

PREFACE

It is seldom desirable that an editor should break away from that anonymity which is the antiseptic of journalism, and strike a personal note in regard either to himself or his contributors. I feel, however, that in this case my readers will pardon me if I speak directly of this brilliant member of my staff and own in plain terms what I and they have lost. Though I am sure it is wise that a rigid reticence in the region of personal emotion should be the journalist's rule, there are occasions when that rule must be abandoned. Certainly it cannot be maintained if I am to write of "A Student in Arms," for towards him I had come to entertain the feelings of a brother.

I looked with love and admiration on his genius, for genius it was in the true sense—an inspiring spirit, an invisible flame that burnt in the man like a lamp, a lamp lit by the hand of God. In spite of a certain fierceness of soul, and a disposition to an occasional outbreak of something which one might almost call waywardness of judgment, he was at heart one of the most reasonable, and indeed humble-minded men I have ever known. I used sometimes, though sharing to the full his admiration of the private