

THE RADIANT

Vol. II.

MAY, 1909

No. 4



ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

Atlantic Christian College
WILSON, - NORTH CAROLINA



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ATLANTIC
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

SENIOR CLASS

1909

FOUST

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PIANO FORTE

SALLIE MAY WILSON
B. LITT

ELIZABETH EAGLES
EXPRESSION

CLEMENT MANLY MORTON
A.B.

MARY V. EDWARDS
EXPRESSION

MARY SUE YELVERTON
EXPRESSION

ERSIE CAROLYNE WALKER
PIANO FORTE

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| Treasurer..... | Martha Elizabeth Eagles |
| Poet..... | Mabel Clarice Jones |
| Historian..... | Clement Manly Morton |
| Prophet..... | Ersie Carolyne Walker |

THE RADIANT

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CLASS OF '09.

The Class of '09 of Atlantic Christian College is one of the most representative in the history of the College. It is composed of seven members—two in the Literary, two in the Music, and three in the Expression Department of the College. Each one has taken a full course at A. C. C., and has done work of a very high order. The College has reason to be proud of THE RADIANT—with which each one was closely connected during the past year, and some since its establishment, and feels that in the passing of these earnest workers from its staff, that it has sustained a very great loss. But while they will not be in the College to assist with the work here, they will still be valiant friends of the College magazine, and wherever they are, speak a word in its favor and help materially in making THE RADIANT what they and all connected with it have ever sought to make it—the best college magazine in North Carolina.

Mr. Clement Manly Morton, the first young man to take a degree from Atlantic Christian College, and the only member of the Class of '09 to take the A. B. degree, is a young man of sterling worth and great ability. He has been connected with the College as a student since its establishment in 1902, and has been a leading spirit in all movements for the culture, progress, and good fellowship of the student body. In the Society work, he has ever been a leader, and champion of progress and right. He served for two full years as president of the society of which he was a member, represented his

society for four successive years in the Inter-Society Debate, and had the distinction of winning three successive victories for his society. Mr. Morton won the Oratorical Medal two years in succession, and this past year won THE RADIANT medal for the best poem, and also the medal for the best essay published during the year. As a writer, Mr. Morton has few equals in college circles. He conceived the idea and was the moving power in the establishment of THE RADIANT, of which he has been editor-in-chief since its establishment. His writings have attracted much attention, especially his poems, some of which possess considerable merit. Outside of college circles, Mr. Morton has risen very rapidly. He is now president of the Hookerton District Union; Recording Secretary of the North Carolina Christian Missionary Convention, and pastor of the Christian Churches at Farmville and Ayden, N. C. He is a speaker of much eloquence and power, and is destined to make a mark in the ministerial world.

Miss Sallie May Wilson, the first young lady to take the B. Litt. degree from Atlantic Christian College, has been a student of this institution for the past three years and has won for herself the honor of being one of the best students who ever attended A. C. College. She has the distinction of going through college without a single demerit. Possessing a clear, forceful, logical mind, she has proven woman's ability not only to stand side by side with man in intellectual advancement, but in some instances to surpass him. Miss Wilson has taken a lively interest in all the college life. As an active Society worker, she has done much for the society of which she is a member. She has been president of her class since its organization. On THE RADIANT staff, Miss Wilson has done much to make THE RADIANT the success which it has been. Her suggestions have ever been apt and worthy and her writings have been among the best. Last year Miss Wilson won the gold medal for the best kept room during the year.

Mabel C. Jones, graduate in the Department of Music, is a young lady of many charms and great ability. Naturally gifted in music, and having had very careful training before coming to Atlantic Christian College, Miss Jones has graduated, after three years training in this institution, with very high honors. She not only has the power to touch the piano keys aright, but the ability to lose herself in the music and to rise to the plane of melody and harmony and live the music in its fullness and beauty. Miss Jones has also been a leader in the college life, and has served her society in many ways. She has been editorially connected with THE RADIANT since its establishment, and this year won THE RADIANT medal for the best short story. Miss Jones also won with Miss Ersie Walker, the medal for the greatest improvement in music under Miss Jennings.

Miss Ersie C. Walker, while a student at Atlantic Christian College for only one year, has had such excellent training before coming to A. C. C. that she also took her diploma in the Department of Music. Miss Walker plays with much grace, and the beauty and excellence of her tones are very great. She shared with Miss Jones the medal for the greatest improvement in music, under Miss Jennings. In the Vocal Department Miss Walker made much progress and showed great talent, and it is probable that she will return to A. C. C. next year, and take her diploma in this department. "She is the best treasurer we have ever had," was the remark of one of the members of the society of which she was a member.

Miss Mary Sue Yelverton, graduate in the Department of Expression, by her excellent rendition of that most beautiful, but difficult poem of Lord Tennyson, *Enoch Arden*, won for herself the gold medal for the best reading, and hearty applause of a large and appreciative audience of Wilson's most cultured people. Miss Yelverton has a pathetic power and beauty of expression and gesticulation possessed by very few readers of today. Miss Yelverton has been a pupil of Miss Anderson for three years and her ability and progress are

alike remarkable. She has also been active in all of the student body organizations, an active worker on THE RADIANT staff and a literary student of much strength. She shared with Miss Mary Edwards the prize for the highest grade in collegiate English.

Miss Mary Edwards, graduate in the Department of Expression. "Very few young ladies possess as great dramatic power as Miss Edwards," is the common remark wherever Miss Edwards is heard to read. While, of course, such a thing has not entered Miss Edwards' mind, still, were she to choose the Lyceum platform, she could very easily, within a few years, hold a place among the best dramatic readers of our country. Miss Edwards has not only completed a very full course in the Department of Expression, but has done special work in the Literary Department of the College. This year she shared with Miss Yelverton the prize for the highest grade in collegiate English.

Miss Elizabeth Eagles, graduate in the Department of Expression, has ever held the record of being one of the best workers in the College. Whatever she turned her hands to, was done with a vim and with a careful consideration of every detail. As a Society worker, she was unexcelled in the society of which she was a member. As an editor of THE RADIANT staff, she was ever ready and willing to do her part and to do it with a spirit and a cheerfulness which added new life to everything she undertook. As a pupil she was willing to sacrifice pleasure for development and progress. Her work in every department of the College was up to a very high standard, and in the Department of Expression, where she has studied for three years, she probably holds the record as a reader of difficult pieces of humor.

MY OLD HOME.

"SUZETTE."

I am thinking today of my old cabin home,
As it stood on the brow of the hill ;
I am longing for mother today as I roam,
For the love that she bears to me still.

I thirst for a sip of the water so clear,
It flows from a spring that's near by ;
And I long for the flowers that bloom in the rear,
That were just the same shade as the sky.

At the side of the house is a river,
And the waters rush rapidly by ;
And the thought of these things makes me quiver,
And it brings from my heart a deep sigh.

On the banks of this river at twilight,
I have whiled many hours away,
And now I sit and gaze in the firelight,
And the memories do now repay.

For the moments I've spent at its side,
Doing nothing but idly dreaming ;
And now as I roam o'er the world so wide,
Sweet memory paints mother's face beaming.

Of the family alone I'm remaining,
And on thru the world I must go ;
And the love for them all I'm restraining,
For my life is a life of woe.

EYES THAT SEE.

C. MANLY MORTON, '09.

The Grecians have given us a beautiful myth in which they claim that the goddess of Fortune is ever by the side of her subjects, holding over their heads a wreath of laurel; and that, whoever sees her and calls her names receives the crown. While this is only a myth, it illustrates a lesson of very great importance, for, in a sense, the goddess is ever by the side of man, and he who can see and recognize her, receives the blessing of success and victory. Opportunities are before the human family every day, but it is only the few who can see the open door and enter therein to fame and glory.

Man must see if he would succeed. The secret of every success the world has ever known has been the power to see. Nothing that is worth while comes by accident or luck, but all that is worthy must be worked out by diligent, persistent labor, directed by a power of perception which, seeing not only the past and the present, but the future as well, directs the hand to the work that may mean the most. Every man is the architect of his own fate. Opportunities for greatness are constantly presenting themselves as open doors to fame and success, and the only difference between the success of this one and the failure of that one is the use of the eye and will. The one sees and seizes that at which the other but idly glances and passes by.

The development of every nation and every individual is a careful evolution, and the perceptive power is its guiding star. Just as a race sees, it develops, and just as an individual perceives, he grows. Man is what he sees. If he only sees the things which are mean and low and degrading, he will be low, mean, and degraded, while if he sees the things which are high, and noble, and God-like, he will rise above the things of everyday life and will be high, noble and God-like in his thoughts, actions and life. If he sees the little things of the

world, and the things that are narrow and dark, he will be a curse to the human race, and if he sees the things which are great and broad and bright, he will be a blessing to the world, and when his mortality shall be put away, he then only will begin to live.

Education is merely a sharpening of the perceptive powers. The advantage which the educated man has over the uneducated is not in the vast array of facts and figures which he may have at his command, but in the power to see further and deeper into the problems of life and to perceive with greater clearness the paths which lead to success, not only in the outward material world, but in the subjective, inward life and the higher intellectual, and spiritual realm. The doctor's superior power lies not in his ability to write a prescription, but in his power to look into the conditions of the patient, diagnose the case, and see the germinal cause of the disease. The lawyer's great power lies not in his eloquent delivery, but in his power to see through the complications of the case and perceive the steps to recovery. The musician's supreme advantage rests not in his skill in touching the piano keys, but in his ability to rise to the plane of melody and harmony and feel the music in its fullness and beauty. Not what man knows makes him great, but what he has the power to see.

Abraham Lincoln rose from the simple life in an humble cabin, to the heights of human power and fame. Fortune was ever at his side to make or mar him. He perceived her presence and taking her gently by the hand he made her his obedient slave. What Clay and Webster, what Chase and Seward, what Everett and Douglas, could not accomplish was done by this humble splitter of rails. The same opportunities came to them all. Lincoln saw them and held them with such wisdom and power that he seemed almost to create them. Lincoln was no accident. Fortune knocked at his door and he bade her enter and abide with him, while the others listened heedlessly to her gentle knock.

In the field of discovery and invention we are correct when we say of those who wear the laurels, "they noticed," but we would be far from the truth if we were to say, "They happened to notice." They noticed because they had trained their eyes to see. What seemed to the idle bystander a mere accident was nothing more than a result of application and the power of observation on the part of the fortunate one. Apples had been falling since creation's morn, but it remained for Sir Isaac Newton to see beyond the mere everyday, physical incident, and to see in this the great truth of the law of gravitation. This simple incident had meant nothing to that vast host of humanity before Newton, because they had eyes but could not see. It was great to Newton because he saw.

The young man or the young woman who starts out in life waiting for something to turn up is doomed to a life of failure and defeat, but the one who goes through the world with his eyes open, determined to turn something up is the one who will not only bring to himself success and fame, but will leave an indelible impression upon the minds and hearts of the human race.

All great inventors have been people who had eyes which could see. They saw a need for a certain thing and then saw a way to supply that need. As a result of seeing, Howe gave us the sewing machine; Gutenberg, printing; McCormick, the reaping and binding machine; Morse, telegraphy; Whitney, the cotton gin; Edison, the graphophone; and Marconi, the wireless telegraphy. There is no royal road to fame or wealth or usefulness, but all is based upon a survival of the fittest, and those who have the powers of sight and use them aright are the ones who survive and live.

In the mercantile world the same story is true. The merchants who have had eyes to see the wants and needs of the people and have supplied these needs have been the ones to succeed, while those who blindly invested their capital in something, without first studying and seeing the requirements

of the people, have gone down in failure and defeat. Such men as George Peabody, Johns Hopkins, Stephen Girard, Marshall Fields, John Jacob Astor, Philip D. Armour, John Wanamaker, and others, men who have made millions in the mercantile business and have stamped their names indelibly upon the hearts of the American people as successful men of business and kind hearted philanthropists, have been men who looked ahead, saw and created a demand and then filled that demand. They have not been men of chance, but men of brain, power, and above all things, insight. The only reason why they have been more successful than others, about them, has been because they had a broader vision. And any one who will, today, measure up to their breadth of vision can attain to their success.

In the literary world, the men and women who have made themselves immortal have been those who having eyes have seen. Wordsworth saw a beautiful picture and strong lesson in the flight of a skylark; Burns, in a little daisy; Byron, in the rolling ocean; and Shelly, in a floating cloud. The poet is a poet in that he sees more and catches a broader vision of some particular phase of life and nature. The man of letters, to be a true success, must see and create. He must be in advance of those whom he would lead, and by his superior insight make plain the way.

It was Shakespeare's great insight into human character, and his true presentation of it, that has made his name immortal. It was Browning's insight into the problems of life, his power to look beyond the horizon of the great mass of humanity and to see fully that of which others catch only a faint glimmer, that has made his name beloved, and elevated him to the exalted position of the world's greatest seer.

Great things have been accomplished in the past through the powers of sight, but as a race and as a people the Americans of today are standing only in the sunrise of their true possibilities. The past has been only an index of what can be done in the future. The foundation, as it were, has just been

laid, and now we of the present are to either erect the most magnificent and stupendous structure of which the human imagination has ever conceived, or we are to betray the great opportunities which the present brings, and go down in the lowest and most ignominious defeat.

To the young man, or the young woman of today, the important question is, "Will you enter the foremost rank, and write your name upon the keystone, or will you close your eyes to your real powers and possibilities, and fall, at last, among that vast host of the world, at the foot of the hill, un-honored and unknown?" To the one who will say, "I will press forward," the simple command is, "Open your eyes and there by your side you will find opportunity patiently standing, where she has ever stood ready to take you gently by the hand and lead you on to fame!" What has been done in the past, not only can be done in the future, but it can be as far outstripped as the hare outstrips the tortoise, if the one who would win the race does not like the foolish hare, lie down and sleep. There are no more Edisons, but there are those greater than even the "wizard of America"; there are no more Lincolns, but there are those greater than this noble statesman; there are no more Napoleons, but there are those who can far surpass even the "little corporal" in military genius; there are no more Solomons, but there are men today who can rise to a plain of wisdom far above that of Solomon, if they will only open their eyes, see the things about them and summoning their powers, say, "I will." No man has ever been so high that some one today cannot go still higher. And those who have attained the heights, should spur those of the present onward. Have you the desire, then catch the vision, summon your powers and the victory is yours. Those of the past were what they were simply because they saw and acted, and we of the present will be what we will be just to the extent that we see and act.

In the beginning God placed all created things under the control of man. Man was instructed to command and to use

them. All was given as plastic material in his hands to serve his interests. He himself was given a mind inferior only to that of God Himself. Made in the image and likeness of his Creator, man was placed in a world created for himself alone, and the only limitation upon his power, if he will use the forces which are in his hands, is the supremacy of God alone. There is only one thing which man cannot do, and that is to conquer God. All else is his and it is with him and him alone that success or defeat depends.

Man is like God and not God like man. "Before the point was mooted, 'What is God?' no savage man inquired, 'What am myself?'" Man grows and develops as he catches a broader vision and truer conception of God in His fullness and power. There was a time when the human vision was so narrow that God could be conceived of only as a man and in the terms of the human attributes. He was looked upon as subject to the limitations and characteristics of man. He was understood as a God of jealousy, anger and revenge. He was a being to be feared and obeyed. His institutions were burdens of outward form, and His people were required to observe them as a means to ward off His wrath. The consequence was that man drew God down, instead of God drawing man up. But today the conceptions of man have changed and the idea of God as the embodiment of love, mercy and perfection is everywhere apparent to man. The great truth of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is being rapidly impressed upon the minds and the hearts of the human family and man is seeing in almost its fullness the immortal principle of the divine life. We no longer conceive of God as a man, but we conceive of man as a God though in the germ, ever capable of growing and expanding until he can rise above what is, into the realm of what can be, whose boundaries are the infinite principles of the divine. Spiritual growth is a distinctive attribute of man. He alone can change his position in relation to God and the universe. The lower animals cannot become like God because they have

none of the divine, and God cannot become like the things of earth because He has none of the material, but man has combined within himself the material and the divine, and he can either fall to the level of the common brute, or awakening to the full realization of his powers, mount to the ethereal plain of perfection and power in God.

Already the world has made a great advance in the intellectual and spiritual world, but the conceptions of today are only a glimmer of the great visions which shall be ours in the days to come, if we will but use our eyes aright and continue to hold our faces towards the light. The world was perfect once and man walked and lived with God. This has been, and there is nothing which has been, which cannot be again. There is nothing which can keep man from the high estate which Adam enjoyed before his fall, if man only will rise to the plain of higher life. From the depth of sin and blindness, man is rising and as he rises and grows nearer like his Father and his God, he is drawing nearer to that state from which he fell, and in which he again shall stand. To the more conservative mind it may seem a mere dream of the fancy or picture of the imagination, but as surely as the principles of God are true, heaven will again come down to earth, the garden of Eden again will be replaced and man will live in a state of peace and perfection with God.

Heaven is different from hell only in the fact that in heaven all is light and sight, while in hell all is blindness and gloom. Let us turn our eyes, then, away from the things of sin and mortality, and piercing through the gloom and mist of the earthly narrowness and corruption, catch a vision of God and that celestial home with all its splendor, beauty and peace, where we may forever add glory unto glory and life unto life.

“I saw the power; I see the love, once weak,
Resume the power: and in that word, ‘I see’
Lo, there is recognized the spirit of both
That moving o’er the spirit of man, unbinds
His eyes and bids him look.”

THE QUARREL.

"SUZETTE."

Two lovers sat by a flowing stream,
As the sun was sinking low;
Their lives to them seemed as a dream,
In the sunsets beautiful glow.

On they dreamed of their future life,
When their lives should be blended in one;
And did not think of the old world's strife,
And the race they had run.

Though they were so happy and contented,
Across their path a shadow fell;
And his love she now resented,
As they wandered through the dell.

Tomorrow was their wedding day,
But now it could not be;
Though in her heart his image lay,
Her love, she vowed he should not see.

They parted and each went his way,
No more to meet on earth;
And she would not bid him stay,
For she did not know his worth.

Each yearned for the love of the other,
But pride kept them apart;
He thought that the love of another,
Now dwelt within her heart.

BEYOND THE ALTAR LIES THE WASHTUB.

LOSSIE DAVIS.

“Consider ‘single blessedness,’ oh my daughters, for it is the Great Divine whereby you may find peace and happiness; and a little loneliness is better than much housework.”

Are my girl readers willing to admit that “a little loneliness is better than much housework?” I dare say few, perhaps none of you, will agree to this statement. Accept it or not; my sincerest hope for all of you is that you may never have to find out its truth by cruel and pitiless disappointment. Be happy while you may; dream on, fair readers, and later face life’s unexpected sorrows. Will you come with me and glance into the future? Permit me to help you realize that what has appeared to many as an earthly heaven has ultimately become a keen, disheartening disappointment. This truth may be seen in thousands of cases. Look into the homes around you. Do they give you the picture of the happiness you have always connected with them? The home should be the heaven of this earth. Its very name should be sacred since the home itself is of a divine nature. Do we find it thus? Are our dreams true? Nearly in every instance comes the answer, “No.” Why is it this way? The reason is simple enough. It is because we have yet to learn that, “Beyond the altar lies the washtub.”

Foolishly, we imagine that married life is one long, happy dream; we forget the grave responsibilities it involves—forget that the glamour of sweetheart days will pass, and to take its place are nothing but the stern realities of life. The awakening is sure to come, destroying our roseate visions of home and happiness. The lover never looks for faults before marriage. True is the saying, “Love is blind.” Though “he” may do anything now you can detect no fault. Today, my girls, his little individual idiosyncrasies are so endearing to you, tomorrow, viewed in the critical light of a love grown

cold they will actually appear as inexcusable faults. Do you ask why? Because the critical attitude has been developed. Then, it would be well for all to search for the little imperfections in those to whom they give their love—try this, then tell me, if you can, that your affection is the same. Make this test before you cast that “all important die” for, “Verily, verily I say unto thee it is not a man’s great faults but his little failings which shall get upon the nerves.”

Then, remember that in marriage lies the power of lasting joy or sorrow. If you find the sorrows of it, you are in some degree responsible; if bitter disappointments come you have helped to bring them. As I have said to you before, marriage is not a life long happy dream. It is not a life of ease or luxury. It matters not how wealthy one may be, when that one enters into matrimony, he is taking upon himself duties from which no amount of money can fully release him. Though the wife be a queen of society, she is not entirely free from the many tiresome household obligations. No life requires more strenuous labor than the life of a society woman. Too often do we have the mistaken idea that such women are free from care. On the contrary, they are never free from it; their lives are full of work. True, this work is not hard, manual labor; it is the kind which destroys strength far more easily.

You naturally would say the unmarried society girl’s life is the same, but it is not so. Of course, she has part of the same things to undergo, but her duties to society are her only ones. When these end she has no household worries to claim her attention. Thus, you see, the ideal happiness of married life is not found in the higher circles of life.

Indeed, it is here that we find the largest percentage of unhappy marriages. Without love, the love which renders one willing, if need be, to sacrifice life for the sake of loved ones, there can be no true happiness in a home. And the one who possesses money and fills a prominent position has comparatively small means of winning a companion with such love.

Therefore, remember, my dears, you who have wealth, that your scores of admirers are not seeking to win you for your own true worth. For far happier will you be to always live as you are than to wed a man who loves you for your money alone. The future may indeed appear bright, but beyond such a marriage as this lies only sorrow and distress.

There is not one of you who has not heard the old quotation, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window," an expression as false as it is old. If love is in a home poverty can never enter. Rich are the inmates of any home, whether mansion or cottage, when love is their ruler. The reason why so many have their ideals torn down comes from the lack of sincerity in their lives and love. Love, and be sincere in your love; look at marriage with the realization of its responsibilities—then, fair daughters, make your homes what they should be. Toil you must—then do it cheerfully. If your love is not strong enough to overcome sorrows and difficulties which will confront you on every side; if you cannot undertake the many household duties with love and patience, then never kneel before the sacred altar of marriage.

God imposes no duty nobler than the one He gives the mother of a home. She has the power of doing so much good; to her is the divine duty of rearing noble sons and daughters whose lives will bless and brighten the world. It is a life long service, yet a noble one and happy should be the mother whose children "rise up and call her blessed." Therefore, when in your foolish imagination and desire of doing great things, will you remember that, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world?" Though the world may not know you, though your influence reaches only the home circle, if you have faithfully and nobly fulfilled your domestic duties; if you have blessed the world with noble sons and true daughters, your life has not been spent in vain. Who can mention a nobler soul than that of the mother who gave her five sons to die on the battlefield? Such a sacrifice as was hers will not go unrewarded. Can you say the mothers of our country

do nothing for it? Can you deny the godly influence of their sacrifices?

Those who have made the noblest sacrifices are the ones that have soonest discovered what lies beyond the marriage altar. When they met life's realities they did not shun them. It was then that their noble womanhood asserted itself. Literally true, it is that wives have found the wash tub beyond the altar. Many are the mothers who have stood, who are still standing at the tub, in order to send their boys and girls to college:—taking in washing to give the man education, making such a sacrifice yet making it willingly. You ask if such people are happy. I do not know, but to me it seems that surely some happiness must exist in homes with such mothers.

However, it is not of such things I wish to speak most. Though you think me unkind I shall again point you to the sorrows of married life, to the sorrows because they are what the vast majority of married people find. This should not be true, for marriage is a divine institution, instituted by God and based upon love. Those who are married with the proper motives find married life an earthly heaven, but too many instances are there where men and women have married for such things as position, money, convenience, home, and even for pique or romance. To such, life is as far from being heaven on earth as possible. After the novelty of the new life wears off they realize their fatal mistake. One man has said he believed such marriages caused more misery than intemperance, as far reaching as are its destructive effects.

What is the cause of so many divorces? Improper marriages are the sole reason. Men and women do not seek divorce for the novelty of it; they are not impelled by pique or temporary disappointment. "Divorce stands for unhappiness, for bitter, despairing wretchedness, and as a rule is sought as a last resort."

Since so much misery is caused by improper marriages, no girl should allow herself to be deluded into an elopement,

the "brainstorm of affection." Foolish girls, if you are denied orange blossoms and bridesmaids, do not try to place the stamp of romance on your love by an elopement. How often have they brought distress and misery? Yet they have brought what they should. Those who profess to "read life's meaning in each others eyes" at first sight, and many within a month or even a day deserve the worst life can give. The longest elopement was that of Madame Ouchakoff, a famous beauty of Russian court. She eloped in 1906 with Lieutenant Essipoff. For a long time she was pursued by her father until word came to him that the one time court beauty was penniless. She had taken employment in a laundry to buy bread for herself and ill husband. Here, her father left her to battle with the trials she had brought upon herself. Again, I say think carefully before you take the marriage vows. Today, there is an alarming tendency, specially among our women, to take marriage chances. You may tell me God institutes marriage, as often as you wish, you cannot nor will dare to say it is His will to have pure innocent womanhood joined to base, decaying manhood.

"Woman, queenly woman, God's most wondrous and worthy creation, you divinely inherit the kingdom of love, the palace of purity, the throne of health, the royal robe of righteousness, the scepter of superb womanhood and the glorious crown of holy motherhood; and he who deprives you of any of these priceless possessions is trying to tear down the heavenly banner of truth and is hurling himself against the unswerving will of God."

Girls, awake to an understanding of yourselves! Realize your opportunities, your responsibilities, your duties, your God-given privileges as woman. Awake to the purposes God has for you. Develop your inward power, purity, and true womanhood, and then demand strong, pure and true manhood in him to whom you give your love, and with whose life you link your own. Demand purity and nobility and take nothing else. Make this demand or else have your fairest hopes and

dreams shattered, and lastly, go not at all to the altar unless led by the beautiful hand of love. Without love, I care not how blessed you are with other things, you can never find happiness. Remember this, my girls, and take no marriage chances, for true is it that, "They who enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency and yet of greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrows and reap the harvest that her own folly or her infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness."



OUR CHRIST.

RAMONA.

Have you heard of that story of old
Of our Christ and His wonderful love?
Have you read of that city of gold,
And the home that's so fair far above?

Have you thought of our God and His care,
Who His Son, from His home in the sky
Sent to earth all our sorrows to share
That for us and our sins He might die?

It was Christ who by sinners was spurned,
Yet He bore all their sins on the cross.
It was He who from none ever turned,
And by death He redeemed them from loss.

Can you know of this Christ and yet live
With no thought of the deeds that you do?
Can you say to His work you will give
All your thoughts, all your life, that is true?

THE BLINDNESS OF THE AGES.

C. B. MASHBURN.

If there is one class of people that has my sympathy, it is the blind, hence my subject, "The Blindness of the Ages." Had I the intellect of Plato; the originality of Socrates; the vocabulary of Shakespeare; the oratory of Demosthenes; and the courages of Martin Luther when he defied the Pope's Bull at the "Diet of Worms"; then would I tell you of the blindness of the ages that should cause nations to weep in repentance, and bemoan their great mistakes.

History and tradition verify the assertion: that all great men have lived before their day, and before the generation that appreciated them. Yes, every generation is blind to its own greatness, in seeking to honor those of the past, it has neglected its own great men. How sad, yet true, that people are blind to the greatness of the age in which they live! They always have the retrospective view. Hence the poet sung:

"Strange we never prize the music,
Till the sweet voiced bird has flown."

Not only have generations failed to appreciate their own great men, but often times persecuted them, calling them upstarts, crazy and cranks, and in every conceivable way have shown their lack of appreciation for their great men. This is a universal truth, true without regard to race or color, trade or profession. It was so universal that Jesus recognized it saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." And with all truthfulness He might have said, a prophet is not without honor in any age save his own.

Once more let me repeat, "That all great men have lived before their day." Yes, this has been true in the spiritual as well as in the political world.

Shall I choose from history a few examples, and present them to you before you believe? Before the flood there lived one man who "Found grace in the eyes of the Lord," this was

“Noah,” the eighth person, “A preacher of righteousness.” By his contemporaries he was, in all probability, called a fool. Why? Because he kept his blood pure and feared Jehovah. But when God could no longer endure the wickedness of the world, and purposed to destroy it, Noah was saved, and to him we owe our lives.

Abraham was thought by the Philistines to be a coward, when he refused to contend with them over the well which he had digged, but rather gave way to them. No doubt, Lot thought him silly and went off laughing to himself, when Abraham said, “Let there be no strife between us,” rather than contend with his nephew over the herds or take first choice when they separated. For deeds of this kind he is known in Sacred History as the “Father of the faithful” and “The friend of God.”

Joseph, hated by his brothers, was sold by them as a slave into Egypt, but this same Joseph saved their lives, and now he is numbered among the most prominent characters of the Old Testament.

Moses, the great law-giver, the one who led Israel out of bondage, who interceded for them when God was about to destroy them, was, on his first attempt to deliver them, rejected. Yet after being rejected by them, at the command of God he returned to deliver them, and while he was trying to obey this command came nearly being stoned by them, but now His own race hail Him as the Jew of the Jews.

Columbus, the man whose wonderful intellect and daring voyages made possible for us to enjoy our own garden spot of the world, America, was by his own king utterly refused, and compelled to seek aid from a foreign king: and even then for a time was refused the desired aid. But now that he is gone, his own city can erect a great monument to his memory, and America give him first place in her history.

In Ancient Greece, there lived a man whom we all love, and not only we, but all lovers of truth and wisdom, love and laud his name. By his fellowmen he was criticized, laughed

at, imprisoned, put to death; for the very same cause for which we love him. Shall I call His name? You know it too well. Socrates, the personal embodiment of wisdom.

But you say these men lived years ago, and among other nations, true, but are not our own hands stained by the same sin of neglect? Think of our martyrs, especially of, "Honest Abe," that cabin-born and God-sent man. How was he maligned? Was he not despised? Was he not abused? Did he not die by the hand of hatred? But now that he has departed, he is loved and honored, every paper, magazine, and periodical has his picture, picture of the cabin in which he was born, and great speeches in his honor, and a great Memorial Hall, in which to preserve the cabin, is now being erected.

These and other great men, while they lived, were the objects of persecution, and derision, and were hated, but now, that life is extinct and their spirits have joined the sainted dead, marble shafts, expensive and beautiful, rear their heads above their sacred dust, and flowers of every kind bloom and fade above their lifeless heads. During life no favors were shown them, no flowers were given them to wear.

At the present William Jennings Bryan meets the same misfortune of those of his class who preceded him. He is not appreciated now. He must look upon every ugly cartoon in which he is caricatured; must listen to many false statements, and most of all must bear the mental agony of seeing the unappreciative spirit manifested by those whom he loves and seeks to help. But, William Jennings, your principles shall rule some time, when you are gone your principles will triumph. Yes, when your demise is heralded, then these same papers, that have so many times misrepresented and dishonored you, will then appear in mourning, and print great songs in honor of you. And there will be raised to your memory, a great monument, and flowers sweeter than any you have now to enjoy will grow above your narrow bed. These will be appropriate, but oh! if you only had the songs sung

when you might hear them, the roses grow where you could scent their fragrance, how much happier you would be and how much less our sin. Paul in speaking of a host of great ones who had not been appreciated by their contemporaries said, "Of whom the world was not worthy." Let it not be said of us that we are not worthy of our great men.

Galileo, the philosopher of Italy, who made his own glass by which he studied the heavens; who observed that the moon's surface is uneven, and taught his disciples to measure the heights of its mountains by their shadows; was not appreciated by his own generation. Twice was he compelled to resign his professorship and abjure the "Coperneican Theory." The last time when the abjuration had been repeated he stamped his foot upon the floor saying, "Yet it moves." Since his death, he is now loved and respected enough for his dead body to be removed from its first sleeping place to a more sacred one.

Shakespeare, the king of literature, whose wonderful genius has, since his death, excited the admiration of the world, and whose wonderful productions have been a pleasure and an efficient help to all mankind, was not fully appreciated in his own age. Again Jesus said, "If you were of the world the world would love its own." So Shakespeare, had you lived in our day you would now be admired.

Now to the last character whom we shall name—Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God. When He made His advent into the world, "There was no room for Him in the inn." In His babyhood Herod sought to take His innocent life. Later He was rejected by the teacher of the very law that foretold His coming. On many occasions, He was accused of blasphemy, of transgressing the law, and one time of possessing demons.

During His earthly ministry, He wandered the lonely Judean hillsides, destitute, forsaken. Think of His loneliness when He said: "The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." One by one His enemies increase, those who ate

of His own bread, yea, "His own familiar friend hath lifted up his heel against Him," and betrayed Him into the hands of sinners. Peter now denies Him; all forsake Him. He is now left to the cruelty of His enemies. They put upon Him the purple robe, the crown of thorns. The mob says, "Crucify Him." Pilate consents. He now takes upon His own shoulders the cross that is soon to be stained by His own precious blood, and wends His way toward Calvary. One Godly man takes the cross and carries it for Him. They are now standing on Calvary's brow; there, amid the shrieks of a loving mother, the bitter curses of cruel enemies, the Son of God dies, between two thieves. And, as though to add sorrow to sorrow, the God of Heaven calls to the sun to hide its face, while the Father Himself forsakes the Son for a season. From the cross they take Him, bury Him in a borrowed tomb, divide His clothes among His enemies. Can such blindness be surpassed? Such unparalleled ignorance be exceeded? Yes, in one instance only.

Harken! From the tomb Jesus has come, and is no more the hated Nazarene, but the resurrected Christ. Nineteen hundred years have attested this fact, every martyr whose death makes sacred a page of history is a verification of His resurrection. Every document, paper, letter, or parcel that has the words "Anno Domini" stamped upon it, is another proof of His being raised from the dead. Since He has been raised from the dead and this fact attested by thousands of witnesses, the consummate ignorance and blindness of all the ages is today seen in the rejection by men of the resurrected Christ.

Grant, oh Father of the universe, that in this the glorious age of enlightenment, culture, and manhood, this the brightest morning of the greatest century in the history of the world, that Thy children may have their eyes opened and appreciate every opportunity, every great man, and above all others, may they know and appreciate the immortal Son of God; He,

who by His divine power and love, burst asunder the powers of death and opened the way forever from the world of darkness, gloom and sin, into the everlasting light, and beauty, and glory of the life with God.



IF I HAD TIME.

“If I had time,” the toiler sighed,
As he left his home with lengthening stride,
Filled with the thought of his day of toil—
A tiller of the clod and soil.

“If I had time,” he sighed once more,
“I’d lay a blessing at some one’s door,
I’d do some act for man and God,—
But as it is I can only plod.”

“If I had time,” the school boy sang,
As he jerked the door to with a bang,
“I’d do some deed that would bring me fame,
I’d help the poor, assist the lame,
I’d be a joy to all I meet
Within their homes or on the street,
I’d show the gifts of a life sublime,
If I had time,—if I had time.”

“If I had time,” the merchant thought,
As he sold his goods and others bought,
“I’d like to make some sad heart light,
I’d like to make some dark place bright,
I’d like to do some noble deed,
I’d like to help some soul in need,—
Oh, many things I’d like to do,
If I only had the time like you!”

“If I had time,” in every walk
Of life we hear this idle talk,
And still the golden moments fly.
Like flowers they bloom and fade and die
Unnoticed by the eyes of men,
Whose soul the words repeat within,
But whose hands heed not the cry,
Of those around who weep or die.

WHY A WOMAN SHOULD BE EDUCATED.

BESS HACKNEY.

One of the greatest progresses which the civilized world has achieved is "The Educated Woman." In China and India woman was little more than a beast of burden. Compare those countries with the United States, England and other countries that take pride in their women. Christ, when He was on earth, associated only with the women that were educated. Were not the two Marys and Martha with Him at the cross and the first to see Him after the resurrection?

Plato, of whom Emerson says, "that the human mind has never reached higher development and that he forever embarrasses the rest of mankind by having anticipated all progress,"—claims in the Republic that woman should receive the higher education.

Ruskin says that, "Grecian civilization fell because it failed to recognize and to educate woman."

Shelley, the greatest of English poets, confirms this statement and left unfinished an essay of the mental equality of men and women, claiming that Grecian civilization failed of achieving full fruition, because its women were not educated.

Shakespeare incessantly preaches sex equality. His women are types of such wisdom and learning that Ruskin has again said that, "The catastrophe of every play of Shakespeare's is brought by the man in the play and the redemption from sin, the wisdom which finds a solution of the difficulty, is invariably woman's"; and that, "Failing the remedy of woman's mind and heart, there is no salutation in the play." "Ophelia," he says, "is the only weak woman in Shakespeare because she failed Hamlet when he needed her."

Aspasia, a beautiful and accomplished woman of Athens, was so learned, that she drew to her house the most learned people of Athens to hear of and learn from her. Even

Socrates came to hear. She was the wife of Pericles and had much to do towards securing his political power.

St. Cecilia, a young lady born of noble birth, has her name in history because of her wonderful musical education.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, was one of the best educated women of the world. She was a student of Roger Ascham, and was well instructed in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, eloquent in her writing, and was well up in music although she disliked it.

Lady Jane Grey, of England, a well educated woman, became the marvel of her age for her achievements.

Catherine II, of Russia, is another educated woman who accomplished great things. Mdme. Curie discovered radium. Mdme. De Levigie was most talented in her letter writing. Mdme Roland, who with her husband played an important part in the French Revolution, had a great mind for study. Jane Austin was the founder of the realistic school of fiction. George Eliot is known in literature as a great novelist.

Helen Keller, though deaf, dumb and blind, is one of the most remarkable women the world has even seen and is so because of her wonderful education. In her we have a special need for the senses as well as the mind.

Woman in the last century has been dealing in politics. North Dakota has had two women state superintendents. Woman delegates from Utah and Wyoming sat in the Republican convention of 1892 and 1900. In 1900, Bryan's nomination was seconded by Mrs. Cohen, of Utah. Women in England, Scotland and Ireland can vote in all except parliamentary elections.

Thus we see by a few examples, among the myriads, why woman should be educated. From the very beginning the educated woman has been the influential one and the one to make the home, which is woman's greatest attainment. Not only is she the pre-eminent factor in the home life, but she also figures prominently in all public affairs.

MY PATHWAY.

LOLA SMITH.

The road was long and rough to me,
The path on which I trod
Was hedged along by thistles strong
And bramble briers did nod.

And many were the rocks and thorns
That lay along my way,
The hills of difficulty seemed
To take my strength away.

The sun was in the horizon,
A light unto my feet,
That I might walk with steadiness
And naught could me defeat.

But was there none to comfort me?
As I trudged on and on;
None to cheer my weary soul,
Since life I had begun.

And lo! beneath the mocking briers,
A little rose bush grew,
And there upon its tender limb
A bud smiled through the dew.

And oh! what joy it gave to me
This precious little bud,
That bloomed so sweetly by my way
Where God had said it should.

And how I longed to linger there,
The spot was dear to me;
That I might stay and feast my eyes
On nature's purity.

But there I could not reach my goal,
So onward I must go,

And leave the rose and pluck it not,
That other souls might know

The joy that rose had given me,
That it might live again
To cheer another's lonely way,
And free their heart from pain.

And I will travel on, perchance
I'll find another rose,
Some other flower may bloom for me
Before my life shall close.

The lesson we would learn from this
Is, as we travel through
This world of sin and strife and pain
We find the flowers too.

Our friends are those who cheer us here
They bloom for us each day;
They brighten up the lonely spots
That greet us on the way.

Our friends are like the flowers, too,
For we must pass them by,
As we move onward to our goal,
The home beyond the sky.

And Jesus is the Sun that lights
Our pathway here below;
He sheds the rays of love divine
To teach us how to go.

So by this light of God we see
The straight and narrow way,
That leads us to that Heavenly land
Where all is perfect day.

And oh! the thought that comforts me,
And makes my poor heart glad,
And drives away all thought of pain,
When e'er I feel so sad.

Is, that God in His own time,
Will take His flowers home,
Where we will bloom eternally
And never more will roam.

OUR FIRST BORN.

As I gaze upon this picture,
Of our little boy so bright,
Recollections fast they gather,
Of his frolics every night.

How those little feet did patter,
As he ran from Ma to me,
Cutting every kind of caper,
Having one big jubilee.

How his little voice did chatter,
As some words he tried to speak,
And each trial was mixed with laughter,
Making dimples on his cheek.

How he used to kiss his mamma,
And his papa's neck did hug,
Just before he dressed for sleeping,
And in bed was placed so snug.

Now that little voice is silent,
And those little feet are still,
And we wait the Resurrection,
Knowing that it is Christ's will.

Yes, we know that Jesus willed it,
And we wait that morn to see,

For He said to His disciples:
"Suffer them to come to Me."

In the midst a tiny grave lot
Is a sacred little mound,
There our precious darling sleepeth,
'Neath the damp and chilly ground.

At the head a shaft of marble
Marks the little mound of clay,
Where we go to scent the flowers,
And the tears to wipe away.

On that little shaft of marble
Is our darling's name so sweet,
It is little "Cecil Junior."
Oh! in heaven may we meet.

'Tis a little grave I grant you,
But my friend you'll please use care,
When that way you tread to view it,
World-wide hopes are buried there.

To the memory of our little boy.—His Father.



WITH SAILS AND OARS.

“I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer ;
Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God ; that somewhere, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals ; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp ; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor ; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man ; but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humble lot ;
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler ; he alone is great
Who by life heroic conquers fate.”

In studying the lives of men, we find that the men of today are lacking in some of the noble qualities which characterized the eminent lives of the past. The great majority of the men of this generation have not the will, the energy, and the moral courage to struggle against difficulties and trials which confront them, and, unless fortune has fully equipped them for life's voyage, they seek to attain no ports whatever. We agree with them that, for many, it is exceedingly more fortunate to be the child of wealth than of poverty, and we also add that the child of wealth has far more responsibilities resting upon him than the one of poverty. Much is expected from the boy who has both sails and oars, and such a boy is forced, by necessity, to live up to the standard which is exacted by the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. The world expects and demands a great deal from its men who have rank, wealth and influence. Those who have been blessed with talents are doing nothing save their God given duty when they double them. All, we are sure, remember the parable of the talents. The lesson it teaches is as strong and

true today as when spoken. Thus, we see, however noble and great deeds a man of wealth and talent performs, he receives little praise and honor for them. Merit is not won, since he has done only what was expected of him. With social rank, wealth and power, a man can accomplish almost anything. History is full of examples with which one may establish the truth of this fact. To such men, success is easy. True is the quotation, "Nothing succeeds like success." People who have means with which to succeed find life with few difficulties, for then it is, that friends offer all aid; men are never lacking in assistance for accomplishing their purposes, so long as their wealth lasts. It is when misfortune comes to them, that their real strength and manhood are shown. Simple, indeed, is it for a man to prosper when he has everything as he wishes it. Anyone can succeed under such circumstances. When men are left on the sea of life without sails and oars, success does not come so easily.

Even if men are given sails and oars, they do not always succeed. This is because they put all dependence on the sails and oars, and think there is nothing they can do. Such a class of men drift on the sea without any thought of where they are to land. They are satisfied thus to enjoy life thoughtlessly, forgetting that, sooner or later, storms and tempests will come upon them. Men who put their trust in their gold and who have no life purpose or work for themselves, are poorer than the poorest beggar. To such characters, fortune would have been kinder had she placed them in poverty.

Many sons who have been reared in luxury count themselves too good to work. They forget that the greatest men the world has known have stooped to the lowest kinds of labor. Let us recognize that all legitimate occupations are respectable. Our loved Washington was not above labor. You remember that it was he who helped to lift the piece of heavy timber, which the young corporal would not deign to touch. We have thousands of such corporals today. Where are the sons of millionaires, who are not too proud to work? It was

Cicero and Aristotle who thought it was a disgrace for Rome's citizens to work, but One greater than all has displaced their opinion. Christ, by His matchless life and example, has forever lifted the ban from toil and redeemed it from disgrace. Christ did not say, "Come unto me, all ye pleasure hunters, ye indolent, and ye lazy"; but, "Come, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

Therefore, you who are blessed with richest gifts, remember that, "life was lent for nobler deeds." The motto of every true heart and the guide of every noble life should be that no man liveth to himself. Then, child of fortune, have some aim without which you are nothing. Though you have your sails and oars, the gusts and currents will sweep you this way and that, unless you have stream to impel or helm to guide you. Remember that without some definite object in life you cannot attain any great height, mentally or morally, for, "Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks." Man of wealth, you are not rated by your possessions, your stores of gold, your offices of honor or trusts; these are but temporary advantages and the next turn of fortune may tear them from your grasp. Then live for something—something worthy of life and its noble deeds and achievements, remembering that he is the richest man who enriches his country most.

It is not to men who have sails and oars that we wish to give all attention, for we know that, "In the blackest soils grow the fairest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks."

We should remember that every calamity is not a curse, and that early adversity is often a blessing. Most people look upon poverty as bad fortune, and forget that it has been the priceless spur in nearly all great achievement throughout the ages. How many men who have won well nigh imperishable renown in the world of literature, science, or art, owe all their greatness to persevering efforts? How many of those whom the world calls geniuses can exclaim with Newton that

they owe all this renown to perseverance? Such men were the sons of "unremitting industry and toil." Defeat only gave them power; difficulty only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertions.

"Often those very circumstances which are regarded as the palliatives of failure are the true tests of merit." The heroism one displays is to be measured not by his immediate success, but by the opposition he encounters and the courage with which he maintains the struggle. History and daily life show us that the measure of human achievements has always been proportional to the amount of human daring and doing.

"To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast upon the very lap of fortune," says Franklin, and Shakespeare says:

"Tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder!"

When looking over the biographies of our eminent men, an English author said, "The little gray cabin seems to be the birthplace of all your great men." Among the world's greatest heroes are many whose cradles were rocked in lowly cottages, and who buffeted the billows of fate, depending alone upon his own energies and the mercy of God."

The sons of adversity have seen more real happiness than those of wealth, because they have deserved more. Their honesty has made their lives beautiful, noble and great. Like Marden we cry, "Thank God! there are some things beyond the reach of influence and better than the madness for a brown-stone front." Gold can not vie with virtue and social position does not create manhood. The men who have pushed the world up from chaos into the light of the highest civilization, were not men of luck or broadcloth, nor of legacy and laziness; they were men who fought their way to their own loaf; men not afraid of threadbare clothes and honest poverty. Keep at the helm and never waver, for, like skillful pilots, you gain your reputation by storms and tempests. Grasp the

golden opportunities and make the best of them, bearing in mind that nothing within the realm of the possible can withstand the man who is intelligently bent on success.

Our greatest men were boys who had no chance. Abraham Lincoln inherited no opportunities and acquired nothing by luck. What success he achieved he attained by virtue of untiring perseverance and a right heart. What chance did James A. Garfield have? What advantage was given Andrew Johnson, who was never able to attend school? Did Galileo have any opportunity to win renown in physics or astronomy? The famous English artist, Martin, at times was obliged to eat dry crust to keep from starving. Lord Eldon when a boy was too poor to go to school or even to buy books, yet he became Lord Chancellor of England, and one of the greatest lawyers of his age. Gideon Lee when a boy could not get shoes to wear in winter, but he worked barefoot in the snow. He became a wealthy merchant of New York, mayor of the city, and a member of Congress. What lessons for boys who plead "no chance" as an excuse for wasted lives!

Boys, if you have no sails, or oars, you, perhaps, are more fortunate than your wealthy brothers. Profit by the examples of great men, who have struggled so faithfully on the sea of life with neither sail nor oar, and who have, at last, landed in the harbor of success. If fortune has not been so kind as you wish, do not let that discourage you, for "it is the North wind that lashes men into Vikings, and the soft, luscious South wind which lulls them to lotus dreams." Like the poet, we say:

"The noblest men that live on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king's or warrior's fame."





COLLEGE QUARTET.

Left to right: Bowles, first tenor; Gurganus, second tenor; Walker, first bass; Settle, second bass.

THE COLLEGE QUARTET.

BY A FRIEND.

The college quartet is composed of Horace Settle of Kentucky; J. J. Walker of Alabama; J. D. Bowles of Texas, and J. C. Gurganus of North Carolina.

Mr. Settle is taking the ministerial course, and during this, his second year in college, he fills regularly two pulpits a month, and every Lord's Day is either preaching or with the quartet assisting in devotional exercises somewhere. He sings second bass, has a deep, melodious voice, which, with some cultivation, will easily rank among the best in the State.

Mr. Walker is, also, a ministerial student, has one regular appointment, and often supplies for other preachers in this his second year in college. He is the tallest of the quartet, the singer of first bass and adds much to the melody.

Mr. Bowles teaches violin and does some literary work in college when he is not absent conducting the singing in protracted meetings. He has been in the State for two years, and has made quite a reputation as a singer. He sings first tenor.

Mr. Gurganus teaches Bookkeeping and Commercial Arithmetic in the college and takes some literary work. He is the benedict of the quartet, to the regret and amazement of the young ladies. He sings second tenor and is cultivating a naturally fine voice.

The quartet was organized simply to sing in the society meetings, but it elicited so much admiration that it was prevailed upon to sing at the State Convention of the Church of Christ at Kinston, last fall. The young men met with a most cordial reception on that occasion.

Since then, the quartet has sung in many churches by special request, has given concerts in many places, and has always educed the warmest admiration and received the heartiest applause. The quartet has been asked to assist President Caldwell in a meeting at Rocky Mount during the month of June.

Calls for it are coming so rapidly that the young men feel that their time will be fully occupied during the vacation.

It is one of the college's best mediums of advertising; and wherever it goes it gives the people a fine example of the clean, bright, gentlemanly specimens of manhood of which A. C. College is so proud.

The quartet has a warm place in the hearts of the Wilson people, the student body, and the college faculty, and most heartily do they give it three long cheers.





PHOTO BY
FOUST

RADIANT STAFF '08-'09.

1. Mabel C. Jones, Exchange Editor.
2. Henry L. Windley, Assistant Business Manager.
3. Lila May Willis, Wit Editor.
4. G. Hinton Crumpler, Business Manager.
5. W. U. Guerrant, Athletic Editor.
6. Mary Sue Yelverton, Literary Editor.
7. Sallie May Wilson, Literary Editor.
8. James Joseph Walker, College Editor.
9. Clement Manly Morton, Editor-in-Chief.
10. Mary Virginia Edwards, Literary Editor.
11. Lossie Pearl Davis, Exchange Editor.
12. Cleophas B. Mashburn Wit Editor.
13. Martha Elizabeth Eagles, Ex-Collegio Editor.
14. Ethel Brown Peele, College Editor.
15. Horace Herndon Settle, Associate Editor.

THE RADIANT

Published four times a year, in November, January, March and May, by the Student Publication Committee of Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, N. C.

Subscription: One year, 50 cents; single copy, 15 cents.

The Highest Expression of Christian Education:
"Ignorance is Vice; Knowledge, Virtue."

Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1909, at the postoffice at Wilson, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

With this, the last number of the second volume of THE RADIANT, your present editor-in-chief makes his final bow, and bids adieu to the many friends and supporters everywhere, who have stood so loyally by him in the fight and the efforts for a truly great college magazine that would not only picture the college life with all of its labors and joys, as it was at A. C. C., but would breathe the fresh, vigorous atmosphere of literary and spiritual progress.

From the first day on which we stepped into the halls of Atlantic Christian College, we have felt the need and supreme importance of a strong, wide-awake college magazine. For three years we thought and dreamed of the day when it would be possible for A. C. C. to have such a magazine, but every day we realized that the time was not ripe for the effort, until two years ago, after having seen the growth and development of the college from its very beginning, we were convinced that the time was ripe and that with the proper effort our dreams and hopes might be made to blossom and bloom into the beauty and fragrance of a realization. For a time we were alone in

the fight—no one seemed to share the vision of bright success which seemed to be dawning upon us, but having faith in the ability of the students of Atlantic Christian College to supply the matter, and to support it by their direct contributions and by enlisting the sympathy and support of their friends, we never lost hope, but fought on, until one by one those about us began to catch the vision and to throw their hearts and souls into the project, with confidence and a determination to win.

Never did a student body take hold of a magazine with greater enthusiasm and determination than did the student body of A. C. C. when they once caught sight of the bright vision, and never did a set of boys and girls work with a stronger will, or greater success. They seemed to realize from the very first that THE RADIANT was their magazine, and that the responsibility of making it rested upon them. They worked, and as we look back upon those days of our beginning, we feel like laying the whole honor at their feet; but no, it should not all be placed there, for we had another great force at our back in those days, and have had it ever since—the people of the State came to our support loyally. The business men of Wilson, the people of Wilson in general, and the people of the entire State, all helped us very materially and made possible our success. We do not believe they have given us anything financially, for we feel sure that we have given value received for every dollar we have ever received, and in an undertaking of this kind there is something above money, and of vastly greater importance, and that is interest and good will, and hearty encouragement.

Last year was a great success. Even greater than we had ever hoped for. But this year has been even greater. Not that we have closed the year with any more money in the treasury, for we have not as much, but money is not the standard. We have given to our readers a better magazine. Everywhere we have received flattering commendations. A great many of our best exchanges have done us the honor to

class us with the BEST MAGAZINES OF THE SOUTH, and no few have spoken of THE RADIANT as the best magazine received. We do not speak of these things in a boasting manner, but only to show what the others have thought of us and the position we have taken in the realm of college journalism.

It has ever been our hope and ambition to make THE RADIANT fill a really useful purpose. It has been our idea to make it stand for something. And while it has been the magazine of Atlantic Christian College, and of course has brought the most good to this institution, yet, we have not been narrow, but have tried to make it serve the cause of Christian education everywhere, and wherever it fell into the hands of a young man or young woman, or an older man or older woman, to inspire a truer, nobler conception of life and the duties that each one must bear to himself, his fellow man and his God. THE RADIANT under its present management has had a noble end in view, and we trust that with the change of management it will only place its ideals higher and strive to attain to more lofty heights. We know we have fallen far short of what we should have done, and what we would have liked to have done, but we have done the best we could, and every mistake that has been made, has been a mistake of the brain and not of the heart. We have labored early and late, often neglecting the other duties of college life, and almost always cutting ourselves off from the majority of the pleasures of the social side of the college life in order to give our time to the work of THE RADIANT. We have made sacrifices, but not one of them unwillingly. It has been one of the greatest joys of our life to labor and work on our college magazine, and now as we are about to leave the old familiar college walls that have become so familiar and dear to us during the past five and a half years, to go out into the cold, stern world to fight the battles of life alone, one of the regrets is that we can no longer directly bear the burdens of the magazine which we

have had the privilege and honor of laboring for as its editor-in-chief, since its establishment.

To those who have labored with me during the past two years, to those who have read and appreciated the magazine as we have sought to give it to the public, and to those who have been our friends and supporters, we bid a last farewell, and as editor-in-chief, turn over the work to others who are to take it up and carry it onward to victory and success. The only request we have is that if you have loved THE RADIANT in the past, that you love it more in the future; that if you have supported THE RADIANT in the past, that you support it more loyally in the future, and that bending every energy and effort, you strive to make it not only live and exert a useful influence, but that you make it live to the fullest degree and do the most possible good, until it shall become indispensable to the educational and spiritual development of North Carolina.

With a last adieu, I am,

Your humble servant,

C. MANLY MORTON, '09,
Editor-in-Chief.







BALL TEAM '09.

1. Bulwinkle, catcher.
2. Spivey, fielder, sub.
3. Winstead, right field.
4. Davis, pitcher and fielder.
5. Taylor, first base and center field.
6. Miss Elizabeth Settle Caldwell, daughter of President Caldwell.
7. G. Hinton Crumpler, assistant manager.
8. Bill, pitcher, first base and center field.
9. Lane, pitcher and captain.
10. Hackney, fielder, sub.
11. Guerrant, third base and manager.
12. Rawlings, short stop and catcher.
13. Johnson, second base and short stop.
14. Stallings, left field and catcher.

Athletics

G. HINTON CRUMPLER.

BASEBALL SEASON OF 1909.

Never before in the history of A. C. C. has it been placed before the public so prominently and profitably as during the baseball season of 1909. This is the first year we have had baseball to any great extent, and our team was composed entirely of young men of good morals and good standing in the community in which they lived. Although our first year, we feel justly proud of our record for this season, and hope to have a more successful season next year. Manager Guerrant had his men under pretty good control, and at times they played exceptionally fine ball. With good coaching for another year we will meet any of the other mighty college teams on the diamond and show them stunts. Numbered among the total of nine games won are such teams as Groves Academy, Bingham (Mebane), Raeford Institute, Wilmington Leaguers, Fayetteville Leaguers (two). Of the eight lost, six were with league teams. Only one tie game during the season.

"Bud" Lane, an old Trinity boy, occupied the center of the diamond, and, although, as everybody knows, he is one of the best men ever put on the firing-line.

"The Candy Kid," Frank Talmage Davis, of Wilson's Mills, N. C., a lad of eighteen summers, was also on the firing-line for us and made a very good record.

Since our season has closed Frank has made a remarkable record, having pitched a no hit game and struck out nineteen out of twenty-nine who toed the plate. He has a promising future.

Our coach, Will Upton Guerrant, better known as "Gie," deserves much credit for his work and the ability with which he looked after the boys and the affairs of the team.

The following is the schedule and record:

| DATE. | SCORE. | |
|---|----------|-----|
| | A. C. C. | Op. |
| March 16—A. C. C. vs. Rocky Mount..... | 9 | 7 |
| April 1—A. C. C. vs. Raeford..... | 9 | 0 |
| April 8—A. C. C. vs. Rocky Mount (10 in.).. | 4 | 4 |
| April 12—A. C. C. vs. Bingham (Mebane).... | 12 | 3 |
| April 19—A. C. C. vs. Groves Academy (10 in.) | 4 | 3 |
| April 20—A. C. C. vs. Groves Academy..... | 8 | 2 |
| April 24—A. C. C. vs. Oak Ridge..... | 3 | 7 |
| April 26—A. C. C. vs. Raeford (11 in.)..... | 2 | 3 |
| April 27—A. C. C. vs. Raeford..... | 9 | 5 |
| April 28—A. C. C. vs. Trinity (failed to show up) | | |
| May 3—A. C. C. vs. Rocky Mt. (league, 11 in.) | 2 | 3 |
| May 4—A. C. C. vs. Rocky Mount (league).. | 4 | 12 |
| May 6—A. C. C. vs. Wilson (league)..... | 2 | 8 |
| May 7—A. C. C. vs. Wilmington (league).... | 0 | 1 |
| May 8—A. C. C. vs. Wilmington (league, 11 in) | 1 | 0 |
| May 10—A. C. C. vs. Fayetteville (league)... | 5 | 0 |
| May 11—A. C. C. vs. Fayetteville (league)... | 3 | 2 |
| May 13—A. C. C. vs. Goldsboro (league)..... | 6 | 9 |
| May 14—A. C. C. vs. Wilson (league)..... | 0 | 13 |



COLLEGE HAPPENINGS.

The Seventh Annual Commencement of Atlantic Christian College was probably the best in the history of that institution. The exercises were of a higher type and gotten up to a greater point of perfection, and the general tone of the whole was a fitting climax to a year of very successful school work in every particular. Dr. Caldwell and his able corps of teachers have worked earnestly and diligently to make Atlantic Christian College second to none of the small colleges not only of North Carolina, but of the entire nation. They have endeavored to make this college fill an important place in the educational world of today. They have sought to make it stand for something. Their desire has been to develop intellect, personality and character, and if a commencement is a fair index to the class of work done by an institution, they have been very successful in every desire and undertaking. The teachers, the pupils, the members of the Christian Church and the State as a whole has a right to be proud of Atlantic Christian College and the part it has played in the development of the young men and young women of the State. They have a cause to feel elated over the excellent showing made by the pupils in the commencement exercises, which were pronounced by all who attended as of the very highest type and an honor to any institution in the State.

The commencement exercises really covered a period of three weeks, beginning with the Graduating Recital of Miss Mary Edwards, and Miss Edith Harper. Miss Edwards took her diploma in the Department of Expression, and Miss Harper received her certificate in the Department of Vocal Music. Miss Edwards and Miss Harper both acquitted themselves well, and justly won the most enthusiastic applause, and highest praise. A pleasant blending of a number of selections by Miss Harper, one of the sweetest singers the college has ever trained, and several readings by Miss Edwards,

whose dramatic powers are probably not excelled anywhere, made one of the most interesting programs of the whole year.

On May 20th, Miss Mary Sue Yelverton and Miss Elizabeth Eagles gave their Graduating Recital in the Department of Expression. Miss Yelverton's rendition of Enoch Arden was pronounced by all present one of the best ever heard in Wilson. Miss Yelverton threw her whole soul in the production and by her fine descriptive ability and great power of picturing the pathetic, swayed and held her audience in raptured silence. Miss Eagles gave several shorter selections, the most of which were humorous, and crowned herself with honor. Her readings from the "Spanish Student" were exceptionally fine and brought forth much applause.

The Junior Recital of the Department of Music was given on Saturday evening, May 22, and was of a very high order. A number of the young ladies took part and each one acquitted herself in a manner to reflect credit upon both teacher and pupil. Atlantic Christian College is very strong in its Music Department and prides itself on this department.

On Sunday, May 23, the Commencement Week proper commenced with the Baccalaureate Sermon to the Graduating Class, by Rev. A. A. Ferguson, pastor of the Kinston Christian Church. The subject of Mr. Ferguson was the "Primacy of Christ," and for fifty minutes he held the vast audience enraptured as he, in his masterful style and forceful manner, drew the picture of the Transfiguration of Christ and drew from that the lesson of Christ as the supreme law-giver and guide for the human life and thought. It was a masterpiece of thought and eloquence, and impressed a lesson upon the graduates which could but help them in the trials and responsibilities of life which they were passing out of college to assume.

On Monday evening, May 24, the Annual Inter-Society exercises were held, and as usual were the cause of much demonstration of society spirit. After a short preliminary program consisting of readings and several musical selections,

the climax of the program was reached, which was the annual debate between the Alethian and Hesperian Literary Societies. Since the establishment of the college the annual debate has been a special feature of the commencement exercises. No college in the State has better literary societies than Atlantic Christian College, and to a great extent this high point of excellence has been reached through the good-natured rivalry which has ever characterized these societies. It is always Greek against Greek and the one who wins has a just cause to feel proud of the victory, for each society does a very excellent grade of work and is always represented by young men of sterling worth and remarkable ability.

The Query for discussion this year was: *Resolved, That the United States Government Should Adopt the Policy of Subsidizing Her Merchant Marine.*" The Hesperian Society, represented by H. H. Settle and J. J. Walker, affirmed the question, while the Alethian Society, represented by C. B. Mashburn and C. M. Morton, held the negative. The discussion was strong and heated from the beginning to the end. Each speaker acquitted himself with honor and presented his side of the question with dignity and power. The contest was sharp, but after retiring and giving each speech due consideration the judges decided in favor of the negative, as represented by Messrs. Mashburn and Morton. So thus the Alethian Society won its third consecutive victory, and, of course, was transported to the heights of bliss.

At the close of the society exercises a large and handsome photograph of our late president, Dr. J. J. Harper, which was presented to the college by members of the Demosthenian Literary Society, was unveiled by Mr. G. H. Crumpler. This is only another manifestation of the loyalty of the young men of the college to their leaders.

The Department of Expression presented in a very commendable manner the play, "Pygmalion and Galatea." The stage settings and the costumes were very complete and added very much to the impressiveness and strength of the play.

It would be impossible to make any special mention without mentioning every one who took part, for each of the characters played her part to perfection. No amateur play has ever received so many hearty commendations in Wilson, and Wilson has had some of the very best. The Department of Expression of A. C. C. has ever stood among the first rank with the expression schools of our State and this year has been far ahead of anything we have ever witnessed before. Miss Elizabeth Anderson, the head of this department is a teacher of great ability and the pupils who study under her direction have the advantage of the very best that can be given.

The Graduating Recital of Miss Mabel Clarice Jones, and Miss Ersie Carolyne Walker, assisted by Miss Bertha Riley on the pipe organ, was held at the Christian Church on Wednesday evening, May 26. If the saying, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is true, then the recital of the graduates of the Music Department must have awakened in a vast number of hearts the sentiments of nobility and have drawn them nearer to the Divine and farther away from the things of the earth, with their thoughts that dwarf and corrupt, for indeed the harmony and melody as it was wafted out upon the gentle, perfumed air and into the ears and hearts of the great audience which had gathered to listen to its angelic sweetness, was music of the highest and noblest and most inspiring kind. This was one of the best recitals of the whole commencement series, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the music lovers of the city of Wilson, which is ever noted for its culture and appreciation of the beautiful and pure in music and art.

On Thursday morning, May 27th, the Commencement proper was held, which consisted of exercises by the Graduating Class, the address of President Caldwell, and the presentation of diplomas, certificates, medals and prizes. The Class of '09 was composed of seven members, as follows: C. Manly Morton, A. B.; Miss Sallie May Wilson, B. Litt.; Miss Mary Sue Yelverton, Expression; Miss Elizabeth Eagles, Expres-

sion; Miss Mary Edwards, Expression; Miss Mabel Clarice Jones, Pianoforte; Miss Ersie Walker, Pianoforte. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo—Prelude and Fugue.....Bach
Miss Jones.

EssayMiss Wilson
Mixed Quartette.

ReadingMiss Edwards
Vocal DuetMisses Harper and Jones
ReadingMiss Eagles
Piano Solo—Andante Celibre.....Beethoven
Miss Walker.

ReadingMiss Yelverton
Vocal SoloMiss Harper
Oration C. M. Morton
Presentation of Medals and Diplomas.
Chorus.

The address of President Caldwell was strong and to the point. He paid a very high tribute to the Class of '09, and avowed his willingness to stake the reputation of the institution on the graduates that it sent out.

Four Junior Certificates were awarded in Music, three, to Misses Bertha Riley, Annie Barrett, and Rosa Taylor, in Pianoforte, and one, to Miss Edith Earl Harper, in Voice.

The following medals and prizes were then announced and awarded:

Scholarship given for the highest general average throughout the year, Mr. Thomas J. Hewitt, Newport, N. C.

Second annual prize of ten dollars in books for second highest general average, Mr. B. F. Oden, Belhaven, N. C.

For the best kept room during the year, gold medal, Miss Mattie Winfield and Miss Lillian Spencer.

For the best grade in Collegiate English, ten dollars in

books, Miss Sue Yelverton, of Saratoga, N. C., and Miss Mary Edwards, of Wilson.

For the best reading at the annual commencement recital, gold medal, Miss Sue Yelverton, Saratoga, N. C.

For the greatest improvement in art, gold medal, Miss Mary Smith, Greenville, N. C.

For the best English essay presented in class in any department of the college, ten dollars in books, Miss Lossie Davis, Lucama, N. C.

Greatest improvement in penmanship, Mr. G. A. Spivey, Black Creek, N. C., a fountain pen.

Gold medal in piano (pupils of Miss Jennings), Miss Mabel Jones of Norfolk, Va., and Miss Ersie Walker of Plantersville, Ala.

Gold medal in piano (pupils of Miss Uzzle), Miss Sarah Rawlings and Miss Rita Williams of Wilson.

The following won the prizes awarded by THE RADIANT:

Best Short Story—Miss Mabel Jones of Norfolk, Va.—Watch fob.

Best Poem—C. Manly Morton, Wilson, N. C.—Gold medal.

Best Essay—C. Manly Morton, Wilson, N. C.—\$5.00 in books.

Thus closed one of the most prosperous years in the history of Atlantic Christian College, and a year remarkable for a number of important events in connection with this institution of learning, which means so much to the people of Wilson, of eastern North Carolina, and the State as a whole. The next year promises to be even more remarkable than the past, and it is to be hoped that every friend of Christian education will stand firmly by this college and give to Dr. Caldwell and the trustees the hearty support which they deserve.

On The Funny-Bone

Scene, business room during writing period. Overton sits gazing across the campus at some girls.

Gurganus—"That's right, Overton; you must study the *forms* if you learn to write."

Overton—"I do; but I can't catch on to 'em."

Hewitt—"She is a bird, but she has flown."

Miss Salmon—"Mr. Pugh, give me a hyperbole."

Pugh—"I am just crazy about you."

Bowen—"Just listen, Lawson; Rice is making love to the moon."

Pugh—"I don't doubt it."

Bowen—"Why?"

Pugh—"You ask Morton."

That cloud looks like a torpedo cloud." —Susie Gray.

Pres.—"What books did Peter write?"

J. J.—"I, II, and III Peter."

"Jehovah sent 'whales' on which to feed the Israelites while they were in the wilderness." —J. J.

Elizabeth—"Mable, who was Burns?"

Mable—"Oh, he was another of those confounded old Irishmen."

Guerrant (to his Greek class)—"Boys, don't be discouraged; for you learn Greek by mistakes."

Farish—"I ought to know it, then."

John—"Miss Grayson, isn't Latin a dead language?"

Miss Grayson—"Yes."

John—"I wish you'd bury it, then."

Wanted—Some one to try my remedy for the blues.—Don.

Pres.—"Who wrote the book of Acts?"

Latt—"Paul."

Ben—"J. J., who wrote 'Charge of the Light Brigade?'"

J. J.—"Benedict Arnold."

Miss Salmon (to her American Lit. class)—"How many children did Whittier have?"

Kathleen—"Himself and his sister."

Wanted—Some one to tell Ersie what she is going to say when Horace proposes next summer.

Wanted—To know why Farish didn't have his picture made with the editors and business managers.

—Miss Sallie W.

"Don't be a poor copy of some great man; be yourself, and try to be somebody."

"The girls are going to slew Joe Rice for slander."

—Miss Grayson.

"No wonder Mr. Morton has to wear glasses; love is blind."

—Edith Fagan.

Teacher—"J. J., what is an Epithalamium?"

J. J.—"It is a nuptial song in honor of a newly wedded pair, wishing them much posterity."

Wanted—To know if J. J. gets balled up in making love like he does in reciting rhetoric?

—College Girls.

A ROW OF BOOKS.

In adding our book department to THE RADIANT this month we have sought to emphasize one of the most important points in the development of the South. The South has always been a great country. Her mineral and agricultural wealth has even been most varied and complete. Her sons have been noted for their chivalry, and her daughters for their purity; her homes for their hospitality; her statesmen for their ability; her soldiers for their bravery; her women for their devotion; her Christians for their Christianity; and her institutions for their loyalty to principle and truth.

The history of the South has been the history of a great people in a great land. It has been rich in the rarest sense, containing facts interesting to the extent of fiction. It was in the South that the first colony of any kind was planted in America; it was in the South and in North Carolina at that, that the first English settlement was made, that the first English child was born, that the first open resistance to the tyranny of England was made, that the first Tea-party was held, and the first formal Declaration of Independence was made; it was the South that furnished the Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army, the first President of the American Republic, and has since furnished more than two-thirds of the Presidents since that great man.

The South has ever been rich, but it seems that very often we of the South have forgotten our true wealth and have not appreciated our history, wealth, and men, as we should. Especially does this seem to be true in the literary world. The South has brought forth some of the greatest literary lights of the United States, if not of the world. Edgar Allen Poe stands in Europe as one of the group of six greatest poets of the world, and head and shoulders above any other poet America has ever produced. Lanier, Hayne, Simms, Ryan, and others are among the sweetest singers of our land. The South

is today rich in the literary field. Her writers rank with the best of America. All this is true, but it is apparent to every close observer that the South is not as loyal to her literary men and women as she should be. There has been too much of a tendency in the past to look elsewhere for our books and the author, though a Southerner, found it necessary to go to some other section of the land in order to make his work a success. We have fallen into the error of looking to the North for our books, both school and other books, without ever stopping to think of the contents of the work. In our schools we have been teaching our boys and girls about the Boston Tea-party, and the battle of Bunker Hill, and at the same time allowing them to grow up in ignorance of the Birth of Virginia Dale, the Edenton Tea-party, and the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. We have placed in their hands books which pictured the northern side of the slavery question and of the Civil War, and even at times that cast a slur upon the noble heroes who so bravely fought beneath the Stars and Bars, without ever giving them the books which picture the southern side of this great conflict, and give to all merit and praise for their true worth and sacrifice.

We do not mean in this to be narrow or selfish. There are some southern books which are not fit for a child to read. We need to examine and criticize our southern literature just as carefully as we do any other. Any southern book which can not bear a close and careful examination and take its stand with the literature of our nation, does not deserve to be read. We do not say read a book simply because it is written by a southerner, but we simply ask you to be loyal enough to appreciate the really great and to so encourage and support our southern authors that the literary field will be inviting and that they will feel it a blessing to have been born in the South and have the privilege of living in this beautiful land of peace, prosperity and purity.

In this department, we are reviewing some of the most noteworthy books, which have come under our notice during the past few months, and we hope in the future to keep our read-

ers posted on the new southern books as they are published from month to month. And not only do we intend to give a review of the new books, but with the opening of the Vol. III of THE RADIANT we hope to give a thorough review of some of the books which figured in the early stages of the development of a southern literature. These books, while a great many of them are out of print, throw much light upon the historical and literary condition of the South, in a period when we had but few historians and a very meager literature.

We feel that nothing could be more profitable than a review of some of these old books, many of them possessing great merit, and it is the thought of our hearts that by thus holding up our past and present literature, we can have a lasting impression on the literature of the days to come.

We will ever hope to give a fair, unbiased estimation of the books reviewed, and trust that we can be so fortunate in our estimations that our readers can trust our words of approval or disapproval.

The most of the books reviewed this month are North Carolina books, that is, books written by North Carolinians, and for that reason should be of especial interest to all of our readers. Look over the list, read carefully what we say of them, see that you read the books for yourself.

Literature of the South, by Caroline Mays Brevard; Broadway Publishing Co., New York. \$1.25.

The author has very briefly stated the purpose of the book in her preface, thus: "To give an introduction to the study of Literature as it has developed in the South, leading to the further study of the works of southern authors, is the purpose of this book." The author divides the Literature of the South into five periods: The Beginnings of Southern Literature; The Revolutionary Period; The Period of Development; War Poetry of the South; and the Literature in the South Since 1860. No other work of greater merit has ever come under our observation; in fact, it is the first complete and concise text-book on Southern Literature which we have.

The South has greatly suffered in the past on account of the seeming indifference to her own history and literature, which her people have shown, but we are glad to see everywhere an awakening along these lines. Southern Literature and Southern History should be taught in every public school in the South. The South has brought forth some of the greatest writers of America, but on account of our own indifference in a great many instances they have never received the position which their genius merited them. Unless the South appreciates its own writers and literature in general, no one else will appreciate it or support it as it should be.

Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters, by James D. Bruner, Professor of the Romance Language in the University of North Carolina; Ginn & Co., Boston and London. \$1.00.

"The question uppermost in the critic's mind in this series of essays has not been so much whether Hugo's dramatic characters are superior or inferior to those of such dramatists as Racine or Shakespeare, as, What sort of characters are they? Not so much whether Hugo follows certain standard canons of character portrayal, as, What canons of characterization has Hugo adopted or created?" The ordinary student of Hugo has often wished for just such a work as this to guide them in their study of the great Hugo. Commentaries have been written before, but very few have approached their subject from exactly the viewpoint of Dr. Bruner, and certainly none have given a more interesting, a more comprehensible, or a more thorough treatise on the dramatic characters of any author, than the one under present discussion. The essay on the character of Ruy Blas is the longest, and above all, the most interesting, in that the author has woven into this delineation a thorough discussion of Hugo's conception of his character and his method of developing them.

A Southerner in Europe, by Clarence H. Poe; Mutual Publishing Co., Raleigh, N. C. Cloth, 75c.; paper, 40c.

A collection of the newspaper articles written by Mr. Poe on his recent European tour. Interesting especially because

of the practical observations and the insight given into the problems which confront the great mass of our American people. The suggestion as to the agricultural, educational, and political conditions of Europe and the lessons drawn therefrom are very valuable to any one, and especially to the people of our rural districts. Mr. Poe goes away from the old beaten paths, and seeks not to display his rhetoric, although the book from the standpoint of rhetoric is well written, but he seeks to teach and help. This is a book which every person should have in their library.

The Call of the South, by Robert Lee Durham; L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.50.

From the first suggestion of its title to the last word this is one of the most interesting and stirring books of the day. It is well written, has a good structure, but is just a little overdrawn. Taking up the race problem, Mr. Durham assumes the role of a prophet, and, looking into the future, presents a picture of his conception of the doctrine of Social Equality. The story is sentimental and plays upon the emotion a great deal at times, still it is a thorough threshing out of the subject and carries the doctrine of social equality to its logical conclusion. What would happen if a woman of pure, noble birth should be led into marrying a negro? Mr. Durham answers the question in a way that is blood-curdling and dramatic. We wish that the race problem could be dropped and nothing more be said about it, but this can never be until it is settled in a practical, common-sense way. This is a book which will profit any one to read; however, very few will care to read it a second time.

Some Memories of My Life, by Alfred Moore Waddell, Wilmington, N. C.; Edwards & Broughton, Raleigh, N. C.

No book of more true value and interest has been published in recent years than this charming narrative of the life and observations of one of North Carolina's most worthy sons.

We quote the following from the author preface which shows the author's conception of his task, the rare importance of such a work, and the author's extreme modesty and grace: "While there has been a large increase of biographical and autobiographical writings of late years, the previous lack of it in North Carolina has been keenly felt by all who have undertaken to preserve the story of her civilization. I make my little contribution with the hope that others may be induced to furnish memorabilia of greater interest and value, and thus supply that class of material which constitutes in large measure the real basis of all true history." The style is simple, easy and pure. The diction is such that a mere child can read it with ease, while the most distinguished scholar would be caught by its beauty and strength. It covers four distinct eras of the history of our country, and presents history, humor and pathos in a way that refreshes and instructs. No North Carolina book-shelf should be without this book.

The Girdle of the Great, a Story of the New South, by John Jordon Douglass, Broadway Publishing Co., New York.
\$1.50.

The struggle of Jerome Watkins a knight of the New South, to overcome the many obstacles which loomed up in his pathway, as he pressed forward towards the prize of all his ambitions, the Girdle of the Great, which the author defines as an education, is at times pathetic and touching, but withal inspiring and uplifting to the fullest degree. Jerome is an ideal youth, and the way with which he resigns himself to his present fate, but still holds to his first ambitions and never despairs, can but teach a noble lesson to any boy who has high ambitions, but little means. The book is one of much beauty and strength. It contains a love story, it is true, but if all girls were the equal of Maxine MacDonalds, the world would be better off. Maxine is no less strong than Jerome. The way she holds him off and sacrifices what would be a great pleasure to her, because she thinks it would hinder Je-

rome in his struggle for an education, is noble to the fullest degree. The price she placed upon her hand, and the resolution with which she held to her determination is worthy of any woman, and the lesson to the girls of today is no less needful than the lesson to the youth, as taught by The Girdle of the Great.



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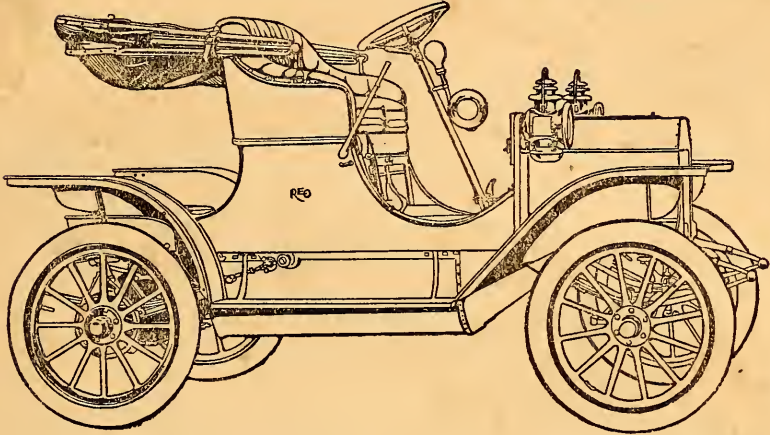
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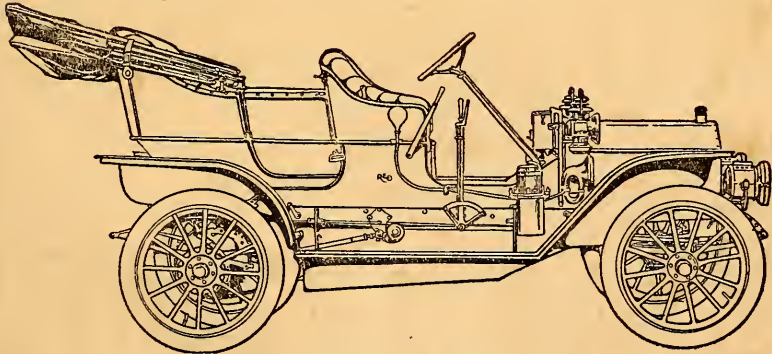
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