

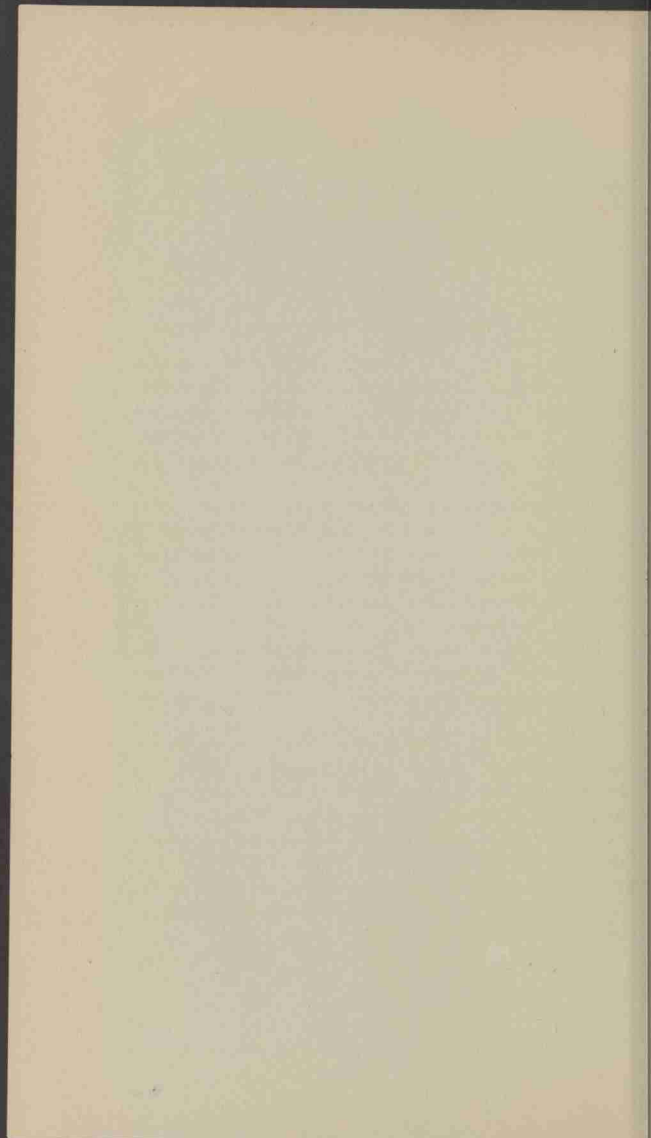
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Again I wish to call the attention of those who still owe for their subscription to THE RED AND WHITE to the fact that we need the money—need it badly. Won't you please come in and pay?

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.



The Red and White

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MISS TEMPE'S FAITH CURE.

Miss Tempe sat down in her rocking chair with a keen sense of relief. She sat there with her hands lying supinely upon her lap just as she had dropped them. The rioting flames of the resinous pine revealed the gray-streaked hair, drawn away tightly from the thin temples, the high Roman nose, the pale straight lips.

She thought of Emma, the child whom she had taken from her dying sister, whom she had brought up to work because of necessity. She had to-day taken the vows of matrimony, and with Miss Tempe's blessings had departed for her home out West. She felt lonely. Just then a sudden gust shook the loose sash. She looked up.

"Well, I 'clare to goodness, that was a regular haracane," she said to her cat, which looked up inquiringly. "Ef I'd hearn tell uv them cyclones ever a cumin' here I'd be shore they was comin' now."

Mingling with the crackling of the flames there was a noise as of soughing of the wind in the pine forest. Suddenly a knock startled her. Nervous from the unwonted excitement of the day she sprang up, sharply demanding, "Who's that?"

"It is jes' me, Temp'rance Ann," said a cracked voice which she recognized at once as belonging to a neighbor, old Mrs. Evans, better known as Aunt Betsy, who stayed around by the month with ladies who needed her services and were able to pay, and often with those who were not.

As Miss Tempe opened the door she said, with a propitiatory smile:

"I jes' thought I'd come in and pearten you up a bit, though it do looks like it's a going to rain, Temp'rance Ann."

"Come in," said the young woman, hospitably opening the door wider, and as the little old creature hobbled in she added, "I'm mighty glad to see you, Aunt Betsy, fer I was feelin' right lonesome."

"I was afeard you'd think I was a tramp or sumpen," returned Mrs. Evans. "They do say them tramps is gittin' owdacious bad," and with this she seated herself with evident appreciation of the low rocker which Miss Tempe brought forth, putting into it her own cushion covered with flaming red calico.

"It's bad any whichaway you do," replied her visitor. "They say they keeps books jes' like any other bizness, an' ef you give 'em anything they sends your name right aroun' to all the bal-ance fur 'em all to stop at your gate. They had oughter put the law on 'em."

"I can't help feelin' sorry fur 'em," said Miss Tempe. "Some on 'em is so gentlemanlike and speaks so perlite that you hates to tell 'em to go to the woodpile. 'Pears like they've onct been some account, and have jest had one bad luck on top of the rest twel they have nacherly give up, an' don't try to git along no more."

"But they hadn't oughter," said the old lady, "'ceptin' folks is sick or disgruntled or sumpen, they ain't no right to eat less they works, an' given 'em sumpen to eat is jes' oncouragin' laziness."

"Well," said Miss Tempe, "maybe you air right, but I'd ruther give some cretur where is onworthy sumpen to eat then to turn off a pore mortal where needs help."

Mrs. Evans had been rummaging in the depths of the pocket of her long black alpaca apron, and she now brought out a pipe and a small bag of tobacco. She pressed the leaves down into the bowl, and reaching for a "fat" splinter lighted it, and holding the flame above the bowl she soon sent out odorous puffs of smoke from the ignited mass.

Miss Tempe, though perfectly familiar with the process, watched it as if fascinated. Then she said:

"I never smokes, but I git my box and bresh an' keep you company like," and she took from the shelf a small tin mustard box and a blackgum twig, the end of which had been chewed like a mop. This she dipped into the contents of the box and inserted in her mouth.

"So Emma's done left you for good an' all, I 'spose," said Mrs. Evans between her puffs.

"Yes," answered Miss Tempe with a little sigh. "I reckon it's the bes' thing she could er done. Jeems is stiddy an' hard workin', and' she didn't have nothin' to look forrard to like some gals has. Now ef I'd had eny money or she'd had eny I'd er sed wait a while. I allus thought it was a pity fur a gal, sixteen or so, to git married an' have a houseful er chillun, an' never to see no fun what sumever."

"I dun know," replied Mrs. Evans reflectively. "They might as well take their trouble first as last. It's got to come. Folks as marries airly gits some chance at a little peace of mind 'fore they die, but them as puts it off tel late never has no satisfaction nohow. Lemme tell you sumpin', Temp'rance Ann, and I ain't no spring chicken, as you know, an' I seen all sorts o' folks in all sorts o' fixes, an' it don't take me long to know a thing when I see it, an' as shore as you are born to die there ain't no sich thing in this world as happiness. Folks talks about bein' happy when they gits this an' that, an' when they git it they ain't happy narry fime. Happiness is jes' like one of them Fluridy pine-apples, they smells lots better than they tastes. The only thing what brings yer happiness is doin' sumpen good fur sumbody."

"But you thinks folks oughter git married, don't you?" asked Miss Tempe, earnestly.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Evans in a very equivocal tone. "Folks is got to be broke to trouble like young steers is to work, an' I s'pose that es as good a way es eny. Then them chillun! They makes trouble, fust an' last, 'cause you don't know how they're

goin' to turn out. Now, there's Mrs. Smith—pore cretur! That son o' hern dō owdacious. After they moved to Atlanta he jes' went plumb to the bad. You know I jest come from there."

"I allus thought Atlanta must be a mighty interestin' place."

Atlanta was Ultima Thule to Miss Tempe.

"Laws, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans, "you don't know nuthin'. It's the ongodliest place I ever seen sence I was born into the world. Why them streets is so mixed up you can't tell head nur tail on 'em. An' them folks air as thick as bees, an' they won't no more git outen your way then nuthin'. An' then them kyars is jes' Bedlam let loose—a comin' an' a goin', a hootin' an' a tootin', tell you can't hear yer own years."

Then with righteous indignation she broke out in detailed account of the wickedness and wealth of that Sodom and Gomorrah as she styled it. During this her pipe went out. She relighted and went on.

"I heard a heap about that thing where you call the Faith Cure there, but I never seen none of it. Temp'rance Ann, you wouldn't b'leave half ef I was to tell you. Folks jes' a gittin' up outen they beds where they've been years an' years, an' walk-in' miles, jes' kase they got took with the Faith Cure. Yer never seen nuthin' like it in all your born days."

"But, you know," said Miss Tempe, open to conviction, "the Bible says if you have faith as big as a mustard seed you can say to the mountains 'Be removed an' cast into the sea,' an' it will be done."

"Law sakes! I don't know how it is," said the old lady, puffing, "when folks gits what they prays fur they say their prayers is ansered, an' when they don't, they say they hadn't oughter axed fur it. I don't know what to think er lots er things. I jes' go 'long an' do the best I know how. When I can help folks I does it, an' when I can't the Lord knows my will's good. I am glad He ain't no sich creature as we air, no how."

"Why, Aunt Betsy, I believe in prayer myself. I even axed the Lord to keep the niggers away from my chickens."

"An' I s'peck you kep' the door locked too," returned the old woman, knocking out the ashes from the pipe. "Well, it's time to be a-goin'. I reckon you air tired an' you'll sleep to-night without rockin'."

As she said this she got up, pulled the small shawl from her shoulders over her head, tied it carefully above her ears, and then stepped out into the darkness.

Miss Tempe conveyed her across the street, and safely shutting the old lady into her own house she ran back to her own door, which stood wide open with a great isosceles triangle flaring out across the way.

Then she sat down once more in her rocker and Mitsey resumed her place on her knee. Miss Tempe began to think of what her visitor had said about the faith cure. Then it was suddenly and irrelevantly borne in upon her that some tramp on the watch might have taken advantage of her temporary absence to ensconce himself under her bed. An immediate and careful investigation revealed nothing more formidable than a couple of band-boxes. Fully satisfied, she resumed her seat and the faith cures.

Its advocates certainly had firm biblical foundation. And she began to repeat all the Scripture bearing upon the point which she remembered. Finally she lighted the lamp, adjusted her spectacles, took her Bible from the mantel and fell into thought. All these things were done by faith, that faith of so potent a quality that even in so small proportion as a mustard seed was able to remove mountains. But how was it when two people asked for contradictory things? Which should prevail? And why? She had timidly asked the question once of her pastor, and he had replied that she was getting into a wicked and inquisitive frame of mind, but now that they once more intruded upon her she shook herself free of the evil whisperings; "Get thou behind me, Satan," she said resolutely and aloud.

Snip looked up inquiringly, but there being no visible presence,

he resumed his observation of a cricket which had unwarily ventured forth.

Miss Tempe turned to the concordance and found "Faith." The references were many and copious. She read them all. As all Scripture is given by inspiration, she told herself, it must therefore be true—every word literally true. So if she had faith, even so much as a mustard seed, she might ask for what she wanted and get it—that is, anything reasonable and proper and that would not bring harm to any one else. Not money, for the pastor said people asked that to consume on their lusts. She believed her prayer had been answered more than once. Then why not increase her faith, at least, to the point of a mustard seed? What did she need most? She looked around the room and a fresh sense of loneliness fell upon her. Was it to be so always? If not, what was to change it? Companionship? She could not afford that. True, but she might have a companion who could support her just for the asking. A flush mounted to her brow. To ask for a husband seemed to her maidenly modesty an unpardonable enormity. But why not? All good gifts were from above. We were told to ask for them, nothing doubting. And was not a husband—that is, a good husband—a good gift?

She looked into the 12 x 18 mirror in its cherry frame above the mantel. The light from below accentuated every line and shadow in her face. It brought out with candor the thin grey hair, the weary droop of the mouth, the eyes no longer bright.

"Yes, I am fifty years," she said bitterly and aloud, as she looked with unflinching criticism at the faded features. "I'm nothin' but a pore old maid. My purty looks is gone fur good." And then for the first time in her life, as she realized the truth, there arose an intense, fierce longing for the youth and beauty forever fled.

"It's jes' like Mrs. Evans said, I'm a friendless old maid," she repeated from the depths of her soul, "and the poorhouse is where I'll land before long."

It was plain enough what she needed most was a husband, who would smooth and soothe her declining years. But what chance had she gained against the hosts of pretty girls, even with a man of suitable age? It was just like Mrs. Evans said, they all wanted young girls, or old ones with money—the older the better.

Truly hers was a case for the special interposition of Providence. But then that business of the mustard seed—could she not cultivate her faith to that point? This was a mountain to be removed. It was only necessary to try. She would, she *would* have faith, and she rose up with a sudden energy that upset Mitsey's repose and deposited her upon Snip's head. This he promptly resented. There must be some limitation even to the prerogatives of friendship or yet authority, and a very lively spat ensued in which Mitsey with Miss Tempe's assistance came off victorious.

This was but a temporary diversion, and having obtained quiet, the mistress leaned thoughtfully on the mantel. Why should she not pray for a husband? The thought became insistent. Where was the harm? Other women had done so, doubtless, and would do so again. Where was the wrong as long as she did not pray for the husband of somebody else.

She raised her head and made a step or two toward the bed. She looked around. No one was peeping in at the window, no one was hiding behind the door. She went to the bedside and dallied with the pillow shams. This was evidence of pure cowardice born of a weak faith. It would never do. To ask for supreme happiness one ought to get upon the knees. This, at least, evinced sincerity. She dropped upon her knees, buried her face in the bedclothes and volubly repeated a prayer. Then she suddenly stopped at "There is no health in us," remembering that the general confession did not bear upon the case. Then she threw a searching glance around and added, "and give me—a good husband soon."

The voice sank to a whisper at the last words. Then she rose suddenly and looked around again. The kettle sang cheerfully,

a timorous cricket went skurrying across the hearth within an inch of Mitsey's nose without awakening her; the shadows danced like insane ghosts in the bright flickering light. She felt relieved.

Then she remembered another necessary element in request—submission, and she added, unconsciously quoting the pastor, "If consistent with Thy will." Then she felt better, as if she had shifted undue responsibility. But as she got into bed and drew the quilt about her head she reflected with much satisfaction that only Snip and Mitsey had heard; they did not understand English very well.

The days passed and work poured in. The sewing machine hummed merrily day in and day out. Miss Tempe sang at her work now. Sometimes she talked to herself in a confidential undertone, and people began to say how well she was looking; indeed, she was getting quite young again. At which Miss Tempe only smiled, but kept her counsel. Her talisman lay in the words, "According to thy faith—only as a mustard seed." Hers had germinated and grown till the branches thereof reached the clouds, and the birds sang therein, and it was summerland. It is so sweet and easy to believe what one wishes.

One day a letter arrived from Emma. James's employer, it seemed, was an old Maxwell man who had not forgotten his native town or its inhabitants. Especially was Miss Tempe remembered. He sent his kindest regards to her. He was a rich man now and his name was William Willis.

Miss Tempe's face broke into happy smiles as she read. Who knew? William Willis was an old-time lover of hers. This might be the thin edge of the wedge which would open the door of happiness to her!

"According to thy faith be it unto thee," she quoted, and by long and frequent meditation upon the matter she came to regard a matrimonial termination possible, probable, certain. The Christmas holidays were long over and Valentine day was not far distant and there was much chirruping in the treetops.

Miss Tempe was busily hemming some sheets one afternoon. They were the property of Mrs. Brooks, whose maiden name was Susannah Peace. She kept the hotel, and thereby supported her husband and family. Being an old friend and schoolmate of Miss Tempe, she gave her all the sewing which, as the head of the family, she conscientiously put out.

Billows of white cloth lay heaped on one side of the machine, and Miss Tempe was building some lofty air castles as the treadle vibrated under her feet.

Just as she paused and lifted the needle to take out the last sheet, glancing at the clock as she did so, a resounding knock fell upon the door. She promptly answered the peremptory summons and found a burly, red-faced, well-to-do-looking man standing outside. "Is this where Miss Tempe Jackson lives, ma'am?" he inquired in a very full voice.

"Yes," returned that lady full of wonder. "I am her."

The man looked very straight at her; there was something wistful in the gaze.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed at last, as if unwilling to believe the evidence of his own senses. "Why, you *can't* be Tempe. Don't you know me?" and he held out a large hairy hand bronzed and hardened by labor.

"No more'n the dead," she returned, nevertheless accepting the hand, though somewhat gingerly.

"What! you don't know me—William Willis!" he asked in surprise.

"You William Willis!" and Miss Tempe started back in astonishment. This burly, grizzly-haired man with a generous length of waistband her slim, fair-haired lover!

"Well," she said at length, "I never would er knowed you. Why, you look jes' like your pa."

He did not say what she looked like. He was trying to harmonize this wan-faced spinster with the fresh, soft-eyed sweetheart of a score of years ago, and he bore his disappointment in his face.

"But come in," resumed Miss Tempe, recollecting the claim of hospitality. "I'm powerful glad to see you, William, ef you don't look like yourself."

He came in and soon made himself useful in holding the sheets as she folded them away.

Then they sat and talked of the old days, each looking into the face of the other for the old-time charm, and each feeling that it was gone forever, but neither conscious of the extent of personal loss.

Then they spoke of Emma's husband and how high he stood in favor with the firm, and when Mr. Willis took his leave he said:

"You had better go to Denver to live yourself, Tempe. Don't you think you'd like that?"

"I dunno," replied Miss Tempe, evasively, though she was thinking of the delightful possibility as he spoke. Still it would not do to be too prompt.

"Well, think of it," said he, and went away.

Miss Tempe did think of it. When she shut and bolted the kitchen door and saw the silver thread of the new moon over her left shoulder she took it for a sign, a good one. As she sat before the fire that night she became morally certain that things were coming her way matrimonially. Had not William come on the heels of her prayers? For she had offered more than one when the ice was broken.

"According to your faith be it unto you," she said in happy self-communion. "Now here's Providence gone an' answered me pine blank like I wanted."

The next morning saw sundry attempts at the improvement of the outer woman. Quite a rosy pink was obtained by a bit of red cotton flannel, but the powder showed a little more natural than life on the sallow skin. Still the spinster of to-day was a decided improvement on that one of yesterday, and so thought Mr. Willis when he called in the evening. Miss Tempe was just pouring out a cup of tea when he came in, and it was very pleas-

ant and sociable and quite a renewal of youth to have him join her, and they talked of old times as they drank the tea in the aftermath of former glory. Evening after evening the Darby and Joan picture was presented in the modest little sitting room. Mitsey on the lap of the lady and Snip at the feet of the gentleman. His presence in the evening became a matter of course.

Mr. Willis had been in Maxwell nearly a week when, dropping in one evening as usual, he heard Miss Tempe humming a little low song.

"Why, Tempe," he exclaimed, "that sounds like old times, sure enough. Makes me think of how we used to hull out chinquapins and pull candy together. You was a mighty pretty little gal them days."

"I never seen nobody that didn't show ther age *some*," returned Miss Tempe, a little ruffled. But he did not notice.

"Don't you remember," he went on, "the day I kissed Susannah Peace, an' what a flogging the teacher give me?" and he broke out into a hearty laugh which made Snip prick up his ears and Mitsey regard him in round-eyed astonishment.

"It was real mean in Jim Smith to tell on you," said Miss Tempe.

"I wouldn't er done it if she hadn't er dared me," he said. "That's more'n any man can stand, let alone a boy. So I up an' kissed her an' got a whalin' for it, an' you cried. You was a soft-hearted little gal them days, Tempe."

"I didn't like to see you put upon, William," she returned.

"Susannah's got a daughter as like her as two black-eyed peas—like she was then," he amended.

"Yes," said Miss Tempe, feeling secure enough of her lover to praise a younger woman to him, "she's lots prettier than her ma ever was an' she's got a heap better manners."

"Oh, I dunno. Gals these days has a better chance than they ma's uster have; an' Susannah Brooks sees more of the world at the hotel than her ma did."

Mr. Willis assumed the tolerant air of the cosmopolite as he said this.

"My 'pinion is that boardin' houses makes farrard gals," returned Miss Tempe, not fully relishing the turn the conversation had taken. "Pretty is as pretty does, ma allus said."

Then the talk drifted into village gossip—the fate of the boys and girls whom they had played with on the village green some twenty years ago. At last they mentioned Jim Smith, with whom the early prophecy as to his worthlessness had worked its own fulfillment; and he had gone to the bad beyond question.

"Law me!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, looking up at the ceiling, and laughing heartily, "do you remember how he used to lisp? I can hear him now: 'It wath William Willis, thir, that kithed Thuthanna Peath.' Then the master came down on me 'like a thousand o' brick. I didn't keer a bit for nothin' 'cept what you'd think about it."

"'Pears to me like folks is jes' persessed of the devil these days like they was in told times," said Miss Tempe, growing charitable as William grew warmer. "Jim warn't a real mean boy, an' the preacher's done offered him in prar—he do pray a beautiful prar, Mr. Johnson do—so many times tel it's come to bein' real publiclike. But nothin' done him no good. He was jes' persessed like them swine where runned down into the sea, I s'pose."

"I don't know what they would do without the devil to lay they sins on," said Mr. Willis with a short laugh, as he drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket and carefully cut a quid, which he put with due appreciation into his mouth. "When a man lets hisself go twel he ain't no manner o' count on God's yearth, then he wants to lay all the blame on the devil. Now, why didn't I go that away Tempe? The devil had as good a chance at me as at him. Why? Cause I wasn't built that-a-way. I ain't made outen no sich wishy-washy stuff."

"Folks will be folks, William," said Miss Tempe.

"Yes," he replied, appropriating all there was of compliment, and looking around as if taking an inventory of its belongings. Miss Tempe saw this without appearing to see. At last he spoke interrogatively.

"Looks to me, Tempe, like you ought to be sorter lonesome here; no man about the house, nor nothin' to perctect you?"

"Yes, I am—sometimes—'specially here of late," assented Miss Tempe reluctantly.

"You'd better make up your mind to go back with me," he said. "Emma and Jeems would be mighty glad to see you, fur they knowed I was goin' to ax you to go back with me. It do look like a wastin' ov the raw material fur one person to live by themselves."

Then he launched out in praise of Denver as a superior place of residence, especially when compared with Maxwell—in the midst of which the clock struck ten. He arose promptly.

"Well, what do you say about goin' with me, Tempe?" he asked. "You'll have to be purty peart packin' up, fur I'm goin' day after to-morrow."

"I'll think about it, William," replied Miss Tempe, with maiden hesitation, though she had thought of nothing else for a week.

"All right," he replied, "let me know to-morrow."

Then he went away.

Miss Tempe sat down again somewhat dazed as a great wave of bliss rolled over her soul. He was to be her husband at last—the one man she had always loved. He was here in direct answer to prayer. She would never doubt again. She drew the lamp nearer and read her favorite Psalms, and her heart sang jubilate. Then she turned to the chapter in Hebrews which she knew by heart.

"Yes," she said aloud with conviction, "only just a little faith—like a mustard seed. Looks like anybody might have that much." As she sat before the fire with her bare feet flattened upon the warm hearth preparatory to going to bed she noticed that the second toe was the longest.

"Law!" she said with quite a girlish simper, as if she had just made the discovery, "I know that ain't true. I'll never rule William. I'll never want to."

Then it occurred to her that he had given her short notice coupled with no excess of sentiment, but that was only his masterful way and she liked him the better for it. Men of his age were always in a hurry when they took marriage into their heads. Thus with the fickle god weaving rosy dreams about her pillow she fell asleep.

She did not see Mr. Willis in the forenoon of the next day, but she had done some unobtrusive packing and was rather glad that he had kept out of the way. But every footfall at the door gave her quite a flutter of that organ so unaccustomed to such sensations. It was a struggle with her to decide what should be taken and what left.

She was standing before the cupboard gazing at some cherished ware, thinking of the Scripture bearing upon that point, when she saw Mrs. Evans come across the street in evident haste and heading that way. Poor soul, how she hobbled! Poor, lonely, unloved creature! And Miss Tempe's heart melted. She would install her in her vacated home. William was able to take care of his wife, and her cheek flushed at the thought of her great happiness in contrast with the friendlessness of the poor old woman. But Mrs. Evans must have heard the news. There was only one item now in her opinion worthy of that distinction, and her manner became somewhat embarrassed as the old lady entered.

"Law, Tempe, child," said Mrs. Evans, in reply to an invitation to sit down, "I ain't got no time to set down. I'm in a big hurry. I'm goin' up to help Susannah Brooks. She's in a mighty flurry. I don't see how come she didn't find it out before."

"Find out what?" demanded Miss Tempe.

"What! ain't you hearn the news? Susannah's goin' to be married to-morrow." Mrs. Evans fixed her eyes on Miss Tempe as she said this.

"Married!" Miss Tempe's heart was in her mouth.

"Now, you can't fool me, Temp'rance Ann Jackson," exclaimed the old lady, "makin' out you dunno nothin' about it."

when you an' William has fixed it all up, fur he said you was thinkin' about goin' with 'em. An' I do think, Temp'rance Ann, you had oughter let her ma know about it, bein' as how you was gals together an' all. She never had no fault to find with William, 'ceptin' bein' too old for a young thing like Susannah. He'll be a good pervider an' that's more'n John Brooks was. Well, I must go. They sent fur me in a mighty swivit. But Temp'rance Ann, you needn't look so cut up about what I said about tellin' her ma, I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's nor nothin'." And with this kind supplement Mrs. Evans went her way.

It was well for Miss Tempe that she did. The room began to turn round. The floor seemed to recede from her feet. She put out her hands as one suddenly stricken with blindness and groped her way to the nearest chair. Into this she sank a dead weight. She was sick and faint and the bottom of creation seemed to have dropped out.

There was perfect silence in the room. Only the clock ticked and Mitsey purred and Miss Tempe sat with a stony unblinking gaze fixed on the wall. This lasted a long time. Then she seized Mitsey, snoring on her lap, with a sudden energy which surprised the pet into resistance.

"You love me, Mitsey, don't you?" she said in a pitifully broken voice as she held the furry face to her own.

Two salt tears fell on Mitsey's nose, which were quickly wiped off with unsympathetic paws as the cat fixed her great round eyes on the familiar withered face.

"No, Mitsey, you can't understand nothin' about sich feelin's. You ought to be glad you're only a cat."

A great sob followed this, and Snip, impressed by the unusual atmosphere, pushed a cold nose of inquiry into her palm.

"I didn't have faith enough, Snip, I reckon," she said, with a fresh quaver in her voice and a gush of tears. "No, Snip, not even as much as a mustard seed."

One afternoon nearly a year after the departure of William Willis westward with his bride, Miss Tempe, returning home after a brief visit to a neighbor for the purpose of borrowing a pattern, found a man lying prone across the foot of her bed. His grip had fallen from his nerveless fingers and lay near him upon the floor. Snip had taken it in charge and endeavored at sight of his mistress to explain the situation by a series of raps and barks. For one supreme moment Miss Tempe stood transfixed. Her brain refused to take in the possibility of the scene. The next she fled like mad across the street to Mrs. Evans, whom she dragged wildly by the arm to the scene as she incoherently told her reason for doing so.

Arrived there, Mrs. Evans went promptly to the assistance of the unconscious stranger. She turned up his face to the light. It was that of a man past middle age. "Maybe he's drunk," cried Miss Tempe, wringing her hands. "Oh me! why didn't I shut my door."

"Temp'rance Ann Jackson," said the old lady severely, "don't be a goose standin' ther' wringin' yer hands when I want hot water. Whoever seen a drunk man with a face as white as a sheet? Do you smell any whiskey anywhere? Why, this pore cretur is took bad and suddent like with a misery in his head or sumpen. Where's your camphire, Temp'rance? Now, put on the kittle an' git some water, an' heat it quick as you can. Help me turn him over; he's got to be put to bed summers," looking around.

"In my bed?" cried Miss Tempe, aghast at the thought.

"Where you goin' to put him then?" demanded Mrs. Evans. "There ain't no horspittle here nor nothin'. He ain't no tramp you kin see. Snip's got sense enough to know that. He ain't a takin' on about it."

She was busily bathing the temples of the stranger as she said this, but he gave no sign of returning consciousness. "Git some mustard," she went on as she removed his shoes, "he's got to have some plasters till the water's het."

"No, no!" cried Miss Tempe, paralyzed by the developments.

"It's no use gittin' horestile, Temp'rance Ann," declared Mrs. Evans, rubbing his ankles vigorously. "You ain't goin' to turn him out in the street, I s'pose, even if he was a tramp—a tramp's a human," and she fixed her eyes sternly upon the weaker woman.

"No," replied Miss Tempe, wavering, "but what's folks say?"

"They can say what they wants to," coolly returned Mrs. Evans, proceeding with the disrobing. "What you've got to do is your duty. The Lord's stuck this one right under your nose. You can't tell Him you didn't know this pore cretur was a stranger. Now, while that water's gittin' het, you jes' run over to Dr. Moore an' tell him to be in a mighty hurry fur this cretur's mighty bad off."

When Dr. Moore arrived he confirmed Mrs. Evans' diagnosis, adding, that if he lived the stranger would be indebted for his life to her prompt action. When he was able to give an account of himself, which was several days after, they learned that he was from Kansas and had been traveling in the South with the view of investing in land. That he had been seized by that dread fever which lies in wait for the unacclimated. He had attempted to return home before he was able, and feeling ill when the train reached Maxwell he had endeavored to reach the hotel, but finding himself too weak to go on, he had entered the first open door, and had fainted on the bed.

He did not see Fate standing on the threshold, as she surely was, for, having been rescued from death by these two women, he proved his gratitude by marrying one and giving the older a home with them.

So Miss Tempe's ships came back to her. Not those she had launched—do they ever?—but seaworthy crafts, richly laden, and sailing over a quiet sea.

Written for THE RED AND WHITE by

HESTER E. SHIPLEY.

THE TROUBADOR.

The lady fair and sweet sits in her window wide
In evenings when the moonlight throws shadows by her side.
One night while calmly thinking, her thoughts were recalled
from afar

By the soft and mellowed sweetness, arising from a lover's guitar.
At first the music was low, but grew more forceful and bold,
As the strings of his loving guitar accorded with his heart and
soul.

"My lady love so fair, to thee goes out my heart,
I go away; from thee I wish a token ere we part."
Her handkerchief she dropped, sweetly perfumed before;
The troubador took it with a sigh, departed and was heard no
more.

R. K. B., '10.

A TRIP TO THE PHILIPPINES.

After ten days at home from college on the 10th of June, 1909, I boarded the train at Asheville for Seattle, Washington, where I expected to join two of my classmates, Faison and Latham, and from there we were to sail for the Philippines, where we had accepted appointments as lieutenants in the Philippine constabulary.

To one who has never been farther away from home than to college he has no conception of what it really is to leave behind everything that is near and dear to him and take up work in a foreign country among strangers. It is anything but pleasant for the time being, but there comes a time in every young man's life when he is required to stand alone, as it were, after all his props have been taken down, and unless he has enough self-reliance to cut loose and take advantage of the opportunities as they present themselves, he will never reach the better things in life that he otherwise would.

A person traveling across the States from the Atlantic to the Pacific has much to attract his attention, and soon forgets the unpleasantness of his leaving. As the train winds along the edge of the waters of the French Broad River between Asheville and Knoxville, the traveler's eyes feast on an expanse of natural scenery almost unsurpassed in the States, and after a night's rest he awakes to find himself speeding along through the great "Blue grass" sections of Kentucky, which he has so often heard of and can now fully enjoy it all. The great corn and wheat fields of Illinois are soon passed through, and they are indeed a most beautiful indication of wealth and prosperity.

The second night I landed in St. Louis, where I had only forty-five minutes between trains. I boarded a street car and took in the principal business and shopping districts of the city which were beautiful at night. After traveling through the night I arrived at Kansas City the next morning. Remaining there for two hours, we left on a through train for Seattle, mak-

ing only a few stops. Two days of travel brought us into the prairies of Wyoming, which were very interesting, as I saw there many large flocks of sheep, which were said to contain ten thousand, and many large herds of cattle and horses. One day more brought us in sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies far away to the left.

From Billings, Montana, we traveled over the Great Northern Road, and soon had two monstrous engines pulling us up the steep incline of the Rockies. The scenery along here cannot be described. The snow-capped peaks were all about us and the chilly breezes made us fairly shake. Only the traveler who goes here can ever get any idea of this magnificent scenery which is constantly changing until reaching Spokane, Washington. One day more ended my journey by rail, and the first impression of this great city was a lasting one.

It was a very unexpected pleasure to run across an old A. and M. student here, and I learned that my two friends had not yet arrived. Faison came in on the afternoon train and Latham arrived the next day. We were expecting to be in Seattle only two days, but were detained six days by our boat being in the dry docks. This gave us an excellent opportunity to take in the A. Y. P. Exposition, which we surely did, after a day's sight-seeing in the city.

We saw many beautiful and interesting things presented here at this great fair. The exhibits were exceptionally fine, especially the California and Washington fruits. The fine coal and mineral exhibits of the great northwest were also especially interesting to us as we had never before seen such immense quantities in solid parts. There was no end to our fun on "Pay Street," where there were all sorts of games and amusements. The only difficulty we had was in getting Faison to understand what was meant by "Five balls for a dime"—"No blanks." The grounds of the exposition were very beautifully laid out and highly illuminated at night. The buildings were large, handsome and many permanently built. Those who were unfortunate not to see this missed a great exposition.

We were now anxiously waiting the date to sail, for in the mere mention of an ocean voyage there is a magic to stir the heart to quicker action, and especially true is this of a trip on the placid Pacific. The fortunate traveler who leaves the land-locked harbor of Seattle and swings out into the broad ocean toward the great circle track has days and nights of restful, solid enjoyment before him, and immeasurably more so is this the case since the Great Northern Steamship Co. put into service the magnificent twin-screw steamship "Minnesota," on which we sailed. She had a sister ship, the "Dakota," but unfortunately she was wrecked two years ago on the rocks off the coast of Japan.

Just a brief description of the "Minnesota" will perhaps give many a better idea of what a luxurious home can be built on the sea. This new ship is six hundred and thirty feet in length, seventy-four feet in beam and eighty-eight feet deep from keel to upper navigation bridge deck. The total dead weight capacity is twenty-three thousand long tons, or a cubical capacity of twenty-eight thousand tons, equal to one hundred trains of twenty-five cars each, costing the company fifteen hundred dollars per day to operate it between ports.

The elegance and comfort of the staterooms, dining, music, smoking-rooms and the large library are unsurpassed. In many respects the "Minnesota" is said to have the finest equipment for passenger service of any ship in the world. She is not equaled on the Pacific, and is unsurpassed even by the great Atlantic liners. Certainly every modern convenience that ingenuity can suggest or that money can purchase has been installed.

On the afternoon of June 23d many passengers, and their friends to see them off, were at the Great Northern docks. It was interesting to be on deck and see the parting of those below. Presently the big gong sounded for all the visitors to get off, and a great rush followed. A few minutes more and the monstrous ship was slowly leaving the docks, and was soon headed out to sea. The voyage was begun! All passengers were now on deck

waving and shouting farewell to their friends who stood waving until the boat was far out from land. It is a strange and rather lonesome feeling one has when leaving his home, country and friends. This feeling, however, did not linger long as we soon began making new acquaintances and finding out their business, etc., and it was only a short time until all of us knew each other, and soon were like old friends.

A large number of our passengers were government employees of various branches, composed of Senators, lawyers, doctors, army officers, school-teachers and tourists, some returning to the islands, while a number were making their first trip, most of whom were just out of college and ready to take a hand in anything for amusement on board.

The first days out, every one wanted to be on deck, where you get the full pleasure of an ocean voyage; but it being so cold at first, many remained inside, where we got up large progressive card parties, which soon became very interesting. I must say that we had quite a number of fine young ladies on board, who were largely responsible for the exceedingly good times that we had, as many of them were fine musicians. We soon had dancing on deck at nights, which lasted late, and then served to a delicious midnight lunch by the steward. It was like living the best of college days over again, except being on sea, which added all the more to our pleasure. Several nights the steward gave us free access to his kitchen and all that we could find, and here we helped the girls make fudge and pull candy, until there was no end to the fun; and so the days and nights passed almost before we could realize it.

The eighth day out, we reached the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude, and here all vessels crossing this line going west lose one day, while all vessels bound eastward gain one day, as on this meridian the days begin.

The Fourth of July came with a big celebration and track meet on board. Every passenger had taken great interest in helping arrange for the meet. There were over fifty contests

and more than one hundred contestants. Very appropriate and handsome prizes were gotten up for the winners. The contest lasted the entire day, and when ended every one pronounced it the most successful of its kind ever attempted, the winners feeling proud of their prizes and valuing them highly as souvenirs. Such were the pleasant times we had been having over a distance of four thousand two hundred and sixty miles, of fourteen days' sailing, and on the "Minnesota" the hours all passed too quickly.

On the fifteenth day, the "Land of the Chrysanthemum and the Cherry Blossom" was sighted for the first time. The people of Japan, who are taking such an important part in the affairs of the world, were the first we studied. Their temples and groves, spread out before us, was a veritable feast to our eyes.

Yokohama, the principal port of Japan, was our first stop. The scenery around the city was pleasing and particularly interesting to one who is visiting Japan for the first time. The native town attracts tourists by its curio shops, its street stalls and its theatrical and other shows. Three days in Yokohama gave us ample time to visit Tokyo, with its 3,000,000 inhabitants, eighteen miles away, which holds the highest rank among the cities of Japan, and which is the capital. Here we called on the American Embassy, who gave us a permit to go through the old Imperial Palace in Kyoto, the ancient capital. Tokio is called the "City of Temples," there being one thousand two hundred and twenty-five, and many of them fine edifices.

On steaming out from Yokohama harbor and down Tokyo Bay, we obtained an excellent view of the snow-crowned summit of Fujiyama, a volcanic mountain, over twelve thousand feet high. The passage by sea from Yokohama to Kobe is three hundred and fifty miles, and was made in twenty-four hours.

While in Kobe I saw a brilliant naval display, at night, between the Japanese and Chinese men-of-war, given in honor of the Chinese Emperor.

From Kobe to Nagasaki is three hundred and ninety-one miles, and occupied thirty hours through the "Inland Sea of

Japan." The scenery along through the Inland Sea must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. The big vessel steamed through narrow straits with the most magnificent scenery, passing well-cultivated islands with picturesque villages.

While at Nagasaki we saw many interesting sights. The natives of all denominations were having their annual feast, as they called it, in honor of the dead. The millions of graves on the mountain side had each a Japanese lantern hung over it, and in all directions sky-rockets were shooting in the air, making the most beautiful display of fireworks. This was also our coaling station. Fifteen hundred natives were employed for twenty-four hours loading the "Minnesota," and each received the large sum of fifteen cents per day for their labor. Their method of loading was indeed interesting to watch. Nagasaki is a popular place for sea bathing, and we had several good dips before leaving.

Shanghai, China, four hundred and sixty miles from Nagasaki, and occupying about thirty-six hours, was our next and last stop before reaching Manila. We were unable to reach the harbor, owing to the heavy draught of our steamer, but anchored at the mouth of the Whang-tu River, twelve miles from the city, and proceeded up the river in a lighter boat. We found this the most modern city since leaving Seattle. The tall buildings once more reminded us of "back home." The old Walled City is the main thing of interest to the traveler. Here we saw the awful conditions existing among the lower class of Chinese that we had often heard of at home. The very sight of them was almost unbearable. We were fortunate to get some excellent kodak pictures in this old city. By all means one should have a good kodak on a trip like this. It is surprising how good it is to see the "Stars and Stripes" floating in a foreign country, among the flags of all other nations. You feel a pride in America that you never felt before. There were several American torpedo boats at Shanghai, on a little cruise up from Manila, and they certainly looked good to us.

After a day in Shanghai, we set out on the home stretch across China Sea, and in five days, on the 23d of July, we landed in Manila, a beautiful city and the capital of the Philippines.

To say that the entire trip was a delightful and instructive one does not half express it. The voyage from Seattle occupied just one month to a day, and it seemed all too short. The weather was ideal during the entire trip; only two days we got a real taste of rough sea, and were able to enjoy that. Indeed, it was a month of solid comfort and pleasure, and one long to be remembered. The trip alone is worth two years of any man's time, and he should feel fortunate in having such an opportunity to see the other side of the world, and easily completing a round trip through Europe on his return home, if he so desires.

Now, a word to those who might be thinking of taking up work in the constabulary after completing their college course. This is, of course, a strictly military organization, and those who are fond of that sort of work will find the constabulary a most interesting and instructive vocation. I was agreeably surprised to find it of such a high grade and standing among both Americans and natives throughout the islands. It consists of three hundred and twenty-five commissioned officers and five thousand men. The companies are scattered at different points where needed, throughout the entire archipelago. The work required of the officers is of a high character and demands much energy and ability if successfully performed.

Officers, soon after arriving in Manila, are assigned to the Constabulary School at Baguio, in the mountain province, having an elevation of over five thousand feet and a most delightful climate during the entire year. The course of instruction here lasts for three months and gives one an excellent footing to carry on the work when assigned to a company. At present there are twenty-three in the class, all of whom are graduates of colleges and universities of high standing throughout the States, and are here for business. In the preceding class were graduates from Yale, Harvard and other first-class universities in the North.

In this class there are three of the '09 Class from our rival college, V. P. I.; also one from Clemson.

There is at present much talk among the leading men of the islands that the organization here known as the Philippine Scouts will in a short time be discontinued and the constabulary increased proportionately. There seems to be a bright future in the constabulary to one who wishes to make it a life work.

In trying to give a brief description of the trip to the Orient, and of the work in which I am now engaged, I have mentioned only a few of the main incidents and facts, and realize that the readers of *THE RED AND WHITE* must draw largely on their imagination for the many small details not mentioned.

R. A. SHOPE, A. M. C., '09.



WHITE MAN'S FIRST TRIP TO LAKE WACCAMAW.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following diary extract is taken from the State Historical Records in Raleigh. The narrator is considered the first white man to have penetrated inland far enough to see this beautiful lake, and for this reason his account of the journey is an interesting bit of history.—J. M. C.]

I intend, after my return to Charleston, to take a journey, by land, to Cape Fear, in North Carolina, which I have heard so much talk of, as likewise to the beautiful lake which is the head of Waccamaw River. I left Georgia on the 9th of May and set out for Charleston in a canoe, with four oars, having sold my horse. We lay in the wood that night, at a place called Bloody Point, which is on the north side of Sanfusky Sounds; it is so named from the scout boats being cut off there in the Indian War by the Augustine Indians. I met with nothing very material that night, except my sending one of the oar men for some fresh water to a spring about a stone's throw from the camp, who came back in a terrible fright, swearing he either saw the devil or some spirit, the vulgar having a notion among them that this place was haunted ever since. We took each of us a stick of lightwood in our hands and went to meet this spirit, which proved to be nothing but a poor raccoon, which we killed and barbecued for our supper, with some oysters for sauce, there being great plenty there, and, I think, much the finest in the whole province. About four the next morning we set out from thence, and about ten reached Port Royal Sounds, where we had very near been cast away by a sudden storm from the northeast, but, by the providence of God and the skillfulness of the pilot, happily escaped. Those sounds are about ten miles over, and they say the bar is much the finest in South Carolina. We reached the town of Beaufort, in Port Royal Island, that evening, by Frederick Fort, where his majesty's independent company is settled.

Beaufort is pleasantly situated, and would be much pleasanter would it admit of a large town; but, the land round it being got into the hands of a few gentlemen who have other tracts elsewhere, there is no room for others who would live there to settle it; so that, the town in itself is but very indifferent. We slept there that night, at one Mr. Richard Woodward's, and the next morning set out for Charleston, and arrived there on the thirteenth morning, with nothing worthy notice.

I set out from Charleston on the 10th of June, 1734, on my travels to Cape Fear, in North Carolina, in company with thirteen more, and the first night reached Mr. Moore's, in Goose Creek. The next night we reached Captain Screen's, at French Santee, and the third reached Wineaw Ferry, which is about one hundred miles from Charleston. There we lay that night, and, there being so many of us, it was twelve the next day before we all crossed the ferry. We dined there at one Mr. Masters', on the fens on the other side, and the same night reached one Muenly, who keeps another tavern on the road, about twenty-two miles from Masters'.

The next morning, about five, we left his house, and about six came on the long bay, the tide just serving for us to get over the swashes. We had twenty-five miles farther to ride on the bay, or seashore, and five miles after, before we came within sight of a house; so that, we were obliged to ride gently for fear of our horses. When we got about fifteen miles over the bay, my horse gave out, and I was obliged to take one of the negroes' horses, leaving him behind to take care of mine. When we rode about two miles farther, another of our companions' horses gave out, and, in short, two more before we got to Ash's, or Little River, which was the next house.

The next morning, just as we were setting out from thence, our tired horses came in, when we ordered them to be left there till further orders. We left the boys behind, to come after us as well as they could. We reached Little Charlotta by dinner time, which is about fifteen miles from Ash's, or Little River. We

dined there, and in the afternoon crossed the ferry, where we intended to sleep that night. We reached there about eight the same night, after having crossed the ferry.

It is named so after one Lockwood, a Barbarian, who, with several others, attempted to settle it some time ago; but, by his cruel behavior to the Indians, they drove him from thence, and it has not been settled above ten years. We left Lockwood's Folly about eight the next morning, and by two reached the town of Brunswick, which is the chief town in Cape Fear, but with no more than two of the same horses which came with us out of South Carolina. We dined there that afternoon. Mr. Roger Moore, hearing we were come, was so kind as to send fresh horses for us to come up to his home, which we did, and were kindly received by him, he being the chief gentleman in all Cape Fear. His house is built of brick and exceeding pleasantly situated, about two miles from the town and about half a mile from the river, though there is a creek comes close up to the door, between two beautiful meadows, about three miles length. He has a prospect of the town of Brunswick, and of another beautiful brick house, a building about half a mile from him, belonging to Eleazer Allen, Esq., late speaker to the Commons House of Assembly, in the province of South Carolina. There were several vessels lying before the town of Brunswick, but I shall forbear giving a description of that place; yet on the 20th of June we left Mr. Roger Moore's, accompanied by his brother, Nathaniel Moore, Esq., to a plantation of his, up the northwest branch of Cape Fear River. The river is wonderfully pleasant, being, next to Savannah, the finest on all the continent.

We reached the Forks, as they call it, that same night, where the river divides into two very beautiful branches, called the Northeast and the Northwest, passing by several pretty plantations on both sides. We lodged that night at one Mr. Jehu Davis's, and the next morning proceeded up the Northwest branch; when got about two miles from thence, we came to a beautiful plantation, belonging to Captain Gabriel, who is a

great merchant there, where were two ships, two sloops and a brigantine, loading with lumber for the West Indies; it is about twenty-two miles from the bar. When we came about four miles higher up, we saw an opening on the northeast side of us, which is called Black River, on which there is a great deal of very good meadow land, but there is not anyone settled on it.

The next night we came to another plantation belonging to Mr. Roger Moore, called the Blue Banks, where he is a going to build another very large brick house. This bluff is at least a hundred feet high, and has a beautiful prospect over a fine, large meadow on the opposite side of the river. The houses are all built on the southwest side of the river, it being for the most part high champaign land. The other side is very much subject to overflow, but I cannot learn they have lost but one crop. I am credibly informed they have very commonly fourscore bushels of corn on an acre of their overflowed land. It very rarely overflows but in the winter time, when their crop is off. I must confess I saw the finest corn growing there that ever I saw in my life, as likewise wheat and hemp. We lodged there that night, at one Captain Gibbs's, adjoining to Mr. Moore's plantation, where we met with very good entertainment. The next morning we left his house and proceeded up the said river to a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, where we dined. The plantations on this river are all very much alike as to the situation, but there are many more improvements on some than on others. This house is built after the Dutch fashion, and made to front both ways on the river, and on the land he has a beautiful avenue cut through the woods for above two miles, which is a great addition to the house. We left his house about two in the afternoon, and the same evening reached Mr. Nathaniel More's plantation, which is reckoned forty miles from Brunswick. It is likewise a very pleasant place, on a bluff upwards of sixty feet high. I forbode mentioning anything either as to the goodness or the badness of the land in my passage from South Carolina, it being, in short, nothing but a sandy bank from Winneaw Ferry to Bruns-

wick; and, indeed, the town itself is not much better at present; it is that which has given this place such a bad name, on account of the land, it being the only road to South Carolina from the northern part of the continent; and as there are a great many travelers from New York, New England, &c., who go to Charleston, having been asked what sort of land they have in Cape Fear, have not stuck out to say that it is all a mere sand bank; but let those gentlemen take a view of the rivers, and they will soon be convinced to the contrary, as well as myself, who, must confess, till then, was of their opinion, but now am convinced by ocular demonstration, for I have not so much as seen one foot of bad land since my leaving Brunswick. About three days after my arrival at Mr. More's, there came a sloop of one hundred tons, and upward, from South Carolina, to be laden with corn, which is sixty miles at least from the bar. I never yet heard of any man who was ever at the head of that river, but they tell me the higher you go up the better the land, and the river grows wider and wider. There are people settled at least forty miles higher up, but, indeed, the tide does not flow, at the most above twenty miles higher. Two days after, I was taken very ill of an ague and fever, which continued on me for near a month, in which time my companions left me and returned to South Carolina. When I began to recover my health a little, I mentioned to Mr. More the great desire I had to see Waccamaw Lake, as I had heard so much talk of it, and has been myself a great way up the river, that I was sure by the course of the country I could not be above twenty miles from thence. He told me he had a negro fellow who, he thought, could carry me to it, and that he would accompany me himself, with some others of his acquaintance. On the 18th of July we set out from his house on horseback, with every one his gun, and took the negro with us. We rode about four miles on a direct course through an open pine barren, when we came to a large can swamp, about half a mile through, which we crossed in about an hour's time, but it was astonishing to see the innumerable sight of mosquitoes, and the

largest that ever I saw in my life, for they made nothing to fetch blood of us, through our buckskin gloves, coats and jackets. As soon as we got through that swamp, we came to another open pine barren, where we saw a great herd of deer, the largest and fattest that ever I saw in those parts. We made shift to kill a brace of them, which we made a hearty dinner on. We rode about two miles farther, when we came to another cane swamp, where we shot a large she bear and two cubs. It was so large that it was with great difficulty we got through it. When we got on the other side, it began to rain very hard, or otherwise, so far as I know, we might have shot ten brace of deer, for they were almost as thick as in the parks in England, and did not seem to be in the least afraid of us, for I question much whether they had ever seen a man in their lives before, for they seemed to look on us as amazed. We made shift as well as we could to reach the lake the same night, but had but little pleasure; it continuing to rain very hard, we made a large fire of lightwood, and slept as well as we could that night. The next morning we took a particular view of it, and I think it is the pleasantest place that ever I saw in my life. It is at least eighteen miles round, surrounded with exceeding good land, as oak of all sorts, hickory, and fine cypress swamps. There is an old Indian field to be seen, which shows it was formerly inhabited by them, but I believe not within these forty years, for there is scarce one of the Cape Fear Indians, or the Waccamaws, that can give any account of it. There is plenty of deer, wild turkeys, geese and ducks, and fish in abundance. We shot sufficient to serve forty men, though there was but six of us. We went almost round it, but there is on the northeast side a small cypress swamp, so deep that we could not go through it. We returned back again on a direct line, being resolved to find how far it was on a straight course from the Northwest branch of Cape Fear River, which we found did not exceed ten miles.

We returned back to Mr. More's that same night, having satisfied our curiosity, and the next morning set out with an intent

to take a view of the Northeast branch, on which there is a great deal of good land, but not in my opinion, for the generality, so good as on the Northwest, but I think the river is much more beautiful. We lay that first night at Newtown, in a small hut, and the next day reached Rocky Point, which is the finest place in all Cape Fear. There are several very worthy gentlemen settled there, particularly Colonel Maurice More, Captain Herne, John Swan, Esq., and several others. We stayed there one night, and the next morning set out on horseback to take a view of the land backwards, imagining that there might be only a skirt of good land on the river, but I am sure I rode for above twenty miles back, through nothing but black walnut, oak and hickory. We returned the same night to Rocky Point, and the next morning set out for a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, within six miles of Brunswick, where I was a second time taken ill, so that I thought I should have died; but by the providence of God, and the care of good Mrs. Davis, I recovered in a fortnight's time, so that I was able to set out on my journey to South Carolina. I took leave of that worthy family on the 10th of August, when she was so kind as to force me to take a bottle of shrub and several other things with me. I reached Mr. Roger More's the same night, where I was again handsomely received; but being resolved to set out on my journey the next morning, he generously offered me a horse to carry me to the house where I was obliged to leave mine on the road, as likewise a servant to attend me, which I refused. I left his house the next morning, being the 11th of August, at half an hour after seven, and reached Brunswick by eight. I set out from thence about nine, and about four miles from thence met my landlord of Lockwood Folly, who was in hopes I would stay at his house all night. About two I arrived there with much difficulty, it being a very hot day, and myself very faint and weak, when I called for a dram, and to my great sorrow found not one drop of rum, sugar or lime juice in the house (a pretty place to stay all night, indeed), so was obliged to make use of my own bottle of shrub,

which made me resolve never to trust the country again on a long journey. About five I ferried over, in order to proceed to Captain Hernes's; but about half-way between that and Charlotte met him, going to Brunswick. About eight I reached little Charlotte, where I waited for the ferryboat till nine, in which time I had like to have been devoured by musquetoës; about half an hour after I arrived at Captain Hernes's, and, thank God, met with good entertainment. I slept very well all the night, and in the morning, about ten, set out on my journey to Little River, and reached there about three. I met with a very prating fellow there, that diverted me very much. I immediately ordered my horse to be got up, but to my great grief found him in a worse condition than when I left him, the negroes having rode him to that degree, without a saddle, that he had a swelling in the middle of his back as big as my double fist, which hindered my proceeding in my journey that night, as I intended; but by applying things to his back, it broke before morning, which in some measure eased him. At seven the next morning I left his house, and by eight reached the Long bay. When I was about half-way over the bay, I intended to stop at the next spring and take a tiff of punch; but by some unfortunate accident, I know not how, when I came within sight of the spring, my bottle unluckily broke, and I lost every drop of my shrub; but examining my bags, I accidentally found a bottle of cherry brandy, with some gingerbread and cheese, which I believe good Mrs. More ordered to be put up unknown to me. I drank two drams of that, not being willing it should be all lost in case it should break, and mounting my horse, took some gingerbread and cheese in my hand and pursued my journey, and by eleven reached Bulloyns, or the end of the bay; by eight I reached Murels, where I met with plenty of rum, sugar and lime juice, and a good pasture for my horse, but no corn. The next morning I set out from thence, and by noon reached Masters's, or Winneaw Ferry; but the ferryboat being gone adrift, could not get over till near ten at night, after I had supped upon a wild turkey.

The next morning I set out from Reeves Ferry on the other side, and the same night reached Daubuth's. The next morning I set out from thence, and about two miles from the house met with a possum, which is very like a little pig; it has a false belly, so that when they have young ones, if you fright them, they immediately run into the bag, which closes up immediately. I reached Witton's by noon, and had my possum dressed for dinner. The same night I reached Mr. More's, in Goose Creek, and the next night I arrived at Charleston, on the 7th day of August, where I remained till the 23d of November, when I set sail for England, and arrived safe in London on the 3d of January, 1734-5.



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There have been few happenings of interest in our Young Men's Christian Association this month. The greater part of the time since the last issue has been taken up by the holidays. But at the beginning of the new year it might be well to outline in embryo what we plan to do this winter and spring.

While we have had comparatively few Bible-study groups in the past, it is due to an insufficiency of competent leaders. The men here are handicapped by heavy schedules to so great an extent that few can find time from their regular routine duties to thoroughly prepare for competent leadership. This our general secretary has sought to overcome, and has secured not a few of the Raleigh citizens as Bible-class leaders. Thus we are more confident that this great work of getting the men more intimately in touch with the Book of Books will be more thorough and efficient.

All the committees, being more experienced, may be expected to do better work than previously. The Wednesday and Sunday night meetings will merit every man's attendance.

The first meeting of the year was turned over to the Rochester convention delegates. Messrs. G. R. Ross, J. M. Beal and W. F. Eller, with the general secretary, Mr. Bergthold, represented A. & M. at this convention. Each made clear-cut, impressive five-minute talks on their impressions of the most significant movement.

Another most interesting incident in Y. M. C. A. circles is the marriage of our popular and efficient general secretary, Mr. Bergthold. Every man in College knows and loves the secretary, and especially does each member of the Association wish to congratulate him.

Mr. and Mrs. Bergthold will reside in one of the near-by West Raleigh houses.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROCHESTER CONVENTION.

Four thousand men and women, undergraduate students predominating in numbers, concentrating their four thousand minds and better selves for eight hours each day for five days on that great thought, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," will tell you something of what a great message has come to the students of America through the Rochester convention.

Not only did this great convention tell the representatives of over seven hundred institutions in Canada and America the world-wide facts concerning the work accomplished in spreading Christ's kingdom and the work to be accomplished, but it showed that if the institutions of this land do their duty, before the next generation rules the nations, one of God's greatest commands will have been accomplished, and the children, and children to come, will not be apologizing for the failure of their fathers to do God's will.

The command of our Lord to "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers," is as binding as His other command, to "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

This quotation, "As go the universities, so goes the nation," ought to cause us, as a part of the steering machinery of this nation, to re-examine our habits and practices with reference to the use of time, money, strength, opportunities and influence in their bearing on the world programme of Jesus Christ.

You or I may not be fit to go into the foreign fields at the call of our God; but no doubt there are men in this institution who will travel in China, Africa or Turkey, perhaps merely as travelers, perhaps as engineering students or students of other applied sciences. And again, some of us may be instructors in some of the government schools of the Philippines, Japan, China or Latin-America. Either one or all of these puts more or less of the responsibility of the present existing conditions upon all people going forth from a Christian land. Each of us is a mis-

sionary, be it for good or for evil. Each by his acts and words is spreading or retarding the power of the gospel. "None of us liveth to himself."

"If we win the Chinese students for Jesus Christ, we accomplish the evangelization of China; lose the students now, and it means centuries before China will become a Christian nation," is a sentence from a Chinese student now in America. This is a call to the students of this nation of self-denial, a demand of us to treat the foreign boys and girls in our colleges with the greatest sympathetic kindness. And a time for us to ask ourselves if in the four short years of college are we building up a strong personality?

Never before has there been such a world-wide synchronizing of crises. The student volunteers and their friends, the laymen and their churches, the various organizations of young men and women are taking part in this work of the King. The question comes to me, Are we getting credit for a small part in this great work? I mean we as members of the Young Men's Christian Association of this College. Are we doing all we can? Fellow-students, we have apologized long enough on this campus and in these class rooms for being sons of Christian fathers and mothers by failing to take an active part in the Young Men's Christian Association.

If we cannot be volunteers, we can be laymen. We can either increase the number of volunteers or we can snap the locks which are holding thirteen millions of dollars more each day as the savings of the American people. This was shown by Mr. Marling to be the savings of our people each day. He also said that we hold forty per cent. of the banking power of the world, and that a large per cent. would be found controlled by Christian people. Go "do the will of Him that sent me." Sign yourself as a volunteer, line yourself up as a layman and strengthen the home base.

Facts and statistics tell us that there is a war in Africa between Mohammedanism and Christianity. That in Latin-

America Christ is pictured either dead upon the cross or ghastly dead in the grave. Where is the living Christ one cries again and again, and no voice may give him reply. That 170,000,000 young men in Asia, having lost faith in their old religions are wandering here and there because they have no one to lead them to a lasting and satisfying faith. That 400,000,000 women of Asia, not one of whom has or can have her God-given rights as a child of God; and that there are 2,000,000 baby wives in India under ten years of age. In them is a throbbing human heart that God loves and would help if he could get lips that would take his message.

Be strong, we are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong, be strong."

GEO. R. ROSS. '11.



Athletics

BASEBALL.

The prospects for A. and M.'s baseball team this season are unusually good. Most of the men of last year's team are back and quite a number of new men are beginning to show up well. Frank Thompson, who has been connected with A. and M. athletics for the past four years, is coach, and already preliminary practice has been begun under his guidance and supervision. The line-up for 1910 will probably be the same as that for the '09 season with the exception of the initial base, vacated by Fox, and left field, formerly covered by Harris.

Sexton, undoubtedly the best college pitcher in the State, is captain of the team, an honor he richly deserves. His pitching has been phenomenal. With Sexton booked as slab artist for any occasion no fear need be entertained that the opposing team will be able to use the stick to any advantage. Not only will Sexton be a good player as pitcher, but also in the capacity of captain. His three years experience on the baseball team will stand him in good stead and make him the best captain the team has ever had.

The schedule for this spring has not been completely arranged as yet, and therefore cannot be published before the February issue. With that issue, however, the entire list of games with more definite information in regard to the prospects can be given.

TRACK.

Manager Mott and Captain Sherman of the track team are very enthusiastic over the prospects for a successful team this season. The discus throw and the two-mile run, both standard

field day events, have been added to our list of events, it being understood that other colleges with whom we have meets will also take on these events. The team lost by graduation last year two most excellent men in Johnson and Witherspoon, but with these excepted our last year's squad with a large number of new men are now here and have begun training.

It is hoped that a field day can be arranged for in the latter part of February in which all classes may be represented and all standard events can be taken part in. If this does take place the faculty will give a cup, something like the football and baseball cups, to be competed for annually by the classes. The cross-country run, scheduled for last December 13th, had to be postponed on account of bad weather. It seemed as if the 13th day was unlucky. Christmas examinations being in order also that week it was impossible to have the run before the holidays, and as a result it is still on the docket. A squad of about twenty or twenty-five men anticipate entering this contest.

A complete track schedule will be arranged soon and will be published in the February issue of THE RED AND WHITE.



The Red and White

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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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We are glad to see the interest manifested in THE RED AND WHITE by outside friends of the college. Unsolicited on our

part, other than in the heading of this page, we have received several articles for publication, alumni—and in one case the wife of an alumnus—and friends being the contributors. "Miss Tempe's Faith Cure," published in this issue, is the first of the articles from outside friends to be printed in our columns, others however will follow soon. As will be noticed above we are always very glad to receive manuscripts for publication not only from students, professors and alumni, but from "friends of the college" as well.

The new year, 1910, is with us, the year above all that the Senior has been looking eagerly forward to. After three and a half years of hard, consistent work we find ourselves, as it were, "coming in on the home-stretch," with only a few more short months accorded to us for college life. Already we hear the Seniors asking among themselves "have you got a job yet?" and already visions of responsibilities and of future usefulness to the State and country are looming up in the minds of each candidate for graduation. College life for the senior will soon be over, all honors will soon have been won, and then his life as the world sees and knows it will just be beginning. A blank is before us; to fill it out is our privilege and our duty; let us all then write with sure hands "honorable, desirable citizens, leading 'sober, righteous and godly' lives." With this then as our motto let us welcome the new year 1910 to our midst.

Perhaps never before in the history of athletics at the A. and M. College has track and field day events been in such prominence. No doubt track athletics has received this prominence from the fact that no other branch of sports develops individualism, self-reliance, or furnishes better sport than the track. A. and M. is going to have a track team this season, at least the captain and manager say so, the cross-country squad says so, and even the air seems permeated with a spirit which says we are going to have a team and a good one too. The totally in-

different attitude of the faculty in regard to the welfare of the track team, however, is a matter of deep regret with all concerned. Three times we are told has the captain of the team been before the faculty athletic representative petitioning him to bring before the faculty the urgent necessity of having track men excused from drill, and three times has this faculty representative failed to come up to his promise and bring the matter up for discussion. Last year the team labored under the difficulty of having to drill on Tuesdays and Fridays, allowing four days in the week for practice, but this year Wednesday has been sandwiched in for a drill day, and in this manner matters *are made* even worse. Precious little inducement it is that is made in behalf of the track and the situation is not very encouraging. The men have to furnish their own togs and have to drill three times per week, two things members of the other college teams do not have to do. With only four companies of infantry in the battalion and such a large number of men in college no one would ever notice the difference in the ranks if twenty cadets were excused from drill. As has been said, though, we are going to have a team. Indeed, two new standard events have been added to the list, the discus throw and the two-mile run, and in these events as well as the others we will be prepared in proportion to our practice time. So here's good luck to the track team.



Locals

School has opened again after a pleasant holiday, and we are glad to be together once more. This term brings many new faces into our midst, among whom are Mr. R. R. Rheinart, a graduate of '09, who is now taking a post course; also Mr. T. D. Harris, who entered with the '10 class, and we are very glad to have him with us again.

The winter course students were addressed by Dr. Hill, Prof. C. B. Williams, Mr. J. V. Simms and several other prominent men last Friday night at the agricultural building. The subjects were of a farming nature, especially corn growing.

Mr. J. J. Wells, known as "Tubby," of '07, made us a short call last week. Mr. Wells is a civil engineer, and is located at Elm City.

We are glad to announce the marriage of Mr. J. W. Bergthold to Miss Lucy Kinson, of New Bern, N. C. The marriage took place in Hickory, N. C., Tuesday, December 21, 1909.

Mr. L. F. Koonce, '07, is in the city for a few days as THE RED AND WHITE goes to press.

The new dormitory is at last occupied. Students who were in cramped quarters before Christmas are now comfortably housed in this splendid new building.

A small fire started by a stove in a student's room over on Maiden Lane caused some excitement Thursday, the 13th, but was extinguished before any considerable damage was done.

The January dance of the Thalarian German Club was given Saturday night, January 15, 1910. The dance was led by Mr. J. L. Springs. Those dancing were:

J. L. Springs with Miss Irene Lacy, N. H. Lachecotte with Miss Elizabeth Thompson, T. T. Dawson with Miss Anne McKimmon, Mr. Willis Holden with Miss Daisy Haywood, Mr. Eugene Lee with Miss Narnie Rogers, Mr. R. F. Jones with Miss Lizzie Rogers, Mr. E. H. Smith with Miss Ethel Rogers, Mr. C. A. Stedman with Miss Lucy Moore, Mr. L. P. McLendon with Miss Fannie Johnson, Mr. T. S. Bond with Miss Nannie Hay, Mr. L. P. Hardy with Miss Juliet Crews, Mr. Jervy Gantt with Miss Conoly, of Washington, N. C.; Mr. J. M. Council with Miss Bryant, of Rhode Island; Mr. J. L. Scott with Miss Willa Norris, Mr. J. M. Sherman with Miss Ruby Norris, Dr. Rose with Miss Myers, of Washington, N. C.; Mr. Holt with Miss Cowper, Mr. Summerell with Miss McGuire, of Smithfield, N. C.; Mr. E. B. Haywood with Miss Smith, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. C. E. Walton with Miss McCleneghan, Mr. I. N. Tull with Miss Frances Lacy, and Mr. W. R. Sanders with Miss Hilda Way.

Stags.—C. M. Taylor, Fred Poisson, R. W. Hicks, W. E. Winslow, Harry Hartsell, J. E. Beaman, J. W. Sexton, R. I. Howard, G. W. Ross, E. V. Freeman, W. L. Manning, Pittenger, Smith, Dr. Pegram, J. E. Brown.

Chaperones.—Mrs. McKimmon, Mrs. Harris, Miss Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant.

Grinds and Clippings

Notice.—All jokes for this department should be written on thin paper so the editor can see through them.

Corp. Mullin, while drilling the awkward squad of Christmas presents, gave the following command: "Follow me. March."

Fresh (looking at A. and M. monogram): "Looks like our baseball monogram at Weaverville College."

"Ci" Sigmon: "Did you make one?"

Fresh: "No, I ordered mine."

Fresh "B. A." Clark: "Lieutenant, I can't make up my drill this evening."

Lieu.: "Why can't you?"

"B. A.": "I haven't the dollar to pay my condition fee."

Billy Crow's schedule has the first hour on Mon., Wed. and Fri. under Prof. Ritick.

Jay Robinson: "Well, boys, I don't know what to do; I have not had a single application for sponsor's place."

Fresh: "How do you start making out your schedule?"

McCracken: "Who do you take Math. under?"

Fresh: "Richardson."

McCracken: "Go to the registrar's office and get two irregular blanks."

Howard Welles (packing up for Xmas): "I can't get my shoes in my suitcase."

Moody: "Well, put your suitcase in your shoes."

NOTICE IN THE MESS HALL.

If the one who found my watch will return the picture in the face he may keep the watch.—“R. F. J.”

Fresh (talking to a young lady from Peace): “What’s better than an idea?”

Young Lady: “I’m sure I don’t know.”

Fresh: “You, dear.”

Fresh Street: “I want a drawing pencil.”

Dr. Morris: “About a 4-H or 5-H?”

Fresh Street: “About a ten cent one will do.”

Fresh: “I want to get some sulphur; how much is it?”

Dr. Byrd: “Twenty cents.”

Fresh: “You can get it for fifteen downtown.”

Dr. Byrd: “Yes, go to h— and you can get it for nothing.”

’Twas in a restaurant they met,
 One Romeo and Juliet;
 And since that time he’s been in debt,
 For Romeo’d what Juli-et.

“Seems to me,” murmured the kid as his mother came at him with a hair brush and his father with a slipper, “that they both have the same end in view.”

There was a young lady named Banker,
 Who slept while the ship lay at anchor;
 She awoke in dismay
 When she heard the mate say,
 “Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker.”

Teacher: “Johnny, use ‘dozen’ and ‘toward’ in a sentence.”

Johnny: “I dozen know how I toward my pants.”

On a Pullman sleeper about seven in the morning, when the passengers were about ready to leave their berths, a tiny baby in the drawing-room began to cry lustily. Just at that identical moment the porter opened the door and sang out, "First call for breakfast."

A. AND M.

Norfolk Landmark: "A. and M." signifies also "Ambitious and Methodical," or "Aggressive and Mighty," or "Awful and Majestic."

Miss Mirian White, superintendent of the cooking schools of Washington City, has been collecting the bright sayings of the youngsters of the capital, and several are worth recording. She was explaining all about cereals, their use and advantages, and the methods by which they should be judged in the selection. Then she asked the meaning of the word cereal. One little girl said it meant "the grains after they got yellow like the leaves," probably a hazy remembrance of sear and yellow leaf. But the prize answer came from a little boy who was fond of reading and asking questions. He said that "cereals were breakfast foods and were called after Cæsar, the goddess of agriculture."

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air,
 The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care
 To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit
 Of baking powder, which, you know, beginners oft omit;
 Then she stirred it all together
 And she baked it for an hour;
 But she never quite forgave herself
 For leaving out the flour!

—*Exchange.*

Souvenirs.—A visitor calling on an Irishman who had the credit of being a lively heckler at political meetings, said: "What's that, Mike, that you have in the glass case?" "Oh,

that's the brick I got agin my head at the last election." "Oh, and what's that little flower on the top of it for?" "That's the flower from the grave of the man that threw it!"

A London paper recently offered a series of prizes for the best "tongue-twisting" sentences. The prize-winning contributions are: "The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms." "Two toads totally tired tried to trot to Tedbury." "Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes." "Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan." "A haddock, a haddock; a black-spotted haddock; a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock." "Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and an oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster, where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?"—*Chicago Tribune*.



Exchanges

There is a general improvement among our college publications. This goes to show that even though very late in the season there is interest taken by each editor and student to publish a worthy magazine.

It seems that there exists among the exchange editors of some of the colleges and universities a tendency to overlook the publications of some of the less important educational institutions, especially the high school publications. In this connection I must say that the publication of high school magazines not only act as a credit to the school, but aid in preparing girls and boys for the magazine line of work at college. Now, while we do not always carry the idea in view, the object of the exchange department is to increase the general standard of college publications by helpful criticism. Too often the exchange department degenerates into an excuse for a mutual exchange of compliments.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of our usual exchanges: The *William and Mary Magazine* upholds its standard of good fiction and editorials. Each department contains good material well worth reading. The *Palmetto*, the *Criterion*, the *St. Mary's Muse*, *Winthrop College Journal* and the *Chatterbox* are all always welcome visitors, containing good reading material and about evenly divided into weighty matter and fiction. The *Palmetto* gives us an opening poem, "Christmas Bells," which deserves special praise. The *Clemson Chronicle* is one of our best exchanges and up to the standard of excellency, containing good material in each department, and especially the literary department, containing such interesting articles. The *Wofford College Journal* for December is an exceptionally good issue, having on the front one of their old historic buildings. The

opening poem, "Uncle Abe's Christmas," is fair; has a peculiar style of its own, and holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end. The *Richmond College Messenger* is an exceptionally good magazine; one of the most attractive covers it has been our pleasure of seeing this year. Its editorial and literary department contain good, weighty and interesting matter. The poetry material, however, is quite varied in regard to quality.

The *University of Mississippi Magazine*, the *Vanderbilt Observer* and the *College Reflector* are all good in each department. The *High School Student*, the *Messenger*, from Durham, are both excellent magazines. I must say that the editors of the *Messenger* deserve much credit. The *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Penn State Farmer*, the *Ivy*, the *University of Virginia Magazine*, the *Florida Pennant*, *Black and Magenta*, *Lenoirian*, *Wake Forest Student*, *William Jewel Student*, *Davidson College Magazine*, the *Chisel*, the *Hampton-Sidney Magazine*, the *Radiant High School monthly*, *State Normal Magazine*, the *Tatler*, the *Georgetown Magazine*, the *Transylvanian* and the *Vui of Tennessee Magazine*.

