The Red and White

NOVEMBER, 1908.

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R. A. SHOPE, *Business Manager.*

The Red and White

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A SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN.

I cried unto the mountain,
What art thou,
With thy brow
Soothed and smoothed,
And kissed and caressed
At the fountain of the sky,
Of the sky?

Are the clouds that cling about thee,
Are the winds that sing about thee,
Robe and voice?
Dost rejoice
In thy station of elation, upon high?

The mountain spake to me:
O thou child,
Wayward, wild,
Be thou strong in storm and calm;
Peace will pour its oil and balm
On the waters of thy soul;
And the goal,
Oh, the goal,
That his glistening up-piled,
Thou shalt grasp it,
Thou shalt clasp it,
O my child, O my child.

—*Selected.*

THE PROGRESS OF INDUSTRIALISM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY O. A. BARRINGER.

A retrospective view of the history of North Carolina will show us that her noble deeds in the past have, indeed, been high and honorable, which reflect credit upon the present generation in its noble steps toward the development of industrialism.

It was in North Carolina that the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence foreshadowed the course taken in a few months by the representatives of the thirteen colonies assembled in Philadelphia. North Carolina can, therefore, say that she pointed out the way which led to the formation of this new government of ours.

In the great struggle for independence during the days of the Revolution, North Carolina stands out preeminent in her many memorable deeds. Her sons were said to have been slow to action but last to endure, which endurance won her many noble deeds. The battle of King's Mountain marked the turning point of the Revolution in the South. Many other memorable deeds are recorded in the history of North Carolina which should make proud the sons of this commonwealth. And the patriotism due this State should not be lost sight of by her sons and daughters.

When we take a glance at the many natural facilities and the industrial development that is taking place from day to day in North Carolina, we see that she is to be congratulated not only upon her past, but upon her present, and prospective hopes for the future. There is an industrial activity shown in her commonwealth which, to mention but one thing, has placed her as second State in the Union in the number of textile factories; and in and through these industrial activities she is showing, in practical fashion, her realization of the truth that there must be this material well-being in order

that any community may make a real and rapid progress. In addition to this she is beginning to understand the great truth that this material well-being and industrial activity is only a foundation upon which there must be raised the superstructure of a higher life, if this commonwealth is to stand as it should stand. Therefore, North Carolina is more and more giving care and attention to industrial and literary education, an element in which she has been standing in the back-ground. But no longer will she allow industrial and technical educational facilities to be relegated to the rear, for her people and government are being awakened by the fruits of its experience; that it means the formation not only of industry, but of that good citizenship which rests upon moral integrity and intellectual freedom.

What an opportunity, indeed, there is in this State, with its many natural advantages and natural resources, for a people being awakened to such an intellectual ambition. Here in a country of moderate temperature, with a soil capable of producing everything that we need, a wonderful supply of water facilities, forests of oak and pine, cypress and cedar, mineral lands ready and rich for operation, and all the natural elements necessary to give work to the brain and brawn of intelligence and energy, in our midst. The natural resources of our State afford as great opportunities to our people as any other, and these opportunities our people are taking advantage of by improving and developing these natural resources. We can go out into the country in the summer seasons, by the rural homes of as good people as live on earth, and find the honest farmer busy toiling with his improved implements and machinery in his broad acres, rich with cotton and corn and wheat, and see his lowing herds browsing in green pastures by the murmuring streamlets, which convinces us that the farmer and his methods are not deteriorating, but that he is trying to upbuild his loved land, as he toils nearer to nature and nature's God than any other person. We find further, that the farmers are blessed with

the free delivery of mail, which they receive daily; and we find that a good many are connecting themselves with the world by extending rural phones to their homes, by which they can keep in close touch with the produce market. All these are great conveniences which our farmers are becoming aware of in their development.

Along with the progress of the rural districts we find that our towns and cities are developing and spreading. Only about a century or two ago, where the squirrel and the rabbit and the quail played, where the night-hawk awoke the stillness of the forests and fields, where the music of the birds and breezes played and whistled among the trees and hills, and where all was a typical country scene worthy of the pen of a Ruskin or Longfellow, now stands towns and cities, where are erected high domes, and mansions, and residences, which are necessary to carry on the commerce that is in order with the progressive day. In these towns and cities we find the music of looms and the hum of spindles, and noise of whistles awakening the stillness of the twilight hour, where not long ago the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, with its patient engineer, wove the garments of our grandparents.

To-day, we find that along with our progress and development, that not only our small streams are being utilized, by the use of the big water-wheel, to drive the rude burr-mill, but we find that our largest rivers are being harnessed to generate power to drive the machinery of our greatest industrial enterprises. Already we are generating and utilizing electricity for local service, but soon it will be flashed and utilized from one end of our State to the other. Then, we can say, with the hum and noise of the machinery and the speed of the electric car:

"Sail on, thou ship of State,
Sail on, oh, nation grand and great;
But humanity of this State with all her fears,
With all her hopes of future years,
Hangs breathless on her sons and daughters, for her future fate."

LOVE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

The moon was shining dimly through the trees, the stars were twinkling as eyes filled with laughter, the whippoorwill was greeting the beautiful spring with its songs, and all lives were happy with nature's givings, while Stella and Jim were strolling down the long lane which leads from the house to the road. 'Twas here that confidence led them for a stroll.

In her breast there was a little throbbing world, which had but one continent, upon whose purple shore the crimson tides of life flowed, measuring off the circling years of time. This world was Stella's heart, a paradise of love. Its ruby gates were guarded by seraphims of virtue and truth. Her heart was a little palpitating world of myth and merriment, untainted by guilt, unclouded by sin. "It had its bubbling springs of laughter reveries of songs and her love transformed into a little winged god with shining quiver and silver bow shooting poisoned arrows at all the hearts that chance to come within its range." Eyes which charm the very soul of man, which sometimes make him lay restless at night, and keep sleep at a distance, and with disposition unparalleled, only mingled a little with childish fancies, giving proof of the father's and mother's only jewel, were some of the characteristics of Stella Boons. Yet she had reached the age of womanhood and was curiously loved by all neighboring young men. Even the old maid of the community would look at her with envy and wonder why God should have centralized all which go to make perfection. But on this night her favorite suitor was strolling with her. A young man of noble, intellectual and business ability, who had fortunately heired an independent fortune. 'Twas on this special occasion that Jim Osburn had planned to overcome his feebleness of expression, which so often felt as bubbles rising in his throat when he would attempt to make love to Stella. Now Stella knew what was coming and would at times divert the

conversation by speaking of trivial things, but at the same time she was determined not to be too indifferent because she loved Jim.

In a few minutes they were seated side by side beneath a large oak, whose shady boughs made them appear as a dark spot beneath, while they could see and were conscious of all that was going on near around. 'Twas here that Jim's heart overflowed with love, and his expressions were met with appreciation by Stella. When she had consented to be his own she could not resist the temptation of being embraced, the vow was made and sealed with a kiss. Two souls with one single thought, two hearts were pledged in one. Soon they strolled back to the house where Jim before leaving again swore his love to Stella and then departed for that night.

Neigboring people often spoke of the devotion and harmonizing love which existed between Jim and Stella. This lasted for some time, in which Jim never feared to approach Stella as his own, and when no risk of being seen he would always kiss her good-bye even after a short call. But as every man at times goes wrong, Jim had previously invested his fortune in cotton factories; a telegram came that his investment was lost. Jim, being unable to face his lover with the fact, because he had so often pictured the scenes of a happy life in a cozy and neat home, left without having the remotest idea as to where he was going. The only thing that could be found was a letter left on his desk addressed to Stella Boons, which was as follows:

MY DEAREST STELLA:

Scarcely did I think last night when I again kissed you good-bye that my plans and hopes for future happiness with you would so soon be shattered. I cannot face you with broken vows, so to-night I shall leave for lands unknown to you and my people. May thy life ever be as happy and sunshiny in the future as it has been in the past.

To the one I ever loved.

JIM OSBURN.

When Stella heard the sad news she made all efforts possible to let Jim know that life's happiness does not wholly depend on wealth, but that true love will exist even in poverty. All was in vain. Time passed on. Other suitors came, but none could she love like she did Jim.

Jim left for the west. After traveling for quite a while trying to find some place he could rest satisfied, he landed in California with neither clothes nor bread. Here he took the place of a servant on a farm, and again tried to exert what little energy he had left to win favor with his employer. Soon Jim's ability was observed and he was placed as the overseer. By careful saving, in course of time, Jim earned enough to purchase him a small farm. In a few years he had increased his farm to several hundred acres, and as luck would have it, his farm was richly ored with gold. This he discovered and made use of his discovery. In a few years following he became worth, estimated in dollors, many times more than his loss amounted to.

At times the thoughts of living alone would trouble him and he would find himself making resolutions to go back and see if Stella was still single. Then he would quench this ambition by assuming that there were others as fair, and probably Stella would not accept him even if he should return. But one night he dreamed that he was seated beneath the same old shady oak with Stella. The moon was again shining dimly through the trees, the whippoor-will was still lulling the forest with its music; all the atmosphere was an entangled web of affections, and that Stella again promised him that she would forget the things of the past and would live with him as long as life lasted.

The next morning he awoke and speedily made haste to catch the first train which leads him back to old North Carolina. On either side of the railroad was beautiful scenery, but nothing could he enjoy. Each hour seemed as a day—as a year till the morning he reached the old station near her home. Arriving unexpectedly, no one knew him, for he had

been away ten years. He desired not to make himself known till he had found out something of Stella.

Soon he was on his way to the old country home where he saw her last. Just before reaching the place he saw a woman of apparently middle age coming toward him dressed in black, a long black veil over her face. He scarcely could think of her as being Stella, once so happy and free from care, but as he approached her he could not discard that notion from his mind. "Madam," he said, "may I interrupt you just a minute?" She stopped and scarcely looked up. "Are you Stella Boons?" Forgetting her cares as she recognized his voice, she quickly looked up and said "Yes, Jim. I was but I am not," reaching her hand out at the same time to bid him welcome. She said, "Where have you been so long?" And as her eyes became filled with tears she continued, "because of you my life has been miserable—life's beauties soon passed away."

"Come, Stella, with me," said Jim, "to yonder tree and I will tell you all, and I beseech you to tell me what has life been."

Soon they were seated. "Four nights ago," said Jim, "I dreamed that you and I were here under this oak, as we were ten years ago. Since that dream there has been no sleep for me. My efforts and earnest prayers were to see you once again. When I left you I was a wandering vagabond. I could not face you with my befallings. To-day you may know why I am back. Now, be quick, Stella; please tell me why has your life been miserable?"

"After you left," she said, "I made all efforts possible to find you. I could not; time passed on. Other suitors came, but none could I find to love as I did you. My love for others was a mere fancy, but finally I found one other I thought I loved. My thought was true, but he, like many men are, was deceiving. Before I knew him as I should have known him, I had put my confidence in him, as I did you. He deceived me. 'Tis not that the simple kiss and being

embraced by a true lover is a crime, but it is the venomous act of a man to win a true girl's heart solely for unjust motives. Since then I have vowed that no other man should ever win my heart nor my confidence again. My father is dead, my mother is feeble, but when she is gone my part shall be the solitary life,and—"

"Stop! stop!" said Jim, "and listen to me. You are the only girl I ever loved. Do not be cruel. My motives for leaving you were not intended for cruelty nor abuse of affections, but I knew that I could not have supported you comfortably, therefore I left to save you and me from poverty, but now I am in much better condition than ever I could have expected, even before I lost my heired property. Now, Stella, promise me once again that you will be mine to the end."

Stella slowly shook her head. Jim related his whole life's story to her and tried in every conceivable way to get her to promise him once more to be his own. No encouragement was obtained.

A little rose bush had grown up near where they were sitting, and Stella silently reached and plucked a fresh bud and gave it to Jim and said, "Jim, take this rose and keep it in remembrance of me and my love; watch it each day as it fades, remembering that while in its purity it is a symbol of all that's beautiful, all that nature ever gave, but when the last petal has dropped my life as its life has faded.

Soon they parted, but something seemed to tell Jim that perseverance would win. He knew how to be disappointed and how to overcome difficulties, and so his dogged energy and unconquerable love would not allow him to give it up. For many days he was a constant visitor. The little wrinkles worn by cares in her face, first observed, were seemingly disappearing and to her, his general bearing and disposition were becoming burning fires of old affections. His persuasions were irresistible and at times she would leave him in order to keep from saying yes. Finally, the vow was made.

The matrimonial procedure was complete, and soon Stella, her mother and Jim were on their way to their new home in California.

The last words that Jim spoke in old North Carolina were as follows: "The drama of my life is ended. As I think of the immense happiness that was in store for me, and the depth and intensity of Stella's love which existed without cause for so many years, I feel exceedingly thankful that I am endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the value of the gift which God has bestowed upon me. Surely *"Vincit Omnia,"* is more precious than wealth, more glorious than ambition, more noble than name. To have such love is the one blessing in comparison with which all earthly joy is of no value, and to think of her is to praise God.'"

W. S. D.

AUTUMN.

Again dreamy Autumn is here,
The saddest season of the year;
Again the trees are growing bare,
And Jack Frost dons his garments rare.

The cry of hunter and of hound
Reaches me with gladsome sound,
But sadness is in its wake,
When I think of the lives at stake.

Of the blood that is shed for sport,
That of the retainers at Nature's court.
The treetops mourn soft and low,
Bending their heads in credence slow.

Yet, the sky is decked in richest hue
And diamond-like is the sparkling dew;
But this reminds me, only too clear,
That dreary days are drawing near.

But yet one hope to me remains true
That when Winter with his leaden hue,
Has retired to his dismal den
Summer will be more pleasant then.

T. P. W., '11.

THE NEW BALANCE OF POWER.

P. L. GAINEY.

For centuries European statesmen and kings labored, schemed and fought to keep any nation from getting a preponderance of power. Their views on this question of equalizing the powers of the nations were known as maintaining the *balance* of power. The attempts to maintain this balance cost Europe millions of lives and countless sums of money. Fortunately, this old doctrine is now as dead as the men who fought for it. But there is a higher balance that each individual nation must maintain, if that nation would prosper.

This new balance requires a proper equilibrium between town and country population. If a nation would throb with health and prosperity, it must see that this balance between its urban and its rural population is maintained. If either makes too large a draft on the other the healthy balance of national well-being is overthrown, and disaster must follow.

Under present economic conditions in America our statisticians estimate that two-thirds of our population should be country workers. They also warn us that, at present, the towns are making too heavy drafts on the country and that consequently, the healthy balance is endangered. Why should two-thirds of our people live in the country? First, of course, because formers must feed the nation and supply the raw material for the manufacturers. If food becomes scarce or too high in price, disaster follows. If the supply of raw material is unduly diminished or advances beyond a reasonable price, distress is also inevitable. Hence, first, for purely economic considerations town population must not unduly encroach on rural numbers. The same is true from a physiological point of view. Physiologists tell us that in three generations the crowded, air-pinched, emotion-stirred dwellers in cities become too enfeebled, physically, for proper industrial work. These workers, from the intensity of their lives,

lose the steadiness of nerve and clearness of brain necessary for mammoth enterprises. This loss of vigor must be restored by a steady influx of robust, thoroughly oxygenated, red-corpuscled country blood; hence, Secondly, our country population must be large enough not only to feed us and to feed our factories, but it must also be large enough to spare some of its vigorous sons and daughters to take the places of those whose vitality has been sapped by the enervations of city life.

In the third place, the sociologists demand a large rural population. These careful students of human welfare hold that the vital national virtues of modesty, conservatism, self-control and self-respect are children of sunshine, fresh air and comparative seclusion. These virtues, they think, reach their richest fruition only in country homes.

For these three reasons, then, it is clear that any undue migration from the country is detrimental to a nation's welfare. If we would preserve the equilibrium demanded by national healthfulness, our country population, like a great reservior, should be drawn on only as it is needed. The present rapid movement city-ward should therefore be checked. Can this be done? If so, how? These are questions of paramount importance. I ask your attention while I attempt to answer them.

To answer these questions intelligently, we must first see what causes the overflow towards town, and whether *counteractions* can be set in operation.

One of the principal allurements to town arises from a belief that the city offers quicker and greater opportunities for the acquisition of wealth than the country does. There is but one way, of course, to check the migration arising from this belief. That way is to demonstrate that equal wealth can be made, with more comfort, on the farm. Can this be demonstrated? The large fortunes now being made by truckers in Eastern Carolina, by cattle raisers in our mountains and in the mountains of Virginia, by the cane producers

of Louisiana, by the beet growers of Kansas, by the *fowl raisers* of California, by the general farmers in many sections —these all go to prove that the same amount of intelligence, skill, perseverance, and capital applied to agriculture, results in as much wealth as when applied to other professions. In other words, intelligence and diligence are as largely rewarded on the farm as elsewhere. Hence, as soon as we prepare our farmers for successful achievements, the first inducement to leave the farm will be counteracted.

Perhaps the second greatest inducement to leave the farm comes from what is called the drudgery of farm life. I do not wonder that some boys and girls want to leave the country at any risk. Within three miles of this hall, a farmer required his wife and children to pick potato worms off two acres of Irish potatoes. In many farm homes, the children carry all the water from distant springs. The boy who follows a clumsy plow all day, and returns to a cheerless home at night, is far more likely to quit his home than a boy who rides on a sulky plow, does four times as much work as the other boy, and finds at home many cheap delights and conveniences. This hopeless drudgery is most frequently the penalty of ignorance and is not an inseparable part of a farmer's life. Parents therefore, who wish to see their sons and daughters own the old farm will have to increase the comforts of their homes, and by the use of machinery, decrease the absolute and appalling drudgery so often associated with the farm. This substitution of the machine is growing every day and will eventually add immeasurably to the ease of rural life, and counteract the second cause of migration.

A third cause of farm abandonment is found in the narrowness of life on so many farms. In many homes no effort is made by social intercourse, by bright and attractive homes, by supplying interesting end instructive papers, magazines and books, by teaching the children the fundamental principles of the art of farming, to broaden a child's horizon and lead him away from the sordidness and emptiness of a barren

life. Our country homes ought to be made as bright and beautiful as our city homes. Grass and vines and trees and flowers are cheap in the country and add more than words can tell to the joys of existence. Few people can love what is barren, *squalid* and ugly. The intellect of the country child too, should be enlisted in his surroundings. The elemental laws of plant growth and soil reservation should be taught. Good roads should open the avenue for social pleasures, and parents and teachers should join hands in breaking up this narrowness of life, a narrowness that has driven from the fields many of the brightest minds. The outlook, too, is hopeful. More than ever before our people are being aroused to the elevation of the country child. His schoolhouse has been remodeled and beautified, his course of study is being more adapted to his needs, his books are more in the line of his work, and best of all, his home is growing in beauty and comfort, and his parents are aroused to think more of the potentialities of his nature.

If these *counteractions* to the loss of country population grow in proportion to their vast importance, we shall see the proper balance of population maintained. We shall see our country homes seats of comfort, wealth and happiness. We shall see only those leaving the farms whom nature has marked for a different life. We shall see city and country mutually complementing each other in the great work of exalting our nation's resources and our nation's happiness.

A SHORT STORY OF ELI WHITNEY.

In Eli Whitney we have the best type of the American mechanic. He was born of good English stock, in 1765, at Westboro, Mass. His forbears were farmers, and his own early days were spent near the soil, but his mechanical tastes asserted themselves in spite of his inheritance and father's disapproval. As a lad his skill with tools became famous, and he was more and more kept busy with neighborhood repairs, and increasingly to his father's profit. He turned his hand to making and repairing chairs and furniture, violins, canes, and other small articles of wood and of iron. His mechanical curiosity led him to take apart his father's watch, which, fortunately, he was able to put together again correctly. In time he made better tools for himself so that he was able to make excellent steel knives. With the breaking out of the Revolution the price of nails advanced, and, when still in his teens, with his father's permission, he began to make nails as a regular business. After the war he turned to making ladies' hat-pins, achieving, by his artistic skill, quite a monopoly.

His early schooling had been quite limited; he seemed to have taken to mathematics rather more easily than to his other studies. At nineteen he set himself to obtaining a college education. His father discouraged the plan, but by dint of teaching school, and his savings from mechanical pursuits, he was able to graduate from Yale in 1792, when twenty-seven years old, having paid his own way through.

To us of these more generous days, it seems rather hard on the boy, after having earned so much and showing such promise, that his father could not have helped him.

While teaching school he found time to work with tools, and at college made repairs of the scientific apparatus with such precision and neatness as to astonish his instructors. After graduation he went South to accept a position as

private teacher, only to find the position filled and himself stranded. The widow of General Greene, herself a Northerner, but living near Savannah, invited him to make her house his home, and encouraged him to begin at once his law studies. He was able to do her several favors in a mechanical way, and she, in turn, introduced him to prominent visitors to the house. One day the topic of conversation was the depressing condition of agriculture in the South, and the uselessness of raising much "short staple" cotton, because of the difficulty of separating the seed from the fiber. (One negro could separate about a pound a day, although what was done was done in the evening, after the field and house labor was over for the day).

Mrs. Greene suggested that they give the problem to Mr. Whitney for solution. At that time he had never seen seed cotton, but a bunch was found, and he gave himself up to inventing a machine to do the work. Mrs. Greene gave him every assistance, and Mr. Miller, the manager of her estates, and who afterwards married her, fitted up a room for his accommodation, and should have no small credit for inciting him to persevere in the undertaking.

The design was soon decided upon, but the absence of materials delayed construction. He was obliged to make all his own metal parts; even wire was not to be bought in the State of Georgia. In six or eight months the construction was so far advanced that there was no doubt of its success. It consisted of two parallel cylinders, one made up of concentric rows of sharp hook teeth, and the other of brushes. The teeth drag the cotton through a grid that is not large enough to permit the seed to pass; the cotton is brushed off into one bin and the seed drops back into another. A two-horse power gin run by a rude water-wheel and attended by one man could clean 5,000 pounds in a single day. The cleaned fiber formed only about one-quarter of the gross weight. It thus did the work of from 1,000 to 1,500 men. Mr. Miller and Mr. Whitney formed a partnership for its

manufacture. Mr. Whitney, from a characteristic desire to perfect his machine, delayed securing a patent. Of course it was impossible to keep such an event secret, and one night the building was broken into, and the machine carried off. In this way the invention became public property, and before Mr. Whitney could secure a patent there were a number of machines built and in operation. Mr. Whitney immediately returned to Connecticut. He made every effort to perfect the machine, secure a patent, and manufacture in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. The invention was made in 1792-3. The year 1794 was spent in securing the patent and beginning the manufacture. Suddenly, in the spring of 1795, his shop, with all his machines and papers, was destroyed by fire, leaving him penniless, with a debt of $4,000 at high rates of interest.

He was really in a desperate situation at this time. His inability to supply machines almost forced others into the business, and when he began to defend his patent rights he met not only the resistance of infringing makers, but the opposition of planters also, whose gratitude naturally went to the ones who had most promptly supplied the machines, and at lowest rates. Steadily but surely, and carefully as ever, Whitney began again the manufacture of gins, but it was not for several years that he could supply any quantity, and finally he apparently gave up the manufacture entirely.

By 1795 he began lawsuits to defend his rights, but it was not until 1797 that the issue of the first suit was announced, and, after all his exertions, it was unfavorable. From this time on, the vexatious lawsuits, often a score at a time, dragged along. Judges would often charge in his favor, while juries would decide against him. He found it well nigh impossible to collect royalties, much less to sell machines, in the face of general infringement. In 1801 Whitney sold a general right to use the patent to the State of South Carolina, and the next year North Carolina began to reimburse him by a tax on each gin. Tennessee also made a contract,

which it afterward repudiated, however. In 1807 a most important decision was given in his favor. It was of little avail, however, because the life of his patent had nearly expired, and it had taken nearly all he had received from one direction to cover the expenses of litigation in another. In the course of these thirteen years of lawsuits, Mr. Whitney made six journeys by chaise to the South. His partner died in 1803, and from henceforth he defended his rights alone with remarkable patience and ability. In 1812 he made application to Congress for a renewal of his patent. He made a powerful plea, showing the immense value of the invention to the nation, the large fortunes that had come to individual planters, and contrasted the meager returns to himself, which had been swallowed up in defending his patent. In the face of this cogent plea, Congress refused to renew the patent. When we consider what his invention had accomplished, it seems almost incomprehensible that Congress should have refused the request.

It had revolutionized the cleaning of cotton, one gin doing the work of a thousand men. It had revolutionized the agriculture of the South, and later of Egypt and India, by giving them in short, staple cotton, a crop that in a few years trebled the value of their land, paid off their debts, and gave employment to men, women and children. It increased the cotton crop in the United States from 2,000,000 pounds (mostly "long staple") in 1791 to more than a billion pounds fifty years later. The exports increased from 138,000 pounds in 1792 to 860,000,000 pounds fifty years later. It made "Cotton King" for nearly a century, at one time constituting seven-tenths of the national exports. It at once rendered valuable millions of acres of land along the Gulf, and quickly settled and added four immense States to the Federal Union. It changed the clothing of the world from wool and flax to cotton, and, with Arkwright's spinning jenny, made England the foremost manufacturing nation of the world.

For this inestimable gift, Whitney netted almost nothing. In his petition to Congress he said that his entire receipts up to 1812 had not been equal "to the value of the labor saved in one hour by the machines then in use in the United States." Whitney became convinced, as early as 1798, that the gin might never be a source of income to him, and therefore began to look about for something else.

His invention and many litigations had brought him into wide acquaintance with national officials and affairs. At that time Congress was considering the manufacture, in this country, of her arms, and Mr. Whitney proposed to undertake the work. He was given an order for 10,000 muskets, 4,000 to be delivered in one year, and the balance in two years. Mr. Whitney went at the undertaking in his usual thorough and systematic way. He developed a water-power, erected suitable and adequate buildings, considered ways and means for a larger and better product, designed machinery to effect it, and trained workmen to skill in the new employment. The contract was signed in January, 1798, but the difficulties were greater than anticipated, and delayed the fulfillment of the contract. It was eight years, instead of two, before it was completed, but the progress of the enterprise, and the character of the product as delivered, was so satisfactory otherwise, that Congress treated him with the greatest consideration. His shops at New Haven became the Mecca of government officials, manufacturers, traveling notables, and foreigners, and that which he could show was well worth a journey, for his innovations in the manufacture of arms were as epochal as his invention of the cotton gin. Hitherto all such things, and machinery in general, had been made by one, as it were, or at best the main parts were made one by one. Skilled workmen would make entirely a single machine, or object or part; so that while the finished products were similar, they were not exactly alike or interchangeable. Moreover, it took a high degree of skill to effect a satisfactory result, and the production was therefore limited. The manu-

factures of the world were on this basis. All firearms used in America at that time were imported from England and made after that method.

At the time this contract was awarded to Whitney, similar contracts were given to others, and all failed to fulfill the contract. Had Whitney followed the English, and usual method, he would doubtless have failed also, but his admirable judgment led him to make an entirely new departure. His plan was to make the parts of the muskets as far as possible by machinery, and so exactly duplicates of each other as to be interchangeable. To accomplish this result he planned to carry each separate part through its successive operations in lots of hundreds and thousands.

Professor Olmstead, in speaking of him, in 1832, says: "His genius impressed itself on every part of the manufactory, extending even to the most common tools, all of which received some peculiar modification, which improved them in accuracy, or efficacy, or beauty. His machinery for making the several parts of a musket was made to operate with the greatest possible degree of uniformity and precision. The object at which he aimed, and which he fully accomplished, was to make the same part of different guns, as the locks, for example, as much like each other as the successive impressions of a copper-plate engraving."

A visit to the old shops and to the grandson of Mr. Whitney, failed to discover any details as to the machines with which he accomplished the results. All seem to have disappeared with the lapse of years and business changes. Hand milling machines with hard brass bearings were at least part of the outfit. It is to be regretted that no record even remains of what these machines were.

The value of Mr. Whitney's services in the introduction of the system of interchangeable parts is appreciated the more when we recall that England persisted in the old way until Sir Joseph Whitworth fitted out her arsenal with his special machine tools as late as 1858.

Whitney's system not only revolutionized the manufacture of muskets, but was the basis of American superiority in all manufactures. It made possible the production of any and all machinery in enormous quantities, with the greatest speed and the highest precision. Think of muskets, revolvers, knives, shoes, gloves, screws, watches, knitting machines, sewing machines, typewriters, bicycles, agricultural machinery, and the multitudinous list of modern necessities that are absolutely dependent for their economical production upon this system inaugurated by Mr. Whitney! Think of these things and pay tribute to his genius.

Eli Whitney was a gentleman. He was large of stature, with an attractive presence and genial, winning ways. His splendid mind, developed by the best education of the day, and varied experience, mellowed by a generous, lovable disposition, made him calm, dignified and strong. Patience, steadiness, persistence were also striking characteristics. As a mechanic he was remarkably skillful and precise, with great resources and sound judgment. He was a man of business rather than an engineer. His arrangements, even of common things, were marked by singular good taste and a prevailing principle of order. His mind was remarkably well disciplined. He could command his mind to such a degree that there was no confused or incomplete thinking. Even after long interruptions he could resume consideration at the point where he left off, with no hesitancy or necessity for reconsideration of ground already gone over. He was perfectly able to resist the subtle temptations that besets inventive minds, to fritter away one's mental strength on a thousand and one attractive suggestions. He could hold his acute mind closely to the thing in hand, and that which his judgment said was best worth thinking about. He was far from being narraw-minded, but was deeply interested in the larger questions of government, literature, science, art and religion, delighting in nothing more than friendly converse with cultivated minds.

Socially, he had many and intimate friends. He corresponded with some of his schoolmates throughout life, and children were invariably drawn to him by his caressing ways. He had a personal acquaintance with every President to the time of his death, with most of the leading statesmen, scholars and business men of his day. But to none did he reveal his best gifts more freely and happily than to his own family and workmen. He died in 1825 after a long and severe illness, but in his deepest suffering he never failed in serenity and kindly consideration for others, the marks of a true gentleman.

DWIGHT GODDARD.

THE FOLLY OF YOUTH.

Christmas had almost arrived, and in the streets of the little school village could be seen many shoppers, cheerfully flitting to and fro in the crisp December air. Every heart seemed brimming over with happiness, for every few minutes there could be heard outbreaks of merry laughter—laughter of the kind which drives sorrow and blueness, like mist before the morning sun, from the souls of every one whoever it reached. The contrast between humanity and the earth and heaven was as great as that between a conceited man's opinion of himself and what he really is. The clouds above seemed downcast, dejected, angry, unable to decide whether to drown us, bury us in snow, or beat us to pieces with hail, or perhaps, a combination of the three; anything to drive away our happiness—for misery loves company.

In a little window just above the street, had one chanced to gaze upward, could be seen a tall, thin boy of perhaps twenty years of age, with coal-black hair and dark, flashing eyes. He had just finished studying his last lesson for the mid-term examination, and tomorrow noon would find him through and free to return home—home, that dear old place which, no matter how simple, how meagre the furnishings—how few—so very few the luxuries, yet the place which every man holds dearer to his heart than anything else in all the world; yes, all save one—his sweetheart. And Malcolm Oates had a sweetheart, the dearest sweetheart in all the world, one of those who mean more to a man than anything else except, perhaps, his backbone.

Mabel Aycock was possesor oof all those attributes which go to make up a wooman—a woman, who I fear, exists more in the imagination than in the flesh. With light blue eyes, rosy cheeks and lips, and hair—the most beautiful light hair that ever adorned the head of any woman. She easily won the title of the "Queen of Southern Roses."

Her disposition was cheerful, for what other disposition could reside under those eyes—the windows of the soul! Happiness seemed to flow in waves from her mouth, over her face and radiate in rays of sunshine from off her head, for did not her hair look like sunbeams? Purity lurked everywhere, the most base and degenerate mind in her presence became cleansed; thoughts of childhood and mother predominated. Secret resolutions were made, the kingdom of Christ became stronger. Veritably, Mabel Aycock was an angel incarnate. She, too, was in school, having just passed her sixteenth birthday. It was her first year away from home, and the time from September to Christmas had passed very slowly indeed to her, in fact, so slowly that she sometimes wondered if Father Time hadn't at last succumbed to the maladies of old age, become so feeble as to be hardly able to move. Her calendar dated from that first September night when she had reached school, after a long and tedious journey, and had been sent off to bed without her mother's fond good-night kiss. Never before had she realized how much that one little act meant to her, never before had she felt so absolutely wretched and downcast, and it isn't strange that that poor little head tossed and tossed, and those dear blue eyes watered and watered until they filled her dimples to overflowing. At last—how happily it is that nature will assert herself—those tired limbs and dejected spirits found sweet rest in peaceful slumber.

The next morning, as the fresh autumn breeze fanned her brow and the morning sun kissed her cheek, she awoke with a start. "Mother, mother! Did you call?" By now, her eyes were thoroughly open and realizing where she was, her little head once more sought refuge within the folds of the pillow. Suddenly she became aware of the fact that she had a most awful headache, so she got up, dressed, and bathed her head in cold water. Feeling much better she sat down to think, and over ond over in her mind revolved the question: was the thing we call education worth its cost, the

separation of home, friends—all that was near and dear to a girl's heart—and she separated from Malcolm. Mabel thought Malcolm was the dearest boy in all the world, in fact, the only boy for whom she would ever care anything, for had she not loved him, adored him, since they were little tots just entering the public school? Had he not always "bringed" her books home from school for her? Had he not always shared his lunch—and his choicest too—with her? Had he not, when she was kept in, always waited outside until she came? Had he not always been her lord and master, and she his ministering angel? Then, in later years, had he not been the only one who could set vibrating certain nerves and chords, which made one feel as if they had been wrapped in electric wires, and one's throat to choke up as if filled with dust? Surely, God has decreed that they should some day—oh, how we do long for some day—how all our thoughts are centered around some day, when you and the one who rule your heart become one. Second alone to our triumphant entry into heaven is our entry into the holy bonds of wedlock. The heart that has never longed for a mate is indeed a strange heart and one which I fear has not the love of Jesus Christ in it. So is it unnatural that Mabel and Malcolm were happy—unusually happy. How blissful to once more be together, to once more talk and talk, to once more experience that wonderful quietness—quietness is sometimes oppressive, but this quietness is the communion of the souls—oh, who of us, who has ever had this experience, can read this without a thrill? 'Tis the one time when our minds at last are in heaven dancing up and down the golden streets of paradise, and if I mistake not, that is what our heart—that most mysterious part of the human anatomy—is doing when it thumps so hard that we think surely it will break through our chests. The workings of the human heart are as mysterious as a woman—in fact I think a woman is all heart, and I believe nearly all who spend a few moments over these lines will agree with me. Looking at them through

a chemist's eyes we must confess that their propensities are the same. Time rolls around, slowly, perhaps, but surely, and at last Malcolm Oates and Mabel Aycock once more stood face to face. Words are absolutely inadequate to express their feelings and emotions upon this occasion—it can only be said that that irresistible force of gravity was defied and Malcolm Oates and Mabel Aycock floated in mid air. When one is happy time flies very rapidly, and it was a very short, a horribly short time before Malcolm, gazing at the old grandfather clock in the corner of the library became conscious that he must say good-night. Were two little words ever harder to say. Precisely at 11 o'clock Malcolm Oates said "good" in the library—as the last faint echo of the town clock died away, which had just exerted itself by striking twelve consecutive times, Malcolm Oates said "night" Mabel dear, may all your dreams be pleasant ones.

Next morning the sun found Malcolm Oates up and about. In trouble sleep is our best friend, but when happiness comes, sleep departs. Who can sleep just after the dearest girl in all the world has looked you in the eye and whispered, "I love you?" Malcolm was wondering how on earth he had ever reached his room and retired, for his mind had completely forsaken him after he lit his pipe at Third avenue. He was oblivious to everything that happened afterward. It was a well known fact that no one became intoxicated in North Carolina and went to bed without having faced the turnkey at some police station, and he was positive he hadn't seen a soul since he left Mabel standing at the gate with her head resting upon the gate post and her eyes following his every movement until he turned up Main street. He was very much upset next day however when he learned how many of his "chums" he had failed to speak to, who were returning late from the club. This morning Malcolm was so supremely happy that his usually insatiable appetite was easily satisfied, for he had to be moving—not one moment could he rest until Mabel was seated beside him in his elegant Reo roadster. Ten o'clock found Malcolm driving up the elegant

driveway, surrounded on either side by the most lovely lawn in the entire South, and interspersed here and there were circles filled to their utmost capacity with calla lilies. Never did the sun seem more gloriously beautiful, just peeping from behind clouds which for several days had done nothing but deluge the earth with water, than did Mabel when first she peeped from behind the heavy draperies in the hall and call, "just one minute, Malcolm, dear," to Malcolm, who had just stopped his machine under the portico, and was now running up the steps for his good-morning hand-shake and—salute. Mabel ran out for just a moment, and while shaking hands allowed Malcolm—commanded Malcolm—for an irresistible "pucker" appeared—to imprint one kiss upon the sweetest, rubiest lips in all the world. It must be borne in mind that the Aycock palatial home stood quite a distance off the main road, and anything happening upon the porch was obscured by the shrubbery on the lawn. Mabel returned into the house to put on those little finishing touches, absolutely necessary to a woman's ease of mind and instigator of more trouble after matrimony than any other one thing. For a moment Malcolm staggered as one drunk, then reeled and fell in a heap upon one of the large porch chairs. Not until Mabel returned had he regained his senses, and even then it was an unsteady hand that assisted her into the car. For two hours they whirled over hill and level, gaily chattering, relating experiences at school, laughing at the ridiculous incidents which happen in every one's college life, but mostly unfurling the old, old story of love:

Over hill and over dale
'Twas the very same old tale,
The love of an infatuated boy
Poured into the ears of his sweetheart, his joy.
She, girl like, sat very still
And to his final ? answered I will.
He knew she must this compact seal
So, leaning over, one kiss did steal.

It was with a sense of keen regret that he left Mabel a few minutes later, resting in the big porch chair with her little head resting in the palms of the daintiest little hands that ever terminated the most suple arms in existence. A tear could be seen trickling down Mabel's cheek, too, for they were not to see each other again for oh, so long—not until night when he called for her to go to Evelyn Flynn's party. Never did the great generals of history look forward with keener anticipation for to-morrow when the battle which would decide the rise or fall of an empire was to be waged, than did Malcolm and Mabel anticipate to-night, not that any great conquest was to be made or conflict waged, for the laurel was already secure in Malcolm's hands. Little did they dream that on this very night a greater battle than Waterloo was to be fought in these young people's hearts. Slowly the afternoon passed away. Malcolm smoked incessantly, and Mabel read some twelve or fifteen authors. Never did it seem so hard to find something to do—something that would interest and divert. Finally after having looked at his watch about thirty times, Malcolm decided to go up to his room and dress. Nothing was in place; never did it trouble him so much what to wear. Ties, clothes and shirts were a most incongruous mixture—in anything he tried he looked like an animated checker-board, and to-night he knew Mabel would be perfectly charming. Oh, how he wished he were a girl. All they had to do was to take a plain white dress and a little pink or blue ribbon, and behold what a wonderful transformation—the most awful looking girl became a thing of living beauty—but man—poor, disolute man, do what he might and at best what an inferior looking piece of humanity. At last, however, he arrived at a point where surely Mabel would think him a decent looking chap. Had he only known that the next time he looked into his mirror his hair would be unkempt, his collar crinkled, his eyes bulged out—suicide his only hope of escape, little would he have cared whether he was the best looking man or the ugliest man living, for

wasn't he only glad he was good looking because he thought it pleased Mabel. Malcolm thought Mabel the most beautiful creature on earth when she greeted him at the door, and when starting down the steps she asked him to tie her shoe—did any girl ever possess dantier foot, and her ankles, surely such ankles never were—something had affected his eyes or mind, so with a trembling hand he caught her ankle, and finding it real, from the bottom of his heart wished that her shoe-string would refuse to remain tied.

The Flynn residence was a dream in the costume it wore on the occasion of Miss Evelyn's party. Lights of evey hue blazed forth—even the pathway leading up to the house was a thing of dazzling beauty; Japanese lanterns glowed forth from every part of the lawn, and here and there they were arranged in the most fantastic shapes imaginable. A weird, subtle charm rested upon every one who passed within gates of this hospitable home on this auspicious night. An orchestra played on the verandah and sweet, dreamy music floated through every nook of the home and reverberated and was caught by the breezes and carried to every part of the lawn, and seemed to settle down among the couples (for quite a number had sought solitude—dual solitude) in various nooks about the lawn. When Malcolm and Mabel came upon the porch they were met by Evelyn and Mrs. Flynn, who welcomed them as only true Southern mothers and fathers can, and made to understand that the home, lawn—everything pertaining to the Flynn domicile was theirs for their pleasure. Never in the annals of history did so many women agree upon one subject as did that night. Every one whispered to her partner that she thought Malcolm and Mabel the most perfect pair she had ever seen. 'Tis said that one's mate should be his opposite, and were not Malcolm and Mabel as opposite and different as day and night. In passing down the hall on their way to the cloak room Malcolm and Mabel exclaimed, both at once, "Oh, what a lovely spot, just the place we were looking for." Surely it was Cupid's stronghold, for right

under the steps leading up stairs was the lovliest spot on earth for spooning. 'Tis true "Lady Moon" was absent, but who would miss Lady Moon in such a spot. Surely the most unsusceptible person on earth—a person who had never known what l—o—v—e meant, and who had always looked upon one in love as an object of pity—could have made love to a French doll in a manner that would have caused Apollo to fall from his throne and cupid, little demon, to have split his sides laughing. Palms and ferns acted as sentinels to prevent prying eyes looking in upon what happened upon two little stools sitting very, very close beneath the staircase. Beneath this umbrageous covering was to be enacted in a very short time a little comedy which would never be forgotten as long as Malcolm and Mabel dwelt upon this old globe. Mabel hurrying upstairs whispered, "Malcolm, dear, under the staircase"—a little sentence destined to pound in Malcolm's ears until his ear drum fairly bursted. The guest of honor upon this memorable night was a friend of Eugene Flynn's, a fellow whom Eugene had met while in Nevada, where he had gone several years previous in search of health. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with hair as black as a raven's coat, and eyes, the most piercing eyes—my, but how they looked through you. There was nothing too thick for those eyes to penetrate. His jaws were as rigid as steel and muscles stood out upon his face like whipcords. When he closed his mouth it was with a snap, and his teeth—more perfect biceps and molars belonged to the tiger. His neck was large and full, shoulders massive and square, and hands—poor little Mabel thought she would cry when he gripped her hands. Mabel was hurrying down stairs with her mind so occupied with thoughts of Malcolm and the cosy corner under the stairs that she was almost knocked down when she reached the bottom and bumped squarely into something as irrestible as Gibralter. Upon looking up she saw for the first time our friend of the far West, Ralph Fleming. Mabel was so astonished that she could hardly speak. It was a very weak, trembling voice

that said, "Pardon me, sir. I am sorry to have given you such a jolt." As quickly as she could regain her equilibrium of mind and body, she rushed impetuously forward and didn't stop until she was completely hidden by the thick foliage of the palms and ferns. Malcolm was late in reaching the trysting place, and Mabel was surprised when Malcolm touched her on the shoulder and whispered, "the dearest little girl in all the world." Mabel immediately began telling him of her incident at the foot of the stairs. "He was the most awful fellow, Malcolm, I ever saw, and the rudest fellow—knocked me silly and then stood and looked—why he stared at me so hard that honestly I thought that those eyes would pierce me through and through. Oh, but you should have seen those eyes, Malcolm, dear; they glistened like a serpent's—every moment I expected him to leap on me and sting me. But Malcolm he was a handsome fellow, so straight, and his face had such a determined look upon it. Positively, though, I do hope I shall never see him again, but at this very moment some irresistible force was compelling her to turn her head. Standing as erect as Washington's monument, arms folded, a smile playing around the corner of his mouth, Ralph Fleming stood peering through a small opening in the palms and ferns. Mabel felt a chill pass over her body, and she nestled a little closer into Malcom's arms. Fleming, observing that he had been caught, slowly turned and walked out upon the verandah. He sat down upon the banister, pulled out a cigarette and lighted it. His mind wandered back to his little bachelor cottage upon the plains; he remembered how happy he had been, what great pleasure he had found in his den, reading, smoking, looking at the pictures upon the walls, and his trophies of the hunt. But to-night as he thought it all over, his had been a lonely life; there was something which his nature had always craved that he had never been able to satisfy. What could it all mean? Surely he wasn't in love, for hadn't he sworn ten years before when he learned that Julia had deserted him and married a

man far beneath her station that woman was unworthy of a man's love. Hadn't he left his happy home in Virginia to get away from and forget? Certainly he wasn't to again fall to the wiles of a pretty girl. But yet why had he always so cherished a little picture which hung just above his mantel, and it the picture of an unfaithful sweetheart. Ralph Fleming you are in love—you have always been in love, and to-night you have met the girl of your dreams. The question which now entered his mind was how to win her, for win her he must. Oh, how happy he would be when she became mistress of ranch X. He had thought he had been happy in his little cottage before, but now he couldn't bear to return to it alone. True, he wasn't worthy, but couldn't he make her happy? He would give her a pony for her own use and teach her to ride and shoot and hunt, and besides he would make her the best husband between the Mississippi and the Pacific. She was such a tender, fragile flower that she needed some strong, true man to protect her, and didn't he just know that when she was downcast or lonely, no one could better fold her to his bosom, pet and love her better than he? Ralph Fleming's was a mind which when once fully made up, would accomplish its purpose at any cost. So immediately he sought out Mrs. Flynn and confided his secret to her and asked her to introduce him at once. He was marched under the staircase and duly introduced. Malcolm and Mabel both thought that he would pass a few pleasantries and then seeing that he wasn't wanted would depart. But such was not the case. Mabel's conversation became a most incoherent flow of language and Malcolm hoping to relieve her embarrassment, asked to be excused while he went on the veranda for a smoke. Immediately—a little rude to be sure—Ralph began to tell the story as it had never before been told—the West doesn't stand back on proprieties. Mabel tried not to hear—she was unable to say stop—she only averted her eyes and swallowed and swallowed.

When Ralph had finished he said, "Mabel, look into my eyes and say you love me since first you saw me at the foot of the steps. I love you, and by God I am going to have you." Mabel, startled out of her senses by this unusual language, looked up, and gazing into his eyes became conscious that she did love him. Everything became dark—there was a whirling before her eyes—unconsciousness had overtaken her. Malcolm, returning a few minutes later, caught one glimpse—another moment he was gone. Events move rapidly. It was a happy couple that weeks later started for Nevada with hats and clothes filled with rice.

Malcolm spent a miserable vacation, and again started to school only because he knew it would hasten his early demise. He had ridden perhaps fifty miles when he raised his head, and sitting across the aisle was a girl gazing at him—but that is another story.

C. R. M.

LONGINGS.

The wanderlust is in my heart,
I long to travel far—
To set my foot on the mountain's rampart,
And on the sandy bar.

To see all things that nature has made,
And, seeing them, rejoice;
Knowing that the mountain and the green grass blade
Speak with God's own voice.

And then I'd turn to the haunts of man,
And drink of the cup called life;
Tasting as deep as mortal can
Of the joy and toil and strife.

"S—."

SAVED.

Monday morning.

Dear Elizabeth:

We leave S—— to-morrow morning; and just think, three days' marching will bring our company once more across the dear old Kanawha, and then *you*. But you may expect me at noon Thursday, for when we break camp that morning and I tell faithful old Charlie that you and home are ahead, he will not fail me. Look for me at noon; we are coming by the river pass.

Hurriedly, Winfree T——.

P. S.—Am sending this by Pete, and hope you will get it in time.

Thursday morning, September 13, 1862, Elizabeth Couch was awakened by some one hammering on the front door of her father's old colonial home. A few minutes later Aunt Chloe came creeping up stairs and very cautiously opened Elizabeth's door; and when her black, kinky head was poked in Elizabeth, although she was frightened for the moment, could hardly refrain from laughing, so comical was the scared expression on Aunt Chloe's face.

"Honey, 'fo God dem Yankees has come, and dare's one at de front door now."

"Oh, you must be dreaming, Auntie. I am afraid you saw ghosts in your early morning dreams."

"No, honey, I swear 'fo God dem Yankees's here, and Ike says dares a billion more over at de fork ov de road."

"You say there is one at the front door now? Well, go down and ask him what his business is at such an early hour."

"God-amighty, child, you don't mean for dis nigger to go to dat do?"

"Well, go tell Uncle Ike I said to receive any message the visitor may have for either father or myself."

A few minutes later Uncle Ike appeared at the head of the stairs with the information that: "Dat Yankee says his message is for Miss Couch and no other, and for me to take my —— black head away from there."

"Go tell him that if he wants to see Miss Couch he will have to await her convenience."

After taking as much time as her curiosity would permit on her toilet, Elizabeth Couch, a fearless north-eastern Tennessee girl, with the flush of both morning and twenty summers on her rosy cheeks, opened the front door of her father's home and saw standing before her a very much embarrassed Sergeant of the United States Army.

To the vry cooly put question, "What can I do for you, sir?" he replied:

"I ur—ur hated to disturb you, Miss, but you know I must obey orders, and ur— here's a note the Capin ordered to be delivered to you, and also to say that under no conditions is any one to leave this house before noon to-day."

Elizabeth took the note and at once recognized the handwriting, and for a moment seemed eager for its contents, but an instant later a fire of anger kindled and blazed in her sparkling black eyes, as she demanded: "This, my note, and you have had the audacity to open it?"

Slamming the door in his face, she ran to her room to read the first news she had had from Winfree Taylor in nearly three months.

Elizabeth Couch, as has been said, lived, since her three brothers had joined the Confederate Army, alone with her aged father on the south banks of the Kanawha River, in north-eastern Tennessee. She was of that mold of Southern womanhood that where called upon to act, feared nothing. Thousands of times had she wished to be under arms at the front, either with her brothers in North Virginia or with Captain Taylor of the Tennessee Scouts, who had been her

playmate from childhood up. And now as she read this short missive a thrill of joy ran through her heart at the thought that she would at last see some of the soldiers who had won fame at the front, especially Captain Winfree.

But a second thought—what could all this mean? Winfree had sent the note by his faithful old servant Pete, and it had been delivered to her by a Yankee Sergeant! That the Yankees had finally arrived in that part of the State did not surprise her—in fact she had expected them much sooner. But why had one given her that note. Surely it was from Winfree, and he had sent it by Pete, but where was Pete. She would at once find out from the Sergeant, who persisted in remaining at the front door.

In answer to her questions as to where the note came from the Sargeant, who had now regained his composure, replied:

"Miss, I suppose it came from your beau, but if it didn't then I am no wiser than you."

"You imp, don't you suppose I know that, but where did you get it from?"

"Well, why did you ask me if you knew. As to where I got it from the Capin' gave it to me."

"I demand to see your captain. Where is he?"

"Miss, I don't think the Capin' would help you much, besides he has already left for Five Oaks to give this beau of yours and his inquisitive scouts who have been prowling around our way, a true Southern reception upon their return, and I hardly think it necessary for you to prepare lunch for him to-day. Just thought as how I would save you the trouble, besides I have orders to allow no one to leave here, so I hardly think you can pay the Capin a visit to-day."

The truth now dawned upon Elizabeth, and she at once realized what a dangerous position Winfree and his company were in. The Yankees had caught Pete, opened this note, and knew that Captain Taylor and his company were that day coming through the river pass totally ignorant of any danger, and were even now on their way there. The thought

at first frightened her, but the idea of her dearest friend being in danger and she knowing it brought forth that strength of character of a loyal heart. There was but one way to save them, and that was to notify them of the danger. Who was to do that? She and her father were the only two white people living on the immense plantation, and he was too feeble to leave the house. For some time she sat and thought. Winfree must be notified and she must do it. Five Oaks was twenty-five miles away. Winfree would perhaps pass there before nine o'clock, and it was now six. No time was to be lost if he were to be saved. She would do it, if God would give her strength.

But now a new trouble confronted her. When she gave Uncle Ike orders to saddle her horse he was met in the door by the Sergeant's bayonet, and was glad to return. Knowing that an attempt upon her own part would arouse suspicion, she began to think of some ruse by which she could outwit this quick-witted First Sergeant and his assistant guard, but all possible plans seemed to pass through her mind as likely to fail, and time was becoming more precious every minute. She went to her father for assistance, but no quickly thought of plan seemed feasible.

Just here Aunt Chloe announced that breakfast was ready, and as they passed towards the dining-room, Elizabeth whispered, "Father, I have it. I will get them in to breakfast and by some means I will escape."

"God bless you, my child, I only wish I could get in your saddle now."

In answer to her invitation of breakfast the Sergeant replied: "I will go in now and let Willis stand guard, then he can come when I have finished."

"No, let us all go in at once, father and myself want to show you true, Southern hospitality."

Just then the delicious odor of frying ham was wafted through the hall door and touched the Sergeant in a tender place—he had had no breakfast.

"The servants will be in there waiting on us, will they?" he asked.

"Certainly, you don't think I am waiting maid, do you?"

"I just wanted to be certain; come on Willis and let's taste of home once more before we pass into the hereafter."

They had been at the table hardly a moment when Elizabeth remarked: "Let me get the cranberry sauce for this delicious ham," and passed out into the kitchen, followed by the eye of the Sargeant, but as she almost immediately returned, not however, until she had ordered Aunt Chloe's little boy to have her horse saddled in three minutes, the Sargeant again resumed his eating.

A few minutes later she again exclaimed: "Why, we haven't the maple syrup for these griddle cakes!" and again passed into the kitchen, but this time she did not stop, but passed out the side door picking up Aunt Chloe's old red jacket as she did, knowing it would be cool riding. Two minutes later, just as the Sargeant appeared at the door in search of her, she flew by sitting on her favorite rider as easily as a nymph on the waves. A volley of oaths was all she heard as she waved her hand in farewell to the dismayed Sargeant. It was now six thirty and she had twenty-five miles to cover by at least nine.

"Charlie, my dear old horse, we have a long, hard ride, but you must remember that Winfree's life hangs upon our getting there in time, will you take me?" And, in reply, Charlie gave an impatient whining and settled down to his task.

Ten miles were soon left behind, but she now saw in the distance the rear of the advancing Yankees who were traveling the same road as she, but it would be an easy matter to pass them as only a mile to the left another road ran almost parellel with this one and came into it three miles this side of Five Forks, and she was glad she had overtaken them so soon.

Another ten miles was passed, though not so quickly, and she was beginning to feel the effects of the ride, but Charlie was holding up admirably. She would soon enter the road upon which the Yankees were traveling, and though she had no watch, she knew from the heighth of the sun that it was not yet nine o'clock, and she hoped she was ahead of the Yankees. To her horror she found, upon entering the original road, that the Yankees, or at least some of them, had passed sometime before, and her heart almost sank within her, but she could not give up; yet, how was she to pass them? It would be utterly impossible. There was but one hope left—the mountain pass—and if she undertook this, she might reach the other side, which was three miles further, before Winfree entered the river pass. She had never traversed this pass but one time but she knew that though it was rather dim it could be easily followed. She resolved to try it even though traveling here was very slow, as she thought she had plenty of time.

Up the trail her faithful steed labored, but the exertion was telling on him, and Elizabeth was becoming impatient. She knew that half way over this trail overlooked the river, the cliff being some seven hundred feet high and almost perpendicular. Here she stopped to look and almost fainted, for a lone rider at the same time, cantered into the river pass and she knew it was too late. Just then the bushes in front parted and a Captain, wearing the blue, advanced toward her very much surprised, though he observed how intently she was watching the rider below. For several minutes neither spoke though both thought hard while the rider beneath approached nearer his trap. The Captain broke the silence: "You were too late were you not, Miss?"

She turned upon him, a look that he seemed glad to elude by passing her, and she noticed in his hand a pistol and at once knew it was to be the signal.

"God," she exclaimed, "what can I do?"

The red jacket a danger signal!

When the Captain again looked around he yelled, "Stop!" but too late, Elizabeth had put all her strength into the effort —the jacket, containing a stone, had passed out over the precipice—and trusted to the Providence that suggested it to guide it safely, and sank in a faint.

The keen mind that had won for Winfree Taylor a Captaincy with the scouts, did not fail to see in the red jacket that fell in front of him some form of signal, and when a moment later he had heard a pistol shot far up the mountain, he realized that something was wrong; and when a few moments later, as he was fleeing in the opposite direction, a volley of bullets pattered harmlessly at his horses' feet, he thanked the kind Providence that had delivered him.

G—.

HE WANTS TO MARRY.

And it makes no difference what it costs.

The following is an extract from a letter recently sent by a young farmer to one of the pretty women of the county:

"Since I seed you over to Joe's Party tuther night my heart has been jumpin' aroun' in my lung-box like a toad frog with a string tied to his laig. My heart and sowl goes out after you. My love for you air like a young steer in clover—grows stronger day by day. Since I first sot my eyes on you I have loved you with a love that never loses its grip on the strings and ropes of my heart. I've seed lots of gals in my lifetime that look sweet and temptin', but none that could cavort aroun' in a man's affections like you, and keep up my hope and expectations that matrimony can only satisfy.

Sue was over to our house to-day, and sed you was not half so pretty as folks thought. I can see for myself, and know that you are prettier than striped stockings. If you was sugar it seems like I could eat you all up at once bite an' never stop to pick your duds out of my teeth.

I've tried to quit thinking of you and go to work, but no use to try, for tonight I think of you, and long to kiss your nice, plumpy, fat lips. I'll come over to your house next Sunday and bring my pockets full of nice, mellow, red apples. Ma is making soap today. I hope the time will come when you may wash my clothes with it, but I guess it is too soon to talk about serious matters yet. Dad went out today to run the cows outer the fields, and stepped in a crack an' skinned his shin plum up to his knee. He "cussed" awful, an' says he is going to kill every cow he sees. So, I am glad you ain't no cow. I am going to town next week and git me a pair of britches and galluses. Then I'll come to see you in some sort of style; store bought galluses they say

are mighty stylish, an' I am going to keep up with the style, if it costs me one of my best yearlings.

What would you say if I was to ax you to yoke up in matrimony with me? I have got enough to git the license and a $1.50 besides. I guess Squire would marry us for that, cause he knows what marrin' is, for he wants to marry hisself.

Please let me hear from you, and if it suits you, we will hop right in it as soon as I get through worming tobacco."

THE TEXTILE SOCIETY SUPPER.

On Tuesday evening, November 3, the Textile Society held a banquet at Giersch's Cafe. The following guests were invited: Mr. Escott, of the Raleigh Cotton Mills; Dr. Hill, Prof. Nelson, Prof. Steed, Prof. Halstead and Prof. Parker.

The Society gathered in front of the Tucker building and all went in together. Each member and guest had for a bouquet a ripe cotton boll. The table was arranged in a "T" shape to represent Textile.

The first toast was made by A. E. Escott, The Diploma as a Goal. He said a diploma is of much value to a man as it means that he has accomplished things, and is able to accomplish more. The diploma of itself is of no real value, it being significant of the fact that work has been done, which of itself, means much to a man; therefore, for the man with the diploma there is more demand than for the man without.

The next toast was made by Dr. Hill, His Dream. He dreamed that he had started over to the Agriculture Building and got as far as where the old barn stood, but in its place was erected a new and handsome dining hall, large enough to seat one thousand boys. He then went a little farther down toward the dormitories and found there a new, well-equipped gymnasium building, containing all gymnastic equipments. He then started toward main building, and on his way he saw a large building about twice the size of Watauga hall. He inquired of some one what it was. They told him that it was the new dormitory which the college had needed so long. He then thought that he would go up and see what the Registrar was doing since all these changes had been made, but found the office locked, and was told that Mr. Owen had gone fishing, for the boys had got so good that they didn't need a Registrar. He then went over in his office and found on the desk a number of letters; they

were from cotton mill men wanting all the textile men that the college could furnish, and would pay from fourteen to seventeen hundred dollars per year.

The next toast was made by Prof. Nelson, who toasted the Department. He told us of the improvements that had been made in the past few years. He said that when he was employed by head of the department, he expected to find on his arrivel a well-equipped textile building, but to his surprise, the building was just half-way up, and the machinery was in what is now the chemical laboratory. Since that time the building has been completed, and a full equipment of up-to-date cotton mill machinery has been placed in it, and in 1907 the department won a gold medal at the Jamestown Exposition.

Next toast, by Prof. Parker, Relation Between the Students and Faculty. He said that there should be no ill-feeling existing between the students and faculty, and that the students should realize that they were at college for their own benefit and should do everything that they could for the upbuilding of themselves and the college, and if the students would do their part that the faculty would do theirs.

The next toast was given by W. S. Dean, who in a few illustrations which caused much laughter, represented the students of this department. He closed his toast with the following words: "With the attitude and loyalty the students have toward each other and the faculty, and the intense interest the faculty take in us, I conscientiously believe that we will be a great factor which will prove to the South that she is only now in her infancy in the cotton mill industry."

The last speaker was G. G. Simpson, who toasted the Society. In a few words he gave an outline of the establishment of the society, of its past ambitions and future prospects, urging on the boys the necessity of combined and interested work.

The supper was then closed with a few remarks from Dr. Hill, and all went away dreaming of more suppers in the future.

T. C. B.

The Red and White

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The Agromeck.

Just a word about our college annual. For the benefit of the new students we will say a few words as to its purpose and aim. It is published by the senior class and contains interesting information about the classes, clubs, societies,

and, in fact, every department of college life. There are over a hundred half tone cuts, including the classes, athletic teams, battalion and companies, literary societies, fraternities, clubs, etc. This, if for no other reason, should cause every member of the student body to secure a copy. It is something you will value and prize years after you leave college. You have but to turn its pictured pages in order to live over and enjoy once more the happiest days of your life. The four years spent in college are clear cut and distinct from any other period of your life. It is filled with fond recollections of classmates and companions, experiences and escapades, which you wish to keep ever fresh in your memory. This can only be accomplished by having something to act as a reminder. This is the purpose of the "Agromeck."

We expect, and have every reason to believe, that this year's issue will surpass any ever gotten out. Our contract with the printers and binders is five hundred dollars higher than ever before. The receipts to meet this obligation of over fifteen hundred dollars is to come from two sources. First, the subscriptions received from the students; and second, the revenue from advertisements. This latter amount cannot be increased; but we hope, by offering a better book, to increase the number of subscriptions. It is only by doing this that we can possibly get it out for the same price. The business manager will be around to see you in a few days.

Next month the Editors intend to get out an athletic issue of the magazine in honor of our brilliant and successful foot ball season. A large part of the magazine will be devoted to telling how and why we won our numerous victories on the gridiron this fall. In this issue we would also like to give an account of the class athletics and a picture of the team winning the cup. We therefore hope that all class games will be played before December 10th, as that is the date the magazine goes to press.

We want to impress upon the student body the fact that six or eight men can not get out a representative magazine, nor any magazine at all for that matter, and we very earnestly desire that every man who knows the use of a pen will at least make an effort to write something for THE RED AND WHITE. There is hardly a man in school that would be unable to write something if he really tried, and I believe that if you will look at it in the right light you will see that to help out THE RED AND WHITE is a duty which you owe to yourself as well as to the Board of Editors.

Hereafter, the exchanges received from other schools will be found at the end of the month, by those desiring to see them, in the Y. M. C. A. room instead of in the library as heretofore.

The following notice was received from London just as the magazine went to press:

"Craig-Morgan. Married in Canterbury, Kent County, England, October, 1908, Mr. W. Pescud Craig, of Louisiana (A. & M. class of 1901), to Miss Fay Morgan, of North Carolina (Baptist University)."

Athletics

Foot Ball.

Our college began this session with the best foot ball squad that it has ever had. We looked with pride upon the forty big, husky fellows as Dr. Whitehurst "put them through" day after day. From the preliminary scrimmages we saw them take the scalps of Wake Forest and William & Mary with as much ease as you please. When, however, we came to the Georgetown game, we realized that the real strength of our team would be shown. Suffice it to say that we won, and that North Carolina was proud of the boys in red and white. It was during this game that Dr. Whitehurst realized that our team did not have enough speed and wind. Since that game the team has been on a better diet and have been running around the field two or three times after every practice. So that we went into the Virginia game with speed and wind.

Greatly handicapped by the loss of Thompson and Von Glahn, we entered the Virginia game determined to show them who we were. Although we lost the game we won the admiration and respect of thousands of people both in Virginia and North Carolina. We are not sorry that we played the game, if Virginia did select all the officials and make rules to suit her own team and cripple ours. Since the game, many letters have been received from people in Virginia praising our great team and commending us for playing the game against such odds.

We found Davidson much easier than we expected. However, they have a good team and we can judge the outcome of the rest of the games of the season by our game in Charlotte. Davidson played Carolina a tie game, and Carolina

played Washington & Lee a tie game. V. P. I. defeated Washington & Lee 15 to 4, and Carolina 10 to 0. Now, we defeated Davidson 21 to 0, so it is evident that we can defeat Washington & Lee all right, and this comparison of scores shows that we have got the best chance in the V. P. I. game Thanksgiving.

Since the Georgetown game there have been several changes made on the team. Saddler is now playing one of the backs and is holding down his job all right. He played excellently in the Davidson game. Right end is hotly contested for by Seifert, Wilson and Marshall. Hartsell is playing the left end to perfection. Many people think that he will make an all Southern end this year. Sexton is showing up extra well in the back field. "Shorty" Long has quit playing owing to too much work.

The scrub team this year is the best we have ever seen. The scrubs held up their end on the 31st of October, while the Varsity was getting beaten by defeating Warrenton High School 42 to 2. They play the Wilmington City team Saturday, November 14th, in Wilmington.

Parks and Hall deserve much credit for the hot scrimmages that the scrubs furnish the Varsity with. Parks has been recently promoted to the Varsity squad.

The scrub team is better off this year in every way. They are well fitted out in suits, shoes, headgear, etc., and owing to the kindness of Dr. Hill, they have been able to take two trips in addition to the Thanksgiving trip to Norfolk.

The scrub team deserves much credit for its good work as it makes the Varsity team possible.

Y. M. C. A.

Very interesting speakers for the last few Sundays at the Y. M. C. A. meetings were Dr. A. Rudy, who told a story reproduced from the French—it had a good moral; Prof. L. L. Vaughan, who reported in a very lively and interesting way, the happenings at the International Student Bible Conference; and Dr. Moncrief, the newly called minister of the Tabernacle Baptist church of Raleigh. Miss Ellen Durham, accompanied on the piano by Miss Mary Briggs, favored the boys by singing the song, "Somewhere," in her usual attractive way.

The talks by Dr. LaFlamme, October 20-22, were well attended, and as a result, thirty-one men are signed up for mission study.

The Y. M. C. A. room, which is now almost completed, is proving a very valuable feature of the Y. M. C. A. and will do much to make it what it ought to be. The large class pictures, etc., are yet to be hung; the book-case and magazine shelving are not quite completed. And yet, since its opening, the room has almost continuously had as many visitors as the chairs around the table would seat. Many of the boys have shown their intention to join the Y. M. C. A. as a result. All this shows, in a small measure, how well appreciated and much patronized a Y. M. C. A. building will be. The room will be attractive and homelike with its mission furniture, its roomy couch covered with pillows, pictures, penants, etc., on the wall, all of which college men appreciate so much. There is but one fault—it is too small. If all the students will visit it frequently we will soon convince the authorities that we need both the large basement rooms, and when the *"Legislature"* provides more class room we'll get 'em too.

There has been some misunderstanding as to who is entitled to the use of the Y. M. C. A. room. *All students*, whether members of the Y. M. C. A. or not, are welcome, and all will be treated alike. But without question, every man who has not yet done so should join not so much for the membership fee which the Association needs, but for the influence which each man exerts on his neighbor. Perhaps some one is kept out because you have not joined. The Y. M. C. A. is for all students and all the faculty. It needs the support of every man in college, and having received this, will be a tremendous power for character, influence, and thus happiness in the college.

FIRST INTERNATIONAL STUDENT BIBLE CONFERENCE.

Animated by the desire to make the Bible a mighty factor in shaping the thoughts and actions of educated men, and in response to the requests of a large number of leaders in Bible study in the colleges, the first International Student Bible Conference met in Columbus, O., October 22-25, 1908. This gathering, following a year of unprecedented activity in Bible study among the college men of America, marks the opening of a year of work which will unquestionably be world-wide in its reach.

It was the purpose of the Conference to bring to the attention of the students of North America, as never before, the mighty message of the Bible to individual and national life; to secure, through the invaluable assistance of college faculties, alumni and influential students, a far greater development of the North American student Bible work both intensively and extensively; to indicate the methods which have been found eminently successful in leading students to make the daily study of the Bible a life habit; and to unite firmly the leaders of student and graduate life in the determination to extend the co-operation of our American Bible movement to the students of non-Christian lands. There is no question

but that the influence of this gathering will be felt in the life of the church throughout the entire world.

The sessions were designed to serve most effectively the purposes of the gathering. The forenoons were devoted to addresses and discussions bearing directly on the development of the Bible study movement, while in the afternoons the Conference was divided into groups, according to the classes of institutions, to consider plans for promoting efficiency in Bible teaching and the reaching of a larger proportion of college men than heretofore.

At the evening sessions the guests listened to great addresses by men of such recognized ability and scholarship as to make their utterances on the various themes authoritative.

The delegates, 1,000 in number, were entertained by the United Brotherhoods of the city of Columbus.

Locals

Since the last issue of THE RED AND WHITE the foot ball scores have been: A. & M.—6, Georgetown University—0; A. & M.—0, University of Virginia—6; A. & M.—21, Davidson—0.

The team leaves Raleigh at 8:30 Friday morning for Lexington, Va., where they play Washington & Lee on Saturday.

After the victory over Davidson last Saturday the student body went out to celebrate. They received warm receptions wherever they went, but the warmest was the one at Peace Institute. There the girls were on the lookout for them with all kinds of songs, which they sang with great "gusto."

The constant drip of tear-drops can be heard all over the campus on account of the recent death of a dear little guinea pig which died at the Agricultural building. Dr. Stephens collected some dirt from the cracks of the table on which our A. & M. mess hall bread is made, and inoculated this dear little pig with some of it. The result: the pig died in twenty-four hours. Lookout, boys! Beware!

A few weeks ago we had in our midst Henry Blanchard, a former student of the A. & M.

Recently, we had as visitors, Mr. Chambers, who, a few years ago, was Cadet-Major of the A. & M. battalion; and "Bird" Eagle, who was Cadet-Major of the battalion last year.

The first Athletic dance of the year was held last Saturday night in Pullen hall. The dance was a successful one in

every way, and was an occasion of delightful happiness as are all A. & M. dances.

The faculty has recently declared that every student who makes a daily grade of 90 during the term shall be exempt from examination at the end of the term.

It is the opinion of the students that the faculty could not have passed a rule, under any circumstances, which would cause more true studying than will this one.

Grinds

Young lady to Price—"Mr. Price, what course are you taking?"

Price—"Mechanical engineering."

Y. L.—"What do you learn to make in that course?"

Price—"Silver dollars."

Stump Hampton says that the German club ought to buy him a silver whistle as a momentum.

R. Hicks to Prof. Dorsey—"Professor, I did not work those problems you told us to bring in, but here is an apple."

Prof. Parks—"Mr. McManaway, make a dirt pounder by plugging a piece of pipe with iron."

"Mac."—"Professor, must I use a hollow pipe?"

Bill Ross—"Hello, Buch, is that you?"

Slim—"Yep, part of me; took a bath this afternoon."

Sudie Whithurst says that he does not shave but cuts his beard with scissors.

Capt. Lassiter to Prof. Riddick—"Professor, is the Washington monument one solid block of stone?"

Prof. Satterfield—"Mr. Buchanan, what is a vacuum?"

Buch.—"A vacuum is where something was and just left."

Freddy Jones says that if he had three eyes, he would want the third eye on the end of his thumb, so he could see the base ball games through a knot hole in the fence.

Bill Ross—"Millner, I saw a man so mangled by being caught in a driving-belt that not a piece of his body weighed ten pounds."

Millner—"Did he live?"

McLendon to lady Bursar at Peace—"Good evening; my name is McLendon."

Bursar—"Is it?"

Mc.—"I am Assistant Manager of the A. & M. foot ball team."

Bursar—"Are you?"

Mc.—"I came over to maks arrangements for the young ladies to see the Georgetown game."

Bursar—"Well, just go ahead, sir."

Mc.—"Why,—er—here are the tickets."

Strawberry Jones—"Have you heard 'Phofer's' latest nick name?"

Young lady—"No, what is it?"

Straw.—"I guess it would sound better on the outside."

Young lady—"Well, go outside and say it."

Prof. Cornelson—"Mr. Sexton, what is the initial impulse?"

Sex.—"I don't know what you are talking about, Professir."

Cor.—"Then, what do you come in here for.?"

Sex.—"Don't know, sir; I just followed the crowd around."

(P. S.—He saw the President).

Clippings

THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH.

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell *Su.*
And an E and a Y and E spell *I,*
Pray, what is a speller to do?
Then, if also, an S and an I and a G
And H-E-D spell *side,*
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But go commit *siouxeyesighed.*

An Arkansas paper says, "to be an up-to-date leader in society here a young man has only to wear knobby hat, white vest, low cut shoes, red socks, a flower in his button-hole, and smoke cigarettes, and he is it."

This may be all to the mustard in Arkansas, but down in South Carolina, society demands a shirt, trousers, cuffs and collars. In some of the most exclusive circles, underclothes are also worn.

"You have named the baby, Tetanus?" exclaimed the horrified caller.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lapsling, "I think that's what we will call her; it is the name my husband suggested."

"But think how it will mortify her when she grows up to be a young woman! Do you know what 'tetanus' means? It means lockjaw.'"

"You must be mistaken about that. He says it means silent, quiet, reserved."

(Ladies must not read).

If there is anything worries a woman,
It is something she ought not to know,
But you bet she will find it out somehow
If she gets the least kind of a show.

Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she has already read;
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

Percy—"Do you like corn on the ear?"
Harold—"I never had one there."

Excited lady (*at the telephone*)—"I want my husband, please, at once."
Telephone girl—"Number, please."
Excited lady (*snappishly*)—"How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"

Head of institution—"I'm afraid I can't cure your husband of drinking, madam."
She—"Your note said it could be done in six months."
Head of institution—"True, but I had not seen you then."

Fond mother (*to Margaret, who is crying lustily*)—"O, you precious darling, whereabouts is the pain?"
Margaret (*aged three*)—"Right here, mama, in de front of me back, boo-hoo!"

A maid, a man, an open fan,
A seat upon the stair,
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss
And forty years of care.

Freshman—"I thought you took algebra last year."
Sophomore—"I did, but the faculty encored me."

Useful doggie—A lady who kept a little curly poodle lost her pet, and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force came with the dog, very wet and dirty.

The lady was overjoyed, and asked a number of silly questions, among others:

"Where did you find my dear darling?"

"Why, madam," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was washing windows with him."

"Generally speaking, women are—"

"Yes, they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

This is what —— found upon opening, what she supposed to be her trunk, on her arrival at Converse: 6 dirty collars, 3 Alice blue ties, 1 pair pink pajamas, 3 socks, 1 lavendar, 1 box "Duke's mysterious," 2 oranges, badly in need of a shave, 1 collection of Fluffy Ruffle pictures, 1 curling iron, 6 packages "home runs," 1 pipe (very odoriferous), letters tied with baby-blue ribbon, 1 "merry widow" handkerchief, 1 Wofford pennant.

The gentleman who had hers in exchange, upon returning the same, may have his treasure box.—*Converse Concept.*

Exchanges

The magazines this month show a very marked improvement over those of the preceding month, in the amount, quality, and diversion of their literature. We are sorry to see though, that there is a tendency to short stories in preference to articles that might bear directly on the student's life and prospects. Of course, we recognize that these articles are all written, or at least the greatest per cent. should be, by the students themselves, and so the magazine must accept to a certain extent the product of the student's mind. To tell a good story requires the writer to be well versed in what he is writing about, he must be conversant with many facts that the story itself does not hinge on, and above all he must be an exceptionably good English scholar; for he has thoughts, moods, ideals, etc., to portray that can only be made real in the best English. Therefore, for a student, it would be easier to work up an essay on something that bears a direct relation to one's own life's work and purposes. When this is accomplished our magazines will be more like college magazines and less of the "all story" variety; as we are sorry to say some of them seem to be diverging into.

Randolph-Macon Monthly.

The first issue of a magazine is generally never up to the standard that is set by the staff, and thatis generally attained in later numbers, but the standard of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* seems to have been set in their first issue. The literature is well balanced as regards the relation between amount of poetry, essays and lighter material, perhaps it would have been wise had you saved one story for a later issue. "The Bride of the Nile," is a hard subject well developed, taking as it does, a Bible story upon which to erect a plot. "Our

Southland" appeals to us all and any praise on our part would be unnecessary. We would suggest in almost direct opposition to "D. S. T.'s" editorial that you have a little humor, of course, not to be excessive but enough to add spice.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

To anyone wishing to know something of Bacon's Rebellion," we refer them to *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* for an article exhaustive and well written, it will hold your attention until finished. Other than this there is no article that is of interest to an outsider.

Georgetown College Journal.

We find Georgetown's magazine well filled with the kind of mattetr that makes it attractive to an outsider as well as to a member of the student body. There is a lack of monotony that is pleasing, the matter being separated so that no two articles of the same class come together; this might be followed in some of our contemporary magazines with advantage. The stories are well written, "The Homicide at Sea," dealing with something that we know little or nothing about, and although rather sentimental at times, is very good. The editorials, too, deserve mention, they could be well placed in every college magazine.

We acknowledge receipt of the following: *Winthrop College Journal, Georgetown College Journal, The Messenger, The Oracle, Davidson College Magazine, William Jewell Student, The Tooter, The Acorn, Sewanee Purple, Side Lights, The College Reflector, The Erskinion, The Chatterbox, The Criterion, The Palmetto, The T. C. U. Collegian, The Southern Collegian, Guilford Collegian, Park School Gazette, Wake Forest Student, Black and Magerta, Trinity Archive, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The U. of Va. Magazine, Furman Echo, D. H. S. Messenger, Yellow Jacket, Clemson College Chronicle, Gray Jacket, Converse Concept, Randolph-Macon Monthly, U. of Utah Chronicle, The Round-up.*

DR. M. M. WHITEHURST.
(Coach).

C. P. GRAY.
(Manager).