

The Free Press Short Story

THE ANDERSON SCHOLARSHIP

EARL REED SILVERS

THE early September sun filtered through the leaf-burdened trees of the campus and cast queer patterns on the grass. A week still remained before the opening of college. The dormitories were undergoing their semi-annual cleaning. A half-dozen laborers were putting the finishing touches on some grading behind the chapel.

The campus was otherwise deserted. During the late afternoon I was preparing to drive over to the country club for a round of golf when I heard voices in the outer office. My secretary stood in the doorway.

"A woman wishes to see you, sir," she said. "I am the dean of men at Raritan College. I have white hair and a deep voice and I hope a sense of humor. Although I did not want to see the visitor, I nodded resignedly.

"Show her in." A woman entered timidly. She was tall and angular, and could by no stretch of imagination be termed beautiful. Her eyes were a nondescript gray behind tortoise shell glasses, her lips were set in the straight line of a strict disciplinarian and her hair was brushed back primly from a high forehead.

"Here is the typical old-maid school teacher," I thought instantly, and standing behind my desk, I motioned her to take a chair. "Is there anything I can do for you, madam?"

"I think so," she said. A husky, appealing note in her voice made me forget for a moment that her visit had inconvenienced me. "I wanted to talk with you about Bruce Phillips. The name meant nothing to me.

"Is he a student here?" "He was a member of the Freshman class last year. His home is in Millwood where I have been teaching history for the past twenty-five years." I smiled apologetically.

"There are so many boys in college that it is hardly possible for me to know them all. Does Bruce need help, or is he in trouble, Miss—?" "My name is Anderson, Cecilia Anderson," the woman said. "Bruce is not in trouble and he does not actually need help. But I want to help him." Something at sea, I waited; and after a moment, she continued.

"He commuted from Millwood last year. It was necessary for him to leave at seven o'clock and ride in a bus for an hour before reaching the campus. He could not take part in college activities, could not even find time to make friends. His record as a student is excellent, he is on the honor roll, but he is missing a vital part of his education.

"We have a number of boys who are doing the same thing," I ventured. "Yes," she agreed, "but Bruce deserves a better fate. He has in him latent qualities of leadership which need to be brought out. I have watched him through four years of high school and I know his possibilities. If he could live at college, he would be one of the big campus leaders in his Senior year."

"But that hardly seems possible," I said. "It is possible," she stated quietly and looked away. "I have been teaching for a long time and have been able to save a little money. My position at Millwood is secure, and when I retire I shall receive a pension. There is no reason why I should not spend my savings on Bruce. I want him to have his chance."

"Have you spoken to him about this?" I asked. "He wouldn't take the money if I should offer it to him. He doesn't know me very well, would hardly recognize me outside the classroom. He probably looks upon me as an intruder."

"But you still want to help him?" "Yes," she answered, "although I do not want him to know anything about it." She fumbled in her purse and drew out a folded paper. "Here is my check for three thousand dollars. I should like to have you take it and deposit it in the college's account. Then I should like to have you tell Bruce that a special scholarship of one thousand dollars is available for a student like him."

"My eyes widened in surprise. In all my years as dean, I had never faced such a situation. "It could be done," I said, "but are you sure you want to spend so much money on this?" "Yes," she answered. "I haven't amounted to anything as a school teacher—or as a personage, and this is my chance to do something big. I agreed to doing a big thing, but I told her that it was not altogether wise to spend her savings of many years on the chance that a boy might succeed. She was adamant, however, and in the end I consented to her proposal.

"Miss Anderson," I said, when she was about to go, "it is my sincere hope that Bruce Phillips will prove worthy of the sacrifice you have made."

"Bruce will," she answered quietly. Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. After she had left I dictated a letter to Bruce Phillips, at Millwood, request-

ing him to come down to see me on the Monday before college opened. I found his record in the registrar's office. It noted that he was a student in the Art College, with an average of eighty-seven per cent, as a Freshman. He had taken part in no campus activities.

He came to see me on the appointed day. He was a well-built boy and his face expressed character. I liked especially his eyes, which were clear blue. Naturally, he was curious and a bit concerned over my request for an interview.

"I am Bruce Phillips, sir," he said. "Sit down, Bruce." I told him that because of his excellent scholastic record, and certain other considerations, he had been awarded a special scholarship which would enable him to live on the campus for the last three years of his college course, a good arrangement for the boy.

"That's fine, sir," his face lighted, and he leaned forward eagerly. "I didn't know the college had special scholarships, and I don't see why I should be selected. But it's great, sir."

"The scholarship will give you one thousand dollars a year for the next three years," I said; "five hundred dollars in cash at the beginning of each term."

"As much as that?" he demanded. "Why, I'll be one of the campus aristocrats."

"Yes," I agreed. "It is a very big scholarship, but we shall expect you to prove yourself worthy of it."

"I will, sir," he said. He became serious, and I liked the honest light in his eyes. He left the office in somewhat of a daze, as a man would who had unexpectedly been left a fortune. When the term opened, he rented a room in the Memorial Dormitory, and I was glad that he had not engaged an expensive suite. College settled down into its usual routine, and for a time I lost sight of Bruce Phillips.

Early in October, however, I read in the Campus News that he had won first place in the mile run in the annual inter-class track meet. He had come within three seconds of the college record, and the News referred to him as the most promising "varsity" timber of the past several years. I sent a marked copy of the paper to Miss Anderson, but received no reply.

As the year wore on, Bruce began to make himself felt as a member of the college community. He participated in debating and joined the list of candidates for the editorial staff of the News. In our first inter-collegiate meet in the spring, he smashed the college record in the mile. He finished the year as an honor student and a varsity letter winner.

"I knew then that Miss Anderson's confidence had been justified. Bruce came to see me just before he went home for the summer vacation and thanked me for the scholarship award. "I am doing my best to merit it," he said.

"When he returned as a Junior, he left the dormitory and went to live in the Ivy Club, of which he had been elected a member. The club owned a big house on the border of the campus; it was composed entirely of upper classmen, and membership constituted a distinction. Four such clubs are at college, each occupying its own house.

I was a bit apprehensive at the beginning of Bruce's Junior year. I feared that his prominence and popularity might cause the boy to lose his sense of balance, that he might develop what is known in campus parlance as a "swelled head."

He kept his feet on the ground in spite of all this. He was made copy editor of the News, he became a member of the varsity debating team, and again broke the college record in the mile.

One Saturday afternoon in late spring, during the track meet with Kingston, I happened to glance around the stands. On the top row of seats, inconspicuous in a dark dress, I saw Miss Anderson. When the cheer leader called for a "long yell for Bruce Phillips," after his record-breaking performance, she stood up with the others, and I think that her lips moved in the rhythm of the cheer. I did not go up to her, and after Bruce had disappeared in the locker room, she left the field. I was glad that she had witnessed his triumph.

I had hoped that she would visit me again, but she remained away from my office. When the term was ended, however, I wrote her about Bruce, telling her that he had won a place of established leadership on the campus. He was president of the student organization, the highest honor obtainable; captain of the track team, chairman of the debating society and managing editor of the Campus News. Only once before since I had been dean had his record been equalled.

"She did not acknowledge my letter, nor did I hear from her during Bruce's Senior year. Naturally, I had frequent contact with Bruce in his capacity as president of the student organization,

and I found him honest, reliable and efficient. "If it hadn't been for that special scholarship," he told me once, "I would still be just a commuter, and I would have missed all this." His eyes were misty. "I wish that I could do something to pay back."

I wrote Miss Anderson about that but still she did not answer. Three weeks before graduation, Bruce was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. This was his crowning achievement. And I asked him if his friends back in high school would know about it.

"Yes," he answered. "There was a story in the Millwood Record last week. One of my teachers wrote me a note of congratulation, a Miss Anderson."

"That's fine," I said. "I wondered what he would say if I should tell him the whole story. I could not do that, of course, for my lips were sealed; nevertheless, I ventured a question. "What did she teach in school?" "History," Bruce answered indifferently. "She was good, too," then he changed the subject to plans for the commencement program.

The commencement that year was held in chapel, and space was at a premium. I secured a reserved seat ticket, nevertheless, and sent it to the old maid school teacher in Millwood. I was not sure that she would attend, but I thought she would. When the Seniors marched into the dimly lit chapel in their caps and gowns, she was sitting in the place reserved for her. I was glad, for this was Bruce's hour of triumph. I watched her from the platform while he made his address as president of the class. She was a colorless figure, with nothing to distinguish her from the parents among whom she sat. I noticed that her eyes did not leave Bruce's face all the time he was speaking. When he had finished, she took out a handkerchief and wiped her glasses, as if they had been misted by tears.

The program continued toward its climax, the award of the Trustees' Trophy for "the man who had done most for the college." The chairman of the board of trustees, an international figure in the world of finance, lifted the big silver loving cup from a small table on the platform, and stepped forward.

"I am pleased to award this highest honor to a young man who has been and will always be a credit to Raritan," he announced without preliminaries. "The trophy for this year, by unanimous vote of the committee of selection, goes to Mr. Bruce Phillips, president of the Senior class."

Bruce stepped forward amid thunderous applause. I did not look at him; I was watching Miss Anderson. She sat very straight in her seat, her stern mouth relaxed but her body tensed. She smiled ever so slightly, and when Bruce returned to his seat, she closed her eyes. I think that she was praying.

I had hoped that she would remain for the Senior reception, but apparently she left directly after commencement, for I could not find her. Sometime during the afternoon I met Bruce and congratulated him on his achievements, and he made happy acknowledgments. "Are you leaving to-night?" I asked. "No," he answered. "I still have a few odds and ends to clear up. I should like to see you to-morrow morning, if I could, dean."

"I'll be in the office until noon," I said. He came shortly after nine o'clock, and for a time we talked about his college years and the years immediately ahead. He had saved three hundred dollars of his scholarship money, he said, and I commended him for it. "That will give you a nest egg," I remarked.

"It would," his face was serious. "Except that I have another use for it."

"What?" I asked. "I want to give some one a break."

"He went over to the window and looked across the campus, and I noticed the firm tilt of his chin and the strength of his fine mouth. "We have been thinking seriously of engaging a house mother for the Ivy Club," he said, turning. "It is one of your recommendations, you know."

"Yes," I agreed. "After next year all four clubs will be required to have house mothers."

"I have persuaded the other men in our house to start in September," Bruce said. "It was our intention to place six hundred dollars in the budget when we did adopt the plan, but if we do it now we shall have only three hundred available. I want to add my own savings to it so that the woman we engage will be paid fifty dollars a month, in addition to her room and board."

"Why would you want to do that?" I was frankly puzzled. "For a personal reason," he said. "I—there's a school teacher back home who has just lost her job after almost thirty years. I don't know much about it but I think that it's because of town politics. She hasn't saved any money, sir, and now she'll need a job in September and we've decided to engage her as house mother at the Ivy Club."

"That's very generous of you, Bruce," I tried to look unconcerned, you Bruce. "She deserves it," he said. "She's something of an old maid, but people like her, after they've known her awhile. She'll get along well with the men in the house, and the work isn't hard at all—just supervision and direction."

"Did you know her well in school?" I asked. "Not very well," he answered. "But that's the funny thing about it. It's strange, but I've thought more of her during the past few years than of any other teacher at school." He walked

The Sunday School Lesson

FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd

THE VOICE OF WISDOM

Golden Text.—Keep thy heart with all diligence: For out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. 4: 23.

Lesson Text.—Proverbs 4: 10-27.

Exposition.—I. The Spiritual Foundation of Character, 10-16.

While the writer of this wonderful advice was a human being (traditionally Solomon) yet we must go back of the writer to the real author, God. He is speaking wisdom for all who are willing to hear. The love of God is expressed in the yearning plea, "Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings." Were all youth and adults to answer this appeal with a ready response, then all the counsel of God would be opened to them through His Word (Ps. 119: 97, 99). The first promise for obedience to that Word is life (v. 10). The next is assurance of guidance (vs. 11, 12). The "way of wisdom" will be followed. Wisdom is the turning of the heart fully to God. "Right paths" are in the Lord's leading. He knows the way each life should take. When he leads, no man will ever get lost or come to a "dead end." And while progress is being made, our marching feet will tread with assurance. They will not "stumble" (Ps. 119: 11). Therefore, we should love Divine instruction (v. 13).

Even the well educated and those who have accepted the holy way of life in Christ need solemn warning. There is the danger of turning aside to the "way of evil men" (v. 14). There is only one attitude to have toward such temptation: we are to "avoid it" (v. 15). Evil that is courted is soon surrendered to. To tarry in the presence of temptation is to run the danger of falling into sin. Our human nature is seduced by evil surroundings. When a Christian finds himself in the temptation of ungodly men, he must either let his light shine in a bold and firm stand for Christ's way of life or, if he cannot, for his own soul's sake, he had better not keep such company any longer. The brutality, vulgarity and cruelty of sin cannot be kept out of the lives of weak Christians who will persist in following the ways of evil men (Prov. 5: 22, 23). "The way of the wicked is as darkness" (v. 17) and all who follow them in their perilous ways will walk in darkness, and constantly stumble. No wonder David praised God for deliverance from such a course (Ps. 40: 2, 3).

If "The Beauty of Christian Character," 8-22.

The path of the just is a highway of light. It is like the rising sun, glorious in its beginning but marching on "as a strong man to run a race" (Ps. 19: 5). It reaches a zenith of noon-day brilliance which is "perfect." "They go from strength to strength" (Ps. 84: 7). This is the believer's assurance. The way of Jesus is a highway (v. 18) of holiness. On the journey all things are made "to work together for good" (Rom. 8: 28). Disciplines and trials are but the drill ground of holier character (Heb. 12: 10). There is always the confidence that all self-denial, love of righteousness and a good example are always well pleasing to the Lord Jesus Christ (Heb. 10: 6).

In contrast "the way of the wicked is as darkness" (v. 19). They love the darkness because "their deeds are evil" (John 3: 19-21). This loyalty to Satan's kingdom of darkness leads them to lose the salvation provided in Jesus Christ. Not merely do they lose eternal life, but they never gain that grace of good character which God, in the ministry of the Holy Spirit, works upon those who become His children by faith in Jesus Christ (John 1: 12, 13; Heb. 12: 5-9).

III. How to Preserve Christian Character, 23-27.

First, close watch on the heart (v. 23). In Scripture the word heart stands for the whole person, only it is the one on the inside and not the one worn on the outside. Character in its highest sense is what God thinks of us and what we honestly think of ourselves. Reputation is what others think of us, a view which is largely obtained from their knowledge of us. If a man attains to being always in right relations with God he need never fear what others may think. One's duty is to be faithful and true to God (Matt. 6: 33). Second, a close watch upon the mouth (v. 24). Why? Because our Lord said that the mouth is the outlet of the heart. Evil hearts have evil mouths (Luke 2: 14, 15).

Third, by a faithful, holy looking (v. 25). The eye is a good indicator of the direction its owner is taking. That is why God uses this idea in Hebrews 12: 2. We are to be constantly looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. Jesus said, "the light of the body is the eye" (Matt. 6: 22). He spoke of a "single" eye as a way to becoming full of God's light. People who follow evil ways part of the time and then expect they can enjoy their religion in the other part are deceiving themselves because they are really "robbing their lives of

the grace and glory of God (Matt. 18: 9). Fourth, avoid all bypaths of evil (vs. 26, 27). To ponder the path of one's feet, we must follow a wise course which is the result of wise forethought. The purpose of our Lord Jesus is to guide our feet into the paths of peace (Luke 1: 79). That is peace with God first and a peaceful, righteous walk in relation to our fellow men. By keeping watch on the heart, on the mouth, on the eye and on the feet, which are symbols of a holy state within the heart, a pure and faithful speech, a safe direction to life and wise conduct may be well pleasing to our Lord and Saviour. Thus shall we be preserved steadfast in faith and Christian character (Rom. 16: 25-27).

The purpose of our salvation is the reproduction of Jesus in our beings. That is what Paul was pleading for when he wrote Phil. 2: 5-8; 3: 8-14. The value of our profession of faith lies in the earnestness with which we seek to be like Jesus.

WHEAT SITUATION

The situation in regard to wheat is particularly difficult at the present time, states the Economic Annalist, published by the Division of Economics, Dominion Department of Agriculture. The carry-over in Canada on July 31st, 1940, will be close to 250 million bushels and the early estimates of the new crop indicate that from 350 to 400 million bushels will be harvested during 1940. After allowing for milling, seed and feed, supplies on hand will be adequate to meet the normal demands of the United Kingdom for three years. At present no other market of any consequence exists.

ARMY NEEDS KEEP PLANTS BUSY

Canadian mills and plants are producing an increasing volume of personal equipment for Canadian soldiers. In a recent two weeks' period 650,000 items of clothing were made in Canada for the Army.

"We didn't know whether or not he was coming ..."



THEN he called us LONG DISTANCE



... just to show he hadn't forgotten us. And so it goes. Long Distance is the single man's answer to many a problem—and the married man's shortest road home. Always at your service wherever you may be.



1880 OF CANADA 1940 60 YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE



- LUX FLAKES 2 small lg. 22c
RINSO am. 9c lg. 22c giant pkg. 43c
LIFEBUOY Soap 3 cakes 21c
LUX Toilet SOAP 3 cakes 16c
GILLETT'S LYE (Cash and Carry) tin 11c
IVORY SOAP 2 lbs. 17c Med. bar 5c
JIF FLAKES lg. pkg. 19c
KIRK'S Castile SOAP 2 bars 9c
HAWES' Lemon OIL bl. 14c 23c
Johnson's Glo-Coat pt. tin 59c
SUNLIGHT SOAP 10 bars 49c

- Javex CONCENTRATE
Keeps TOILET BOWLS Sparkling White
Disinfects - Deodorizes bil. 14c
GLASS TOPS doz. 20c
CURRY 3 oz. 10c
Cassia Buds. 3 oz. 10c
Whole Pickling SPICE - lb. 19c
Turmeric 2 oz. 5c
CERTO bl. 25c
Frankford PEAS 2 16-oz. tins 15c
Aylmer Golden Bantam CORN 3 16-oz. tins 25c
Clark's Pork and BEANS 3 21-oz. tins 25c

- McCormick's Jersey Cream SODAS pkg. 9c
McC. Churchill Cream BISCUITS lb. 15c
Christie's Date SANDWICHES pkg. 15c
Christie's Iced Half Moon LAYER (each) 15c
Campbell's Vegetable SOUP 2 tins 19c
Cattell's Cooked SPAGHETTI 2 28-oz. tins 25c
RAISINS Australian Seedless 2 lb. 19c
CORNFLAKES Oatmeal 4 pkg. 25c
MARMALADE Orange & Grapefruit 32-oz. jar 21c
MACARONI or Spaghetti 3 lb. 11c
ASPARAGUS Aylmer Tasty Cuts 3 12-oz. tins 25c
COWAN'S COCOA 1-lb. tin 27c
TEA Mother Parker's 1/2 lb. pkg. 32c, 37c

- PURE LARD 2 1-lb. pkgs. 15c
Crisp White CELERY STALKS, per bunch 5c
Sound Dry SPANISH ONIONS, per lb. 7c
Sunkist Juicy ORANGES - per dozen 27c
Clean Dry SWEET POTATOES 2 lb. for 15c

Vegetable and Fruit Prices Until Saturday Night Only CARROLL'S