

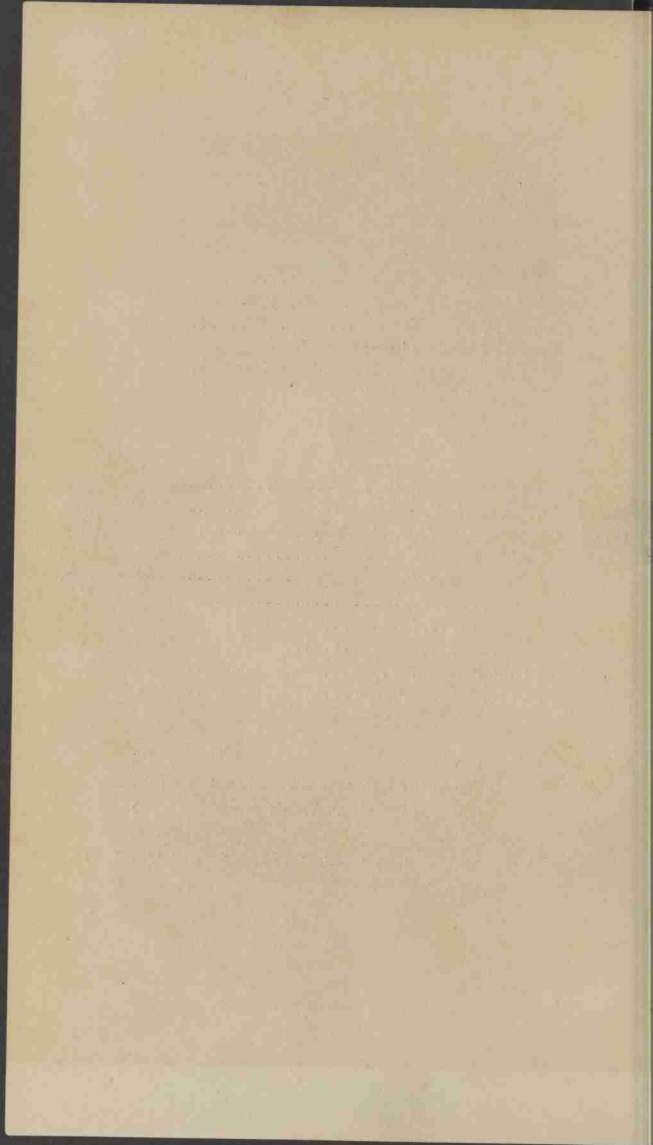
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Again, I wish to call the attention of those who still owe for their subscription to the RED AND WHITE to the fact that we need the money—need it badly. Won't you please come in and pay up?

The Business Manager has other duties to perform besides hunting you up, and besides that is not a pleasant duty.

L. H. KIRBY,  
*Business Manager.*

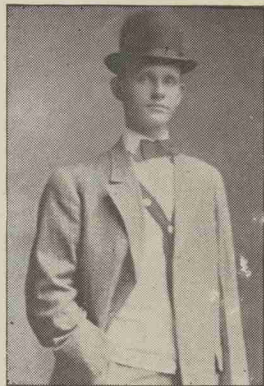




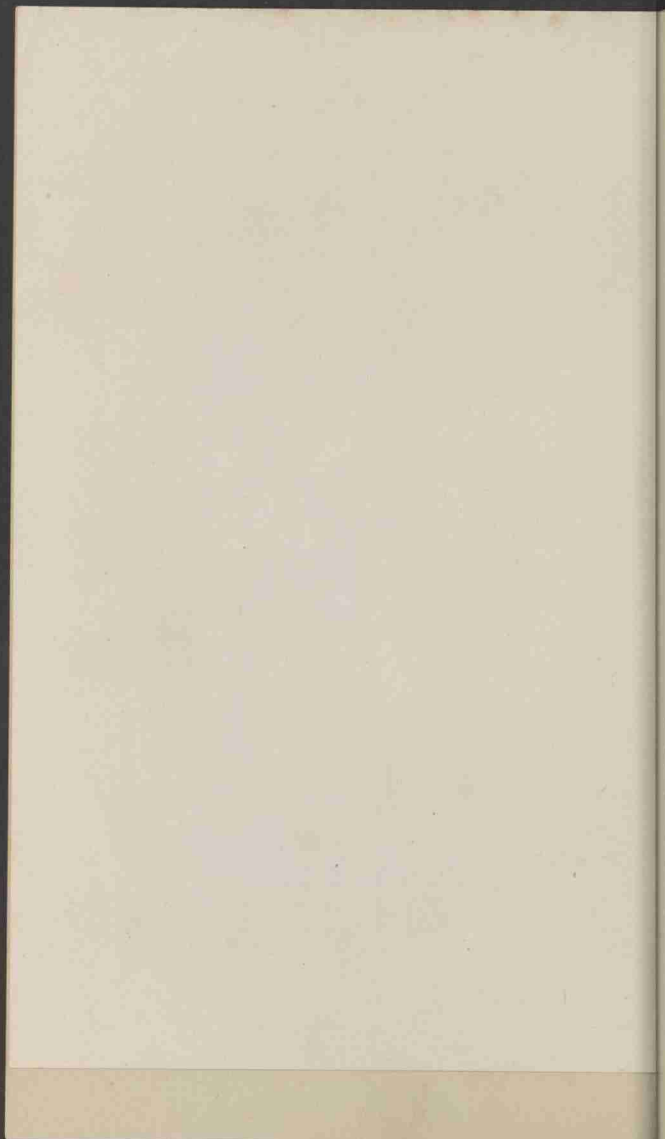
J. B. BRAY (CAPTAIN), CENTER.



HARTSELL, HALF-BACK,  
CAPTAIN FOR SEASON 1910.



E. P. McLENDON, MANAGER.



# The Red and White

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VOL. XI. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER, 1909. No. 4.

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## WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

Cupid and a damsel  
Once played at poker.  
The deck was stripped,  
And they used the joker.  
Cupid lost his eyes  
On three of a kind,  
And ever since then  
Love's been blind.

R. F. J., '10.

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## OUR TEAM.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

It is indeed a difficult task to write anything about the team upon which you play, but I feel that it is my duty to give a short history of the Team of 1909, and I shall endeavor to give the facts as I have seen them as to the team in general as well as individuals.

While some may consider the season a failure, I am not of that opinion. It is true we lost the game we valued more than any of the rest, yet we won other games which entitle us to high rating among other Southern colleges. By virtue of our victory over Kentucky University and comparative scores, I think we are entitled to rank among the South Atlantic list; with V. P. I. first, Sewanee second, George Washington would come fourth, and Vanderbilt fifth.

We had the best team that A. & M. has ever had, with the exception of a punter which stands out pre-eminently as the cause of our defeat by V. P. I. on Thanksgiving Day in Norfolk. It made my heart ache to see such a good team as ours struggle under such great disadvantages. The boys showed the supporters what they were made of when they scored a touchdown in the last minute of play by consistent line smashing when defeat stared them in the face. No team has ever fought under such difficulties as did A. & M. on that day. I have never seen such fighting spirit as was shown by every member of the team. There was no give up in them, every man fought as though his life depended on that game, but defeat came in spite of all that could be done. The ball was carried with a whirl for first down time and again only to be sent back by the power of the "mighty toe" of Hodgeson. A. & M. carried the ball 316 yards against V. P. I.'s 108. These figures show something of the strength of the two teams.

Never before in the history of the college has there been greater harmony and friendship as existed among the players. The man who deserved the place was the man who got the job, and nothing more was said. No man could have helped enjoy being the captain of such a fine set of congenial team mates. They loved each other and fought for each other with the spirit that makes the heart of a Southerner swell with pride.

Much credit is due to our fine band. They have always been loyal to the team, and their tunes of "Carolina" and "Dixie" has helped us on to victory many times. The student body showed greater spirit than ever before and stood by us till the last.

A. & M. has never had greater advantages in coaching. Eddie Green has won the confidence of every man on the team and has proven his ability to us as a coach. He knew more inside football than any coach we have ever had, and he had the finest set of plays ever brought to the South.

His record as a player is too well known to be mentioned by me. He won the friendship of every member on the squad.

Frank Thompson is the best athlete that A. & M. has ever had, and through his playing and coaching has helped A. & M. to win many victories. He is capable of coaching any team in the South.

Manager McLendon deserves much credit for the financial success and for the fine way in which he looked after the team.

A few words as to the individual players, and I give up the captaincy to a better man. With much regret I bid farewell to football, and my heart is with A. & M. always, no matter whether in victory or defeat:

Hartsell, the newly-elected captain, is going to win honors for his team and school. He is a favorite with the boys and is just the man for the place. He knows football and has a cool head at all times. He is a great trainer and the fastest man we have ever had. It is very likely that he will play quarterback next year, and at this position he will make a great general, and we are looking forward to Captain Hartsell to do great things.

"Shorty" Long is not what you would call a sensational player, but he is in the game at all times and is cool and steady. He is one of the best defensive players in the South. He was a great mainstay to the back field.

"Governor" Glenn (halfback), as his name signifies, is a smasher of the line of opposers. He is fast and is a heavy man. He deserves mention in the all Southern. He will make the best man of his position. He has great sticking qualities and is a great fighter.

Lasitter deserves as much credit as any man who has ever made a monogram. He played halfback, and was a hard worker and a ground gainer.

"Dutchy" Siefert has played end for two seasons and is one of the best ends A. & M. has ever had. His defensive work is especially good, and he can always be relied upon to handle forward passes.

Dunn has played tackle for two years and is the best man at his position in the South. He is a heavy man and uses his weight to advantage. He is shifty on his feet and a hard tackler. He was chosen this season as all Southern tackle. He can make any of the "Big Four."

Floyd, guard, has played this position two years. He is a heavy man and a tower of strength. He has improved greatly this season and has been mentioned by several for all Southern guard.

Mott, guard, is a light man for his position, but is the best man to his weight that ever played a guard. He has more pluck and grit than any man I have ever seen.

Von Glahn, tackle, has been chosen as all Southern this season, and he is a tower of strength. He knows football and uses his head at all times. He made himself famous by tackling the man behind the line. He did not measure up to his standard this season owing to a severe injury to his knee.

Stafford and Haynes, ends, were hard, aggressive players. Stafford was good on receiving forward passes, and Haynes distinguished himself in his defensive work.

Keasler, halfback, is a big man, and made a reputation in the Kentucky game that will not be forgotten. He is a line smasher and is a strong defensive player.

Last, but not least, comes "Sephie," our all Southern quarterback. Stephens is the best quarterback in the South. He runs his team with perfect ease and carries the ball well. He is especially strong on running back punts, and can always be relied upon as a sure and hard tackler. More credit is due to him for A. & M.'s victories than any one man on the team.



## THE FULLBACK.

Del was her name, Del Aleen Smith. To Jimmy, the huge Tech fullback, as he read this name, it seemed to be the prettiest he had ever heard or seen spelled out. Jimmy, with many other of his college mates from Tech, was seated in the chapel of Sweet Rose College for Women, and while anxiously awaiting the beginning of the recital he amused himself by reading and re-reading the program because Aleen's name was printed there. It was the night before Thanksgiving and the Di Society of Sweet Rose was giving its annual recital in the chapel, after which an informal reception was always held in the parlors and drawing-rooms below. Aleen, as you may imagine, was Jimmy's girl, and although the greatest football game of the season was to be played on the morrow and Jimmy ought to have been at Tech in bed, yet he couldn't let this golden opportunity for seeing his girl pass by, so he was on hand early to take it all in.

The curtain was at last raised and the president of the Di Society came forward and gave the usual words of welcome. Although Jimmy had perhaps read his program some eight or ten times, he again consulted it to make sure that Aleen's place was last on the list. According to the program, Miss Smith was to render a violin solo, with piano accompaniment. Jimmy tried long to figure out the long name of the classical piece of music she was to render, but finally muttered something about "Dago musicians" and let it go with that. The president sat down and was followed by another young lady who sang, another who read an essay, and so on. At length, cool, and looking as pretty and as sweet as you please, Aleen came forward and rendered the last piece on the program, delighting everyone and throwing Jimmy into ecstasies.

"Come on," said Jimmy to Mack, the football manager, as the curtain went down. "Let's go to the drawing-rooms; I'm in a hurry."

"To be sure," and Mack smiled. He followed Jimmy with alacrity, for he too had a girl to see below, and was in a hurry as well as Jimmy.

The parlors were tastefully decorated in the colors of the Di Society, maroon and white. All of the young ladies wore bits of ribbon of maroon and white and quite a number wore carnations of dark red and white.

It didn't take Mack or Jimmy long to find their girls among those present and a still shorter time to find seats and get comfortable.

"O Jimmy," said Aleen sweetly, "I've got the cutest little poem to read you; just listen," and she began unfolding a small bit of newspaper.

"O Aleen," called a girl near them, "come over here a moment, won't you please?"

"Sure," she answered. "Excuse me a moment, Jimmy," and she turned to speak to the other girl.

It was a warm night, really too warm for November. Just at the moment Aleen turned away, Jimmy realized the warmth. This with the low strains from a violin coming from across the hall and mingling with the low inarticulate hum of many voices seemed to have a drowsy effect on Jimmy. Suddenly he became unconscious of the girls present, of the music, and of the hum of voices. Faintly, he saw a football field around which were thousands of spectators, and he heard a voice,—not the sweet voice of Aleen, but the voice of a quarterback calling his signals: "29, 13, 71, 10." He heard distinctly, "formation right 29, 13, 71, 10." And Jimmy didn't doubt for a moment that these were Kentucky's signals, the team Tech was to oppose on the morrow. In fact, he imagined he saw the blue and white jerseys of his opponents lined up against the Tech eleven. He saw the quarterback snap the ball back, pitch it into the arms of a back who dived ahead straight for the line. "I'll get him," murmured Jimmy, and he sprang forward to tackle his man. Three men hit him at the same time. Jimmy fell, and falling he heard the



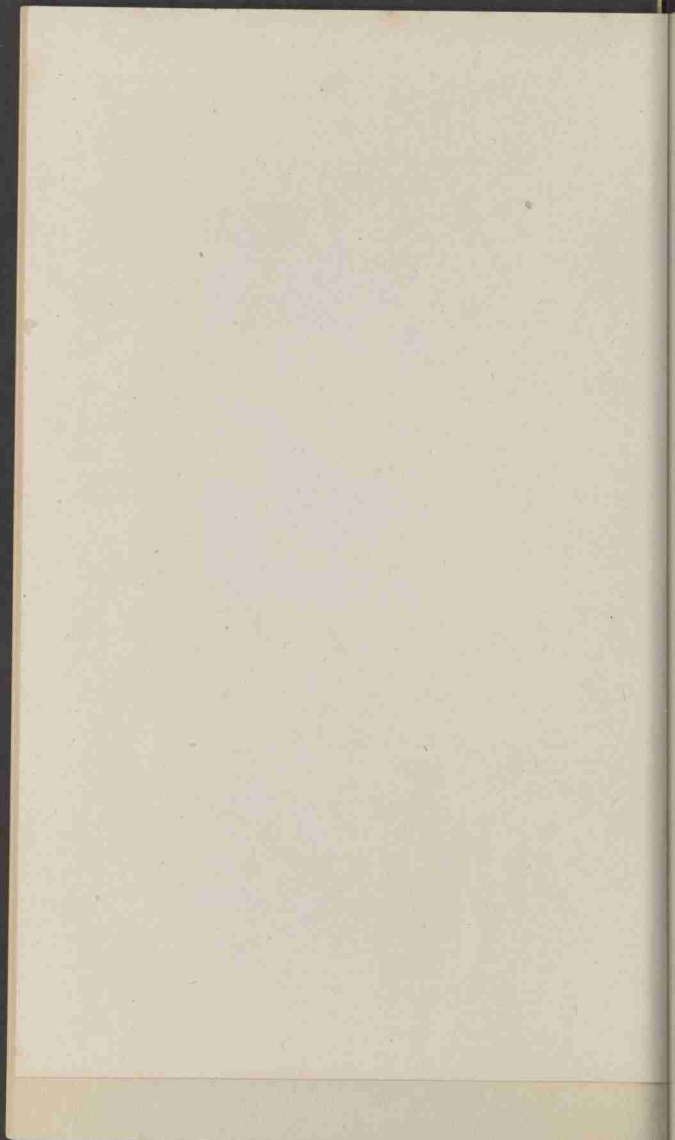
D. B. FLOYD, RIGHT GUARD



A. L. KEASLER, HALF-BACK



S. F. STEVENS, QUARTER-BACK



roar of thousands of rooters, and in it all the shrill whistle of the referee. Jimmy felt the weight of the whole team on him, he had a strange feeling in his neck and he could hardly breathe, he was choking——

“O Jimmy,” said Aleen sweetly in his ear, “come, Kennedy wants me to help her serve punch in the hall. Come, and I’ll give you all you can drink.”

“What! drink punch?” answered Jimmy. “Never; why his royal lordship, the coach, would put me off the team if he’d catch me at it.” And Jimmy tried to look real solemn.

“Then,” said Aleen coaxingly, “we must not let the coach catch us.”

“How can I refuse when I am tempted by such a fair tempter,” and all the time Aleen holding to Jimmy’s great hand was pulling him through the drawing-room to the hall. “I’ll bet,” continued Jimmy, “you’ll have me eating cake and cream before the night is over.”

“To be sure I will, and probably I may prevail on you to indulge in your pipe too; it’s all nonsense, this rigorous training the coaches subject you to.” Aleen knew she was sorely tempting Jimmy, especially in regard to his pipe.

The task of serving punch was a pleasant one, but after some twenty or thirty minutes it ended and Aleen and Jimmy were again left to themselves.

“O Jimmy,” suddenly exclaimed Aleen with delight, “I had almost forgotten the poem I started to read you just a while ago. Come, let me read it to you,” and she produced the small newspaper clipping. “I cut this from the *News*, and it’s darling, too! Listen:

#### THE REWARD.

“She was one of Fortune’s darlings,  
Clad in richest furs was she;  
Sweet and full of dainty graces—  
Briefly, a divinity.

He, a youth unkempt and grimy,  
He had had hard knocks, poor boy;  
Streaked his face and soiled his garments,  
Yet she gazed on him with joy.

Long lost brother? No, by ginger!  
Scarce acquaintance could he claim;  
Yet that dainty darling hugged him  
For his kick had saved the game."

"You darling," whispered Jimmy; "if it wasn't for that scowling teacher over yonder I'd hug you right here."

"O you bad thing," answered Aleen; "come, let us go out on the piazza," and they went.

Walking around and around on the great piazza, they talked and spooned and spooned and talked. First they'd look in each other's eyes, then at the moon and then at the Japanese lanterns hung around the piazza. Jimmy told Aleen about the Kentucky team, about their famous line plunges and how hard it was going to be to win over them the next day. Aleen told Jimmy how all the Sweet Rose girls were going to the game and all were going to carry Tech colors, and in a 'round-about manner half way intimated that he might expect some "reward," too, if he helped Tech win the game. So when the silver bell of the matron rung, and Jimmy departed he had made up his mind that Tech must win, and would win, and if he didn't come unto his own then, —well, he'd find out why.

Thanksgiving Day was an ideal one from a football point of view, rather crisp and cool for the fellow on the bleachers, but just the right temperature for the players. Everything was working together to make the game a success. The weather, as has been noted, was perfect; the players were in the pink of condition; and the excursions pouring thousands into the city insured the financial success of the game.

When the hour hands arrived at the 3:30 mark a huge crowd of some eight thousand people were seated around the big gridiron. Tech rooters—seven hundred strong—were rending the air with yells loud enough to wake the dead—that is, those dead enough not to care whether the home team won or lost. Sweet Rose was there, too,—two hundred strong—less noisy, it is true, but by the Tech banners and colors displayed no one doubted how their hearts were. Kentucky was there, too. Their team of huge, husky fellows well looked capable of making those heavy line plunges for which they were famous. Tech, too, was there, and so were the interested spectators; and last, but not least, the enthusiastic sports were there sizing up the teams and laying wagers as to the probable outcome of the score.

At 3:30 all had assembled and all were ready to see the great game. Schencklin for Kentucky started it off by kicking the ball fifty-five yards towards Tech's goal; Stevvy received it with open arms, returned it fifteen yards,—and the game was on.

The rooters roared; the band played, and the teams fought over every inch of the ground. It was a battle royal. The Kentucky team well came up to their title "the western line plungers." Time and time again their heavy backs would smash through the Tech line, sometimes for five, eight or ten yard gains. Each side depended on their line plunges to make their gains, and very few forward passes were resorted to as a means of gaining ground. If their plunges gained them nothing, Schencklin for Kentucky would boot the pig skin far out of danger, while under the same circumstances Jimmy would duplicate the performance for the Tech team. After thirty-five minutes of hard, consistent football the refereee blew his whistle for the end of the first half. The ball was almost in the middle of the field, and the score was 0 to 0.

The second half began, and again the contest was hot and fierce. After a few minutes of play Tech successfully carried

the ball to the fifteen yard line of Kentucky. Jimmy had carried the ball on several downs and had always made his gain. But on the fatal fifteen yard line, Tech lost the ball on a fumble and Kentucky got it in the mix up.

Jimmy's hopes were dashed. A touchdown had been almost in their grasp, and now,—now they had lost the chance, and his vision of a royal "reward" was past. Suddenly, Jimmy heard something that startled him. Something thrilled him and his nerves were tingling in a moment. The roaring of the rooters, the applause of the spectators did not drown from Jimmy's ears the clear voice of Kentucky's quarterback as he called his signals.

"29, 13, 71, 10," Jimmy heard, "formation right, 29, 13, 71, 10!"

"Line plunge over left tackle," yelled Jimmy. "I'll get him!" And the quarterback called his signals again.

Witherton, Kentucky's center rush, snapped the ball back to Ray, who passed it to Schencklen, the fullback. Schencklen plunged between Kentucky's right guard and tackle, and with the whole weight of his team behind him, he was going through the Tech line. Jimmy led the defense. Crouching low, he ran into the scrimmage and was the first to tackle Schencklen in his course. But one man could by no means arrest the momentum of the Kentucky plunge. As soon as the Tech men saw the point of attack they concentrated their efforts there to stop the forward movement. A great mass of struggling men it was, and at last when it fell and the referee's whistle had sounded for downs, the Tech rooters yelled with delight, for their line had held and Kentucky had been thrown for a loss.

The players fell apart and began to arise from their prostrate positions; but Jimmy, who was on the bottom, did not rise. A team mate pulled his body into a more comfortable position and called for time. The rooters were still cheering the plucky tackle Jimmy had made, when they saw the college physician with his medicine case, and an attendant with a bucket of water rush out on the field.



A dead calm ensued. "Jimmy is hurt," whispered one. "Tech's fullback," whispered another, and in a moment the entire congregation of people knew who the injured man was. Everyone was watching the valiant efforts of the physician, and no one noticed the small, trim form of a girl as she slipped from her seat in the grand-stand,—no, not even the chaperone. The big burly policeman at the field gate did not notice her as she passed softly by him, at least if he did, he asked her for no side line pass, and in a few moments Aleen found herself on the field by Jimmy's side.

Jimmy was hurt, and seriously hurt; he was unconscious, and before a stretcher could be brought he suffered a convulsion on the field. He was carried to the college hospital, some three hundred yards from the athletic field, and there—fifteen minutes later—he died.

Aleen, brave little girl that she was, never left his side for a moment. Indeed, it was her soft hand that administered the lotion to his head, and regaining consciousness just a moment before he died, it was into her eyes that he looked and smiled.

"Did they make their gain, dearie?" asked Jimmy in a whisper.

"No," softly answered Aleen, and a tear came to her eye. "No, they didn't, Jimmy. May God bless you," and there, kneeling by his bed,—totally oblivious of the fact that doctors, nurses and others were in the room—there she tenderly kissed his lips,—but Jimmy—Jimmy had answered his last signals on earth, and Jimmy had made his gain.

R. K. BABINGTON.

## FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1909 AND OUR RECORD.

The events of one more football season have been recorded by the college world. Hundreds of husky gridiron warriors have laid aside their football togs, some of them only until another season and many of them forever. Some colleges have been successful in their aims, while others have been only partly so. Yet, all are equally enthusiastic over their team, and the memories of many hard fought battles and victories well won are ever present to the college student. For three months the college world has been living, thinking and doing football. Now that the season is over, only the echo remains, and yet we like to take a retrospective glance at our heroes, our battles and our records. In like manner, our own college has closed an eventful season, and we, too, take pride in taking a look backward at our team and her record.

When college opened in September, the very air was full of football. Captain Bray arrived early and found Frank Thompson already on the ground. In a few days about fifty candidates reported in suits for practice. The squad looked pretty good. Bray, Von Glahn, Stevens, Long, Mott, Floyd, Dunn, Siefert and Hartsell of last year's team were back in their places. Lasitter and Parks of last year's scrub team and five or six new men looked pretty promising.

The boys began the preliminary drill under the direction of Frank Thompson and Captain Bray. Dr. M. M. Whitehurst, who had coached our team so successfully for the past two years, was engaged as coach. On the day he was to have reported for duty, a telegram was received saying that his business obligations were such that he would be unable to fill his contract. Of course, the whole college was sorry to hear that Dr. Whitehurst was not coming back, but we set to work to find a coach at once. In about two weeks we were lucky enough to secure that admirable coach and gentleman, Mr. Edward L. Green. Mr. Green came and joined hands with Frank Thompson, and as coaches they set to work to develop

a winning team. Let me say here with all sincerity, that no men ever worked harder than did these two for any team. The team had the highest respect for them both. Not only the team, but our faculty and friends are highly pleased with the gentlemanly bearing of these men in their capacity as coaches.

Our team was soon rounded into pretty good shape, and on the 2d day of October we were ready for our first game. Maryville College, of Tennessee, came over to do battle with us. Our boys went in the game with the old time spirit, and when it was ended the score read 30 to 0 in our favor.

In this game we were able to get some idea of the strength of the team. The team worked well under generalship of Stevens at quarter and Captain Bray at center. The Maryville boys put up a plucky fight throughout the game and they deserve much credit for the good game they played.

The Maryville boys enjoyed their stay in Raleigh so much that they wrote Dr. Hill a nice letter after getting back home, thanking the college for the splendid entertainment we gave them. They were a nice crowd of boys and we hope that we may have another game with them some future time.

After the Maryville game our team redoubled its efforts and worked hard to correct its weak points. On the following Saturday, October 9th, the team played the Maryland Atlantic Club in Norfolk, Va. This was one of the prettiest games of the season. In the first half neither team was able to score and it looked as if the two teams were too evenly matched to score. But our team went in the second half to win, and they did. Our superior training soon told on the "Old Stars" and we scored two touchdowns and kicked both goals. Neither team was ever able to make much gain through the opposing line and each had to rely upon punts, forward passes and on-side kicks for gains. Von Glahn's and Stevens' points averaged very well in this game.

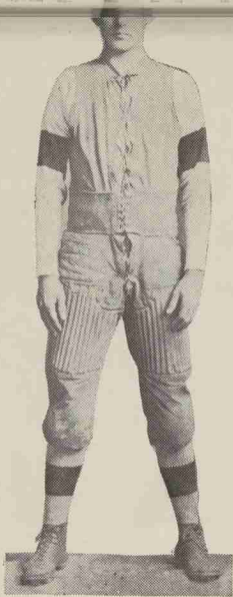
We began to feel more enthusiastic than ever after this last game, and it was the general opinion that we had the best

team the college has ever had. But the coaches and players did not let these victories give them the "big head," for they soon found that we were going to meet a rival worthy of our best metal. For two weeks the team worked hard to get in shape for the big Fair Week game with the Kentucky State University. The Kentuckians had already defeated the universities of Illinois and Tennessee and it looked as if this was to be the biggest game A. & M. had ever played. Our expectations were about correct. No doubt Kentucky had by far the best team that ever played in Raleigh, and they would class with V. P. I. and the University of Virginia easily. The outcome of the game was very problematic. The game was played before 3,000 enthusiastic spectators. During the first half Kentucky scored a touchdown and kicked goal after Hartsell had made a successful goal from the field. Both teams tried hard to score again, but the score stood 6 to 3 in their favor at end of the first half. In the second half our boys got together better and we scored two touchdowns. Every inch of ground was hotly contested throughout the game, and it was the general opinion of every one present that it was the best game of football ever seen in the State. There was much brilliant playing on both sides, but the work of Captain Barbee of Kentucky deserves mention above all. He was undoubtedly the best halfback that has ever played against A. & M., and Kentucky's touchdown was largely due to his fine work.

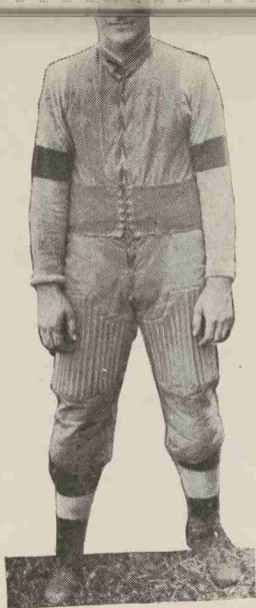
The victory over Kentucky was indeed a great triumph for us. If we had not won another single game we would have a right to be proud of our team.

The next game played was with the Maryland Agricultural College, and resulted in a score of 30 to 0 in our favor.

Next followed Washington and Lee. This was a hard fought game and we barely did win, though we lost two mighty good chances of scoring a touchdown. We were greatly handicapped in this game on account of Von Glahn being unable to play, and Hartsell's bad knee. Hartsell and Seifert were both hurt badly in the game and were unable to play against



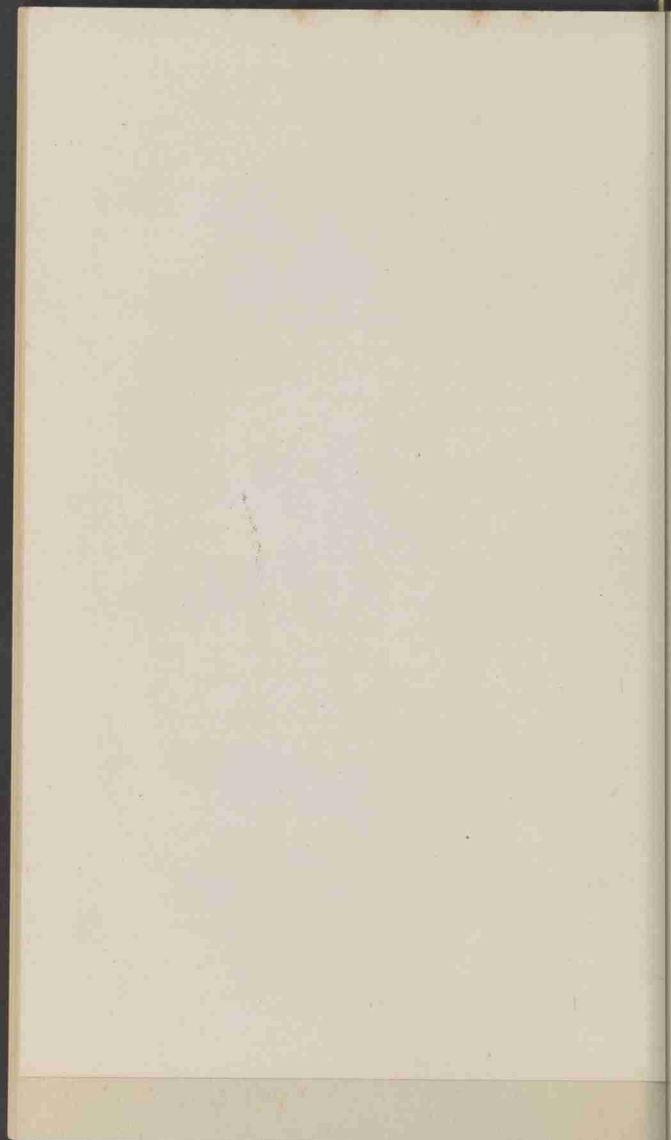
T. H. STAFFORD, LEFT END.



RALPH LONG, FULL-BACK.



J. L. DUNN, RIGHT TACKLE.



the Franklin team. The Washington and Lee boys were mighty nice to us while in Lexington and we gladly give them credit for putting up the most stubborn fight we have encountered for some time.

The Franklin game was also a fine one, and our boys played good ball, though not as well as usual. The big crowd of sailors who came down on the excursion from Norfolk were as interesting to most people as the game was. The Franklin team played a good hard game and an effort will probably be made to arrange a game with them for next season.

The Thanksgiving game is reported elsewhere, so I will not say anything about it except that we are not at all ashamed of the result, because we know that we were defeated by the best team in the whole South. It was indeed a pleasure to those of us who had anything to do with the management of this game to find such a spirit of friendliness in the V. P. I. boys, their team and their faculty. The two institutions are upon better terms than ever before and both are determined to make our game the biggest football game in the South every year. In another year or two our game will be regularly attended by fifteen or twenty thousand people, and will be to the South what the Yale-Harvard game is to the North.

Financially, the season has been about as successful as any we have ever had. At this time it is impossible to say just what the condition of the treasury is, because all the bills have not yet been presented. However, it is believed that the association will come out even or probably with a little cash to our credit.

In conclusion, I will say that I consider the season a very successful one, and I hope next year we may be able to have a more successful season. I think that with Captain Hartsell we will have ten more players that will win the Southern championship. Manager Ross will arrange the best schedule we have ever had, and Assistant Managers Bowler and Bost will both be glad to wait on him.

LENNOX P. McLENDON,

*Manager.*

## LOVE AND LEMONS.

Before you hear this little tale  
To you I would like to say  
That I am just an amateur—  
Just starting in to-day—  
Just earning an honest living;  
And as so few can make this plea,  
Instead of being criticized  
I think you should encourage me.

## I.

A boy once loved a maiden,  
The fairest of the fair;  
Her eyes they were of brownish tint,  
And dark brown was her hair.

## II.

Her form to him was Venus,  
Her voice the song of birds;  
But misfortune stepped between them  
And she from him was lured.

## III.

She fell in love with another,  
By his charms and attractions wooed,  
And left him alone like the Prodigal Son,  
An outcast in the world—hoodoo-ed.

## IV.

Oh, yes, for a long time he thought so,  
Later he learned, now we know  
That he picked a lemon in the garden of love  
Where they say only peaches grow.

R. F. J., '10.



SOME WANDERING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE  
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

IN July, 1899, a number of United States Volunteer Regiments, some infantry and some cavalry, were mustered into the service of the country. These troops replaced the State volunteer organizations whose periods of enlistment had almost expired and the members of which were extremely anxious to return from the Philippines to the United States, their dear old native land, from which they had been absent since October, 1898.

After Admiral Dewey destroyed Spain's fleet in Manila Bay, the forces in and around Manila soon capitulated, leaving the city ready for occupation by the American troops. The "Americanos" entered, established law and order, and it is now told with a great deal of jocularity how the Americans "fell in" with the Filipinos, enjoying the cordial hospitality of their newly-acquired friends, and how some months afterward our soldiers and citizens could not walk on the thoroughfares without being jostled and in many little, mean ways be given to understand that we were becoming obnoxious, and flagrantly so, to our erstwhile companions. Finally, the relations between the Americans and Filipinos became so strained that on the night of February 4, 1899, the sentinels on Santa Mesa Bridge snapped the string by firing into each other's outpost, which at that time were about twenty-five yards apart. It is claimed by the Filipinos that the American sentinel fired the first shot of the Philippine insurrection. The Americans, on the other hand, believed and still believe that the Filipino outpost fired into theirs across the bridge, and that it was this fatal mistake and action on their part that "untied the dogs of war" and caused the contending parties to give up all hope of coming to a satisfactory determination as to which should govern the Philippine Archipelago, the Americans or the Filipinos. To this day it is not

generally known who broke the one thread, the severing of which on that fatal night emptied the theatres, drove the people to their houses, seeking security within the walls of their massive and strongly-built dwellings, and which called into their places on the "firing line" every officer and soldier who happened to be on liberty.

It would seem that the firing across the Santa Mesa Bridge had been premeditated. When that shot was fired a lurid canopy hovered over the Binondo and Tondo Districts of the city; this very quickly changed into the challenging crimson indicative of burning nipa. These districts were the abiding places of about fifty thousand Filipinos and Chinamen, mostly Filipinos, these being principally Tagologs and Maccabebes. The huts in this part of the city were built of bamboo, the roof and sides of the casa being covered with a wide-bladed grass called nipa. From long standing in such a hot climate these "shacks" had become very inflammable and were in a short time entirely consumed by the raging flames, which lit up the entire city. While the fire was burning there was a continuous fusilade of bullets raining down upon combatants and non-combatants alike, from stone churches, convents and from many other naturally fortified places, these having been occupied by the insurrectors with a view of protection and security while hurling their deadly missiles over and upon the heads of the now much despised Americans. No regard for the lives of their own people caused them to single out Americans for their targets, but an indiscriminate firing was kept up until our forces compelled them to excavate their strongholds.

It is most pleasantly recalled to the minds of those who were in Manila during the early days of 1899, how the State Volunteer Regiments, such as the Thirteenth Minnesota, First Washington, Twentieth Kansas, First Montana and numerous others, having responded to the first call for troops to the Orient and landed in and around Manila in October, 1898, drove out of the city, during the trying days of Febru-

ary, the beginning of the "Days of the Empire," the malcontents then under the leadership of Emilio Aguinaldo, and who had bound themselves together to resist to the utmost the authority of the United States. It is so well remembered how efficiently the patrol and police work of the city of Manila was performed by the Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment. The enforcement by this regiment of the prescribed rules and regulations for carrying into effect martial law was most rigorous, and rightly so. Gathered together in the city at that time were 250,000 inhabitants representing classes and types from every part of the world, and to make this heterogeneous multitude, the greater part of which obeyed no laws other than those made by themselves, arise from their beds at a stated time each morning, assume their avocations, make them respect and pay proper heed to the city ordinances regulating sanitation, and take cognizance of the rights and proprieties of law-abiding citizens, was a duty certainly encompassed about by many difficulties. The troops performing this important work and subsequently that of forcing beyond the city limits the insurrectos, were almost entirely State organizations whose ranks were filled from most every "walk in life"; and until October, 1899, there were few regiments of the regular army in the Philippines to supplement this force. Later, and after the return of the army from Cuba, a number of regiments were shipped to Manila to augment the forces already there. Thus re-enforced, Aguinaldo's fighting machine was soon driven from all parts of the city and beyond the boundaries of its most far-reaching suburbs.

The National Government in calling for United States volunteers provided that all men desiring to re-enlist for further service in the Philippines would have to serve longer than two years, or until the termination of the insurrection. It was also provided that both officers and enlisted men of the State volunteer organizations, then under orders to go home, could take advantage of this opportunity to serve short terms, and for this purpose they would be mustered out of the State

organizations and re-enlisted in the United States volunteer organizations just prior to departure of their old regiments for the United States. This same opportunity was offered old soldiers who had been discharged, per expiration of term of service, from the regular army, and who were desirous of serving short terms with the idea of having the time doubled for retirement, and at the expiration of which they would get transportation to the home-land.

By this method the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Regiments of Infantry and the Eleventh Regiment of Cavalry, U. S. Volunteers, were raised in the Philippines. All three good regiments, recruited from men, none of whom had served less than twelve months in active warfare and under very trying conditions. These soldiers had become inured to the hardships of the tropical climate and accustomed to the movements of the wily Filipino. For two years after their organization, these regiments took a very prominent part in suppressing the uprising. The Thirty-sixth Infantry operating on the "north line," and the Thirty-seventh Infantry and Eleventh Cavalry on the "south line," in and through the provinces of Laguna, Batangas, Tayabas, Infanta and others. For nearly a year the Thirty-seventh Infantry was divided into many parts, these small fractions guarding and garrisoning the towns of Santa Cruz, Majayjay, Magadena, Pagsanjan, Paquil, Paete, Nagcarlang, Mauban and Siniloan. Santa Cruz, Laguna Province, is the most important of the list, being a lake port. about thirty-five miles east of Manila and situated on quite a large body of water called the Laguna de Bay. This point is reached by launch from Manila over the Pasig Rio, south-east for about ten miles, thence northeast by east until you arrive at the Santa Cruz landing. From this you have to walk or ride about one mile before reaching the city proper. The population of the city is about 40,000.

During the stay of part of the Thirty-seventh Infantry at Santa Criz, General Juan Cailles was operating against our forces in that province, and right busily engaged were we kept,

repairing telegraph and telephone lines continually broken and carried away by some of his troops. It was not an infrequent thing to find that 500 or 600 yards of the 'phone wire had been cut and taken away so far that we never found it. Then again, it was a frequent occurrence to have our repairing detachments and escorts ambushed and attacked by overwhelming numbers. Fortunaely, each of the American soldiers was equal in nerve and marksmanship to ten insurrectos, or else we would have suffered severe losses. Laguna and Batangas Provinces formed the hotbed of the insurrection. Pagsanjan, just four miles east of Santa Cruz, was the birthplace and home of Aguinaldo. From January 23, 1899, until the latter part of 1902, the American forces in these provinces could invariably "stir up" a fight by leaving their garrisons. The American garrisons had little rest by day or night. Small numbers of Cailles' men would conceal themselves in the dense cocoanut groves surrounding the towns, and at 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, when all therein were resting, would fire into the buildings and upon our outposts. By the time the troops were out of their quarters and "after them," these assassins were dispersed in all directions; they would soon thereafter rendezvous at some other point and repeat, upon another garrison, this flagrant infraction of the laws of war.

The small town of Siniloan is fifteen miles north of Santa Cruz. A place of about 7,000 inhabitants, engaged principally in the copra business. The town is surrounded by an old stone wall ten feet high, formerly built by the Spaniards for the purpose of resisting attacks of the Filipinos in years gone by. Company L, Thirty-seventh Infantry, had garrisoned the town for several months, and while there, both officers and men had scouted the surrounding country within a radius of fifteen miles. The first lieutenant of the company made maps of it, locating to the north the town of Santa Maria and about ten miles from Siniloan, and just a mile and a quarter west of Mabitac, a town remarkably well protected by natural fortifications. To get to Mabitac you have to pass

over a causeway only eight feet wide. This was built in order to cross over from Siniloan regardless of the highwater caused from the rising of the Laguna de Bay in the rainy season. When the Bay is "up," an arm of it "shoots" north and cuts off all access to Mabitac from Siniloan, except by the causeway and by banca, as the water is fifteen feet deep on both sides of the road.

For several days prior to September 16, 1900, Cailles had invested Mabitac with at least 800 men. Company L, Thirty-seventh Infantry, fifty men strong, was still holding Siniloan, with the assistance of the wall, against the nightly attacks of Cailles' men. Several times Cailles sent challenges to the commanding officer of Siniloan that he was prepared to meet him in open combat and very much desired a fight with the "pork eaters" (Americans). From Siniloan, with glasses, could be distinctly seen the Filipino battle flags, their entrenchments, three tiers of which—one above the other—encircled to three-fourths circumference a hill about 300 feet high, this towering above and forming a splendid natural fortification for the protection of Mabitac to its west.

The officer commanding at Siniloan did not accept Cailles' invitations to fight, but made report of Cailles' whereabouts to Santa Cruz, asking that the commanding officer there to make arrangements to re-enforce Siniloan so as to enable him to expel the insurrectos from Mabitac. On the afternoon of September 16, 1900, Company L, Fifteenth Infantry, arrived at Siniloan. This organization had just recently arrived from the United States, and was sent from Manila for the purpose of relieving Company L, Thirty-seventh Infantry, then under orders to take station at Santa Cruz. The commanding officer of Santa Cruz arrived at Siniloan as Company L, Fifteenth Infantry, was landing, and while there he, after consulting with the officers of the two companies, decided to attack Cailles' stronghold early the next morning. It was agreed that forty men from Santa Cruz would be landed on the west shore of the lake and behind Mabitac, so

that they could cross the Mabitac River and force an entrance into the town from that position; that a column of 120 men would leave Siniloan and advance along the causeway to within 300 yards of the insurrectos' first line of trenches; that forty of this number were to remain at this point and entertain the enemy while eighty men made a detour north in the direction of Santa Maria, passing along a well-protected train for two miles, then going west, thence south, thus cutting off the retreat of the enemy to the north and in the direction of Binangonan, Infanta Province. The gunboat *Florida* was to complete the "bottling" by laying off the south side of Mabitac and by use of its Hotchkiss and Gatling guns to prevent escape of the enemy by water.

The plans for the fight were well laid, and had they been properly executed as proposed and agreed upon by the colonel commanding at Santa Cruz, would have resulted in a decided victory for the American forces.

Before daybreak September 17, 1900, the *Florida* steamed away from Santa Cruz, landing towing a casco with forty men for the west side of the lake. Just at daybreak we dropped anchor within 1700 yards of Mabitac and fired a signal shot, which had been agreed upon to notify the troops in Siniloan that "all was ready" for them to leave the town. The casco was taken to the point indicated, then the gunboat steamed back to its former position, south of the town. As the day got brighter we could see the line of Americans moving out of Siniloan. About fifteen minutes passed and then the fight "opened up," continuing for two hours. It was soon discovered that the American troops had met with a repulse. The Filipino flags were still floating over their trenches; their bugles sounded the "assembly" calling their numbers together for the reckoning of the dead and wounded, and their defiant cry of victory rang out across the waters of the bay to be ever lodged in the memories of all American participants in that ill-fated fight.



Upon investigation, it was found that the troops landed on the west shore of the lake, could not make their way across the river into the town, and from them no assistance could come. The senior officer in command of the line, leaving Siniloan over the causeway, concluded at the last moment not to make the detour north toward Santa Maria, but to "rush" the enemy in his trenches. He decided upon this mode of warfare in the face of earnest remonstrance from officers who knew the country, who were well informed of the entire condition of affairs, as to the number of the enemy and the difficulty of the American troops deploying until within 100 yards of the enemy's trenches. You can imagine the sad result of this piece of foolhardy work. The men, in column of fours abreast, in close order, were marched to within 200 yards of the enemy's position before the fight began. The insurrectos, long looking for an opportunity of this kind held their fire until our force had reached this point, then concentrated fire was given us which killed some and wounded many; the Americans becoming almost stampeded by the opening volleys. After an hour of incessant firing had passed the commanding officer of the Fifteenth Infantry troops came to the rear of the column and ordered the Thirty-seventh Infantry troops to the front as they were older soldiers and knew the theatre of operations. These troops had just taken the head of the column, under one of the bravest soldiers of the army, John E. Moran, now a sheriff of Montana, when the officer in command of the line, was shot through the heart and killed. Not knowing this, however, Captain Moran valiantly led his little band of now forty followers to within seventy-five yards of the first line of the enemy's trenches. He did this, and held his men in command, under the most trying circumstances, with as much ease and grace as the well-bred man walks into your parlor, and without a change of color in his face. At this juncture he was shot through the thigh, and falling noticed that all except his own detachment of the Thirty-seventh Infantry had stampeded back toward Siniloan.



He immediately gave orders for a retreat which was conducted in good form, some of his men carrying the captain on their shoulders.

In this fight the Americans' loss—in killed—amounted to thirty-nine, and fully as many wounded. So many of the men, who were shot and only slightly wounded, fell from the causeway into the deep water and were drowned. All of the point, eleven men under a second lieutenant, were killed.

It was a sorrowful little army that landed at Santa Cruz that night, at 12 o'clock, with its dead and wounded comrades, sacrificed solely on account of not paying heed to words of experience.

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“A creature not too sweet and good,  
For human nature's daily food.”

I sit and dream about my queen, my queen! Like Juno, tall and stately, proud and cold; Minerva, like in wisdom, calm, serene; the glory of her glistening hair all smooth and gold. Who would not gladly pay his court to such a queen?

To think that some day I will be her king, and in that presence hear the music of her voice! I have not even dared to kiss her hand, and after she is mine I'll woo her still, a husband suing for a lover's privilege.

I met Jack Hall to-day, an old school friend; the usual greetings passed. He said, “Look, here, old man, I want you just to know my little girl.

“A beauty, did you say? Perhaps she's not, but anyway she's got the nicest way of making awkward gawks like us feel as their ease, and when a fellow's had an awful day, and things have gone cross-ways and uphill, too, now can't she smooth the wrinkles from his brow, and make him feel that life is bright and good, and altogether quite worth while, you know? And then last year when trouble came (my mother died in May), she didn't quote the Psalms to me, or rattle in my ears those stiff and formal things that others said.

"But when I took my grief to her, my brave sweet girl, she slipped her little hand in mine and tear-drops trembled in her smiling eyes. I felt my grief was hers indeed, and loads much lighter are when shared by two. She always sees the silver lining to dark clouds, and shows an interest in my work by thoughtful plans; sometimes 'tis an easier way to do some work, or just a word of warning or advice. And then the best of all, old man, is this: I know that love for me has been her guide and prompted her in all she does and says. Well, well, old chum, I didn't mean to take the floor and preach a sermon on my lady-love. Come, tell me all about yourself; has Fate been kind to you since last we met? I know you worship at some fair one's feet; come, now, confess, and let me wish you joy!"

I seemed to wake as from some frightful dream, and with the waking came the knowledge of the truth; my eyes were opened ere it was too late.

Jack Hall, in telling me of his great joy, had shown me what my heart was hungering for—a woman's sympathy, companionship and love; and not a queenly permit to adore.

"With all my heart I wish you joy, my friend; you ask if Fate has kindly dealt with me—I haven't found the girl I'm looking for, but then you know I'm not a marrying man. I've kept the motto of my college days, 'Sweetheart to none, but true friend unto all.'"



## THE OLIVETTE.

BY DR. A. RUDY.

The *Olivette* was a United States hospital boat during the Spanish-American War. Her soldiers had to work extremely hard. The author served his enlistment on her from the time she was pressed into service until she sank in Cumberland Sound, near Fernandina, Fla. This happened about 2 o'clock in the morning. The soldiers barely saved their lives by jumping on a coal lighter that happened to be alongside of the *Olivette*.

While serving on this boat during the war it was a usual thing to be on duty without interruption from thirty-six to fifty hours. The author frequently was allowed no more than sixteen hours' sleep during a whole week, and these hours had to be snatched at odd times whenever possible.

Fenner was our cook, who fed us on canned tomatoes, hard tack and fat pork, which the boys called sow-belly. This was our popular diet in Cuba, a tropical country. The boys called it Fenner-food. We had received the embalmed beef rations, but after partaking of one single meal of it we threw it overboard.

The officer in command was Major Appel, a very efficient regular-army-man, but very pronounced in his unpleasant manners towards his men at that particular time.

Every day some one who died from fever was buried at sea. The ship gong sounded for the boat to stop. She did so suddenly, and then her timbers groaned, the whole ship trembled like a shuddering human,—a splash,—the gong again,—clatter of machinery, and we moved on minus one passenger.

Can I forget the *Olivette*,  
The loud carbolic acid smell,  
The Fenner-food and rest so good,  
The overpleasant Major 'Pell?

## CHORUS:

I can't forget the *Olivette*.  
She sank way down the sea;  
Her microbes fleeting and fishes eating  
Our hard tack and sow-belly.

Can I forget the *Olivette*,  
Her sudden mid-sea stops,  
Her groaning tremble,—we assemble  
And see a dead one as he drops.

## CHORUS:

I can't forget the *Olivette*, etc.  
Can I forget the *Olivette*,  
The watchman's midnight yell,—  
And voices thunder: "Ship goes under."  
Good-bye, thou dear old fever shell."



## TWO SHIPWRECKS.

BY DR. A. RUDY.

It has been my lot to experience two shipwrecks near the United States. In one of them our ship destroyed another, and in the other our own ship sank under us.

## FIRST SHIPWRECK.

In May or June, 1885, I was on my way to the United States and about three days' journey from New York City. The cabin passengers were enjoying themselves watching a game of "tug-o'-war," in which I was not very deeply interested. I was very young, without money or friends, and was preoccupied with the problem of starting life in a new and strange country. I knew some English but did not speak it, and so I naturally clung to a German-American who was returning from a visit to his native country. A little girl about eight years old stood near him; she was his daughter. She watched me asking her father all sorts of questions about America and heard his good-natured endeavors to satisfy my curiosity. A fog was rapidly spreading over us, and it seems to me that the officers of the boat were so intent on watching the game that they did not realize how rapidly they got into the fog, and that they ought to sound the fog-horn every few minutes as a warning to vessels that happened to be near by. I say deliberately "it seems to me," for I was so absorbed in my conversation with the German-American that I may not have heard the horn.

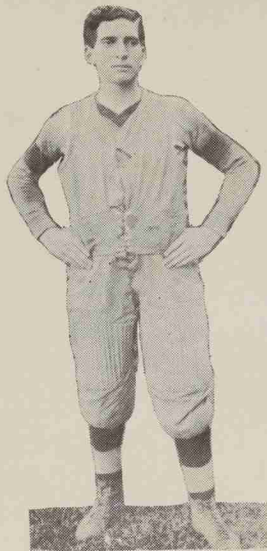
We were standing on the lower deck near the side of the ship. Suddenly the little girl called out: "Papa, look at the big fish!" In the same instant hundreds of feet were heard trampling in a mad rush upward from the hole and the lowest deck of the ship, and about a thousand voices were yelling: "What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

I looked out on the sea and barely saw four men struggling in the water when our ship had already passed them. Above the din of shuffling feet, the yelling questions of "What's the matter," and the clatter of machinery were heard the exclamations, "A wreck, a wreck, a wreck." The ship's gong sounded loud and hard. There was a trembling and shaking of the whole hulk of the steamer as she stopped, reversed her motion and returned to the scene of the disaster. It then appeared that our iron steamer had collided with a wooden sailing vessel, had hit the latter amidship and had cut her in two so rapidly and so easily that no one on deck had noticed anything until after it was over. Only the people below deck had heard the noise of breaking timber, and so they ran up excitedly to see what was the matter.

When we returned to the place where the vessel sank we saw the four men still struggling in the water. The lifeboats were lowered and the life lines thrown out at about the same time. Each life line has a ring to it about two feet in diameter. The struggling person is supposed to get it over his body and under his arms, and while holding on to it with his arms he is pulled up. Three of the drowning men were thus pulled up, but the fourth man was so exhausted that his arms went up as soon as they pulled the line. The latter passed over his arms and he sank right before our eyes never to appear again. The lifeboats were lowered soon after he disappeared and they tried to find him, but did not succeed.

The surface of the sea around us had a chaotic appearance. There were numerous broken timbers, planks, barrels, baskets, hats, tables, chairs, brooms, sails, and numerous other articles floating pell-mell up and down the crests of the waves and dashing against each other above and below the foam of the brine. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

The lifeboats now went around this place in widening circles hunting for floating persons, but after a fruitless search of about half an hour they returned to the steamer. The ship's gong sounded again, there was a loud clatter of machinery, and we went on with the fog-horn sounding.



HARRY MOTT, LEFT GUARD.



D. W. SEIFERT, RIGHT END.

for the roast chicken, salmon and other good things that an average soldier rarely indulges in during peace or war. The boys just gorged themselves. They said at the dining-table that an *Olivette* soldier should never dare to look a chicken in the face when he set foot again on *terra firma*. The sergeant shook his head and said, "When an *Olivette* soldier gets filled up with so many good things something is bound to happen. Our stomachs are so heavily loaded with chicken and salmon that I would not be surprised if our ship proved unequal to the task of floating such a weight and sank down to the bottom of the sea."

We arrived in Cumberland Sound, where there was a big squabble between Major Appel and the commander of the port. "Your ship may be full of yellow fever and other germs," said the commander of the port. "You have been in Cuba. You must go in quarantine here."

"We have been admitted into New York and Boston since we left Cuba, and coming now from an American port I see no reason why we should be quarantined," said Major Appel. But the commander of the port had his way for the present and we were not admitted. We went back further into the Sound and began to load up with coal, hoping to win our point the next day. A coal lighter was alongside of us and the loading was done on one side of our ship until very late at night. The next day the loading was to continue on the other side. The lighter had cleared of the *Olivette* and was awaiting daybreak. Our ship leaned strongly on the side where she was loaded, as we had often seen her do before.

As we had the whole ship to ourselves we did not sleep in our regular bunks on the lower deck, but preferred the highest place near the storm-deck, where we made ourselves comfortable in open air. We were all asleep. The port holes of the lower deck were open to air the interior of the ship. It must have become a little windy during the night. The holes must have been too close to the water, so that enough of it got into the ship to tilt it, which was already leaning very much on



one side. Soon after midnight we were suddenly aroused by the alarm bell and the thundering voice of the watchman: "The boat is sinking!" There was no time to dress or to look for one's belongings. We jumped onto the coal lighter, towards which the *Olivette* was leaning while she sank. One Irish soldier exclaimed excitedly: "Oi cahn't shvim," and then he dropped down on the other side of the *Olivette* into a little steam launch which was there. He hurt his ribs very badly.

No sooner had the *Olivette* filled up with water when she was seen to tip back to the other side and settle straight to the bottom of the sea. It was low tide at the time and so the highest deck and all the masts were just above the water. I do not remember whether the lady we had aboard jumped over or not, but I know that Major Appel had no time to jump and that he remained on the sunken ship.

Pretty soon we heard the Major's voice shouting: "Any soldiers over there?"

"Aye, aye, sir," we shouted back.

"Jump back on the *Olivette*," sounded the command.

We jumped and landed on her highest deck, which was barely above water. The Major then detailed three soldiers to swim down into the lower deck and bring up the war-chest containing important military records. The others were ordered to unfasten and prepare the lifeboats for our departure.

When the three soldiers came up with the chest, they were badly bruised from the loose articles that were dashed by the waves inside the ship from one end to the other. We then manned the lifeboats and went to the quarantine station, where we were taken care of.

When we sat down to eat our breakfast the boys said: "We were having too good a time on the *Olivette* and the old boat, remembering olden times, simply could not bear the sight of it and so she went down to hide her face."

Any army boat would sink," said the sergeant, "when her privates aboard carry such awful loads of chicken and salmon and what-nots in their stomachs."

## THE SPIRIT SONG.

"Haunts," ghosts and similar things are, I believe, purely phantoms of the imagination of those who believe in them. Supposed appearances of ghosts or spirits, if properly investigated, would in nearly all cases prove to be merely phenomena of human agency. Illustrating this, I will tell you the following story of what, for a period of several months, caused quite a sensation, and to those of superstitious natures, was quite convincing that the spirit of a deceased person might, if it chose, return to earth.

In the quaint little village of Galebury there resided the old family of Wavely, that owned the famous Wavely Boiler Manufacturing Company. This boiler plant gave employment to the larger portion of the inhabitants, and excepting the necessary grocery stores, postoffice, etc., was the only large business enterprise in the village. The employees were of that genial, sturdy class of people who live and work together, and between whom there exists a common familiarity and friendship. If by some unforeseen accident Mrs. Smith should cut her fingers, the whole village would be apprised of that fact by nightfall; or if Brown's baby should learn to walk, every fond mother in Galebury would soon learn of it, and immediately urge her promising child to acquire that useful mode of locomotion.

And so it was on one sunny morning in June it was hurriedly, but surely whispered throughout the entire village that during the night Death had visited the Wavely home and carried away the soul of Mrs. Wavely. All stores and shops were closed, all work was suspended, and it was with hearts filled with genuine sorrow and sympathy that every one attended the funeral exercises at the family burying-place.

For a month and a half Mr. Wavely remained at home, trusting to his only son Robert and the other office assistants to manage the company's business affairs. Near this time Robert was on a long business trip, and as all the servants at

the Wavely home had been dismissed, very little news was learned of Mr. Wavely. Indeed, Uncle Caleb, the trusted old negro butler, was still in employment at the mansion, but his visits to the village were few, and after performing his duties he would clamber on the old grey mare which he rode on these occasions, and return to the mansion. A curious groceryman one morning attempted to enter into a conversation with this venerable darkey; but beyond the fact that "Marse Wavely was jest tol-able, sah; jest tol-able," his curiosity went unsatisfied.

## II.

Late one night near the last of August, the village physician, Dr. Meadows, on passing near the Wavely burying-ground, was surprised to hear sounds unusual to the solitude of the place. This was the beginning of the story of the ghost.

On the following night about the hour of eleven, the village was awakened by wild shrieks, and after a pause of a few minutes, a weird, strange kind of music could be heard, seemingly arising from the burying-place one-half mile away. When the sleepy-eyed villagers became aware of this, their wonder was aroused to such a degree that when they recognized the tune to be "Love Divine" (the favorite hymn of Mrs. Wavely, which was sung at her funeral), the hair on their heads unmistakably stood on end. Those who were superstitious, frantically covered their heads among the sheets and pillows of their beds, vainly endeavoring to shut out those weird, unearthly noises. But the music soon ceased and quiet ensued.

The sun next morning never rose on a more perplexed or confounded village. The eight sunken and moss-covered monuments, which marked the resting places of as many members of the Wavely family, from mere gravestones, had suddenly become things of awe and horror. Varied were the opinions expressed in regard to the noise of the night before, and not a few there were who attributed the disturbance of

the night directly to spirits or haunts. Jencks, the valve-tester of the boiler shop, testified that the first shriek "sounded like some durn pop-off valve had busted"; while a Westerner, who had lately settled in the village, declared he caught up his rifle in haste, expecting a midnight visit from a prowling band of Comanches. But many and varied as were the theories advanced to explain the disturbance, no definite conclusion was arrived at. An old darkey, who lived not far from that ill-fated hill, firmly declared it was "hants, yes, hants; I see'd 'em jest as plain, wid dese very eyes. When dat ar melodiousness commenced, ah looked out mah winder and see'd it plain. It wuz white all over, sah, ceptin' its eyes, and dey wuz red as far-coals. Dat's so, sah, an' dis ere nigger's gwine 'er tie more black strings in his wool to keep 'em hants f'm pesterin' him. Deed he is, sah." But the wool and black string tying had no effect upon the "spirit's song," for it would sound often—at least, twice every week.

### III.

December came, and with it the coldest snap of weather known for years. By this time the villagers had become accustomed to the so-called "spirit's song." On one particular night about the first of December, a terrific explosion was heard. Now to this town of ghosts and spirits, nothing short of notes from Gabriel's golden horn could arouse a Galebury citizen; but as no sounds were heard indicating that the end of time was at hand, most of the sleepy citizens merely turned over in bed and muttered "hants." None, however, had time to get back to sleep before a galloping horse was heard coming down the street, and those who were curious enough to peer through the windows were rewarded with a glimpse of Uncle Caleb riding madly along the hard frozen street. Stopping at Dr. Meadow's gate, and not taking time to hitch his saddleless steed, he rushed up the steps.

"Doctor, Doctor," he wailed, at the same time knocking madly, "Fo' de Lawd's sake, git up, sah."

"What's the matter?" quiered the doctor, who hadn't yet gone to sleep.

"Old Marse is dying, please, sah, hurry up," moaned Caleb.

The doctor did hurry. Drawing on his trousers and shoes, he caught up his coat and medicine case, and left the room. Caleb made him mount behind himself on the mare, and they set out madly for the mansion.

The doctor found Mr. Wavely suffering from scalds on his arms and chest. The patient was undoubtedly suffering much for he writhed and moaned, and being in a delirious state he several times mentioned the name of his late wife.

"Poor man," thought the doctor, as he applied a soothing lotion to his wounds, "he will perhaps be with his wife soon, and amid more pleasing surroundings than these."

Mr. Wavely rallied slightly and opened his eyes.

"I might have known it," he muttered, "the outgoing pipe was frozen which caused the explosion."

"Still raving," said the doctor, and Mr. Wavely's eyes closed again.

"Dat wuz right, sah," said Caleb, corroborating his master's statement.

"Are you crazy, too?" said the doctor, eyeing Caleb critically.

"No, sah," vociferated Caleb stoutly, "Marse Wavely's music pipe bust, sah, de one dat runs out to de rock quarry. Steam run all over him, an' I brought him out faintin' and run to you."

"Music pipe—rock quarry," thought the doctor, and he recognized that he was again confronting the spirit situation.

A few villagers who had heard Caleb's speech at Dr. Meadow's gate had hurriedly got ready and were now entering the hall of the mansion. Mr. Wavely saw them and raised himself slightly, spoke feebly and slowly:

"Friends, I have just dreamed of my wife. Although I am dying, it is with pleasure that I think of it, for it means my

seeing her again. Oh! the light seems dim—good-bye, friends, all.”

Again at daybreak it was whispered on all the village tongues that Death had claimed another from their midst; and again did the sorrowing town people witness the laying away of another body in the “family yard.”

#### IV.

Mr. Wavely, for the purpose of cleaning the boiler of his steam-heating plant, would very often do what is known as “blowing off the boiler.” To convey off the exhaust steam in this operation, an old pipe was used. This pipe in days gone by had furnished water to the workers in an old stone quarry about fifty yards from the burying-place. Once, for the sake of experiment, he placed on the end of this pipe two octaves of steam whistle valves, such as are used now on steam pianos; and with the aid of Caleb succeeded in rigging up an apparatus for manipulating them from a distance. Unconsciously he manipulated them much to the astonishment and awe of the villagers; and perhaps—had not the explosion occurred causing this death—the mystery would not have been cleared for many years.

No doubt the clouds of escaping steam hovering in the air over the hill appalled the old darkey, who saw them and imagined he beheld spirits; the “far-coal” eyes were probably due to a vivid imagination such as is possessed by almost all negroes.

R. K. B., '10.

## OUR LOST SUPREMACY.

It was indeed a common destiny that cast two people of such widely divergent doctrines and ideals upon the continent of America. It was a common destiny that cast them here—one upon the bleak coast of Maine, the other upon the warm and hospitable shores of Virginia—to carve a nation out of an unknown wilderness.

Both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the gigantic storm of the Revolution, and the American citizen supplanting them both took possession of the young republic, bought by their common blood, and fashioned it to wisdom, charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the principle that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

And yet the Southern Cavalier's distinctive contributions to liberty and to the making of our great republic have forced just historians to portray the pivotal period of American history as the period of Southern supremacy.

Looking backward we see our notable past rich in patriotism and full of the achievements of our military heroes and sagacious statesmen. Within a few days our nation will celebrate the 166th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson—the most philosophic of American statesmen. His Bill of Rights which gave us religious freedom, and his Declaration of Independence which gave us our political liberty, rank with the great State papers ever written. It was George Washington who established that independence and led the young nation through that critical formative period in its life history. It was James Madison upon whom we confer the title of the Father of the Constitution. It was John Marshall, that prince of jurists, who, as chief justice for thirty years, settled the relations of the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the government. To these add Clay, Calhoun and Randolph. Can any fair-minded student fail to honor a section that gave to the world such men?

Of the fifteen presidents from 1789 to 1860, nine were from the South, and occupied the executive chair forty-eight of the seventy-two years, or two-thirds of the period. During this time Northern presidents occupied it only twenty-four years, or one-third of the time; and no Northern president was re-elected. Southern men held the honorable position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for sixty out of seventy years, and twenty of the thirty-one attorney-generals were Southerners.

To whom are we indebted for the policy of expansion and the growth of our nation from a narrow strip of territory along the Atlantic Coast to its present international manhood? History points us to Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, who inaugurated the Southern Democratic policy of expansion and added, amid the threats of New England of secession and dissolution of the Union, the Mississippi Valley to our small and most vulnerable domain. It was James K. Polk, of Tennessee, who added Texas and the Pacific slope, and it was during the incumbency of President Johnson of the same State that Alaska was purchased.

The men of the South have not only been pre-eminent in peace but also in war. It was George Washington who won the struggle against England, leading an army almost constantly defeated on Northern soil to decisive victory at Yorktown. And it was the victories of Cowpens, King's Mountain and Guilford Courthouse which forced this surrender. In the War of 1812 the victories on land were won by Harrison and Scott of Virginia, and Jackson of Tennessee. While the opportunity of adding Canada to our domain, both in the War of the Revolution and in the War of 1812, was lost by Northern generals. The Mexican War was won by Southern soldiers, led by such men as Scott of Virginia and Taylor of Louisiana, ably seconded by such younger officers as R. E. Lee, T. F. Jackson and R. T. Beauregard.

Coupled with the transcendent achievements of our Southern men was a prosperity so lavish that emigrants by the



thousands forsook the barren fields of the North to seek a livelihood and fortune in the South. Prosperous beyond their fondest dreams, the people of the South were content to produce bounteous crops of raw materials and buy their manufactured articles from the Northern States. In the same way, before the Revolutionary War, the Colonists were content to trade their raw products for British manufactured goods.

Southern society was feudalism on a magnificent scale. The influence of these great landed estates tended to contract the co-operative spirit and encourage independence of action. There was but one school for tradesmen in the South—the plantation, and the mechanical needs of the plantation were few and simple and were met by the slaves without difficulty.

In such a stagnated economic condition the people of the South, though surrounded by the most wonderful natural resources, were content to let all this magnificent endowment pass them by. They did not care to assume new conditions as they arose. As a result, art and literature were throttled, invention and commerce were paralyzed, manufacturing was prevented, and the general introduction of railroads, steam machinery and improved agricultural implements was postponed. Hence, as a further result, in 1860 we had lost our prestige, and the number of our manufacturers were unworthy of comparison with those of the North.

From the very beginning of national independence,, political life was considered by Southerners as the only true sphere of action for men or extraordinary ability. This, however, is not the condition now. It is a sad fact that the Southern delegation in Congress has been declining in political talent during the course of the last twenty or thirty years. What then, has decreased Southern talent and influence? Was it slavery? Was it the Civil War? These were not the causes of her decline. The greatness of the South began to decrease from the moment that the Southern States withdrew their attention from the broad field of human issues and began to concentrate it upon a single local issue,—the negro. Is it

possible for us to stand by and see the scepter of power sacrificed for the weakness of the negro? Is it worth the price? And with the laying aside of the negro question, let us, too, do away with the "solid South." There can be no real power in our people so long as the South looks upon every national problem as a local one.

We are too often prone to cherish old prejudices because of what has passed. It is well that we be always ready to resent the statement that the South was a semi-barbarous section of the American people, sunk in brutality and vice, who contributed nothing to the advancement of the human race; a race of slave-drivers who, to perpetuate slavery, conspired to destroy the Union and plunge the country into a terrible war. It is well that we be ready to point such narrow-minded partisans to our past record and to the relative importance of the Virginia and Massachusetts Colonies. It is well that we can say with pride that Virginia was a colony with eleven plantations, with a representative assembly, making laws for the colony, planning for a college, asserting the rights of British subjects, before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. And yet it is far better that we lay aside all sectional boundaries and strive to make the nations honor and glory a pillar of cloud to us by day and a pillar of fire by night. Then, and not until then, can we expect to regain recognition in the halls of Congress and help shape the destinies of our nation. The reason that the Old South always had a grand supply of politicians to draw from was because her people, both educated and illiterate, were interested in current politics and because they expressed their independent views at the polls. And until the men of the South begin to study national affairs with a high estimate of political life, and until they begin to cherish the right to vote, the South is lost forever to the highest calling God ever gave to a nation of people,—the moulding and shaping of the destinies of our great Anglo-Saxon Republic.

Nothing throws the greatness of the Old South into bolder relief than the present condition of our government held up in the light of the tribute paid by Senator Hammon of South Carolina when a fellow-senator boasted in the Senate that the North was about to take control at Washington. "Do not forget," said he, "it can never be forgotten, it is written on the brightest page of human history, that we, the slave-holders of the South, took our country in her infancy, and after ruling her sixty out of seventy years of her existence we shall surrender her to you without a stain upon her honor, boundless in prosperity, incalculable in her strength, the wonder and admiration of the world. Time will show what you will make of her, but no time can ever diminish our glory or your responsibility."

Forty-nine years have passed with the scepter of power in their hands, but what is their record? These years have not been colored by deeds of honesty, patriotism and world-wide fame, but by love for money, love for power, and base selfishness. Graft and power has become the goal of the politician. The Senate has become a place of retail trade, where men are bought and sold as slaves. Washington has become the political bargain store of the nation, where any office from that of a Raleigh policeman to that of the president of the nation can be bought or sold. The National Government has become a business government by business men and in the interest of business. The basic principles of the Anglo-Saxon self-government are becoming obsolete by tariff legislation for the classes and pension legislation for the masses. The socialistic doctrine that the government must support the people is being enthroned, and the Democratic principle that the people must support the government is being dethroned. We no longer have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, but of the people, by the politicians and for the corporations and trusts. This is the kind of government that the corrupt politicians and shrewd trust magnates have given us. Can we, the people of the South, stand by and

refuse to fulfill our obligation to God, mankind and the nation? It is high time that we take part control at Washington. The old stones that supported the South in the days of her glory are not worn out, so let us be up and doing. Let us look to the masterful South as our guide, and let us restore to our nation a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor and who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking.  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and private thinking.

L. P. McLENDON, '10.



## THE UNWAVERING AIM.

The greatest need of the world to-day is unwavering aim. If people would select their future occupation when young, and approach this ideal unwaveringly the world would be much better, and each individual would be more successful in life.

The unwavering aim has been fully illustrated in the past, and the world has been benefited by these examples. We have only to search the pages of history to find such illustrations. Alexander the Great started out with an unwavering aim. In youth, he was taught to make the great Achilles his model in all things. We can see how this aided him when he rushed into battle. He thought of nothing but to conquer. This great aim of his youth was later developed into one still greater—namely, Hellenizing the world. This he did to a certain extent, but death cut short his plans.

In studying the campaigns of Julius Caesar, we again see the unwavering aim illustrated. We see him held foremost in the minds of men after he conquered Gaul. There, later, he is about to be robbed of his glory. What did he do? Did he waver from his aim? No, he did not. When the Roman Senate made Pompey consul, the crisis had really come. Caesar crossed the Rubicon. Determined was he, when he said, "The die is cast." He soon became master of the West. His great aim was to Romanize the world, but his life was taken by his friends. Yet, after his death, his successors followed the broad lines made by his policies.

During the reign of Charlemagne, we can see how his unwavering aim made him victorious in battle. We can see why there was none among all the Teutonic chiefs who could dispute his right to the crown of the East. We can understand why he has been pronounced the greatest of men who appeared between the fall of Rome and the fifteenth century.

Later, we see Napoleon Bonaparte ascending, step by step, to the great height of his power and glory. "Not since the

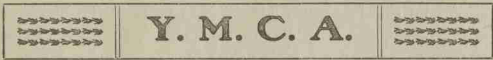
time of the Caesars had one man's will swayed so much of the civilized world." Yet, when we see his aim waver, when we see him set aside his pure and beautiful Josephine we see him gradually descending until the bright sun which rose so gently at Austerlitz sink below the horizon at Waterloo.

Many more illustrations can we find. Even in our American history they are numerous—Washington, for one, being ever pre-eminent in our minds. We can see Abraham Lincoln rising gradually from the country rail-splitter to the highest position offered by our people. His unwavering aim made him one of the greatest men of his age.

Thus, we see, to obtain success in life, to live so as to be remembered and appreciated by the coming generation, we must start out with an unwavering aim and ever look forward to the goal.

T. J. HEWITT.





## Y. M. C. A.

Christmas is at our door. The fall session has gone—only too fast. I say too fast, for many of us have not had time to carry out our plans, but we are not regretful, for we have been busy, and to be busy is to be happy. There is not so much to show, so far as figures are concerned, in the work of the Y. M. C. A., but we believe that something has been accomplished after all. Our Wednesday and Sunday night meetings have been unusually well attended, and our speakers on these occasions have been well worth hearing. Their talks, although only fifteen or twenty minutes in length, are always “made to order” for us and are rich in lessons and suggestions.

Arrangements have been made by the General Secretary to organize a number of additional Bible Study classes immediately after the holidays whose leaders will be prominent business and professional men of Raleigh. The difficulty heretofore has been the fact that a busy student as group leader could not come to the group meeting well enough prepared to make the discussions interesting and attractive. These men from Raleigh, including lawyers, doctors, merchants and other professions will be able to give us good leadership, and we are glad to secure their aid.

The Sixth International Student Volunteer Convention takes place this year at Rochester, N. Y., December 29th to January 2d. Our college is entitled to four student delegates, one professor and the General Secretary. The students are W. F. Eller, George R. Ross, J. P. Quinerly and J. M. Beal. “The convention and the movement it represents,” says Mr. J. W. Bailey, “is the most significant movement in the world’s history since the crusades.” These men who have been selected to represent A. & M. are the most fortunate in college,

since the convention comes only once in every student generation, and this particular one offers to us from the South an unexcelled opportunity also to see something of that section of the United States in which Rochester is located. A trip to Niagara Falls, New York City, Philadelphia and Washington, D. C., are included in the trip.





# The Red and White

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OF THE  
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Students, Professors, Alumni and friends of the college are each and all invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief; and all subscriptions to the Business Manager.

Cash prizes are offered as follows \$2.50 for the best original story; \$2.50 for the best original poem; and \$5.00 for the best original paper subject of which is to be taken from American Literature, American political or industrial history, or economics. This last paper must be submitted for publication before the March 1910 issue of the Red and White goes press. The other papers are to be submitted for publication in any issue during the year.

Advertising rates are furnished on application. Advertisers may feel sure that through the columns of this magazine they will reach many of the best people of Raleigh and a portion of those throughout the State.

Charges for advertising are payable after first insertion.

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Christmas greetings to all. May our holidays be pleasant ones, merry ones, aye, hilarious ones! "May the sunshine of peace and comfort dispel all clouds of despair," and when the

New Year comes, may we have before us three hundred and sixty-five days of solid prosperity and happiness.

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#### THE FOOTBALL ISSUE.

If you keep in mind that this magazine is the official organ of the A. & M. Athletic Association, and is not connected in any way with the literary societies of this college, then you cannot wonder why we should want to devote one issue of the RED AND WHITE to football subjects. We have been criticized several times for this practice, and although far from causing us to change our entire course in the matter, this criticism has had some influence for a change. Football has been made the principal theme, but we hope we are not found entirely wanting in material along other lines. Pictures of football men are in prominence, and our team is lauded and praised as it should be, but sandwiched around our praises we are sure if the reader will only try, articles will be found which will make unjust any criticism about "a football issue from beginning to end,—and nothing but football."

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#### THE SEABOARD EXCURSION.

We certainly have a bone of contention with the Seaboard Air Line Company. The Norfolk correspondent of the *News and Observer* (November 26th) said that the A. & M. cadets arrived in the city (Norfolk) on the "well-conducted Seaboard excursion," etc. One thing is certain, the man who wrote that article wasn't on that excursion, or else the Seaboard is giving him a few fat rebate checks, mileage books or other things of that order for his nice things said. That Seaboard excursion was superbly rotten! The negro cars crowded to overflowing was bad, the heating of the cars was worse, but that Norlina "fake play" capped the climax. The A. & M.

team lost the day at Norfolk on account of fake plays, but the whole battalion lost about two hours of good time when a regular train from Norfolk hauled the Raleigh excursion down to that neck of the woods called Norlina and there deliberately dropped us and went on its way rejoicing,—minus our coaches. Kick? What was the use? The only thing possible to do was to get out and buy up all the sandwiches in the hotel, which was done in about three minutes,—and then,—oh well, we just waited patiently for that train from Norfolk to catch up with us and bring us home.

We do not wish to seem ungrateful for the extreme low excursion rates made us by the Seaboard, but we believe we would rather pay a little more and get a little better service. If the Seaboard can't accommodate us, then there are others, and if worse comes to worse we will have to make our annual pilgrimage to Norfolk via dog-cart, or perhaps by airship.

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#### CONCERNING TALE-BEARERS.

THE RED AND WHITE, being an organ of the Athletic Association, wishes, through its editorial columns, to express to a certain citizen of Raleigh our most sincere thanks (?) for his kind services in behalf of our college. Some time before Thanksgiving this citizen (we will not besmirch the name of the gentleman) took it upon himself to write to Mr. Bocoek, the V. P. I. coach, that he was "onto the ropes" at A. & M., and then proceeded to make some of the most infamous statements ever uttered by the mouth of man. Such nefarious statements from such a degraded source were, of course, recognized by Mr. Bocoek and the V. P. I. Faculty to be barefaced untruths. Mr. Bocoek, being the gentleman that he is, laughed at the letters and allowed Manager McLendon and our faculty representatives to read them. Mr. Bocoek said that he did not know the man, but he judged that he was a typical fool and apologized for being mixed up in such a

thing. Such a thing as this is below any gentleman's notice, but we just make this statement public so that our friends may know how highly his services were appreciated by V. P. I. If he will come to us next time we will give him our signals, so that he can send something worth while, without having to bother his infinitesimally small particle of grey matter with the manufacturing of prevaricating statements.

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With sincere pleasure we notice the extra song and the occasional interesting remarks by Dr. Hill at chapel. THE RED AND WHITE advocated this same thing in its last issue, and we trust that this is only the beginning of better things to come. "Let the good work go on."

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Reports in the paper and from eye-witnesses tell us that the Glee Club participated in a concert given at St. Mary's recently. It is also said that their work was good. St. Mary's is lucky. It has also a choir of A. & M. boys. That same choir, that same Glee Club, trained at A. & M., *belonging to A. & M.* We're just a little timid in suggesting,—but *might they not sing for us?*

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#### THE AGROMECK.

Just a word about our college annual, 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 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. They are 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. The receipts to meet our obligations are 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.



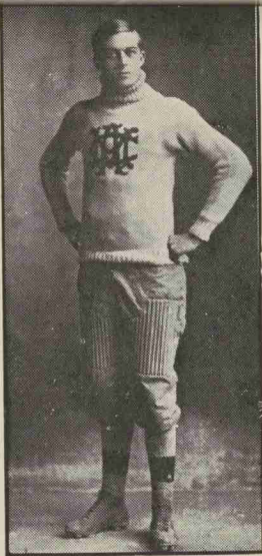
## Athletics

### FOOTBALL.

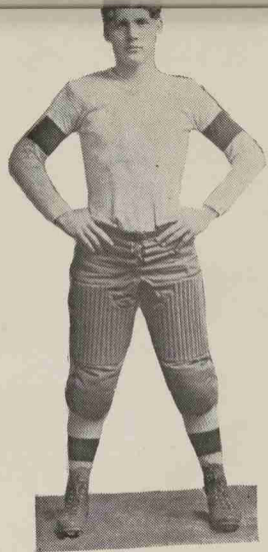
The score—18 to 5—does not begin to tell the story of the great gridiron battle which ten thousand people saw in Norfolk last Thanksgiving. The lucky team won, but there was not a moment of the game, with its sensation and with every advance of the hog leather, in which there wasn't a grim struggle or a brilliant play.

A. & M. went into the game very much handicapped on account of several of her best men having bad knees. Hartsell, A. & M.'s fast halfback, and Captain Bray, the best center in the South, both left their beds in the hospital to play in the game. Von Glahn and Seifert were not in their best form on account of injuries received earlier in the season, but under these disadvantages the team put up the gamest fight that had ever been witnessed in Norfolk.

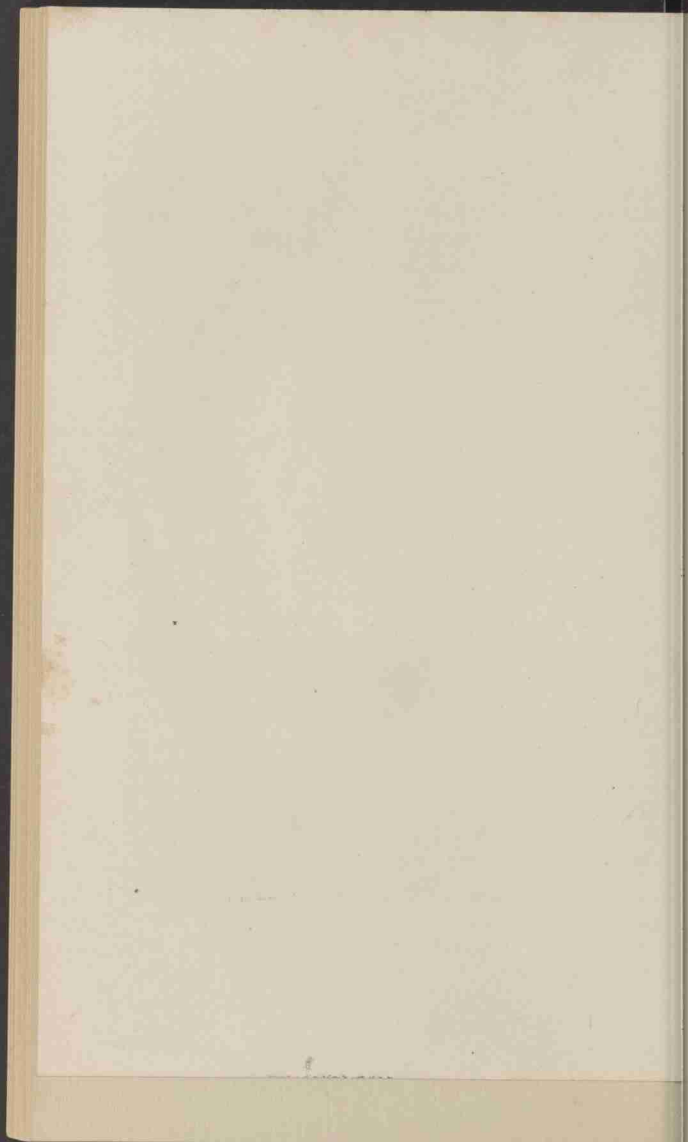
A. & M.'s inability to punt was the cause of the score being as large as it was. Hodgson practically won the game for his team by kicking. The following figures show that A. & M. could go through the line whenever she chose, A. & M. made 316 yards through the line against 108 for V. P. I. But every time A. & M. got in striking distance the ball would go over to V. P. I. on account of some technicality, or some other cause, and then Hodgson, that mighty kicker, would boot it clear out of danger. The first touchdown was made in about twelve minutes, but it was handed to V. P. I. on a silver waiter. The ball was on A. & M.'s five-yard line and A. & M. was penalized for off side. Instead of the referee giving V. P. I. half the distance he placed the ball on A. & M.'s one-yard line, and there is where the red and white warriors stood like a stone wall. For two attempts V. P. I. did not gain an



J. L. VON GLAHN, LEFT TACKLE.



G. C. GLENN, HALF-BACK.





inch, and the third time they just barely got it over. Another instance when Hughes made his forty-yard run and made a touchdown he broke the side line, and the ball should have been brought back and put in play where he went out of bounds. This decision was also awarded to V. P. I. on account of the field judge's inability to see. All this had no effect on the Tar Heels' fighting spirit. Each time they would go back into the game more determined than ever to win.

Von Glahn and Dunn, the two all Southern tackles, played a wonderful game; and Stevens, the undisputed all Southern quarterback, played his usual game.

In the second half, Lassiter replaced Long at fullback, and Haynes took Seifert's place at right end.

The feature of the game was that fighting spirit displayed by the "down home" warriors, a spirit which has been handed down from team to team year after year.

## THE LINE UP:

A. & M.		V. P. I.
Stafford . . . . .	L. E. . . . .	Lutterel Davis
Von Glahn . . . . .	L. T. . . . .	Burruss
Mott . . . . .	L. G. . . . .	Morril
Bray, Captain . . . . .	C. . . . .	Gibbs
Floyd . . . . .	R. G. . . . .	Hodgson, E. R.
Dunn . . . . .	R. T. . . . .	Norris
Siefert and Haynes . . . . .	R. E. . . . .	Hicks, Deaton
Stevens . . . . .	Q. B. . . . .	Huges
Long and Lassiter . . . . .	F. B. . . . .	Hodgson, V. B.
Glenn . . . . .	L. H. . . . .	Hodgson, A. M.
Hartsell . . . . .	R. H. . . . .	Billups, Legge

## Locals

Examinations will soon be upon us, and then—the holidays. We wish everybody good luck with their respective examinations, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Messrs. Witherspoon and Henderson of '09, Tomlinson of '06, and Cartwright of '05, have been visitors on the "hill" for several days since the last issue of THE RED AND WHITE.

Our new dormitory is at last finished, and it adds a great deal to the looks of the "hill." Applications for rooms have been made and quite a number of students who have been living in rather crowded quarters will take up their abode in the new dormitory after the holidays.

The following special from Shelby to Saturday's *Charlotte News* will be read with interest by many A. & M. men: "A wedding of much interest occurred Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock, when Miss Nannie Sherrill became the bride of Mr. J. D. Lineberger, Jr., in the First Methodist Church, Revs. J. R. Scroggs and Oscar Goode officiating. Following the wedding a short reception was held at the bride's home, after which the happy young pair left on the Southern train for Florida. The numerous and handsome presents attest to the great popularity of the young couple." Mr. Lineberger was trumpeter of Company A, A. & M. Corps of Cadets, '08.

The College Glee Club made its first appearance for this year in St. Mary's auditorium several nights ago. The concert was given by the pupils of Prof. R. Blinn Owen, and although the Glee Club was scheduled for only two pieces, the repeated encores proves the fact a "hit" was being made. We hope to hear other concerts from the Glee Club soon.

The continued illness of our Battalion Major, C. R. Jordan, is a cause of deep regret among the cadets. He has been confined to the College Hospital for several weeks and is convalescing slowly. We hope he will be quite well soon.

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The December dance of the Thalarian German Club was given Saturday night December 11, 1909. It was led by Mr. J. L. Springs, dancing with Miss Kramer, of Durham. Those dancing were: Mr. Etheridge with Miss Nannie Hay, L. P. McLendon with Miss Juliet Crews, R. W. Hicks with Miss Narnie Rogers, J. W. Hardie with Miss Lizzie Rogers, N. H. Lachecotte with Miss Grizelle Hinton, C. M. Taylor with Miss Daisy Haywood, E. H. Smith with Miss Anne McKimmon, G. W. Ross with Miss Elizabeth Thompson, Fred Poisson with Miss Bartlette, of New York; "Buck" Harris with Miss Whitfield, J. J. Gantt with Miss Annie Wood, of Edenton, N. C.; W. R. Sanders with Miss Bessie Dixon, of Edenton, N. C.; Prof. Smith with Miss Mordica, Prof. Faulkner with Miss Battle, Mr. Tomlinson with Miss Evans, H. Hartsell with Miss Frances Lacy, R. I. Howard with Miss Sanders, C. H. Stedman with Miss McCleneghan. Stags: Messrs. Beaman, Walton, Jones, Tull, Lee, W. E. Winslow, R. F. Jones, Dawson, Cosby, J. L. Scott, Don Scott, E. D. Scott, Long, Murchison, Cartwright and Brown. Chaperones: Mrs. Harris, Miss Parks.

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#### BIOLOGICAL CLUB RECEPTION.

Saturday night, December 4th, the Biological Club gave a magnificent reception in the Agricultural Building in honor of its distinguished guest, Mrs. George John Romanes. This reception was given in accordance with the custom established several years ago of giving an annual reception to the Seniors and Biological classes of the three girls' schools in the city. The event this year even excelled the high standard set in

former years and was declared a most enjoyable occasion by the many guests.

The entire Agricultural Building was beautifully lighted and all the class-rooms and laboratories were thrown open to the guests. The halls, reception room and refreshment rooms, were beautifully decorated in white and green; intermingled with the pine and fern decorations were to be seen college pennants and college colors. The hall of the first floor and the stairway were beautifully decorated. Levin's orchestra was seated in the hall behind a bank of living green and white, and furnished splendid music for the occasion. The decorations upon the stairs were admired by all. They consisted of a great mound of ferns and pine on the landing, and white awning with ivy and long-leaf pine on the bannisters.

The Club is due many thanks to Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Jeffrey, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hall for their most valuable aid and advice in decorating the building.

In the refreshment rooms the decorations were of red, white and green, and a great array of college pennants added to the beauty of the scene. Exquisite refreshments, consisting of fruit punch, ice cream and cake were served by the ladies of the faculty under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Jeffrey. Mrs. Jeffrey's services were pre-eminently valuable, and the Club is under many obligations to her for the splendid way in which she arranged and served the refreshments.

The receiving line was composed of President Gray of the Biological Club, Mrs. George John Romanes, Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Stevens, Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Williams.

The guests were left free to roam through the building until about 9:45, when a large crowd assembled in the auditorium to hear Mrs. Romanes speak. Dr. F. L. Stevens introduced Mrs. George John Romanes as the noted historian and the wife of the greatest author on Darwinism. Mrs. Romanes spoke on the subject: "The Great Men I Have Met and Known." She spoke very interestingly of personal reminis-

cences of many famous living and dead authors, scientists, and statesmen. Mrs. Romanes talked about twenty-five minutes, and she held the closest attention of the large and representative audience.

About four hundred people attended the reception. The Senior classes and Biology classes of St. Mary's, Peace Institute and Meredith College were present and added much to gaiety and good looks of the assembly.

The evening was an enjoyable one from beginning to end, and the many guests left with enthusiastic praises for the officers of the Club and the ladies of the faculty, who made the reception possible.



## Grinds and Clippings

There is a teacher of mechanics, and he's a bull one, too,  
He knows no more about the subject than you or I do;  
Yet he goes to the board, with his hand on his head,  
Boldly explains, and this is generally what is said:

"Integral Y-square, times differential V,  
Slice this force here and consider it at P.  
Then the radius of gyration, sigma X sigma Y  
Is readily found at O, if you only half try."

"But why found at O?" a doubting senior said.

"Wait a moment," said the professor and begins to rub his  
head.

"Look here, my dear boy, mechanics for engineers  
Says, 'arbitrarily select it,' so vanish all your fears."

"I don't believe it works, it won't come out all right"—  
And the senior looking ruffled, wants to show some fight.

(And probably some altercation might have taken place  
just at this juncture had not Dit appeared on the scene, for  
as he had taken up a collection of postoffice keys and gotten  
excused a few minutes before, he was now ready to distribute  
the mail and thus pacify the seniors.)

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Murry (at soda fountain)—"Give me an egg flip; what  
will you have, Jennings?"

Jennings—"I'll take mine scrambled, please."

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We wish some one would tell us what kind of hair tonic  
Dr. Rudy is using?

Speer—"Prof. Richardson is sick."

M.—"How do you know?"

S.—"Someone passed on geometry the other day."

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While in Norfolk, Freshman Kearney was invited to take supper with some friends. Being the only gentleman present, he was requested to ask the blessing. He bowed his head and said, "Thank the Lord for supper."

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Will somebody please tell Buck Freeman whether he is a blonde or a Gentile? A blonde, but just dyeing to be a brunette.

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"Reddy Lambeth (at Thanksgiving dinner)—"Please pass that strawberry preserves."

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Bowditch wants to know why you could not connect boilers in series and raise the steam pressure.

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Bill Manning—"Look there! the evening star is in the northwest."

Charlie Hall—"What do you know about it, you never studied zoology."

Ike Tull—"Listen at Hall calling astrology, zoology."

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Mr. R. B. Owen (at St. Mary's recital)—"The next number on our program will be a solo by Mr. Sam Spencer, Jr."

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This is an exact reproduction of what one of our seniors wrote on the blackboard class: "When a engine starts, runs for a while stops is lable to curred by week battery, fuel give out improper mixture of air, gas pipe may became doped up, superfluous air."—W. C. P.

"T. H." says the above might be true when spark occurs too early or too soon.

First Freshman—"What kind of camera is that?"

Second Freshman—"That is a Premo Senior."

First Freshman (looking at Brownie No. 2)—"What is that, a Premo Freshman?"

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Just like getting money from home on a postcard.

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There is a man who never drinks,  
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;  
Who never gambles, never flirts—

He's paralyzed!

There is a man who never does  
A thing that is not right;  
His wife can tell just where he is  
At morning, noon and night—

He's dead!

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NO LET-UP.

"There's the Devil to pay at my house!"

"Better go to church, then."

"Well, there's the preacher to pay."

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MAN.

He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out of it against his will. His journey through life is rocky and beset with strange and contradictory experiences. When he is little the big girls kiss him, and when he is big the little girls kiss him. When he is a boy he wishes he were a man, and when he is a man he wishes he were a boy again. If he raises a large family he is a chump. If he raises a check he is a thief. If he is poor he is a bad manager, and if he is rich he is dishonest. If he is in politics it is for graft and if



he is out of politics you can't place him and he is no good to his country.

If he gives to charity it is for show, and if he does not give he is a stingy cuss. If he dies young there was a great future before him, and if he lives to an old age he has missed his calling. If he is in religion he is a hypocrite, and if he takes no interest in religious matters he is a hardened sinner. If he shows affection he is a soft specimen, and if he shows none he is a cold proposition.

In order to be entirely healthy he must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and see that the air is properly sterilized before breathing.

What's the use, anyway?

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"Fust time you've ever milked a cow, is it?" said Uncle Josh to his visiting nephew. "Well, y' do it a durn sight better'n most city fellers do."

"It seems to come natural somehow," said the youth, flushing with pleasure. "I've had a good deal of practice with a fountain pen."

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"All right on behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

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Teacher—"What is your father's occupation?"

Little Boy—"I can't tell you."

Teacher—"But you must."

Little Boy—"My father doesn't want me to tell."

Teacher—"I insist on your telling me. I *have* to know."

Little Boy (tearfully)—"He's—he's the fat lady at the dime museum."

A wizened little Irishman applied for a job loading a ship. He seemed to be making good, and they gradually increased the size of his load, until on his last trip, he was carrying a 300-pound anvil under each arm. When he was half-way across the gang plank it broke and the Irishman fell in.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.

"T'row me a rope, I say," he shouted again. Once more he sank. A third time he rose, struggling.

"Say," he spluttered angrily, "if one uv you spalpeens don't hurry up and t'row me a rope, I'm going to drop one uv these damn t'ings!"

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A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"



## Exchanges

The college magazine world seems to have awakened to its sense of duty. Judging by the general improvement of the different publications, there is no reason why the Southern colleges cannot publish as good magazines as do our Northern brothers. For several years our public graded and high schools have put out magazines of credit, thus fitting boys and girls for this kind of work at college. Let each issue of the year's publication be an improvement upon the previous issue, and the desired effect will soon be reached.

In looking over the various exchanges for the past month the writer has come to this conclusion: That there is a decided improvement in college journalism. The reason for this improvement is quite evident. The men who compose the board of editors are now no longer handicapped by inexperience.

The editor has a truly "variegated" lot of exchanges this month, but they are all welcome, and in this respect we wish to say that we will be pleased to continue our exchanges after Christmas, and will welcome any new ones that may happen to find their way to our table.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of our usual exchanges: *The Randolph Macon Monthly*, *The Erskinian*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Trinity Archive*—all good in each department, and especially the Literary Department containing such interesting articles. *The Palmetto* is also at hand and is certainly a credit to the college. *The Guilford Collegian*, *The College Reflector*, *The Clemson Chronicle*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Tennessee University Magazine*, and *The College Messenger*—all good and a decided improvement over last month. *The Transylvanian* and *The Georgetown Journal* are both excellent magazines, while, on

the other hand, *The Furman Echo* did not measure up to the standard we had set for it. We expect more from *The Furman Echo* next time. A high school magazine at hand is *The Oracle* and considered one of interest and a credit to the Duval High School. *The Ivy*, *Penn State Farmer*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *William and Mary*, *Florida Pennant*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Black and Magenta*, *Lenoirian*, *Guidon*, *William Jewel Student*, *Wofford College Journal*, *State Normal Magazine*, *High School Monthly*.

