few offered to surrender, but Peter had still not had his revenge. He continued firing till not one of the enemy remained standing. He had lost four men, although many had been wounded. The enemy had been annihilated and Bladen County had been rid of its enemies for the rest of the war. Peter's wrath had been somewhat appeased, but he never forgot the treatment that his wife had received at the hands of the enemy. The Tory that crossed his path had need to beware.

Chemical Warfare Agents

By C. S. BLACK

SINCE the introduction of gun powder all warfare agents have been chemical, but during the World War the term as applied to "Gaseous warfare" included only those chemical substances which may be projected upon the enemy and which possess properties tending to reduce the force of the enemy through the production of casualties, harassing, screening, or incendiary effects. The German army was the first to employ a gas, e.g., chlorine, in battle. They dispersed the gas as a cloud, and depended upon a favorable wind to carry the gas to the desired point. The Allies, of course, were taken by surprise and suffered heavy losses since they were unprepared to protect themselves against such an attack. They soon began to study various chemical agents for use in chemical warfare and developed several important "gases," most of which were either solids or liquids at ordinary temperatures.

After toxic agents were prepared they had to devise methods for dispersion. This was done by filling shells with the various agents and firing them into enemy territory. When the shells exploded the "gas" was dispersed as a cloud of finely divided solid particles, and if the vapor pressure of the substance was low the particles soon vaporized. An effective agent must possess the following requirements.

- (a) Must be highly toxic.
- (b) Have a vapor density greater than air.
- (c) If the gas is easily liquified, it must also be easily vaporized.
- (d) Capable of manufacture on a large scale.

- (e) Raw material must be cheap and readily available.
- (f) Be handled without special precaution.
- (g) Comparatively stable in contact with moisture.
- (i) Little or no action on the common metals.

From the standpoint of their tactical use, agents are characterized as persistent or non-persistent, and as quick- or slow-action agents. An agent maintaining its effectiveness over a period of time greater than ten minutes is termed a persistent agent. One which becomes effective immediately upon release is termed a quick-action agent. The rigid classification of chemical warfare agents is made on the basis of (1) the purpose for which they are to be used, and (2) the physiological effects they produce. In the former classification they are known as casualty, harassing, screening, or incendiary agents; in the latter classification as lung irritants, vesicants and lachrymators. Many agents belong in more than one class when divided as indicated, but they are universally classed on the basis of their primary effects and thereby assigned to a definite grouping.

Casualty agents are those used against enemy personnel for the production of casualties and fatalities. Harassing agents are those useful in small concentrations for interfering with enemy activity by forcing the use of the mask over rather long periods of time. Screening agents are those employed in minimizing the enemy effectiveness by protecting prominent positions, or by the production of a screen behind which friendly troops may advance. Incendiary agents are those primarily used for the destruction of enemy material by fire or by corrosion.

Lung irritants are those which cause irritation and damage of the respiratory passages, and especially of the pulmonary alveoli with the production of acute pulmonary edema and resulting anoxemia and death by asphyxia. This type of agent is, in general, also lachrymatory, although this latter property is secondary. The vesicants are those which cause inflammation and blistering of the skin. They also produce conjunctivitis and

intense inflammation of the respiratory system, without causing pulmonary edema, however. The lachrymators, even in very low concentrations, cause an intense irritant action on the eyes, producing such a copious flow of tears and so much pain that vision becomes impossible. The irritant gases cause sneezing and irritation of the eyes, nose, and throat even in low concentrations, nausea, vomiting and certain nervous phenomena. These last two classes are never productive of results other than temporary.

The following table lists those substances generally considered as the standard chemical warfare agents, and shows the classification of each.

CLASSIFICATION OF CHEMICAL WARFARE AGENTS

Casualty Agents

Mustard	vesicant	persistent	delayed action
Phosgene	lung irritant	non-persistent	quick action
Chlorpicrin	lung irritant	non-persistent	quick action
White Phosphorus	skin irritant	non-persistent	quick action
Lewisite	vesicant	persistent	delayed action

Harassing Agents

Bromobenzylcyanide	lachrymator	persistent	quick action
Chloracetophenone	lachrymator	non-persistent	quick action
Diphenylchlorarsine	irritant	non-persistent	quick action
Diphenylaminechlorarsine	irritant	non-persistent	quick action

Screening Agents

White Phosphorus	} Effective during time of release
Hexachlorethane	
Titanium tetrachloride	
Oleum	

Incendiary Agents

White Phosphorus	Destructive incendiary
Mustard and Phosgene	Destructive-corrosive

PREPARATION OF AGENTS

The first gas to be employed during the Great War was chlorine. The Germans used it in the form of a cloud at Ypres, April 22, 1915. Cylinders of chlorine were placed at convenient places and when the wind was favorable the cylinders were opened and the cloud of gas

was carried over by the wind. The gas, having a density more than twice as great as air, settled in the trenches of the Allies and produced heavy casualties, as the troops had no means of protection. Gas masks were devised as soon as possible to afford protection.

Chlorine was discovered by Scheele in 1774, and its elementary nature established by Davy in 1809-1818. It is a greenish yellow gas, possessing a characteristic irritating odor, and is very easily liquified. It is very active chemically, and attacks most of the common metals vigorously.

The gas is prepared by the electrolysis of pure sodium chloride. The sodium chloride is dissolved in water and treated with lime water to remove carbonates. After settling the clear liquid is drawn off and acidified with hydrochloric acid and electrolyzed in a Nelson cell. The chlorine prepared by this process is 99.5% pure. At the close of the late war, the plant at Edgewood Arsenal had a capacity of 100 tons per day.

Chlorine is a quick-action, persistent, lung irritant.

Phosgene, or carbonyl chloride, was first prepared by Davy in 1811 by treating carbon monoxide with chlorine in the presence of sunlight. Paterno developed a charcoal catalyst which makes it possible to prepare the gas in the absence of sunlight.

Phosgene at low temperatures is a clear liquid, boiling at 8 degrees centigrade. At ordinary temperatures it is a gas with the odor of musty hay. It is soluble in oils, benzene, etc. As a liquid it dissolves other gases such as chlorine and mustard.

Chemical Properties. Phosgene is a fairly stable compound. It is hydrolyzed by water to hydrochloric acid and carbon dioxide. When treated with a base it goes over to sodium chloride and sodium carbonate. It reacts with phenol and methyl alcohol to give phenyl chlorformate and methyl chlorformate respectively. Carbonyl chloride corrodes metals.

Preparation. The carbon monoxide is prepared from pure coke and pure oxygen. The carbon dioxide is re-

moved with sodium hydroxide. The chlorine is prepared by the electrolysis of sodium chloride. A specially prepared charcoal catalyst is used. The reaction chamber is made of iron.

Diphosgene, "Superpalite," or, as the chemist calls it, Trichlor-methylformate, has the same toxicity as phosgene and is also an active lachrymator.

Diphosgene is prepared by the chlorination of methylchlor-formate. Chlorpicrin, nitrochloroform or tri-chlor-nitro-methane is less toxic than phosgene, but more persistent and causes some lachrymation and lung irritation. It was first prepared by Stenhouse in 1848 by treating bleaching powder with picric acid.

Chlorpicrin is a nearly colorless liquid with the odor of anise. Insoluble in water and not hydrolyzed. It is stable and not affected by strong acids. It is soluble in alkalis and sodium sulfite, corrodes all common metals.

Preparation. Picric acid is treated with calcium hydroxide to form the calcium salt which is more soluble than the acid. An excess of lime is used to keep the reaction mixture alkaline. Bleaching powder is made into a paste and mixed with the calcium picrate and allowed to stand one to two hours, and the chlorpicrin removed by steam distillation.

Mustard, Beta Beta prime dichloridethyl sulfide, must not be confused with true mustard oil which is allyl isothio-cyanate. Its odor does resemble mustard, and when the gas was used in the war the term "mustard" was used by the British soldiers. It is highly vesicant and a powerful lung irritant. The Germans fired one million shells filled with mustard at Ypres, July 12-13, 1917. It was first prepared by Victor Meyer in 1886 by treating thio-di-glycol with hydrochloric acid. The Allies found a method for its preparation in 1918 which consisted of bubbling ethylene into sulfur monochloride.

Mustard is a heavy oily liquid, usually colored by impurities and has the odor of garlic. The vapor density is 5.5 times that of air. It is insoluble in water but soluble

in organic solvents like carbon tetrachloride and carbon disulfide.

Mustard is rather stable but is hydrolyzed by water, yielding thiodiglycol and hydrochloric acid. Bleaching powder is used to destroy the "gas." If soap is used soon enough injury may be prevented. It has little action on ordinary metals but will attack rubber. This property makes it rather hard to protect against by means of the ordinary gas mask.

Lewisite is a strong vesicant as well as a powerful lung irritant. Its chemical name is Beta-chlor vinyl dichlorarsine. It was developed by Lewis and his co-workers at Washington during the war. Lewisite is hydrolyzed by water to hydrochloric acid and Beta chlorvinyl arsenous oxide. It is soluble in absolute alcohol, benzene, etc.

Wool gives some protection but rubber does not. Alkalies are used to destroy it. Bleaching powder is used in the field. It is prepared by passing acetylene into arsenic trichloride in the presence of anhydrous aluminum chloride.

Lachrymators. The lachrymators are halogen derivatives of organic compounds. The chief ones are bromacetone, bromo-methyl-ethyl ketone, benzyl bromide and brom-benzyl cyanide.

Brom-benzyl cyanide is prepared by dropping bromide into benzyl cyanide. The process was developed by the French. The compound is a solid.

Chlor-aceto-phenone was first prepared by Graebe in 1877 by passing chlorine into boiling acetophenone. The compound is a white solid. Toxic smokes were produced by using either di-phenyl chlor arsine or di-phenyl amine chlor arsine. They were dispersed by detonation.

Screening smokes were produced by the hydrolysis of titanium tetra chloride or by burning white phosphorus, crude oil, and, for incendiaries, white phosphorus and thermites were used.

*The Ruined Pier**

By VIRGINIA BENTON and BENJAMIN SLEDD

I.

At close of the long, long day of May,
Near the ruined pier once more I lie
Prone on the levee with chin in hand
And elbows dug deep in the grass and sand.
I watch the Mississippi's flow
Yonder out of the sunlit sky
And into the darkening sky below;
And twilight comes up from the Gulf like a mist
And the River valley is amethyst
That slowly fades to silver gray,
Folding, folding the land away;
And the River grows dim; and far and near
The lapse of his dragon coils I hear;
Now changed to voices sweet and low,
Murmuring out of long ago,
As the River, lover-like, stays his flow
And wraps in his arms the ruined pier.

And the moon comes up, a great red ball,
And mingled moonlight and shadows fall,
Bringing a vision of vanished years,
And the glory that once was the ruined pier's.

* This is the second of a series of "Louisiana Sketches," written in collaboration by Miss Benton and Dr. Sledd.

that he had not given up his wild habits. He would slip off to the neighboring town without the knowledge of the coach and I doubted not was visiting strange women there. At first he was very reticent even with me. But after our first football game, which was played in the city of the strange women, I no longer had room for doubt. That was long before the days of automobiles but many people came to the grounds, which were then without seats, in carriages and sat in them as they looked on the game. During this first game my roommate often carried the ball, and many times for good gains. On such occasions applause would come not only from his fellow students ranged along the side lines, but also from a carriage which was drawn up in full view and which contained a whole crew of the demi-monde, all wearing big picture hats with a great array of ostrich feathers. I immediately saw some connection from the applause from this group and the nocturnal visits of my roommate to the city and I must say I felt greatly aggrieved. I felt that the honor of the college as well as of myself was at stake, and I resolved to have it out with my friend as soon after the game as convenient.

"The opportunity came sooner than I expected, and much easier. For it was my roommate himself who brought the matter up. After supper the next night, he had hardly come into the room when he said: 'Did you see that carriage over on the east side of the ground yesterday with the girls in it?' he asked.

"'Yes, I should say I did,' I replied, 'and I was shamed.'

"'Did you see anything strange about the girls in it?' he asked.

"'Well, I believe I did observe that one of the girls had on a veil. I thought that rather strange.'

"'Yes, somewhat strange, but I want to tell you that the girl wearing that veil is the dearest and best girl in the world.'

"'I suppose so,' said I.

"'Oh, you need not sneer, I mean it.'

“‘Mean it?’

“‘Yes, I mean it and I am going to prove it to you this night. I am getting ready to go there tonight and I want you to go with me and see what a fine girl she is. Then you will agree with me.’

“I had never been to such a house in my life, and I had made up my mind that I never would go. I had about as soon planned murder as to have consented. Fortunately for me, as I thought, I had a duty in my literary society that night, which I could not neglect, and on this account Morris finally consented to let me off, but on the promise that I would go when he came back from the Richmond game two weeks later.

“In the meantime I thought to set Morris straight. I knew his family, how much honored and respected was his father, Judge Nicholas Morris. I knew his mother, how she secretly prided herself on being a member of the Colonial Dames, and of her prominence in church affairs. If they should learn of their son’s relations to an abandoned woman I was sure it would kill them, or at least bring down their gray hairs in shame to the grave. And this relationship would ruin the young Morris himself. It would bring a scandal that he could never live down.

“I was well equipped with such arguments when I next spoke to him of the matter, and I had no doubt that I should make him see the error of his way. But I soon found my mistake.

“‘You see me,’ he said. ‘Well, as you know, I am no saint. In fact, I am not one whit better than that darling girl. Really I am much worse. For out of pure wilfulness and passion I followed after sinful ways, but she by accident. Who am I to listen to people cry out on her? No, sir, she is better a thousand times better than I am and I am going to marry her.’

“‘Marry her?’ I gasped.

“‘Yes, marry her, and we want to tell you all our plans, when you go out there with me. I will tell you now that from the day I have known her, she has lived a chaste and pure life. I have arranged it all. She has a little

room out there all by herself. I pay for it, but Madame Carrie who keeps the house is very kind, strange as it may seem to you, and gives the girl all the protection possible. Maybe you saw that Spanish dagger I got some weeks ago. That was for her. She carries it all the time, and is ready for any event. If any violence should be offered her, somebody would suffer; for she is a spirited girl, I'll tell you.'

"Thus it was that all my arguments with Morris ended, for I assure you I often returned to the attack. He was too fine a fellow to throw himself away. But I grew weaker and weaker and before the two weeks had expired I found myself sharing, I was ashamed to admit to myself, something of my friend's view.

"The night appointed came, and there was I in town on our way to the terrible house of my dreams and fears. I could hardly drag my feet towards it. What if I should meet my father in that district? What if our college president should see me? My feet were so much like lead, that I had difficulty in keeping pace with the hasty strides of Morris. But at last we are there. Oh, the sickening thing! Those coarse girls at the door, inviting us in. But Morris paid no attention to them. Instead he turned and led me to a little side door towards the rear. There he gave three taps at irregular intervals and the door was cautiously opened and we quickly entered. What a sight met my eyes! There in the clear light stood a most beautiful and stately girl of seventeen, of slight build, with her golden hair modestly arranged, and her bright young face aglow with the ardor of trustful love. She might have been the daughter of an earl. I forgot all about where we were and thought of only her.

"'Oh, I am so glad you brought your friend,' she said when her greeting to Morris was ended. 'Now we can tell him all our plans, and how happy we are.' And they went on to tell me all.

"They were to be married the night after our Thanksgiving game, and take the train immediately for Texas,

where remote from railroads Morris' uncle had a big ranch. On this Morris was to have a position which would enable him to support his wife. They would have them a little home of their own, and would be ever so happy. Then they must tell me more. First under the vow of inviolable secrecy they would tell me the name of the young lady herself. It almost took my breath. It was that of one of the proudest families in the state. It was not from any will to sin, but almost accidental that she had fallen. She had found too late that men betray, and to keep from breaking her mother's heart had hidden herself in what she thought the nearest refuge. Madame Carrie had treated her kindly in her way, and by the goodness of heaven Morris had come just at that time. He had saved her.

"You will remember, Jimmie," he said to me, "that you wondered where all my money was going. Well, here is the explanation. The arrangement we had was profitable to Madame Carrie. Furthermore, strange to say, though not as strange as one may think, Madame Carrie has begun to love my darling. She says that she has a daughter out West in a college where she is keeping her to save her from a life of sin, and on her daughter's account she is going to help us in our plan. Do you know that she is giving us a thousand dollars to pay back when we get able?"

"And we will be so happy, won't we, darling?" she said, looking at Morris with her wonderful eyes. "Yes we are to be married, and we will forget all the past. We would go now, but Morris says that he has to help his College beat Grumpton University, and I want him to do it. We are to have you as our best man, and we want you to share our happiness. Oh, how I love my darling. He is my savior. I now have another chance in life. How happy, how happy I am. I have the noblest fellow in the world."

Thanksgiving day came. I shall never forget that day. It was the football game we were interested in. We were ready to stake our lives to win it. What a crowd of spec-

tators; nothing like that one sees today, but unprecedented for that time. And at its point of vantage stood that carriage and that veiled figure. I knew who it was, and so did Morris. As he came on the field he raised his hand in salute, and was answered with a waving handkerchief.

Such a game. Morris did prodigious. I have seen backs before and since, Red Grange and all the rest, but never a one who played with more spirit than he that day. Through three quarters the game had gone on, and Morris had scored touchdowns in them all, sometimes by impossible breaks through lines of tacklers of no little skill. Now we were in the last quarter. Morris took the ball again and started through the line. That was under the old rules when mass plays were allowed and both teams often piled upon the one who carried the ball. So it was now. After a long struggle the players were all down in one mass of bodies, legs and arms, and the officials began to pull the players off. Finally they came to Morris. He was lying with his head twisted back and all could see that his neck was broken. Everybody became still. Then suddenly we heard a scream and from that carriage was seen bounding that veiled girl. At the sight of her we all stood as if paralyzed. All eyes were fixed upon her. She came tearing away her veil as she ran. Then she came to Morris and fell upon him, crying "My darling, Oh, my darling." We were on the point of seeking to remove her, when she raised herself up, laid his head straight, kissed his yet warm lips, and standing by him she cried aloud. "My darling is dead. My only hope is gone. I am going to die, too."

"Then looking at me she said, 'I want you to see that I am buried in the same grave with my darling.' Then, quicker than a word she drew that bright Spanish dagger, and plunged it into her bosom, and fell upon the dead body of Morris.

"We tried to raise her, but saw it was vain. The blood was gushing from her wound and had drenched the body

of Morris. How pale she looked, but as she saw me, she smiled faintly, gasped and died."

After we heard this story, we sat awhile in silence. In fact, we were all in tears and our hearts were in our throats. Finally, the football enthusiast asked, "And did you bury them in the same grave?"

"Yes," replied the banker or college professor, "I religiously followed her dying injunction. My conscience would never have let me rest had I failed in this. But it was no little problem I had. It was not easy to tell Morris' parents. But I did, and they came. It was much more difficult to tell the girl's parents, but I did it in some way. I told them the whole story of Morris' love, of Madame Carrie's kindness. They did not come, but I arranged that they should be present at the burial, and such a burial! It was at the old family burial ground of the Morrises where all the family had been buried from Colonial days. There we had the double grave dug. And to that we made our way so as to reach it about midnight. Of course, I could allow none of his college mates to come, although they almost worshiped Morris for his football prowess and now worshiped him more than ever for winning the Thanksgiving game at the price of his life. I went alone with Morris' parents and the old colored man who had come to drive the wagon with the corpses. When we came to the family graveyard of the Morrises surrounded by ancestral pines, we found all the plantation negroes there holding aloft torches in their hands. The girl's parents were also there, having driven from the not distant town. As our carriage stopped they came forward. Hardly a word was said, but that mother and father had to see the face of their daughter. And Morris' parents had the same desire to see again the face of their son. By the torches of pine held aloft we looked down upon those young faces, noble in death. Groans and tears came from those who bent over them, and from the sympathetic holders of the torches. Then we closed the coffins and lowered them into the grave.

"'Greater love,' the minister read, by the light of the

flaming torches which showed the pine trees standing like sentinels around, 'greater love has no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends.' . . . 'O sin, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' . . . 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' . . . 'Love never faileth.' Then as some of the colored men were filling the grave, and we, the mourners, stood instinctively clasping one another's hands, the colored people struck up and sang through with their peculiar minor intonations that hymn of Dr. Watts which for two centuries has served the people of the South as the most soul-satisfying expression of their faith:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see."

Marriage and Divorce

By WADE H. BOSTICK

MARRIAGE and the family are the most fundamental of the social institutions. Their traditions have been evolved from the earliest times of which we have extant knowledge. They are rooted in historical antiquity and dignified by age-long custom. Divorce, or its less extreme form, separation, has followed the marriage bond down through the ages. The forms and limitations of both have been inherent social developments conforming to the codes and moralities of the times. Outside the bare struggle for existence, and there are many who would not accept even this, there is nothing in human life so basic as the relationship of two human beings to one another, as man and wife, or to their spiritual source, by whatever name they may know it. Nowhere do right thought, right standards, right ideals, right relations matter so much in the ultimate happiness or failure of life.

In the pre-legal period, marriage was often without ceremony and was restricted only by social custom. The husband and wife united as a matter of choice, and as freely separated. Marriage was a temporary convenience to be dissolved at the pleasure of either party. Where rude marriages existed they were seldom more than a symbol, indicating the beginning of domestic relations; such as eating together, sitting by the same fire, or performing jointly some household duty. As society advanced in culture, more permanent social, legal and political forms evolved, and the institution of the family shared in the general improvement. Upon this subject Mr. Spencer remarks, "Progress toward higher forms of social types is joined with progress toward higher types of domestic institutions," and in perfect agreement West-

ernmarck declares, "There is abundant evidence that marriage has, upon the whole, become more durable in proportion as the human race has risen to higher degrees of cultivation, and that a certain amount of civilization is a necessary condition of the formation of life-long unions." These generalizations are borne out by the facts of human progress. Very early, customs arose regulating the duration of marriage with consequent forms and ceremonies upon the entrance into the marriage state.

The law and forms in the United States in general, and North Carolina in particular, are based more or less on the Common Law of England. When these States were originated, all, except Louisiana, enacted the Common Law of England as the basic law of the land with such exceptions as might be provided by statute. Under the Common Law, marriage was a civil contract, and no more, to live and cohabit together exclusively. The Common Law, which has never been the law in the United States, attempted to take unto itself the exclusive jurisdiction of the marital relation, and to place it on a spiritual rather than a civil basis. This was the fundamental cause that developed some of the paradoxes in our laws, for, while none of the States ever enacted the Cannon Law into the law of the realm, there was still the hangover effect on the people who had lived under the dual law. When two separate and individual powers attempt to govern the same status conflict and misunderstanding are sure to result, as they have in this case. However, as before stated, the Common Law of England is the basic law of these United States. To a great extent, then, the laws of the various States are fundamentally the same.

It is generally accepted that the capacity to marry is governed by the law of the State where the marriage takes place, especially if the marriage is celebrated in the domicile of the parties. There are, however, exceptions: where the marriage is contrary to good morals or the established law of the forum, the *lex fori* governs. Examples of such are polygamous and universally incestuous marriages. Where the marriage is celebrated outside the

domicil of the parties, the law of the State where it is celebrated governs capacity, even though it be in evasion of the law of the domicil, with the exceptions above mentioned and the question arises in the domicil, the law of the domicil governs. This is the result of the "Full faith and credit" clause in the Federal Constitution, and because the law holds the marriage relation so sacred.

There are two senses in which the term marriage is familiarly used, both of which are essential to true marriage, the one being preliminary to the other. The two essential elements of the legal idea of marriage are, first, the contract of marriage, the agreement of the parties, the wedding ceremony; and, second, the state of life which is ushered in by that ceremony or agreement, the matrimonial union, or marriage *status*. These elements, though both are often denominated "marriage," are separate and distinct, and should be so treated. There can be no matrimonial union without a marriage contract; there can be no (valid) marriage contract without a matrimonial union resulting therefrom. Yet they are by no means one and the same. A failure to observe these distinctions will cause, as it already has often caused, serious confusion and error.

So far as the contract of marriage is concerned, it is an executed agreement between two parties who must be competent to contract, and is governed by the same rules that control other executed contracts. But marriage, in its completest sense, is much more than a contract. It is ushered in by the solemn compact of the parties, with the accompaniment of such formalities and ceremonies as the law may prescribe. The result of this contract is the immediate creation of a union for life between two parties; but the union itself is no more a contract than the ownership of land under a deed of conveyance is a contract. It is a status, a condition, which by their contract has become fastened upon the parties during the rest of their lives and in every country where they may go, whether temporarily or permanently.

The creation, continuation, and dissolution of this re-

lationship constitutes matters of the deepest concern not only to the parties interested but to the State as well. The proper performance of the duties it imposes involves not only the highest happiness and welfare of the individuals immediately concerned, but also of their offspring and of the countless generations yet to come. To the State it offers the means of protecting its citizens from impurity and immorality, secures them the blessings of home and family, and creates a noble nursery for the commonwealth.

Keeping the element of the marriage contract distinct from the status, we will examine, first, the "proper law" regulating marriage contracts; second, the "proper law" governing the marriage status or the matrimonial union that results from the contract.

By the contract of marriage, or the marriage contract, is meant the solemn agreement of the parties to assume the relation of man and wife—the wedding ceremony—which constitutes the vestibule to the matrimonial union. It is of course to be distinguished from a contract to marry, since such contracts, even though accompanied by consumation, no longer constitute valid marriage. The contract to marry is merely an executory contract, to be performed hereafter by marriage; while the marriage contract itself is an executed contract, performed at the same time and place at which it is entered into.

In the discussion of the contract of marriage, which is an executed contract, we must anticipate the principles which determine the "proper law" governing executed contracts generally, from which the contract of marriage does not materially differ. It is accepted that the capacity to contract marriage is in general to be determined by the law of the place where the contract is entered into, (*lex loci celebrationis*).

Another principle applicable to contracts generally, and equally applicable to marriage contracts, is that the formal validity of the contract (that is, the forms and solemnities with which it is to be entered into) is also

to be determined by the *lex loci celebrationis*. With respect to the forms and ceremonies of marriage, the solemnities with which the parties are required by law to enter into the marriage contract, it is universally conceded that the *lex loci celebrationis* governs, no matter where the question may arise. So far as these matters are concerned, it is in general considered that the marriage if valid where entered into is valid everywhere; and if invalid where entered into is invalid everywhere. Thus the *lex loci celebrationis* has been held to govern the effect upon the validity of the marriage contract; of the omission of banns or license; of the want of consent of parent or guardian; of the omission of religious rites, such as a celebrant in holy orders, etc.

The fact that the parties go abroad to contract the marriage in order to evade the laws of their domicile will not invalidate the marriage if it is valid where contracted and is not one of the exceptions before noted. Such marriage will even be sustained in the courts of the domicile upon the return of the parties.

The contract of marriage is an executed, and not an executory contract, as heretofore set out, and is fully performed as soon as entered into. There can be no question of its performance elsewhere. For the same reason there can be no question of its breach at any other time or place than when or where entered into. If a "violation of the marriage contract" is alleged to have taken place after the marriage, as in the case of desertion, cruelty, adultery, etc., it is an inaccurate and misleading use of words. In such cases, it is the marriage status or relation whose obligations have been broken, not the marriage contract. If the marriage is valid and free from objection in the State where solemnized, it will be valid and free from objection elsewhere, even though the parties should be domiciled in, or afterwards remove to, another State, by whose laws such a marriage would be voidable *ab initio*.

If the marriage is voidable where contracted (but is not there annulled) and the parties remove to another

State, the question becomes more complex. If void or voidable by the laws of the latter State also, it would seem reasonable that it should be held voidable there. However this may be, it is certainly not void in the latter State so as to be susceptible of collateral attack in its courts.

We observe, then, that both the marriage contract and the status of marriage, the legal union between two humans as man and wife, are justly deemed the most important of all of the relations recognized by law. So important that a marriage valid where entered into is valid everywhere, with only the extreme exceptions noted.

As to divorce, the dissolution of the marriage status, we do not have such a unity of opinion. The prevalence of divorce, shown by statistics to be increasing yearly, gives rise to conflicting reflexes of both thought and law. The supreme importance of the marriage status to the State as well as to the parties has already been referred to. So also is the dissolution of this status. The consent of the State thereto must first be obtained through its legislature or its courts, and only for particular causes assigned by the law-making powers. Hence, it is a well established general principle of private international law that a divorce obtained in a State other than the domicile is of no binding effect in other States. The same principle applies to causes for which divorces may be granted.

But, if the parties since the marriage have lived in other or several States, a question may arise as to which law shall determine whether there is cause for divorce. So also, if the act on account of which divorce is prayed occurs in another State, by whose law it is no cause for divorce, though constituting a sufficient cause in the State of the forum, or vice versa, what law should govern has been a moot question.

As preliminary to a discussion of the principles governing the effect of a foreign divorce, it is necessary to observe the important distinction between judicial proceedings *in personam* and *in rem*. The purpose of a pro-

ceeding *in personam* is to impose, through the judgment of the court whose aid is invoked, some responsibility or liability directly upon the person of the defendant. A proceeding *in rem*, on the other hand, is aimed not at the person of the defendant, but at his property, or some other thing in the jurisdiction and power of the court. In a proceeding *in personam*, no judgment or decree against a defendant is valid unless he has been personally served with notice of the action or suit within the territorial limits of the court's jurisdiction, or has voluntarily appeared. But in proceedings *in rem*, if the *res* be within the court's jurisdiction, due process of the law does not demand that actual notice be served upon the defendant personally. In such cases the law contents itself with requiring a general proclamation or publication of the fact that a suit has been instituted with respect to the defendant's property, or with a personal notice served upon him outside the limits of the court's territorial jurisdiction.

Many theories have been advanced from time to time by the various courts, all of which have been discarded, except three leading ones. The first, "Jurisdiction over the one party confers jurisdiction over the other also," is entirely favorable to the resident plaintiff, sacrificing to the sovereignty of his domiciliary law all of the rights of the defendant. According to this theory, which may be designated as the "Nevada Doctrine," in order that the divorce court may have complete jurisdiction of the *res*, so that its decree will receive recognition as dissolving the relation of husband and wife, it is only essential that one of the parties should be domiciled there—it is immaterial which, though it is usually the plaintiff. The case (under this theory) is practically identical with that where both parties are domiciled within the limits of the State of the divorce, and the proceeding, as in that case, is regarded as one strictly *in rem*, the personal element of the proceeding being discarded altogether. Hence (under this theory) only such notice is required to be given to non-resident defendants as is required by the

municipal law of the State of divorce in order to give its courts jurisdiction—frequently nothing more than an advertisement in some obscure newspaper of the State.

The second theory is entirely favorable to the non-resident defendant, sacrificing the rights of the plaintiff to the sovereignty of the defendant's domiciliary law. This, which we may designate as the "New York Doctrine," is that a divorce is "a proceeding *in personam*." According to this second theory, the personal element predominates and causes a proceeding, whose purpose is to dissolve the status, to be regarded in the light of a proceeding *in personam* rather than a proceeding *in rem*; and the same process is required to be served to bring the defendant before the court as is required if the design were to fasten on him or her a personal pecuniary liability. The New York courts hold that no foreign divorce obtained in a State where the plaintiff alone is domiciled will be valid extraterritorially, unless the defendant voluntarily appears or is personally served with process within the territorial jurisdiction of the court.

The third theory strikes a happy mean between the first and the second doctrine. Since it was first promulgated by New Jersey we may designate it as the "New Jersey Doctrine." It is the best in the point of reason, principle, and justice to all parties concerned, combining as it does the advantages of both the other theories, and minimizing the disadvantages of both. According to this theory, the personal element entering into a divorce suit is neither so disregarded as to make the divorce a proceeding *in rem*, nor so magnified as to make it a proceeding *in personam*. It is accorded its proper weight, and the divorce is regarded as a proceeding *quasi in rem*; that is, it is sufficiently a proceeding *in rem* to permit a court having jurisdiction of even a part of the *res* to adjudicate upon it, without having to bring the person of the defendant within its jurisdiction, either by voluntary appearance or by service of process within the territorial limits of its authority; yet sufficiently *in personam* as to require something more than a mere advertisement

of the pendency of the suit, if more than that is practicable.

So much for the *situs* of the marriage status or the jurisdiction of the divorce court, but that is not the only barrier for a universal acceptance of the decree granted by the court. We have in this nation forty-nine jurisdictions, the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia, and these forty-nine jurisdictions have eighteen varieties of divorce laws. The laws range all the way from South Carolina's strict "no divorce on any grounds" law to the law of New Hampshire which gives fourteen grounds for absolute divorce. While the majority of States recognize the divorce laws of the other States, some do not do so unconditionally, as has been before mentioned; and as the period of residence required before a divorce suit may be brought ranges all of the way from three months to five years, and as the provisions regarding process of summons vary as already mentioned, more and more we see complications in the situation; as, where the defendant in a divorce suit applies to the court of his or her State to set aside the divorce decree granted to the plaintiff in another State whose laws conflict with the laws of the defendant's State of domicile. Often those securing divorces in a State outside their domicile States marry again and have children by their second marriage, and, returning to the State of their domicile, are confronted with suits by the divorced husband or wife seeking to annul the divorce decree. When such a suit is successful, it means that the second marriage is nullified, that the parties thereto are bigamists and that the children of such a union are illegitimates.

From the foregoing, it would seem that some sort of a unification or codification of the existing marriage and divorce laws of the forty-nine jurisdictions is seriously needed. But how is this unification to be secured? For several decades various associations, including the bar, have attempted to bring the States to some system of unification and cohesion on the subject. In 1895 the Society for Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws had

drawn up what they conceived to be the ideal set of laws or a code on the subject. Though they have spent immense sums in propagating and advertising, they have as yet only been successful in having their code adopted by three States. No uniform law can be drawn that will not lower the standards of the stricter States, or else, in an attempt to meet their standards, will be so high that the remainder of the States will not adopt it.

The only solution, then, seems to be Federal Legislation on the subject, but there are also drawbacks to this course. To enable our Federal Government to have jurisdiction, an Amendment to the Federal Constitution is necessary. To pass an amendment would require some of the votes of the Southern States and of the Pacific States, as an amendment must be ratified by thirty-six States. The Southern States, with their vast negro population and their racial problem in this respect, and the Pacific States, with the same problem in respect to the yellow race, would never give to the central authority the power to regulate marriage. Were they to do so, a bare majority in Congress could enact regulative laws, and enough votes are beholden to the colored vote in the North that laws allowing inter-racial marriages would be bound to appear upon the statute books ere long. The South could never be expected to tolerate such a condition, and therefore, to keep herself in a safe position, will never relegate this power to the Federal Government.

So, regardless of how beautiful, theoretically, a uniform marriage and divorce law may sound, we must, for the present at least, struggle along the route that our fathers have trod before us, and attempt, each State in its own way, to solve this difficult problem; and to continue to hope that some day the barriers will be let down and we may have a uniformity all over this country in laws so close to the people and so vital to their happiness.

*Magic Lights**

By B. A. STRICKLAND, JR.

THE rushing waters of the blue Danube dash on to the sea. The drowsy little village situated on the bend of the river sleeps on. Its dusty streets and stone huts remain the same. Kriigen seems unaware of the passage of time. Standing a few paces from the ancient highroad which leads from the bank of the river, through the village, and over the hill to the valley beyond, is a stone hut which is somewhat different from its neighbors. The chimney has begun to crumble and weeds have nearly obliterated the footpath which leads to the door. It is different in that it is untenanted. In spots the wooden roof is rotting and the steps have already fallen in decay. The two windows, one on each side of the door, are intact, as is the door. There are two rooms, one of which was evidently used both as a kitchen and a bedroom, the other served apparently as a workshop.

Sometimes in the evening when the sun is sinking beyond the horizon, casting its dying melancholy rays nearly parallel to the surface of the earth the village urehins come and gaze eagerly through the window of the one-time workshop. Their source of curiosity is a carved varnished piece of wood which hangs from a rafter. The rays of the sun striking the object are reflected off in beautiful vari-colored lights which delight the little ones very much. They call these reflections "magic lights." Some of the bolder lads talked of breaking the glass to get the "magic lights," but tales of ghosts lurking in the shadows of the uninhabited hut repressed their truant desires. They were content to come occasionally and

* A version of the "Michael" story.

marvel at the strange reflections. When dusk fell the children would run back to their parents and beg to hear the story of the deserted hut and the "magic lights."

Many years ago, they were told, there lived in the stone hut an old violin maker, Wilhelm Luger. He had been a woodcutter in his youth, but with the approach of old age he had chosen an occupation less strenuous. His violins were not masterpieces; yet they were good enough to bring a fair price. It was rumored among the erst-while gossips of the village that old Luger had saved a goodly sum of money in his youth which he kept concealed in the hut. The old man was eighty years of age, baldheaded and white-bearded. In his watery grey eyes there was a far-away look which people said had been there since his youth. For the sake of economy he cut, dried, and seasoned his own wood for making violins. He loved handicraft and took great pride in the finely prepared wood which was used in his instruments. It is said that in his carving, when too much wood would sometimes splinter off, he would sob and gaze sorrowfully at the damaged spot.

His wife Freuda, an old woman of three score and four years, had grown to be like him. When her domestic duties were completed she would sit near and watch Wilhelm work, never so much as saying a word. Sometimes she would aid in the less tedious parts of his labor.

The aged couple had an only child, a boy, Eric, whose eyes were as blue and friendly as a summer sky. His sandy hair, smooth face, and everlasting smile made him as soothing to the old pair as a cool hand to a fevered forehead. The three of them always worked—idleness was a stranger in the household. Eric had been taught to help his father in carving the scrolls for the violins. Through experience the boy had grown quite adept at the task. The little group lived a life of eager industry.

Eric had now reached his eighteenth year and was as pure and unspotted as the wood of which his father's violins were made. To both Wilhelm and Freuda he was very dear. Some said that the two old people were in

their second childhood, being more like playmates to Eric than parents. When the boy had become large enough they gave him a piece of maple to experiment upon with his father's carving knife. Often he used it to spoil a good piece of maple, while at other times he fashioned roughly the outline of a violin back which old Wilhelm completed. The two, Eric and Wilhelm, were never apart. They seemed to take a certain indefinable delight in each other's presence.

The simple household of the Lugers was very happy when suddenly an unexpected and unforeseen calamity cast its shadow across their paths. Years ago Wilhelm had indorsed a note for his brother and now he was called upon to pay the forfeiture which would take practically all his savings. For years he had looked forward to using his money to establish Eric in a reputable trade when he became of age.

At first Wilhelm lost all hope, then taking new strength he faced the issue. He overcame the utter dejection which clutched at his soul and thought long and seriously. The following night he removed the hearth-stone and taking his little bag of money which represented a life's work, counted it. There was slightly more than enough to pay the forfeiture. The following morning at their meager breakfast of barley cakes and hot water, Wilhelm opened up his heart to his wife in a volley of eager questions. What would Eric do now? How could he get started in a prosperous business without any capital? It would take a lifetime to save up as much money again. He had looked forward all his days to starting Eric in a trade and seeing him succeed. Now he would have nothing to give him, no way to give him a running start in life. Surely, thought Wilhelm, there must be some way to take care of their son's future. Ah! he had it. Eric could be sent away to another brother who lived in the city. He would procure a good position for the boy. Yes, Eric must go. If he remained in Kriigen he would always be poor like the rest of the community. No one had

ever grown wealthy there. In the city a good boy like Eric would be bound to rise and make good.

Freuda was thinking also; she did not agree immediately with Wilhelm. Instead, she started to voice some protest, stopped suddenly and was silent for a moment. She pondered. Yes, there was Markis' boy who went to the city and became wondrously rich. He had sent for old Markis who wrote back to the parish priest telling marvelous stories of his son's wealth and power. She wondered if Eric would do likewise if he went to the city where there were so many opportunities. Finally her face brightened and she nodded assent to Wilhelm's idea. They would write the brother in the city who would be sure to help their boy. In the meantime Eric could be preparing for his departure.

The following day the letter was sent. The little household was both joyful and sorrowful—glad that Eric was going away to amass a fortune and sorrowful that they would be left alone. Wilhelm even paused in his violin-making to construct a little box for Eric to carry his things in. For four days they labored, and Sunday came to give them rest.

The expected letter from the kinsman came on Monday morning. Eagerly they read it—yes, he would help Eric as much as he could. A position was waiting for him. He must make his departure for the city the following day. The letter was read a dozen times or more. Freuda, in her rapture, went forth and exhibited it to all the neighbors. Everyone was happy at their success.

That evening Freuda and Wilhelm worked untiringly, preparing their very best for the farewell meal. Never before had the little hut seen such a bounteous feast. The sumptuous meal was eaten amidst an atmosphere of cheerfulness, although all three at heart were sad. The repast was finished and Wilhelm went into the adjoining shop to finish Eric's box which the lad would take with him on the morrow.

As dusk fell Freuda and Eric sat on the doorstep together and talked. Freuda was looking at the boy and

as she looked a tear-drop trickled down her wrinkled cheek. She spoke slowly. He was all she had left to live for. If he went away his father would die. Eric laughed and dispersed the portentous words with a jocular remark. He would grow rich and give money for a parish church. With many such plans in mind the youth went to sleep for the last time in his father's house.

Wilhelm and Freuda were up before daybreak finishing the preparation for the journey. Eric must start early so that he would have plenty of time. Wilhelm escorted his son into the little workshop where the two had spent so many hours together. The old man showed Eric a piece of maple which was to be a violin back. It was a perfect piece of wood. Not the slightest flaw marred its smoothness. With tears running from his sunken eyes the old craftsman explained how he had taken the greatest of care in curing it, how he would create a masterpiece—make a violin so fine that a king's ransom could not purchase it. Yes, Eric would be proud of his old father yet. He could create a finer violin if Eric would help him. Therefore he wanted him to make the first cut on the piece of maple. Wilhelm would carry on what his dear son had helped him begin. Eric took the proffered carver's knife and made a delicate cut on the little board of maple. With streaming eyes the two turned to each other and embraced as two dear friends who are parting forever.

They reëntered the other room where Freuda waited with Eric's things all ready for the toilsome journey to the city. He told his mother good-bye and followed by parental instructions and many well-wishings, mingled with sorrowful tears, the youth departed.

Eric lingered not, but with a firm step, with the hope and vigor of youth, made his way down the foot-path to the dusty highroad. The neighbors stood in front of their huts and wished him the best of luck. Waving his hand to first one and then the other he followed the road to the summit of the hill. Just before disappearing over the brow he paused and waved one last fond farewell to

his old mother who stood in the middle of the road gazing pathetically after the retreating figure. In a moment the figure had disappeared.

Days passed and along with loving letters from Eric came a good report from the kinsman. The boy was doing well. Already his salary had been increased. Days merged into weeks, and weeks into months. Old Wilhelm, who had grown very feeble, was not seen so often in his workshop. His masterpiece was progressing, however slowly. Already the shapeless piece of maple had changed into a symmetrical oblong form. Finally it took the shape of a violin back. With painstaking care and much effort it was planed to exactly the right thickness throughout. At last the varnish was applied, changing the white wood to a deep rich yellow color which in spots shaded into a brownish red. Wilhelm was very proud of it and suspended it from a rafter in the workshop to dry. Then he decided to rest—not suspecting that his little rest would change into that eternal rest which in time comes to all men.

Meanwhile Eric's letters did not come so often. Their loving ardour seemed to have been dampened. Old Wilhelm, who was now bed-ridden, grew more feeble as the days passed.

Finally the fatal blow fell. Eric was in disgrace. The boy had made his escape by sea, thus saving his neck from the hangman's noose.

The old couple were dazed. It couldn't be—their Eric a criminal! Yet his letters came no more and the message from Wilhelm's brother surely did not lie. From this moment Freuda and the old man existed in a gray haze, a sick and aching mist. There was nothing for them to live for.

Somehow in his despair the old man recovered enough to sit in his workshop. Neighbors who passed the hut reported that he was crazy. He would sit for hours on his workbench gazing at the beautiful piece of craftsmanship which his son had begun. It was still suspended from the rafter where he had left it to dry. He never

lifted a tool after the letter came bringing the sad news, but only sat and stared and sighed.

Freuda seemed to be in a trance. She did her work mechanically, existing only because she had to.

Wilhelm lived only two years. One rainy day with a few neighbors around his bed his spirit winged its way into the great shadow. The beautiful violin back was left where he had placed it to dry so long ago. No one dared disturb it. Freuda survived her husband scarcely a year. She was buried at the expense of the parish.

The little stone hut was locked by the neighbors and left just as it was when she died.

Today the beautifully tinted piece of maple still hangs from the rotting rafter and darts mellow, vari-colored, "magic lights" into the dusty corners whenever the sun shines upon it.

On Choosing One's Ancestors

By WILLIAM N. DAY

EVERY one is born with ancestors, but some seem to put more emphasis on this matter than others. Imagine, then, the distress of those who realize the supreme importance of a great family name, but who can find no existing trace of a lineage that goes any farther back into antiquity than the Civil War, let us say. It is to such unfortunate ones that this dissertation is addressed.

Anyone, to be of much consequence, these days, must be able to boast of his forefathers. One may hear this type of conversation at almost any one of the palaces which shelter those of the "Four Hundred": "Oh, my dear! Have you heard? An *Earl!* They say that he can trace his family back to King Henry the Eighth!"

This sort of thing is sweeping the country. The Yellow Peril, the Red Scourge, all are innocuous, compared to the fever that is running in the veins of those who aspire to the ranks of Society. As such an evil is present, though, it is the author's intent to render aid where it is needed, and to give advice which he hopes may be useful.

Let me relate the story of a very dear friend, who had contracted this fever to such an extent that she could not sleep, for fear that her friends might happen to discover that she could not trace her ancestry beyond the Revolutionary War. In despair, she finally came to ask my aid in locating some suitable ancestors. We set out together for the art shops.

The first shop we visited carried no old portraits; so we moved on, determined to do or die. The next place, an old, ramshackle house on the outskirts of the town, was a veritable treasure-trove. It was literally packed with just the type required. All that remained was to select about a dozen of the most likely ones of the portraits,

name them, and, lo and behold, we would have our ancestors ready for display. The art dealer, a most obliging gentleman, carried a number of the prospective family portraits to the front of the shop, that we might examine them at our leisure. And then the fun began!

The first picture was that of an austere old lady of the very early Colonial days. She seemed to frown upon us for disturbing her rest. It really was uncomfortable to look at her, for she looked as if she disapproved of us heartily. With one accord, we chose her. Indeed, she would be an acquisition to any family tree—no scandal could ever touch one who was descended from such a pious person as she. My friend suggested that we name her; let me assure you that it was no light undertaking. Gertrude, Annabelle, Susan, Ruth—we tried them all, but none of the names we thought of seemed to fit this severe old gentlewoman. Finally, I suggested that we call her Hannah; my friend assented, and Hannah she became.

The next portrait was that of a benevolent old ecclesiastic. We adopted him instantly, deciding that he was to be at least a cardinal. He had a very decided air of respectability about him; yet a vagrant gleam of whimsical humor shone from his eyes, seeming to indicate that, while his life had been dedicated to the Church, he was not above enjoying the pleasures of the flesh, occasionally. We named him Benjamin. I hope that he liked his new name, for I would hate to cause such a fine old gentleman as he any unhappiness at all.

We next acquired a portrait of a handsome young man, dressed in the style of the old Cavaliers. He was to be the black sheep of the family line. We could not quite decide what heinous crime we could fasten upon his fair name, but finally resolved to speak of him in hushed whispers, and let the listener use his judgment. It would really give a much better effect. Of course there was only one name for such a rake as he. Thus it was that he received the appellation of Rudolph.

A sweet young maiden was our next choice. The family really needed her to offset the impression given by Rudolph. This girl had that look of sad, sweet resig-

nation so common to old portraits; in fact, she looked too good to be true. We called her Elizabeth, and put her aside quickly; it was tiring to gaze long upon such a model of the female virtues.

And so it went. We ended up by buying almost a dozen of the portraits, and ordered them sent to my friend's house. They arrived the following day and were hung in appropriate places.

The time arrived when my friend had a very select group of society people at her house. The conversation turned, as it always does, to the subject of lineage. My friend came to the front with an invitation to view her portrait gallery; the assembly assented and was charmed by the selection of ancestors which my friend had made. I must say that she had learned her part well. At any rate, she was accepted into the "Four Hundred," and she is now one of the city's most prominent social butterflies.

This little anecdote will serve to illustrate my point, when I say that it is necessary to use discretion in choosing one's ancestors. Let me cite a horrible mistake which my father made when he was attempting to trace the family lineage, on his side.

He scoured the country-side, hunting for old graveyards that might possibly hold the remains of some long gone ancestor of his. At last he found the last resting place of a man who had been one of the first settlers of Kentucky. Proudly he related the tale of his discovery to every one who seemed the least bit interested. At last, though, he told it once too often.

It happened at a dinner party at which my uncle, my father's brother, was present. As Dad concluded his recital, this person spoke up, saying: "I wouldn't brag of him, if I were you, Harry. That man was the first person to be hanged for horse-stealing in Kentucky." My father has never spoken another word about his illustrious ancestor to this day.

The moral of this is that one should be very, very careful in choosing one's ancestors, or they may prove boomerangs, and react upon one with frightful results.

A Snow-Storm

By SCRIBBLER

It's cold—and dark,
Save the icy stars' faint beams.
Crystal arches bridge
All the softly tinkling streams,
And clouds grow thick
While the biting north wind screams.

Full is the air
Of the flying spears of snow.
All the earth is white
And the fields and forests show
Against the sky
As their feathery leafings grow.

Dawn comes—and day.
What a world of fairy dreams!
On the woods and fields
As the undimmed sunshine streams
With magic light,
All the jeweled landscape gleams.

Some Utopian Mechanical Devices of H. G. Wells

By S. W. HUGHES

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wells seems sometimes to have an impractical conception of the needs and interests of the people, his Utopian books are intensely interesting and thought provoking. His Utopias represent the dreams and desires of a scientific thinker—his conception of an ideal world.

This world is so well organized that there is little possibility that serious problems will arise that cannot be settled quickly. The social problems are settled by the decisions of the higher officials, who are selected according to individual ability. The educational system strives to teach each individual his direct and proper social position.¹

There has been a time when a certain section of a planet could be isolated, with an Atlantis or a Republic of Plato situated on this isolated spot; but now one must search out into the universe and discover another planet on which to form his Utopia.² The number of the inhabitants is the same as in the present world, but the people have different traditions, ideals and purposes, and they are moving towards an altogether different destination.³ These inhabitants do not have the supernatural and peculiar bodies of the Martians,⁴ nor are they like the small ant-like inhabitants of the moon;⁵ they have the same physique as the men on Earth, but a more thoroughly developed body and an unusual increase in intellectual

¹ *Men Like Gods*, p. 89.

² *A Modern Utopia*, p. 15.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 23.

⁴ *The War of the Worlds*.

⁵ *The First Men in the Moon*.

abilities.⁶ A universal language without ambiguity is used.⁷ This Utopia is a land "where men and women are happy and the laws are wise and where all that is tangled and confused in human affairs has been unraveled and made right."⁸

Mr. Wells also gives a conception of the architectural designs in his Utopian ideals and a brief description of the organization of the buildings; but in all of this, he only provokes the imagination of the reader. The residences are built much finer than ours, and with all the labor saving devices possible, for the Utopian freedom does away with servants. The home has pleasant boudoirs, private library and study, and a private garden spot.⁹ The larger buildings are made of metal, and constructed in well proportioned sizes and shapes.¹⁰

The buildings in the cities are arranged in the most convenient situations and plans one can possibly imagine. There is no walking across the street through traffic, or through large buildings when one is on a shopping tour. Instead, there are walking paths which extend through corridors and covered colonnades without opening into the streets, and extending all over the town. Small shops are found in these corridors, but the larger stores are found in buildings adapted to the needs of the establishment.¹¹

The larger hotels are built of artificial stone, with a dull surface and a tint of ivory, and shaped in a quadrangle after the fashion of Oxford College. The irregular grainish grey color blends with the leaden gutters and the light red roof. The buildings are about forty feet high with five stories above the lower apartments. The windows either face outward or inward to the quadrangle, leaving no room without a clear view and plenty of fresh air. The passages and stairways are lighted artificially,

⁶ *A Modern Utopia*, p. 23; *Men Like Gods*, pp. 41 ff.

⁷ *A Modern Utopia*, p. 17; *Men Like Gods*, p. 3 33 ff.

⁸ *A Modern Utopia*, p. 30.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 216-17.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 252.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 216.

ventilated artificially, and carpeted only with a type of cork which makes them noiseless. The lower story is the equivalent of any large hotel—clubs, kitchens, offices, dining-room, waiting room, smoking and assembly rooms, a barber shop, and a library.¹²

A very interesting and handy heating outfit is in each room. A thermometer with six switches beside it is found in a convenient spot of the room. Each heater is adjustable to the individual needs. One switch heats the floor, which is not carpeted but covered with a substance like soft oil-cloth. The second switch heats the mattress of the bed. The other four heat different parts of the wall at various degrees. In the ceiling is a noiseless fan which pumps foul air out of the room, while a Tobin shaft permits pure air to enter the room.¹³

The private rooms are equipped with simple devices which afford the means for cleanliness with the minimum amount of work. A clock built in the wall, its face flush with the surface of the wall and lighted by a convenient switch over the pillow, gives the occupant perfect ease in discovering the time, either day or night. Since the wall comes in a gentle curve to the floor, there are no corners to gather dust, and a few strokes with a mechanical sweeper cleanses the room effectively. The door frames and window frames are of metal, rounded and impervious to draught. A handle at the foot of the bed turns the bed frame in a vertical position, thus providing a frame on which the bed clothes can easily be aired. There are no dust collecting hangings such as window curtains to check the draught from ill-fitting windows, valencies, worthless irrelevant pictures, dusty carpets, or the habitual paraphernalia about the dirty, black-leaden fireplaces. In place of these are "faintly tinted walls, framed with just one color line as finely placed as the members of a Greek capital; the door handles and the lines of the panels of the door, the two chairs, the framework of the bed, the writing table have all the final

¹² *A Modern Utopia*, pp. 215-16.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 104.

simplicity, the exquisite finish of contour that result from sustained artistic effort. The graciously shaped windows each frame a picture—since they are draughtless, the window seats are no mere mockeries as are the window seats of earth, and on the sill the sole thing to need attention is the one little bowl of blue Alpine flowers."¹⁴

In the bath-room the same simple, yet perfect, devices are found. All the necessities are included, such as fluids of pine odor or sustained odors of chlorine. There is a shallow bath-tub, with an outer rim to prevent overflowing when the water is splashed too much, and studs on the wall to regulate the heat and the different fluids which one may prefer in the water. A mirror is artistically placed in the wall. Towels are in a storage box in a convenient location, and a noiseless shaft carries them away when one has finished with them.¹⁵

Pneumatic tubes carry articles from place to place, both near and distant, as to the postoffice or to some favorite shop. In the breakfast room is an electrically heated coffee pot which can easily be operated.¹⁶

Travel is most important in the busy world of today. In Utopia the population, we are told, will be migratory until each race settles down for life.¹⁷ The mechanical designers are cultivated men, artistic craftsmen, and men who strive for simplicity and perfection in the mechanical designs of the times and needs of the mechanical field.¹⁸ The smoke-disgorging steam railways have become such a nuisance that Mr. Wells presents a new type of train, but he fails to describe the type of motor power. A network of mono-rail routes, built above the ground in places where the rail will be in the way of traffic or important enterprises, and so well constructed that a speed of two to three hundred miles per hour can be attained. The cars are balanced by a modification of the gyroscopic device that we now use on our ocean liners. In the cars

¹⁴ *A Modern Utopia*, pp. 104-06.

¹⁵ *Men Like Gods*, p. 139; *A Modern Utopia*, p. 106.

¹⁶ *A Modern Utopia*, p. 43.

¹⁷ *A Modern Utopia*, pp. 43, 44, 48.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 111.

Crucifixion of A Soul

By NIELA ALEIN

DUSK. And a solitary man standing on the brow of a hill. The sky clouded almost to the point of obscurity. Trees motionless in the calm that holds the world in its grasp. Birds hushed, feeling the sinister aspect of the atmosphere. Flowers drooping in the heat which oppresses and menaces. Silence. A silence which stifles Life itself. A silence that presages Death.

Death. A lone vulture circling in the sky. Waiting. Waiting with a horrible patience. A patience which seems to say, "I wait for the end which is inevitable to all things." A patience akin to that of the eternity which is called Death. Death in the air. Death everywhere. Death, and a solitary man standing on the brow of a hill.

Night threatening. The sun sinking into the bank of clouds. Crimson rays painting the world with the life-blood of dying Day. Angry colors clashing in the western sky. No quiet, beautiful sunset here; rather the dying struggles and convulsive agonies of Life surrendering to Death. And a solitary man standing on the brow of a hill.

Darkness. A whippoor-will sobbing out its plaintive call. A bird stirs in its nest. Bats swinging, darting, with a sound of rustling silk, or the rending of human flesh. The sky a pall of inky black. No stars. No moon. Nothing. Life flees. Death advances. Darkness. Closing in on the world. Menacing. Terrible. Darkness that threatens. Darkness that stifles. Darkness that closes in, leaving no place to which to flee. Darkness that oppresses. Darkness that takes the breath. Darkness so awful that the senses reel. And a solitary man standing on the brow of a hill.

Midnight. The hour of Fate. The eternity between seconds. Life and Death combined. The Death of the old Day. The Birth of a new. Stillness. Stillness akin to that of Death. Stillness like that which comes before Birth. Complete stillness. The world holding its breath. Waiting. Waiting for Life. Waiting for Death. Waiting. And a solitary man standing on the brow of a hill.

Dawn. Life stirring. Moving. Release from the enthralldom of Night. Life. Light. Beauty unfolding from the shadows. Death retreating. Death conquered. Banished from the world for another day. Darkness fleeing. Planning a new attack. But always retreating. Light giving Life. Life revelling in Light. The rising sun spreading its healing rays. Rays like the flush on the face of a newly awakened infant. Light. Life. Day. Song. Healing. But the solitary man no longer stands on the brow of the hill.

The Test

By L. D. MUNN

OLD Downing Field was alive with prancing, perspiring men. An air of expectation and determination prevailed everywhere. This was the afternoon of the last scrimmage before the opening game of the season, and every man was keyed to the highest pitch in his determination to be one of the eleven who would face the firing line on the coming Friday. This afternoon's scrimmage would tell the tale. For four weeks fifty brawny men had permitted themselves to be beaten, bruised, and trampled upon in order to win a position on the coveted squad. Each man knew that his showing on this particular afternoon would be a potent factor in his selection as one to carry the colors of his alma mater against the enemy in the opening game. Twenty-two hearts stood still as the referee's whistle sounded the signal that the scrimmage had begun.

Coach "Pile-Driver" Jones stood watching his aspiring athletes go through their last scrimmage with a smile on his lips. It was clearly evident that he was in an unusually good humor, for Jones seldom smiled unless he had a good reason for so doing. Probably it was because the "dopsters" had been so liberal in their praise of his championship material, or probably it was because he himself had become impressed with the splendid showing the boys had been making in their fall training. Jones was known far and wide for his ability to pick a championship team, and once he made his decision as to what team would win the "rag," very few people could be persuaded to lay down their money against it. The smile was still on his lips when he turned to his assistant.

"Great material out there, Jack. The best I've had in my ten years at Cornwall. Barring injuries, the team

that beats that bunch will walk off with the state championship. Not since my second year here, when we won the championship by a lucky turn of fate, have we had a better chance to cop off all the honors and carry the Old Blue and Gold to the top."

"I agree with you, Pile-Driver, but what's worrying me is what you are going to do with Easy Murdock. That lad is throwing a scare into Haynes. My prediction is that before the year is up Easy will be running that squad in Haynes' place. It will go mighty hard with Bill since he is captain of the team, but I'm telling you that Murdock lad isn't going to be satisfied with warming the bench. I understand Haynes put the skids under him and his best girl, and that will cause him to work so much the harder to take his place."

Jack Phillips, Jones' assistant for the last three years, kept watching the game intently as he spoke, and especially did he watch the playing of the two opposing quarterbacks, each of whom seemed bent on outplaying the other.

"You're right," Jones replied. "They're the two best quarters in the State. That is a proposition not easy to solve. I can't shift them to another position because they are the only quarter-backs I have, and I don't see how I can afford to let either warm the bench. Their services are too valuable. After today's scrimmage I can tell you more about it."

Coach Jones cut short his speech just as Murdock received a punt far down on his own ten yard line and started working it back toward the opposite goal. Those watching from the sidelines either jumped to their feet with excitement, or those already on their feet began to shout at the top of their voices. Such a run! A golden streak flashed down the field, now to the left, now to the right, dodging the grasping hands of oncoming players, or twisting through the clutching arms of the charging tacklers. Suddenly the runner hit a blank wall. Three blue-clad warriors swung down upon him with all their might. The three struck him at the same time. Down he went backward with the force of that collision, but he

was up in a flash, and with the agility of a rabbit, sprang around them, and zig-zagging back and forth, he side-stepped his way to the opposite side of the field. With a spirited spurt he passed the secondary defense. Only one man stood between him and the goal.

Haynes had been watching this running performance of his rival with bitter jealousy rising in his breast. No sophomore was going to make a fool out of him, and no sophomore was going to beat him out of his place if he could help it. He stood still for a moment trying to decide which way the runner would come, and then with a sneer on his lips, he waited for his prey. Murdock saw the charging captain come rushing in from mid-field just as he side-stepped the second half-back, but the back had thrown him momentarily off his balance, and before he could right himself, Haynes struck. Easy had had no chance to dodge the terrific impact. He went down with a groan.

"Bill Haynes! That makes twice you've tackled me like that! What are you trying to do? Break a fellow's leg? You know it is illegal to make a rolling tackle like that. You are doing it on purpose." Easy rubbed his ankle vigorously, all the while looking directly at the man responsible for his pain.

"Ah, shut up! You know I hit you fair and square. This isn't a baby's game. If I weren't able to stand a few knocks and bruises, I'd go back home to mama. No wonder Elsie turned you down. I don't blame her. I wouldn't go with a mushroom either." The eyes of the captain were spitting fire as he turned on his heels to get back into position.

The face of the sophomore turned red with anger at this insult, and he sprang to his feet as if he would hurl himself upon the other man, but biting his lips quickly, he turned away and limped back into line. Such an act as this had won for him the nick-name "easy."

The game was drawing to a close, and neither side had been able to score. The ball had passed back and forth between the "Blues" and "Golds," and it now rested in

the hands of the latter. The spectacular playing of the afternoon had been contributed by the two quarter-backs, with both of them shining in every phase of the game. Easy seemed to have had the edge over his opponent. Those on the sidelines had closely followed the brilliant playing of the sophomore, and they began to question among themselves if the Captain was going to relinquish his place to another. The "Golds" were making a determined effort to carry the ball across the line. Time after time their quarter-back took the ball for gains. They were now on the fifteen-yard line. Two minutes to play! The ball was snapped, and the "golds'" linesmen tore a hole through the "Blues'" line. Once again the Sophomore received the ball. With the goal before him, he paused for a moment to get his bearing, and then plunged through the gap. That pause was his undoing. A thundering blue-clad avalanche struck him about the knees—a blinding light across the brain, a grunt, and he crumpled to the ground, writhing in pain.

"What's happened?" Assistant Coach Phillips turned quickly to Jones as he spoke, and at the same time began running toward the huddled group of players.

"Looks like someone's hurt badly," exclaimed Jones, hurrying after the running figure of his assistant.

When they arrived at the group of bewildered men, they found Murdock lying on the ground, tossing about and groaning aloud. His distorted face showed signs of excruciating pain.

"What's the matter, Easy, old boy? Where are you hurt." The coach knelt beside the groaning man and began to run his hands up and down the injured man's leg. Just as his hand touched his knee Easy let out a cry of pain.

"My knee! My knee! It feels like it's broken. Oh! Oh! Don't touch it, Coach! It hurts. Oh-h-h-h." Great beads of perspiration stood out on the speaker's forehead as he winced and groaned under the coach's touch.

Jones remained kneeling by his quarter-back's side for a few moments, all the while examining the injured leg;

then he rose suddenly and beckoning a couple of his assistants to him, he commanded them to get the quarterback to the hospital as quickly as possible. "Tell Dr. Craig," he continued, "to give this man the best of attention possible." He stood in silence for a few minutes watching the two men bear off their human cargo, then turning to Phillips he shook his head gravely:

"That's the last that boy will play this season, or I'm badly fooled. I believe the main ligament in his leg is torn loose. If it is, I'd just as well kiss his services goodbye for the rest of the year. I can't understand how his knee was jerked loose like that unless his leg was caught under his back when he fell. That means I must rely upon Haynes altogether for this season. If he gets hurt, I'm sunk. I don't have another man who can punt and pass like he can."

Then turning to the other men, he called out: "All right, boys, that will be all for today! You need not wear your shoulder-pads tomorrow. Be on the ground at 3:30 for a light work-out." With those words he turned and started toward the gate. All the boys were so busy thinking about their hard luck in losing Murdock and about Friday's game that, as they made their way to the bathhouse, not a single one noticed the evil grin that played about the lips of Captain Haynes.

II.

For a long time Murdock lay on his cot in silence, his eyes fixed steadily upon the grey-ceiling above his head. Myriads of pictures flashed upon the soft, grey surface—now it was Elsie's face smiling down upon him from the wall—now it was a football game. He was the hero. "There he goes! No. 22! Watch that Murdock Kid run with the ball. Give the ball to Murdock! He'll take it across." How sweet those words sounded in his ears. He smiled. This had been his favorite pastime for the several weeks. He had painted many a glorious picture on the ceiling of his room. A noise outside brought him back from his musings. Four weeks had passed since he was

brought to this silent place; four weeks of longings, heart-aches, and loneliness. To one used to the yelling of players and the thousand different noises of the ball field it was nerve-wracking indeed to be confined to a bed with an injured leg. Visitors were few and far between. Haynes hadn't been around at all. Easy expected that, because he had a faint recollection of a sneering face closing in on him when he was knocked out. He had a strong conviction that Haynes had accomplished his purpose. Still he had told no one about what he thought.

But what about Elsie? Why was she so cold toward him here of late? She had been to see him only twice during these lonesome weeks, and even then she had appeared strangely indifferent and very distant. The thought of her indifference had made his confinement in the hospital hard to bear. He had loved her for years. They grew up together, and she had returned that love until she met Haynes; then she began to turn a cold shoulder to him, and finally she began to ignore him completely. Something must have gone wrong. He had tried to explain, and again and again he had gone to her for an explanation, but she would always walk away with the same remark: "You know what's the matter. You don't have to come to me to find out."

Easy's heart had been heavy these four weeks, but he forced a smile when he remembered that the doctor had promised to turn him loose tomorrow. Anyway he would get out of that hole, and that was something to be thankful for. "Your leg will be O.K. to walk on by tomorrow, but by all means stay off the football field for the rest of this season. You can't stand it. One more injury like the last one and you are likely never to play again." Murdoek's heart sank when he heard the doctor's orders, for he had hoped to get back into the game.

A week had passed since Easy had walked from the hospital—a week that had not been any too pleasant for him. His leg was growing stronger every day, but he had been unable to enter into his studies. Everywhere he saw Elsie he saw Haynes tagging along also. And

they seemed to enjoy each other's company. That thought cut him deeply. Once, unobserved, he saw Elsie smile up into Haynes face with the sort of expression, "I love you," and his heart seemed to stop beating. His knees grew weak, and he would probably have fallen had he not grasped a small elm that stood within reach. That blow went like a cold dart through his heart. He walked away with the feeling that all was lost and that the world held nothing more for him. He thought of leaving school. "What's the use?" he muttered. "She doesn't care for me any more. I'm so far behind in my work I can't catch up, anyway; so I'd just as well go home." He strolled thoughtfully around the campus for a few minutes trying to make up his mind what to do, then suddenly made his way toward his room. Once inside he feverishly began to pack his trunk. At last! Everything was packed except Elsie's picture. He picked it up and looked at it longingly for a few minutes, hugged it to his breast, and then placed it face down in the trunk. With a bitter sigh he closed the lid.

The packing finished, he walked down to the station to find what time he could leave. He passed several of his friends on the way down who greeted him cheerfully, but not a hint did he give that he was leaving. He was rather taken back when the ticket agent informed him that there wasn't another train going his way until nine o'clock the following morning. He wanted to get away from it all. How could he bear to spend another night at Cornwall? It would drive him mad. It was driving him mad. He wanted to get as far away from Elsie as possible. He couldn't stand to see her, knowing she loved another. With weighty steps he made his way back to his room and unpacked his bed linen.

That night he lay down with the feeling that he would be better dead than alive. It seemed as if no one cared for him, or what he did. For hours he rolled and tossed, unable to close his eyes. When he did doze off, he went to sleep wondering what kind of reaction Elsie would take when she found out that he had left school.

"Fire! Fire!" The cry rang down the empty corridor of Simpson dormitory. The sound of slamming doors and running feet quickly filled the air. Murdock sat straight up in bed, wide awake. He had heard the first alarm. Had he been asleep? Surely not! He had only lain down. He glanced at his watch. Three o'clock. Whew! Later than he thought. He started to lie back down. Certainly the fire wasn't in that dormitory. What did he care about a little fire? It wasn't anything to get excited about. They would have it out in a minute. They always did. He lay back down, but the next minute he was standing upright in the middle of the room, his nerves all aquiver, and his muscles drawn taut. Fire! Fire! Collin's Hall is burning down! The words Collin's Hall had brought him to his feet. "My God! That's her dormitory. I wonder if she is safe?" He looked around for his bath-robe, and in a moment he was digging into the contents of his trunk. "Just like me to put a thing I need where I can't get it." At last—it seemed like ages—he extracted the hunted robe and went sprinting down the hall, putting on the robe as he ran. One thought kept ringing in his mind: "Is she safe? Is she safe?" A glaring blaze struck his eye when he rushed from the dormitory. The whole south side of the campus was bright as day. The runner put on a little more speed. The roar of the blaze, supplemented by the shouts of frantic men, and the shrieks of hysterical girls, caused a shudder to pass over Murdock's body as he ran. He was soon on the scene. Groups of scantily clad girls stood here and there crying, while some of the less timid ones were helping the men clear the building. Haynes was the first man he saw. He stood apart from the crowd and appeared to be directing the others. In a moment Easy was by his side.

"Where's Elsie? Is she safe? Are all the women out?" He clutched frantically at Hayne's sleeve as he spoke.

"I don't know. I haven't seen her. She's probably in one of those groups over there. I haven't time to hunt up every person in the dormitory at a time like this. If

she were still in the building, we would have known before now."

"My God, man! Is that all the interest you have in her? If she loved me like she does you, I'd know whether she was safe or not." The words died on his lips as a terrifying cry rent the air. "Look! Look! A girl up there! Fourth floor—second window!" All eyes were directed to the fourth floor window. A pale face appeared in the window for a moment and then dropped limply out of sight. The girls stood speechless; the men were frozen in their tracks. It was Murdock who broke the silence. "It's Elsie, Bill! It's Elsie! My God! She'll die up there. I'm going after her." He bolted for the main entrance to the hall with Bill close at his heels. His feet had just landed on the burning steps when the varsity captain hauled him down from the rear. He sent him sprawling to the ground and landed squarely on top of him.

"You fool! Are you crazy? What do you want to do? Kill yourself? It's sure death to go in that building. Every avenue of escape is cut off, and the building is liable to fall any minute. You can't go in that hell. You'll never come out alive." The speaker struggled fiercely with his frenzied opponent who seemed to become suddenly possessed with super-human strength.

"Hell, or no hell; she's in there, and I'm going after her!" With a quick jerk he tore from Bill's grasp and darted into the flaming building just as several more boys came rushing up. They stood transfixed, looking at the disappearing figure, for they knew he would never come out of that burning inferno alive.

For a time Easy was bewildered as to what to do. The stifling smoke bit into his throat, and the glaring blaze closed his eyes. He dropped to his knees. His Boy Scout training was a friend in time of need. If he only had a handkerchief. He grasped at the pocket of his robe. Sure enough! As luck would have it, his hand came out clutching one he had left in there the day before. Quickly he tied the cloth about his nose and mouth and

began worming his way along the scorching floor. Presently he found the stairs. He began his painful journey upward. The flames were licking out at him from all sides, and once or twice he had to walk upright to keep from crawling through fire. Twice he burned his hands erasing the flames of his burning clothing. He was now on the second floor. His lungs were about to burst. He couldn't breathe. His eyes were burning from smoke, but the thought of Elsie on the fourth floor, probably dying, urged him on. His heart stopped beating when he reached the next stairway. It was a solid sheet of flame. To reach the third floor he would have to go through that wall of fire. There were just two things to do: go back, or go ahead. Either one probably meant death. No! He would go to Elsie or die in the attempt. Gritting his teeth, he jerked off his bath-robe, which he had forgot to throw off when he entered the building, and wrapped it around his head. Then rolling up the sleeves and pant-legs of his pajamas to lessen the possibility of their catching fire, he raced up the blazing stair. A false step certainly would have meant death. He stumbled to the floor when he reached the top of the landing, and a prayer of relief went from his lips as he staggered to his feet. No sooner had he reached his feet than a roaring crash informed him that the stairway had fallen. It was either now to continue, or else—. He could not turn back. The exit was closed. Extinguishing several small flames on his pajamas, he began making his way to the fourth floor. The going was somewhat easier now since it was mostly smoke that obstructed his path.

Would he ever reach the room he was seeking. By counting the doors from the stairway as he passed by he was able to ascertain in what room the body of the girl he loved lay. He suspected he would find her dead—from fright maybe, but he wanted the satisfaction of carrying her body from that blazing fire. If he couldn't have her, he'd have her body. He wasn't long in finding the object of his search. It lay close to the window by

the radiator. Sticking his head out the window for a moment, he revived his bursting lungs with some of the hot air from the outside. The watching crowd below was quick to see him. "There he is! He's found her!" they all cried in unison.

Working hastily the rescuer wrapped his bath-robe about the still figure and tied it around her. He thought he would never get the bed sheets torn into strips. How clumsily he worked! He knew he could do that faster than he was doing it now. The job finished, he breathed a sigh of relief. He could hear the searing blaze roar under his feet. It wouldn't be long before the room would be a blazing furnace. He had no time to lose. Tying one end of the strip through the bath-robe on the girl, he next tied the other end around the radiator. Then began the toilsome job of lowering the girl to the ground. A shout arose from the amazed crowd below when they saw the figure of the girl slowly descended from above. No sooner had the body reached the ground than a boy was seen to slip over the window-sill and slide hastily down the improvised rope. Several boys had carried the limp form of the girl to a sheltered place where they were now busily engaged in trying to revive her. When the feet of the descending boy touched the earth, he took several steps forward and tumbled face foremost to the turf. Hardly had he been dragged to safety when there was a terrific roar, a blinding crash, and old Collin's Hall crumbled to the ground.

Next day Murdock was the hero of the campus. His name was on every tongue. The morning papers carried the story of the fire on their front pages. Murdock could have been elected president of the college that day had the election been in the hands of the students. Such was the sentiment that prevailed everywhere.

Both Elsie and Easy were carried to the hospital after the fire, but the boy was released early that morning. Except for a few burns on the hands and legs, he had come out practically unscarred. The girl didn't escape so lightly. She had not been burned at all, but the thick

smoke had almost taken its toll. Not until late in the afternoon when the first visitors were allowed in her room did she learn of Murdock's heroic deed. Her eyes grew dim with tears when she learned he had risked his life for hers. She lost no time in sending for him.

Murdock walked into Elsie's room with a feeling of uncertainty. His knees trembled in spite of himself. He felt as if he were walking to his doom. He could hardly screw up enough courage to look into that tear-stained face on the pillow when the girl reached out her hand to him. Her voice thrilled him. "Frank, can you ever forgive me? Can you forgive me for the way I've treated you?" He could hardly believe his ears. "I didn't know you cared for me like this. I thought you loved that Davis girl. I have never ceased caring for you, but I couldn't afford to waste my life on a man who fooled around with a woman like that. You know she hasn't a good name."

"Why, Elsie? What do you mean? Clara Davis doesn't mean a thing to me. Why, I've only been around her once or twice since I've been here."

"Well, how can you explain your meeting with her in the grove at midnight at the first of school, and how can you deny her bringing you flowers while you were in the hospital? I couldn't believe anything else."

"To tell you the truth, Elsie, I did meet that girl in the grove that night, but for the life of me, I didn't know the reason why, and I don't know yet. All I know is that I received a letter, typewritten and unsigned, saying that someone wanted to see me there at that hour, and it was absolutely necessary that I be there. I went, and this girl came up and kissed me, and then began to tell me how much she loved me. I took it as a practical joke and went on about my business. As for those flowers she brought, I took them as a token of friendship and said nothing else about it. To be frank, I was so lonely, I welcomed any kind of friend then; but she doesn't mean a thing to me, nor ever will."

"Some how, I believe you, Frank, although I'd like

to know who wrote that letter. I'm beginning to see into this affair a little now. If you'll only forgive me this time, I'll never doubt you again." If the nurse had been looking in the room at the next moment, she would have seen something not generally allowed on the campus.

Captain Haynes called to see Elsie after football practice that afternoon, but she turned him away with the pretext that she was too tired to see anyone else.

III.

Ten thousand voices died in as many throats. A silence hung over Downing Field. What had a moment before been a seething inferno of lusty cheering was now a calm ocean of drowned hopes and suppressed pity. A muffled sigh swept the huge throng. All eyes were turned to the pathetic figure borne from the field, for with that figure went the hopes of Old Cornwall. Cornwall's hope for the State Championship had rested upon the masterful playing of her captain, but the hero had been brought down in the hour of victory with a broken leg. He left the field with the goal unattained, and with his going went the hopes of the followers of the Old Blue and Gold.

Coach Jones, with a sickening tug around his heart, sent in Baker, his sub-quarter. With the first half of the game still more than five minutes to go, he groaned inwardly at the chances he now had of taming the Tigers. They had come snarling into camp, and it looked now as if they were to go back home, having the prey in their claws. Haynes had played the entire season without relief, and had survived until the crucial game. Baker was clumsy, inexperienced, and easily excited. If only Murdock were in the game! Jones closed his eyes and hoped for the best.

Far back in the student section of the stands, a boy and girl sat watching every movement of the game. Their hearts were with Cornwall. Although Frank Murdock sat in the stands, he was out on the field in spirit. He was in every play; he made every tackle; he ran with

every run. Suddenly a gold-jerseyed man had gone sprawling into the dust. He was seen to try to rise, but crumpled back to earth. Murdock had seen the play. He sprang to his feet instantly. A cry rose in his throat; his heart thundered in his breast. Haynes was out—out for good; he needed no one to tell him that. A thousand thoughts flashed through his mind. No team had been able to score. The Tigers were putting up a great struggle, and it was only the superb playing of the Captain quarter-back that had thus far saved the day. Time after time he had brought a snarling Tiger to the ground when he was the only one between the player and the goal. Time after time he had booted the ball far back into the enemy's territory. With him out of the game, Cornwall was doomed. Murdock stood watching the men bear the Captain from the field with a wave of determination rising in his breast. Cornwall could not lose. He would not let her lose! Not even stopping to look back at Elsie, he darted down the steps and headed across the field.

Jones looked up surprised at the calling of his name. An excited lad was tugging at his sleeve. He recognized the beaming face of his promising sophomore.

"Coach! Coach! Let me go in there, Coach! I'm in good shape. I can stand it!" The lad almost shouted his command.

"What are you talking about, Easy? You are not in training, and besides, you're not in uniform. It's too big a risk. It would kill you to get mixed up with that tough gang. They would break you like a stick." The coach uttered the words almost mechanically, but at the same time a strange hope rose within him.

"I tell you I am in shape, Coach. I've been working out in the gym for the last three weeks, and my leg is as strong as ever. Won't you let me go in, Coach? I can put on my uniform in a few minutes. I'd rather die in there than sit out here. Please let me go in! Will you?"

Coach Jones looked into the face of the pleading youth. In that face he saw victory. Almost unconsciously he

gave his decision. It was his last straw. "Get into uniform and report back here as quickly as possible!"

The dial of the time-table reported two minutes to play. The score stood—Southern 6, Cornwall 0. The crowd had begun to disperse. The yelling had ceased. All hope had vanished. The victory was conceded to Southern. When Murdock went into the game, the Tigers had already pushed across their marker, but had failed to kick goal. For half the game the score had remained as it was. The Tigers refused to yield. Backed against their own ten yard line by the stubborn defense of the Golden-clad gridmen, the Tiger quarter-back was forced to kick. He sent the ball far up the field. It fell into the waiting arms of acting-captain Murdock. The people pouring through the gates turned to watch this last play. What they saw will always live in their memory. They saw what many unfaithful ones fail to see: seeming defeat turned into a last minute victory. Never had they seen such clock-like interference—such inspired running. They saw a lad carry a ball who knew not defeat. He saw a goal, a face, a school; he ran not for himself but for others. The crowd stood speechless, then individual shouts led the way; ten thousand tired throats became suddenly refreshed; thousands of hats were lost in the wind. Reason had vanished. Murdock had made a touchdown and now the educated toe of a half-back sent the ball sailing through the up-rights to break the tie, a surging wave of humanity swept upon the field. The mob was uncontrollable. It surrounded the hero and lifted him upon its wave. In like manner he was carried about the town, his name on every tongue. Once more Murdock became the campus' hero.

Elsie and Frank sat close to Haynes bed. They wondered what the big captain might want with them. He seemed uneasy when he spoke, and tears welled up in his eyes. "I've been a cad, Frank. I've treated you worse than a dog. Both of you! You have made me ashamed of myself. I've heard what you did today. How you saved Cornwall. And I'm grateful. People have ad-

mired me, but they didn't know how crooked I've been. I want to ask your forgiveness. Yes, Frank, it was I who broke your leg. I deliberately tried to do so. And it was I who framed that meeting with Clara Davis. I got her to help me out. I wanted to make Elsie mad with you. I made it convenient for her to see you two together. I'm sorry. I want you to forgive me."

"Why, no, Bill, I don't hold anything against you. I forgive you. We both do. Let's forget our mistakes and work together for old Cornwall." He placed his hand in that of the injured man, and the latter grasped it vigorously. Enemies had become friends under the bonds of the test.

My General

(1919)

By SCRIBBLER

My General was a Brigadier,
A warrior true and brave,
With piercing eye and visage grave
And a lion's heart that knew no fear.

Oh, see him stand at the crossing way
Where the flying iron rained!
Or there, again, in a broken trench
On the side of a shell-torn hill, that day,
Above where a happy town had been
(The town of Cuicy, they say).
As the runner comes with the battle's news
And the tale of dying men.

His shoulder is square and his eye severe
And his war-grizzled head erect,
But his cheek is wet with a falling tear—
My General loved his men!

Mid-Air

By R. E. WILSON

MOTHER just didn't like airplanes—and she doesn't yet. She didn't even countenance my flying, much less my attempt to obtain a pilot's license. But I was as crazy about flying as a Dutchman is about sauerkraut.

I had been flying, as a passenger, off and on for about three weeks, and had had hold of the controls only twice. What little flying I had done had all been during daylight. I wanted to fly over the city at night. Around the field one would often hear the pilots remarking how beautiful the river was, with the lights of the boats and city playing on the water.

"Mother, I'm going to drive out to the field for a few minutes. I'm going to get Jack to fly me over the city if he will," I remarked one evening after dinner.

"Now, please, Son, why don't you stop this nonsense and stick to your father's office? Flying is so dangerous. Every paper, every day, tells about deaths of aviators," my mother returned.

"But, Mother dear, not nearly so many airplane as automobile accidents," I contended.

"Well, dear, if you just must go up tonight, please, please be careful, and hurry back home."

"All right, Mother, I will. By the way, I'm sort of drowsy. Believe I'll take a bath before I go. It's not time yet, anyhow," I told her.

Sitting on the edge of the bathtub, waiting for it to fill, I suddenly decided to run right on out to the field and see if Jack would fly me down the river to St. Louis, where there was to be a huge pageant of some kind that

night, which would be a lovely spectacle indeed. It shouldn't take us over thirty minutes to fly down.

* * * * *

"Hey, Bob," Jack spoke through the ear-phones, "Wanta take the stick a bit?"

I had been so engrossed in the wonderful panorama unfolding below me that I hadn't even been thinking of anything else. The small spot-lights of the tiny launches were playing around on the water, the huge arc lights along the wharf cast their scintillating beams across the slightly shimmering ripples. It was beautiful indeed.

But Jack had released the stick and was giving me orders; so I had to stop gazing, and watch the plane.

Everything went smoothly for about five minutes, I judge, when, all at once, the plane dipped, the stick was jerked out of my hand, and Jack was shouting excitedly in my ears. The plane was sliding, losing altitude, banking crazily and balking. Jack shouted, "I can't do a damn thing with her, Bob, one of the cables has snapped! Get ready to jump, and *don't* pull that 'chute cord too quick."

Nervous and trembling, I unsnapped the belt, climbed up over the left side, and jumped.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!" I finished, and jerked the ring. But I kept on falling—no check-up at all. I had never jumped before. The earth seemed to be leaping up at me on both sides of the river. There were no lights on it now—except the pale rays of the half-moon that I had noticed earlier in the evening.

Splash! A terrific impact as I hit the water—I could feel myself gasping for air—and breathing in water.

"For Heaven's sake, Bob, wake up! You've let the tub overflow and fallen into it!" Mother told me. "Hurry up and take your bath. There's company downstairs."

I'm working regularly in Dad's office now.

The Wake Forest Student

FOUNDED 1882

A literary magazine
published quarterly
by the Students of
Wake Forest College



Subscription
\$1.00 a year
Advertising rates
on application

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

THURMAN D. KITCHIN, JR. *Editor-in-Chief*
RICHARD PASCHAL, B. A. STRICKLAND. *Associate Editors*
W. L. WARFFORD. *Business Manager*
M. L. CASHION, T. C. WRENN. *Assistant Business Managers*
DR. H. B. JONES. *Faculty Adviser*

VOLUME XLVII

MAY, 1930

NUMBER 4

The Editor's Portfolio

Popular Literature

Scribners has recently announced that it is going to conduct a contest for a long short story, the prize for which is \$5,000. The story must be worthy as literature, or the prize will not be given. All of this is being done in order to stimulate interest in this type of fiction. But why? Why is it necessary to stimulate interest? Why are not people interested in a better class of literature? Are there not just as many people able to write now as before? Possibly, but those that write, do not do so just for pleasure or with any hope that they will become immortal, but with one thought, that they may receive big money.

Thus commercialism has had its influence on literature. Those that are able to write are bent toward the cheaper magazines, where they can ever find a ready market for their material regardless of its genre. So, instead of a stimulating effect on literature, commercialism exercises a degrading influence, because the author must make his narrative such that a street-sweeper can get a "kick" out of reading it.

Of course there are those that continue to write unaffected by commercialism. These should be commended, however few they are.

But this is not the only reason. People do not read now as in former days. Modern facilities have increased the diversions to the extent that there is little time left for reading Shakespeare, Browning or any other great master.

Literature is not the only one of the fine arts that is suffering in this way. The same situation is present in all.

The effect on the public can be of one nature only; that is, that the public is taking this course only to its detriment, while the instigator grows rich by cultivating in his patrons a retarding force instead of a progressing factor for better Literature.

In closing the forty-seventh volume of this magazine let us acknowledge an indebtedness to our faculty advisor, extend the warmest regards to our contributors and the very best wishes to our readers. May the next editor enjoy his task with a magazine to create and preserve literary activity among the students at Wake Forest.

A Darkening
Shadow

Ernest Sutherland Bates, whose article, "Comstock Stalks," appears in the April number of *Scribner's*, brings before us a daring and apparently unprejudiced revelation of the evils of censorship. Mr. Bates' inspiration seems to have been the introduction into the Massachusetts legislature of a bill revising the state censorship of literature and art. The measure provides for the imposition of a two-year prison sentence and a heavy fine upon any one who brings into the state or produces in the state "anything which, considered as a whole, is obscene, indecent or impure, or which manifestly tends to corrupt the morals of youth."

Notwithstanding the fact that in the South this question is discussed comparatively little, censorship is an inevitable problem which has appeared many times in the past, and will doubtless continue to arise periodically in one form or another. Mr. Bates attempts to show the futility and ineffectuality of any attempt to censor anything which appeals to the public taste for the voluptuous. The outcome, he thinks, would be worse than that of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The private morality of a people, it is asserted, can never be bettered or purified by the suppression of a certain indefinite and ambiguous obscenity which the censors think detrimental to a moral civilization. The problem of censorship is complicated by the fact that no dividing line between obscenity as censors regard it and art itself can be established. Art is nature and nature is sex, and to the erstwhile reformer sex is obscene. Thus we have included in the misnomer, obscenity, everything from art through discussion of sex.

A war against ideas, as this modern censorship seems to be, can only result in a continual rebellion of the average intelligence of the nation at large. Instead, the obsessed censors should direct their attacks at immorality itself and against the general fear of sex enlightenment. Until such an initiative is taken, censorship will be as ineffective as the proverbial "water poured on a duck's back."

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Tuition and Room-rent free. Scholarships available for approved students. Seminary's relations to University of Pennsylvania warrant offer of the following courses:
I. Resident Course for Preachers and Pastors. Seminary degree of B.D. or Diploma. II. Resident Course with Special Emphasis on Religious Education and Social Service. Seminary degree of B.D., University degree A.M.
III. Resident Training for Advanced Scholarship. Graduate Course, Seminary degree Th.M., University degree Ph.D.

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

Edwards & Broughton Company

Complete Annual Service

The good will and friendliness of Wake Forest Students and Faculty is a matter of sincere appreciation on the part of this company; and earnest effort, expert workmen and modern machinery enter into our service to Wake Forest and other colleges.

Printers of College Publications

774 5723