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VOL. XIII

NO. 1

**THE
RED
AND
WHITE**

SEPTEMBER

1911

WEST RALEIGH, N. C.

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WEST RALEIGH, N. C.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

1776

The Red and White

VOL. XIII WEST RALEIGH, N. C., SEPT., 1911. No. 1

OUR DEAR FATHERLAND.

God bless our Fatherland! Cradled in ocean,
Nursed into greatness by storm and sea:
Out on the stormy winds, and in war's commotion,
She had no helper, Jehovah, but Thee!

God bless our Fatherland! Men who have loved her,
Lived for her glory, and died for her fame;
Men who have ruled her, and men who have served her,
Ruled in Thy fear, Lord, and served in Thy name.

God bless our Fatherland! Land of the faithful,
Slain for their staunchness; exulting in flame;
All things forsaken, yet valiant and joyful;
These were her children, and bore her dear name.

God bless our Fatherland! Wide wave her banner
Over a people contended and free!
Be her Defender, her Shield, and Protector;
Long may she serve Thee on land and on sea!

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

Born in 1830 and dying in 1894, Zebulon Baird Vance represents a type of manhood impressive in its simplicity, and free from any additions of social or other adornments.

Of rugged but religious parentage, he was born amid the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with Mount Mitchell and Pisgah in view. Here, where the very aspect of nature tends to broaden the mind and enthuse the spirit, he grew up amid the wealth of balsam and fern, of laurel and rhododendron. Little wonder is it that Zeb Vance early displayed the genius of the soldier and statesman.

Vance's education was limited. At the age of twelve, he entered Washington College, a high school in Eastern Tennessee. But soon he was called home by the illness of his father, whose bedside he reached only in time to see him die.

The death of the father left a widow and eight small children to be supported on a small farm in the mountains of Buncombe County. All that young Vance inherited was a spirit of independence, love of freedom, and reverence for truth and purity—handed down through generations by Scottish-Irish ancestry.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, Vance had the Bible and the works of Shakespeare and of Scott, all of which he read, studied, and mastered. Indeed, Dr. Kemp P. Battle says of him as an 18-year-old boy, "that his knowledge of the Bible was astounding, while his knowledge of and familiarity with the works of Shakespeare and of Scott was remarkable."

It is from this store that Vance drew those soul-inspiring sentences with which he so thrilled his audiences. This knowledge, in conjunction with experience and Vance's own extraordinary intellect and wit, gave him a distinctive, individual style of expression, the eloquence of which is unsurpassed in the history of North Carolina.

In his own way he gained an insight into the structure of English, a freedom and skill in the selection and combination

of words, which not only made him the most convincing speaker of his time, but secured for him the highest honors in the gift of our State.

Becoming of age, Vance borrowed the money with which to enter the Law School of the University of North Carolina. It is the testimony of those who knew him best, that no young man had ever made a greater impression on faculty, fellow-students and villagers than had this mountain youth during the year that he spent at Carolina.

Having completed the course prescribed for himself at Chapel Hill, he returned to Asheville to practice his chosen profession of law. Here he was soon elected Solicitor of Buncombe County, where, with tact, popular address, and skillful management, he rarely lost a case.

At the age of twenty-four he became a candidate for the State Legislature, opposing a man twice his age. At their first debate the senior candidate led off, making fun of his youthful competitor. Vance's reply was an embodiment of humor so characteristic of his later campaigns. He said, "Fellow-citizens, I admit that I am young; but it is not my fault. My parents did not consult me as to the time when I should be born. All I can do is to promise you to try to do better next time."

Though disapproving secession at first, at the outbreak of the Civil War, it was Vance that organized the "Rough and Ready Guards," the second company in the district. And as "Captain Vance" he marched them to Raleigh.

For valor and signal ability he was soon promoted to the command of a regiment.

It was Colonel Vance who, in 1862, was called home by the vote of the people to steer, as Governor, the affairs of the Commonwealth. For nearly three years—throughout the remainder of the war—Vance did everything that vigilance, zeal and energy could do to keep every man to whom Lee was entitled in the field. To him it is largely due that North Carolina's seventy-five regiments were fuller than those of

any other State, notwithstanding the fact that more soldiers were killed who belonged to North Carolina than those who belonged to any other State.

It was also Vance who kept the wheel of industry in motion at home, who kept the disheartened people encouraged, and furnished food and clothing, ammunition and guns to the soldiers, as well as provide for sale of the products of the State during the greater part of the time.

Later he was elected to the United States Senate. That Vance continued to serve his State here is equally true. Indeed, it is said that the galleries were always crowded in the Senate Chamber at Washington when Vance was to speak.

Zebulon Baird Vance was a gallant soldier, an eloquent orator, a skillful financier, a successful administrator, a political philosopher, and a Christian gentleman. He will continue to hold a place in the hearts of the people of North Carolina so long as liberty, law, and the pursuit of happiness are held sacred by a God-fearing people. R. L. S., '13.



DARIUS GREEN, DETECTIVE.

At 1:30 sharp, the P & X train rolled, creaking and groaning, into the station and proceeded to unload its human freight upon the city of Shawnee. From the rear accommodation car stepped briskly forth a tall youth with a pleasing face, who bore himself with an air of great importance. For this, ladies and gentlemen, was Darius Green, disciple of Sherlock Holmes and great detector of crime; at least, that was the way Darius liked to think of himself. For had he not graduated from the great "X" International Detective Agency, which taught by mail aspiring youths who wished to become sleuths; and had he not read Conan Doyle until he had the great Sherlock's methods down by heart!

Darius was from the little town of Pendleton, which boasted five hundred inhabitants. It had been Darius' luck six months before to catch a man trying to enter Si. Harris' grocery store. Darius handed him over to the authorities, and from then on his one dream was to be a detective. Accordingly, he took a course in the detection of crime, and tried to persuade his father to let him go to one of the large cities to practice, but his father, a prosperous farmer, full of good common sense, objected.

"Darius," he said, "you're only seventeen and have got plenty of time to choose your vocation. This detective business is not what it is cracked up to be. Now, I'm going to send you to the Shawnee Tech., where I graduated. When you finish there you can decide whether you'll be a detective or only a farmer."

Accordingly, Darius passed his entrance examinations, packed up, and departed for Shawnee.

Now, Darius had not given up the detective idea, for Shawnee had a population of over 45,000, and Darius had determined to practice his chosen profession while at college. So here we have him on the opening day of the great Shawnee Tech., standing in the depot with a most pronounced new-worlds-to-conquer look.

He felt sorry for the people in the depot. They did not know that they were passing by without a glance one who was destined to become a world-famous detective; they did not even recognize the fact that crime in Shawnee was a thing of the past. No more need women fear to tread the streets alone at night; no longer need the prosperous citizen fear the dark alleys and unfrequented places he must pass on his way home; no longer need the timorous householder fear that he might wake and find a burglar in his dwelling—for here was Darius Green, the nemesis of all crime, come to deliver the city of Shawnee of all its terrors. Filled with such pleasant thoughts, Darius strode up the depot, through the waiting-room, and out on the pavement.

"Gee! look what the good Lord has sent us," said a voice. The remark was followed by a burst of laughter. Green turned and saw a bunch of boys, evidently college boys, regarding him with laughing eyes. It was patent that the author of the remarks was the boy with the merry-looking face and the orange and blue band around his hat. With a shrug and what he hoped was an air of laughter, Darius strode on. But he had not gone a half dozen steps before he stopped suddenly, for he had not the slightest idea where he was going, nor in which direction the college lay.

"Look!" said one of the boys to his companions, "he doesn't know where to go. Let's walk up the street, and I'll bet he follows us." And away they went.

Darius was perplexed. "I'll go ask that policeman," he concluded. Then a thought struck him. He would put his powers to the test and find the college by himself. But how? Ah, he had it! That bunch of college boys was going up the street. He would follow them; and he did.

The bunch ahead formulated their plans as they went. They held a straight course for about six blocks, Green following at a discreet distance. They halted at the end of the sixth block and let Darius come within hearing distance.

"Sorry, you can't come with us," said one of the boys to

the one with the orange-and-blue band. "We'll see you later at the college." And he and the major portion of the bunch struck out at right angles to their previous course.

"So long," flung back the merry-faced one as he and two others started off in the opposite direction.

Darius took up the trail and followed the three down the street. And a merry chase they led him; they zig-zagged all over the city, Darius ever tagging along behind. He had long since suspected that he was being made fun of, but the boys never once looked back, and seemed so utterly unconscious of his presence, or near-presence, that he could not be sure. Then, again, he was determined to see the thing through; he therefore continued to follow them. Miles and miles he must have walked before the boys stopped again, this time in front of a drug store. After a brief soliloquy, two entered the druggists's while the merry-faced one, the originator of the joke, ambled slowly along, so slowly indeed, Green feared he must pass him or give himself away. Suddenly the boy stopped, then turned around.

"Dod gast it," he slowly enunciated as if in disgust, "Harry's got my keys." And back he went, passing Darius without even so much as a glance. There was nothing for Darius to do but continue ahead. At the end of the block, however, he came upon a group of buildings set in a vast green lawn. The embryo detective was filled with elation, then with disappointment—elation because he had indeed found the college, and disappointment at its appearance, for, in the first place, he had expected to see the campus teeming with boys. Here, there was not a boy in sight—only about a dozen negroes lolling on the benches. "Janitors, I guess," he hazarded. "But they have got their nerve with them. Lying around the place as if they owned it." He was also disappointed in the buildings. They were neither so venerable nor so large as he had expected; in fact, they had an air of smug newness that affected him disagreeably. But then he was tired, and maybe the buildings were nicer inside, so he

turned in at the big double gate and headed for the largest building. Perhaps he would have been more apprehensive had he seen with what grim delight the three boys watched his movements from the next corner.

Green entered the building. The first door to the left bore the word "President," so he passed through into the office. Seated behind a big desk was a red-faced man with white hair and moustache, evidently the president. He looked at Darius with some surprise.

"I'd like to enter the Freshman Class in Agriculture," said Darius. The surprise on the president's face deepened, and he took a long and careful look at the applicant.

"Fill out the blank," was all he said, however. The blank had spaces for the applicant's name, age, etc.

"Now, Mr. Green," said that worthy, "when will you be ready to take your entrance examinations?"

"Why, I stood those in July," said Darius, in surprise.

"Surely, Mr. Green," said the president, mildly, "you must be mistaken. We hold no examinations in July. All the examinations are held in this building, during the week prior to our opening."

"Why, this is your opening day, isn't it?" inquired Darius, heatedly.

It was the president's turn to get excited.

"Young man, you are certainly laboring under a false impression. We do not open until a week from to-morrow."

Darius gasped. "Why, my father said this college opened on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in September, as long as he could remember."

"What does your father know about this college," demanded the irate president.

"He graduated from here in '92," snapped the equally irate Green.

"'92?" repeated the president, emphasizing each numeral. He looked around desperately for some way of escape, but Darius was in between him and all the modes of egress, and even the telephone was on the opposite side of the room.

"'92! why, you young idiot, this college was not established until 1904!"

"You are as crazy as a loon," said Darius. And he certainly believed it.

The president struggled between wounded dignity, anger, and consternation. He was sure that he had a mad man on his hands. He must try to conciliate him, so he looked up at Darius with what he strove to make a beneficent smile, and observed sweetly, "I believe you said you wished to enter our college."

Green stared at him, open-mouthed. "Why, yes," he agreed, sarcastically, "I believe I did mention it."

The president tried to smile, and rub his hands together. "Well, I think we can manage that all right," he said. "And by the way, Mr. Green, you are certainly the whitest man that has ever attended our school. Would you mind telling me how much negro blood you have?"

"Negro blood!" fairly shouted Darius. "Why, I have not got any negro blood. I'm as white as you are, if not whiter. How dare——"

"They, why," cut in the president, "are you applying for admission in the Shawnee Industrial School for Negroes?"

Darius in dismay stood rooted to the floor. "Shawnee Industrial School for Negroes," he repeated, parrot-like. "Good Lord, I thought this was the Shawnee Tech." and turning, he fled from the building, down the walk, through the gate, and never slackened his pace until the school was two blocks away.

The president, meanwhile, hesitated between heart failure and brainstorm; deciding to have neither, he leaned back in his chair and mopped his heated countenance with his handkerchief, while a huge sigh of relief broke from his *sole*—I mean *soul*.

As Darius walked down the street, his anger gradually cooled. It was all his own fault, anyway, he told himself. He ought to have asked his way instead of following those boys. They had not said they were going to the college. And

then he should have inquired whether he was in the right place before he made his application. When he thought of that interview he could not help smiling at the memory of the president's face when he informed that worthy that he was crazy. To tell the truth, he laughed out loud. Just then he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning he confronted the three boys whom he had followed thither.

"If you are going to the college, here is the place where you take the car," said the merry-faced one.

"Thank you ever so much," said Darius. "It's mighty nice of you fellows."

"Oh, we had to get you out of the trouble after we got you in it," said one of the other two.

"But what were you laughing so hard at when we came up?" asked the other.

Darius related his experience with much gusto, laughing all the while. The three boys shrieked with delight.

"You are all right," said the merry-faced one; some boys would have gotten on their heads."

"Oh, I was slightly peeved at first," admitted Green.

"Yes," chuckled the other, "we noticed you left the grounds in rather a big hurry."

Just then the street car came up, and the four boys boarded it. By the time they had reached the college they were far on the road to becoming acquainted. The merry-faced boy, it turned out, was named Dickie Elliott, while the other two were known as Jack Forbes and Elton Hardy.

The multitude of boys and the size of the place, and the age of the college buildings, filled Darius with delight. With the three to direct him, he speedily went through the necessary performances that started him off as a student at the Shawnee Tech.

In the days that followed, the four boys became fast friends. Darius roomed with Dickie, while Jack and Elton roomed directly across the hall. So the quartet had high times together. There was but one thing to mar their happiness.

"If he'd only cut out the detective business," growled Dickie one day; "he spends nearly all his time gathering information and reading detective stories. He's always practicing on me. He tries to guess when I combed my hair by the thumb point on the comb, and where I've been walking by the mud on my shoes, and how many holes I've got in my socks by the blisters on my feet, and—oh, gee, what's the use!"

"It's fierce," agreed Elton. "He asked me the other day if my windows didn't look to the east. I said they did, and wanted to know how he knew. He said that he noticed I shaved every morning, and that the left side was not as well reflected in the glass; therefore, he concluded from the position of the looking-glass that the morning sun must shine straight through our window to product that effect. Ergo! Our windows face the east. I told him that his deductive powers were marvelous, but that his major premise was incorrect, for I did not shave myself every morning; Jack shaves me. He laughed, and said that was one on him."

"He's got more old books filled with trash," chimed in Jack. "He says they are invaluable, and will come in handy some day. One of them is just full of all kinds of codes he's gotten from books."

"He gives too much time to that mess," averred Elton, "and he's such a jolly good sort when we can pry him away from it."

"Yes," agreed Dickie, "now if we could just do something to make him disgusted with the whole business."

"Let's do it!" they shouted.

So, for the next hour or so, the three heads were very close together, and the silence was broken by low chuckles and half-audible whispers.

Things in Shawnee had been going pretty smoothly that fall, so that Darius, much to his disappointment, had had no chance to test his powers in the two months he had been in college. He was still hoping, however, and in the meantime

was collecting all the information he could find. So one morning he was pleasantly surprised when Dickie, returning from a class, handed him a piece of paper with five lines of hieroglyphics on it.

"See what you can do with it, Darius," he said; "I found it in Hutton's old waste-basket to-day while hunting for an algebra example I threw away by mistake."

"Righto!" said Darius, little thinking that the note had been concocted by Dickie, Jack and Elton from one of the three codes which Dickie copied out of Darius' code-book the preceding night, when he was sleeping the sleep of good digestion. He immediately fell to work on the cipher. He worked all that day and until 10 o'clock that night, skipping classes and not stopping even for meals.

"I've got it!" he finally exclaimed. "It's code No. 23."

Jack and Elton were brought in, and Darius read them his translation: "Am working hard, but must be cautious; am slowly but surely getting there."

There was the name of neither sender nor receiver. The boys discussed the note excitedly, but could not make head nor tails of it. All they could do was to await developments.

"You can bet I'll keep cases on that waste-basket all right," declared Dickie.

It was nearly a week, however, before he brought the second one. This was torn into fragments. Darius fitted the pieces together and worked over it all night with his code-book. No. 47 turned out to be the key this time. The translated message read: "Used the ladder last night. Sawed one bar in half."

The boys became more and more excited.

It took Darius two whole days to translate the third message, which came three days later. But when key No. 81 was fitted to it, it yielded: "Rear of main building; five windows from east end."

Darius' elation knew no bounds. Carelessly he strolled to the rear of the main building and under the specified window.

There he saw two holes in the ground about one-half feet apart and three from the building. Elton and Jack had taken great pains in making these holes.

"Ladder marks without a doubt," gloated Darius. He glanced up at the bars over the window. Aha!"

At the bottom of each bar was a one-sixteenth inch gap. Ah! he had sawed them all. Darius walked away on air. Yes, dear reader, we must confess that Dickie had done his work well, and artistically, for a piece of black cord tied around the bars made a very realistic gap.

The messages now came thick and fast, all using one of the three keys first used. They ran something like this:

"Can displace and replace bars at will. Am working on trap-door. Lock very tough."

"Still working on lock. Have patience."

"Still at it."

"Got lock last night."

"Went after safe. Strong."

"Will take a long time. Chrome steel."

Darius ate little, slept less, and attended no classes at all. The president called him up to his office, and politely, but firmly remonstrated with him. He delicately hinted that Darius was not treating the college fair. Most of the boys he affirmed attended classes once in a while along with their regular course, but he hinted that Darius was not attending any at all. Perhaps he was sick and would like to go home for two weeks, or a month, perhaps two months, and it might be best to——

But Darius in alarm promised more studious habits, and applied himself diligently to his books for the next two weeks. Being naturally a bright boy, he caught up with his class and was soon on equal footing with the rest.

But soon his interest in books began to wane, and his thoughts returned to the rear window in the main building. The bottom was knocked out one day when Dickie handed him a message, which became, after being deciphered: "Am nearly to the end; will finish soon."

Darius went back to his old habits. Snooping around at nights, skipping classes, hunting for clues, examining the vicinity of the rear window, hunting for paper containing messages; in fact, doing everything except that which he came to college to do. He grew thin, pale, and restless.

Elton, Dickie and Jack saw that the affair must be brought to a close, so the next day Darius was handed the longest message yet received. He could not translate it at first, but he finally found it was a combination of the three keys used heretofore. He puzzled over it for a week. At the end of that time the president called him up for the second time, and again informed him—this time more firmly than polite—that he would be expelled if he did not immediately desist from the course he was pursuing.

Darius returned to his room in alarm. He seized the cryptogram to tear it up. He was holding it in a lengthwise position and he noticed how different the characters appeared when the paper was held crosswise. Ah, he had it! The paper must be turned once to the left between each word. Quickly spelling out the cipher he got this:

“Will be all ready to pass you the loot next Monday night. Be underneath the window at 9:30. Do not fail.”

A fit of trembling seized Darius. Could he do it alone, or should he have the boys go with him. He would do it by himself. He would become famous by his own work or fail because of it.

Perhaps the gentle reader would like to know why Darius had not made his killing before. And the reply is easy, for in all his long vigils and watches, Darius had not even so much as a glimpse of the mysterious one, or his ladder. And now his chance had come.

Promptly at 8 o'clock, Darius was concealed near the wall directly below the window. He had a couple of gunny sacks and a rope, also a Smith & Wesson six-shooter, and a black-jack. In spite of himself, he constantly shivered. Almost

directly behind him, although he was unconscious of the fact, the three boys crouched behind an angle in the wall of the building. They carried no weapons at all.

It seemed to Darius that a century must have elapsed before his straining ears caught the sound of footsteps approaching. He arose to a crouching position. A man's figure loomed big before him. He launched himself at it. The man taken by surprise went down like a ten pin. Darius tricked him up in a jiffy and was just drawing the gunny sack over the man's head when the moon, hitherto obscured, darted from behind a cloud and shone full on the man's face. It was the president of the college. For although the moon shone but for a second before being eclipsed, in the brief instant there stood forth sharp and clear against the wall a thick rope. It emerged from Prof. Ryder's room immediately above window number five. And from window number five two bars were missing.

The boys rushed over to Darius. "It's us. Who you got?" they cried. "The president! Good Lord!"

There's a man trying to get into the bursar's office from Ryder's room," said Dickie. "Hurry, we've got to get him."

The president showed signs of returning life. "Where am I?" he asked.

"Ne'er mind that," said Darius, "somebody's in the Bursar's office. Come on."

Between them they helped him along, explaining as they went. "Let's go up to Ryders room first," said the President. "Forbes, you and Hardy go back underneath the the window and nab him if he tries to jump." The two boys flew. The other three hurried up to Ryder's room. The President opened with his master key. It was empty. They crossed to the window, and pulled up the rope. Then they hurried down to the Bursar's office. Again the master key came into play. Darius handed the President his gun. They two turned the key softly and sprang into the room while Dickie snapped on the light.

The man bending before the huge safe whirled at the sound, but he was unarmed, and at the sight of the President his head went into his hands.

"Ryder," said the President more in sorrow than in anger. Ryder said nothing.

"There was not more than \$8,000 in there Ryder. Is it worth it?"

"My wife. She needs an operation badly, her eyes," came through the fingers.

"Why did you not ask us for it?" inquired the President.

But Ryder shook his head.

"I see. Pride is an awful thing sometimes."

Ryder groaned. "I am ready to take my punishment," he said straightening up like a man. "But," he added with a catch in his voice, "'twill kill my wife."

"We shall expect your resignation from the faculty, that's all."

Ryder looked as though he did not believe his ears.

Just then Jack and Elton appeared wild-eyed in the door.

The President walked over to the safe, worked the combination, and reached into the money compartment! "And here's your \$8,000," he added.

Ryder sprang towards the President and seized both his hands and pressed them hard. Then he turned and stumbled towards the door, his eyes blinded by tears.

"A noble man gone wrong," said the President sadly. "Thank God I'm no detective."

Darius started as though stung.

"I happened to see those missing bars, and was coming to investigate when you pounced on me," the President explained. "I want you to promise me never to reveal what took place tonight," he continued. And the boys promised. The President knew they would keep their promise.

Finally Darius said, "Well, what are we going to do with Hutton?"

"Hutton," exclaimed the President.

And Darius told the whole thing from start to finish.

The three conspirators looked at one another.

"I guess you needn't worry about Hutton," Dickie said slowly. "That was all a put up job."

Darius started. "A put up job? The whole business, messages and all?"

"The whole business, messages and all," repeated Dickie. "We wanted to cure you of this detective craze." Darius drew a deep breath. "Well, I guess that I am cured, all right," he said. He turned to the President. "I'm going to start right in tomorrow," he said, "and study hard to catch up with the class."

"Good," said the President, "and you can do it too."

"And I am through with crime and detectives. I'm going to be a farmer and just as good a farmer as I can be."

"Brave," said the President, and the boys joined in the chorus.

The President pulled out a roll of bills and snapped off four new \$100 notes and handed one to each of the astonished boys. "Your share in tonight's work," he explained with a smile. "And now let's get to bed."

The next day four happy boys, each brandishing a new crisp one hundred dollar bill, danced around a huge black pot sitting in the middle of the floor. In the pot was a roaring fire and the fire was fed from stacks of detective work, note-books, detective agency diploma, essays on criminology, and even the cherished code-book,—in fact, everything that had to do with crime and its detection, for Darius Green, detective, dear reader, was a thing of the past.

A. W. TAYLOR, '12.

THE PICTURE OF THE GIRL.

A discordant whistle broke the lazy stillness that brooded over the old "Hill," and immediately the clamor following the remark, "Class dismissed," took its place. The change was magical—streams of gray-clad boys trooped from the recitation rooms and filled the corridors with merry jest and laughter, while here and there could be noticed a gloomy face which denoted the lamentable fact that another "flunk" had been registered against his name, and that failure stared him in the face.

Pushing and shoving, the happy crowd only laughed when the O. D. sternly ordered, "Cut out that noise," and "rammed" a couple of helpless "rats" who, as usual, were as innocent as babes, to the unconcealed delight of the Sophs.

Leslie Gray hurriedly bored his way through the crowd by the aid of the sharp corners of his old "Analytics and Steam" and clattered down the steps to the little post-office. It was no wonder that many of the cadets glanced at him twice; in fact, most people did. Straight and well-formed, his gray cadet uniform fitted him to perfection, and many a college girl asked as she watched one of the dress-parades, "Who is that handsome First Sergeant that is with Co. . . .," and invariably the answer was returned, "Oh, that's Les Gray, the most popular fellow in college. He's a peach; he is the fellow that scored the touchdown on Villanova last year and tied the score. And gee whiz! you ought to see him pitch. Why I remember—" And then the speaker stares in amazement when the fair one turns away; he can't understand why any one could not be interested in the college idol.

And well he might be! Who else among the cadets held more honors than he? Halfback on the Varsity team, pitcher on the baseball nine, and captain for the succeeding year, and society honors galore. Only the week before had the highest honor that could be upon a Junior been bestowed upon him--Commencement Chief Marshal.

Then why was it that Leslie's face showed that something was amiss?—and "A Miss" it was. When Leslie had been elected Chief Marshal, his first thought had been of pretty Ethel Wilson. For the sake of seeing his marshal's regalia bedecking her dainty shoulders, he had striven for the prize, and now—now, if only he could receive an answer to his fervent note asking her to come commencement week and stay with an aunt of her's and go with him to all the commencement exercises and help lead the commencement ball, his cup would be full. To-day he was expecting an answer. "Sure this time," he muttered to himself, and forgot the disappointments of the last two days when he had haunted the office and was always turned away with the reply, "Nothing this time, Mr. Gray."

But now Leslie's fortune had turned, and his heart beat rapidly as he grasped the dainty missive in his hand and knew his answer had come. Trembling with eagerness and filled with a dread that it contained "No," he broke the seal, and a glad shout escaped his lips as he rapidly perused the letter and found that she would come. Joy was in his very motion, and so wrapt was he in the prospect of seeing Ethel soon that he forgot to stick two "rats" who were absent from dinner formation.

* * * * *

The Commencement Ball! Who can describe the scene? Old Pullen Hall was alight from top to bottom, and the auditorium was ablaze with many lights and draped with college and class colors. It was a brilliant ending of a memorable commencement, and though many a Senior's heart heavily beat beneath his gray coat at the thought of leaving the old "Hill" to fight his way through the world, still all was merry.

In and out tripped the happy crowd through the mazes of the intricate German figures until the crowning event, the presentation of the regalias. How Leslie's heart throbbed as he placed the handsome regalia across Ethel's shoulders and placed his arm around her for the final waltz.

"I must speak to you a minute," Leslie whispered; let's go out for a stroll on the campus." The campus was filled with those who did not care for dancing, so Leslie and Ethel walked slowly toward the old bridge. What the old bridge heard and saw that night will never be known, for it has been pulled down for several years.

* * * * *

The hot blazing sun shone down upon the streaming fields and jungle as though to take revenge that the morning mists, now slowly rising, had shadowed his piercing rays earlier in the morning. A long, blue line lay extended full length upon the ground, gasping for breath, and yet their sinewy hands only grasping tighter their almost red-hot "Kraggs," as the bullets zipped over them. For hours they had lain there, their patience exhausted, and they longed to advance upon the little brown men who could be seen, but not *heard*. Suddenly a tall sergeant, whose yellow striped legs denoted the cavalry, leaped to his feet, and waving his rifle above his head, called out: "Come on, fellows! I am tired of this. Give 'em h——!" and with a roar and a crash three hundred "Kraggs" answered his call, and from three hundred throats came a yell as the boys in blue followed their dare-devil leader towards the leader's line. In the wild melee that followed no one noticed him stagger and clutch convulsively at his breast as he reeled and fell. And the battle of San Q— was won.

* * * * *

A little crowd of blue-clad men grouped themselves around a prostrate figure. The surgeon looked up, and in a low voice said, "No good, boys! Straight through the heart." "Well," remarked one, "I reckon it killed the devil he had in his heart."

The surgeon glanced at a small object held in his hand and pierced through by a bullet, and glancing at the back, exclaimed: "No, not the devil, only Ethel."

F. C. P., '04.

SHOULD WOMAN BE ALLOWED TO VOTE?

A question that is agitating the people of America to-day, is whether or not woman should be allowed to vote. This question is simple in form, but deep in meaning. The minds of the great thinkers are taxed with a problem which must be solved.

From time immemorable, it has been the law of nature that men should open the paths which lead through the centuries.

It is a well known fact that politics is becoming corrupt. Year after year we see "the demagogue hiding his aspiring purpose by assuming the prevalent hue of popular sentiment." These things must be stopped. The question is, how are we to make the reform? Shall woman step forth and make an effort to deliver the country from such a state of affairs? I say "No, no, a thousand times, no."

Man was made for God and woman for man, not to be treated as a slave, but to be his faithful companion, walking by his side, through the drama which we call life.

The woman, who is so greatly admired by the true man today, recognizes the fact that the voting-booth is no place for her. She is so satisfied, and she is happy with the home, the cradle of civilization. There is not one woman who wishes to take upon her shoulders the responsibilities of this nation.

Politics, like business, is something that the majority of women are not fitted for; the few exceptions only prove the rule. When woman steps forth into the business world, she is then competing with man. The more often this occurs the less grows man's respect for her.

Men do not want to be compelled to argue with women on the platform, or else meekly yield to her wishes in weak and undutiful gallantry in ways that would be harmful to the community.

Again, we know that politics is a nerve-racking struggle,

which deadens woman's finer sensibilities and causes her to lose her greatest power, her influence over man.

The ballot is not a natural right, but an expedient of government which man by universal consent in past ages has been found more fitted to exercise.

The argument that women who own property should vote is of no force, because there is no property qualification in this country; it is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution and Declaration of Independence. Laws which tax women's property were made by men who are taxed themselves; if they are unjust, the men themselves will repeal them, and if just, the women taxpayers have no right to complain.

All of us know that government is the strong protecting arm of society, which man by natural instinct conducts, just as he universally stands as the protecting head of the family.

Again, we know that the ballot would reveal woman's weakness, render her liable to fall into political traps, and bring shame upon her and her family. There are now too many small caliber politicians. They bring disgrace and ruin upon the country. Now, to give woman the privilege to vote would double this number, because the true Christian woman would not think of taking the ignorant, the disreputable, the indifferent women to be used as political tools.

In the Western States where women have been allowed to vote there has been no purifying, no uplifting influence upon politics.

Again, I say, to draw women into politics would be only another wedge forcing her into further competition with man, to an alarming extent weakening her children and endangering future generations.

Oh, woman, who was created so pure, so gentle, so kind, lift up your eyes and look into the shadowy future! Make your own decision. Shall your sweet hand, which soothes the pains of life, be hardened by the storms while attempting to steer the "Ship of State?" Will you allow shame and disgrace to come upon you and your family? You know that,

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." A greater honor is impossible to be obtained. Why not, then, rest contented with your lot? Why not be satisfied with your lot which is to live in the home, to make life worth while, to make men purer by yourself being pure? The past is beyond the river. The present is in our keeping. The future depends on woman. Oh, woman, the most perfect of God's handiwork, you have honor and glory by molding the men which destiny must stand at the helm of the nation, "The land of the free and the brave."

T. J. H., '13.



OUR STATE.

Oh, Southland! thou art to us all
The dearest place on earth.
To us thou art the garden spot,
Our home to death from birth.

'Tis Carolina that we love,
Our dear old native State.
We are glad that 'tis our destiny;
We are glad 'tis our fate.

To dwell in thy delightful bounds—
To breathe perfumed air;
To know thy many blessings are
Unfolded and are rare.

We love to call ourselves thy sons;
We love to speak thy name;
We love to think of thine own self
High in historic fame.

Oh, thou who dost our fortunes hold,
Wake up thy sons to life!
Ne'er let them sleep nor dream they are
Exempted from the strife!

And ye who are her sons, behold
This Old North State of ours!
She opens up her many stores—
Her blessings all are yours.

W. B. Truitt, in RED AND WHITE, 1905.

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE.

Bowman, leaning heavily on the window-sill was busily engaged in an earnest conversation with his rival, young Hartshorn. Spring time was in the air, and all nature was decked in holiday attire. The sweet breath of the season floated in the morning breezes. A most delicious odor pervaded the room.

Hartshorn, handsome in features, clad in well-fitting garments, rested comfortably in his easy chair. He was studiously observing Bowman.

"Yes, you've won," the latter was saying, "and I congratulate you, though no man on earth deserves her. If I had to lose, I am glad to lose to you."

Hartshorn gazed at him a moment before he spoke. The man before him did not have a strong face, but his words carried with them the weight of conviction. Bowman's face was that of a man who never worried over anything. Extremely optimistic was the impression it gave one. And this impression was correct, for Bowman usually took things as they came. Somehow or other it seemed to him that the world had always been a sort of a topsy-turvy one. However an outsider would never have guessed it. Bowman knew nothing about himself—except that he existed; some inborn intuition told him that his parentage was honorable, and he had his mother's word for that; beyond this, he knew nothing. His father dead, he and his mother had drifted around from place to place. His mother told him that some day the tangle would be straightened; and optimistic that he was, he did not worry, but lived his life for the sake of the present and the future.

At last Hartshorn broke the silence.

"I agree with you when you say no living man deserves her," he said. "I only hope to prove myself partly worthy. And I appreciate your sentiments about the affair."

Bowman turned to leave and extended his hand.

"Good-bye," he said, "I wish for you both the best thing that life can give—happiness."

"You are not going to leave town, are you?" inquired Hartshorn, as he shook hands.

"Yes, to New York to-day, and from there to South America. I am interested in some railroad work down there."

"South America!" ejaculated Hartshorn. "Why—er say, old man, anywhere but there. That place has already been named the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death,' you know."

"A good name, no doubt about it, I suppose," said Bowman, slowly, "but it's a good enough place for a fellow like me, a man who has made a flunk of life."

Bowman reached the door and turned back.

"But remember," he said in a changed tone of voice, "that no matter where I am, if you ever do that girl any harm I shall come to her aid. And if ever injury comes to her at your hands, at my hands shall the same come to you."

"Pardon me," Hartshorn said stiffly, "but I think your remarks entirely uncalled for, to say the least. I fail to understand you."

And then Bowman relented, and his jolly smile came over him again.

"Forgive me, old man," he said whiningly, "I forgot myself a little; I did not mean to say so much," and saying good-bye once more he passed out into the street.

Hartshorn sat in his office after Bowman left and pondered thoughtfully over what he had said. Bowman was a queer sort, after all, he mused. Losing a fight for a girl without even a frown, yet bringing a threat into his farewell words. But after all what did it matter? It was inconceivable that he should ever desire to do anything but protect the woman he loved from harm, so Bowman's words were void. And turning to pleasanter thoughts he dismissed the matter from his mind.

* * * * *

Five years later an American stumbled into a little Peruvian town. Seeing a name on a lawyer's sign that had a

familiar look about it, he wandered into the little office. A man busily at work at a desk looked as the stranger entered, and smiled affably. Living as he did from day to day in this quaint village with its mixed population, it was good to see an honest American face.

The man drew up a chair and sat down.

"I thought perhaps I knew you," he said genially. Summerlin is my name, Mr. Bowman. I used to know some Bowmans in the Old North State. They lived near Raleigh.

Bowman clasped the extended hand firmly.

"Glad to know you, sir," he said; "the people you knew might have been relations of mine, though I am not quite sure about it. Make yourself perfectly at home and excuse appearances."

Summerlin proved an entertaining visitor, and Bowman soon found himself taking the man into his confidence. He told him how he worked on a Brazilian railroad for a few months, grew tired of that and shipped on a tramp steamer. How he knocked around the world for a couple of years, then studied law in the States, and then finally drifted down to South America for the second and last time. He even touched upon his unfortunate love affair, and this caused Summerlin to say quietly:

"But perhaps you were not so unfortunate after all. So many marriages turn out badly these days. I wander about a good deal and see many instances of this. I believe that, after all, our divorce laws are good things. Not many days ago a case of this kind came to my notice, a case especially sad. A man full of hope and promise married a lovely woman. He formed bad habits, keeps bad company, abuses his wife, is untrue to her, and is breaking her heart. He is killing her by inches, and before long he will be a murderer in the eyes of God, if not of the law. And, by the way, that man is from North Carolina. He lives in Asheville, your own home town, I believe."

"What's his name?" inquired Bowman, carelessly.

"Let's see," mused Summerlin, and then, "Oh, yes, it's Hartshorn—W. B. Hartshorn," he said, quietly.

Bowman gazed out of the window at the flat, ugly country. So that was the end of her little dream of life—and here he clenched his fist and brought it down heavily upon the table. Harm had come her way.

Before long Summerlin made his departure. He was merely a passing piece of driftwood, but his words had changed the shaping of one man's destiny at least. For Bowman wrote a long letter to the girl's sister, and in a few weeks he received an answer. And the next outgoing steamer had his name on the passenger list. The little South American law office was closed forever.

It was almost dark as Bowman climbed the stone steps that led to Hartshorn's house door. Days ago he had landed in New York from the big mail steamer and hurried south. On the way he learned of the girl's death. Her heart had been broken because of one man's perfidy. And now he had come to have his reckoning with Hartshorn.

A servant answered his ring and showed him to the door of Hartshorn's library. When Bowman entered he found Hartshorn seated in an arm-chair, his face flushed and angry. Evidently he had just been quarreling with some one, so Bowman judged from his looks. At the sight of Bowman his face lightened, and he rose, extending his hand. But Bowman waived him aside, coldly.

"Sit down," he said, imperatively. "Listen to me. I have come a long ways on your account and to have a settlement with you."

A look of fear stole across Hartshorn's face. Possibly this man meant to harm him, to kill him, perhaps, but, controlling himself, he said, coolly:

"I fail to understand you. You had better be careful as to what you say; but go on."

"I have come to kill you," began Bowman, calmly; "to kill you, because you killed the noblest woman that ever lived;

because you dragged her soul to the dust, trampled her purity under foot, and broke her trusting, loving heart. I told you once, years ago, that if harm came to her at your hands, at my hands harm should come to you. I am here to keep my word."

Hartshorn's face paled. The man before him had a look that boded ill. He could press a button and summon help, but no, he would see the affair to an end.

"Down there in the tropics, miles away from God's country," continued Bowman, sadly, "I lived from day to day with her face before me, sternly engraved on my memory; and I had hoped and prayed for her happiness. One day a stranger strayed into my lonely office and told me all, everything. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No," said Hartshorn, fiercely, and, rising and moving toward him. "Nothing, except that you are a d—d cur to come to a man's house and insult him in this way—"

He got no further. Bowman closed on him and they clenched. Together they swayed about the room, both nearly falling. With a strength born of despair, Hartshorn forced Bowman against the wall and reached for his pistol. In reaching he relaxed his hold slightly, but only for a moment. And that moment brought victory to Bowman. He twisted out of Hartshorn's grasp, and, snatching a large jewel-handled paper-cutter from a table, stabbed him twice. Hartshorn fell to the floor and lay there, breathing heavily. Bowman bent over him for a moment. Hartshorn was no more. In a moment Bowman felt the horror of the thing—he had killed a human being! He was a murderer, a fugitive from justice, an outcast to the world. And then he calmed himself. No one had seen him do the deed. The house was quiet and still; no servants seemed to be near. And then he glanced up and saw near the door a red bandana handkerchief, one dropped there by some laborer about the place, he thought. Then in a flash an idea came to him. Placing the handkerchief near the prostrate figure and closing the door softly, he fled from

the room of death into the street, out into the dusk—fled, but fled cautiously, like a man suddenly called away from the house of a friend.

Not many minutes later a workman hurried up the steps Bowman had just quitted. He rang, and without waiting walked toward the library. As he opened the door he was met by a policeman who was waiting to receive him. The officer held him and waited for him to speak.

"I have come for a handkerchief I dropped here," said Roney; "it had some money tied in it."

Here the man in uniform interrupted, saying, sternly:

"Your handkerchief is here all right, covered with blood. And now you must come with us. Quietly, please; we don't care for any disturbance."

And the policeman led him out of the house to a patrol wagon that had just drawn up. Hurrying the man in, he gave some instructions to the driver.

And with the clattering of hoofs upon the asphalt, Roney, charged with murder, was driven rapidly away.

Six years passed after the killing of Hartshorn, and many things were changed. Roney had escaped before being brought to trial, and so Bowman was freed from any danger of suspicion. He had knocked about a while more, and then, as fate would have it, had settled down in the town of his birth—Asheville—where the lofty mountain peaks seemed to him to be a series of welcomes to their prodigal son. And then here was where the drama of his life had been played; here he had first known the girl that had loved Hartshorn; here was where Hartshorn had entered and destroyed his paradise, and later the girl's, and, lastly, in this place he had played the role of righteous avenger. Then here he would stay to battle with life. The law business was paying nicely, and Bowman was winning laurels and fast making a name for himself. One day his law partner, Jerome, said to him suddenly:

"Bowman, you remember the Hartshorn murder that occurred here years ago, don't you?"

For an instant Bowman did not answer. Did he remember it? He turned his face away so that Jerome might not see the emotion stamped thereon so plainly. When he did speak, it was to say:

"Why, yes; I recall something about it. The man got away, didn't he?"

Had Jerome known, he would have appreciated the irony of that question.

"Yes, he got away," said Jerome; "but he was captured yesterday. They bring him in today, and he will be tried next month."

"Ah!" said Bowman, softly, and then to himself, "So it has come up at last. Roney is captured, and he will be convicted—Roney." Rising and getting his hat, he strode out of the office.

"Where to?" said Jerome, gaily.

"To the city jail, to see Roney," said Bowman, firmly, as he passed out.

"Takes a deuced friendly interest in Roney all of a sudden," thought Jerome, as the sound of Bowman's retreating footsteps came to him. "Might think Roney was an old college chum of his; but he's a queer sort, a queer sort, is Bow," and, smiling to himself, he turned to his work.

The fifth day of the case was nearly drawn to a close, and the speeches were under way in the case of the people against Roney. For days the evidence had been piling up, most of which made things look dark for Roney. Witnesses told of the fuss he had had with Mr. Hartshorn that eventful afternoon; told of the excited talk that had passed between them, and how Roney left the house hurriedly with a look of anger upon his face. And then the red handkerchief with Roney's name on it, and his by his own confession. The handkerchief that's red with blood was found by Hartshorn's side. And then the flight and hiding of Roney for so many years. Only one flaw was to be found in the prosecution's theory: A servant testified to admitting a well-dressed stranger to the

house a few minutes before the murder was found out. The servant did not know whether Mr. Hartshorn was alive or not at this time, as she did not enter the library. No one else saw this man, and much uncertainty was evident about it. But this very uncertainty was a point in Roney's favor.

One of the lawyers of the prosecution had just finished, and Bowman, counsel for Roney, the defendant, rose to speak. A solemn hush spread over the room. Never will the people of Buncombe county forget his stirring speech. Those who heard him that afternoon remembered for years after the mastery of his logic and of his oratory. Bowman had belonged to a literary society while at college, and well did he remember his lessons. With a master's hand he showed the jury the weak and pitiful points of his opponents. He asked them to consider whether Roney, if he had committed the crime, would have come back for a paltry handkerchief. He pictured it all to them in passionate tones, and then he laid especial stress upon the man who had entered the house and left suddenly. Who was he? Why not charge him with the crime as well as Roney? Because a man dropped his handkerchief in another man's room, did that make him a murderer? Did that incident of the case relieve the State of the responsibility of looking up an unknown visitor whose coming and going lay in the interval between Roney's departure and his return for the money his handkerchief contained? And then he spoke of Roney's wife—faithful and true to him still, loving him during the years of exile, and still believing him innocent.

"Gentlemen," he concluded, warmly, "circumstantial evidence is, after all, a sort of guesswork—right in one place and wrong in another. I plead with you to pick your way carefully and see that you do this innocent man no wrong."

He took his seat, and the solicitor rose to speak. Bowman put his hand upon his forehead and gazed nervously out into the street. The strain had been a great one, and he was beginning to feel its soul-racking effects. How dreary the place

looked from the courthouse windows. It was the same old town, after all, in spite of its rapid growth. Down there below him was the street that he and the girl had walked so often in the dear old days. She was bright and happy then, a queen, endowed with all the purity and loveliness of her sex. Why did sorrow have to come her way? He thought of the pity of it all. She was so trusting and gentle, so high-minded and full of kindness and sympathy for every one. And Hartshorn took her young life into his hands and broke it into fragments and crushed it under his feet. He turned and looked at Roney's wife. Old and homely and shabby-looking, she was still a woman, and one true to the man she loved. And Bowman felt that because of this she was one of God's nobility. Roney was innocent—and Bowman paled suddenly. Suppose that, after all his efforts, he should be convicted! What then? For a moment he was undecided, and then he glanced at the woman's face, full of rugged honesty and beaming with hope and faith in the innocence of him she loved; and in the moment he knew that but one course was left for him to take if things went wrong for Roney.

The solicitor had ceased speaking, and the judge was summing up the evidence in even, steady tones. At last he finished, and the jury filed silently out of the room. A great quiet fell upon the crowded court room. Bowman rose and went to a window. It was winter time and the streets were full of snow. How pure everything seemed. It was a pity that in a world so beautiful men should be at eternal strife with each other. The sun was setting and its last rays touched the snow with crimson, blotting out its purity for a moment. The jury came in as the sun sank from sight, and Bowman went back to his seat. People in the court room listened breathlessly as the foreman faced the clerk, and in answer to the question said:

"We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the second degree."

For an instant all was still. Suddenly the sound of a woman's voice broke the silence. Bowman bowed his head in his hands across his desk. Perhaps a new trial might be gotten. But would it be worth while? Why not end it all now? It was a tense moment. Twilight was stealing in, and the court room was full of weird shadows. Then the electric lights came on and dispelled the gloom. "Hush!" "Sh-sh!" was heard all over the room. Bowman had risen to speak. He stepped toward the judge, and, though he was passing from all that was good in his life, he walked steadily, like a man released from a horrible suspense. He looked into the street once more, and in a vision of the bygone years he saw a girl passing by, a look of joy and perfect peace upon her face.

"Your honor," he said, gently, "I wish to say a word." The judge nodded, and he went on. "In this case just decided, the defense demanded to know who the man was that went to Hartshorn's house while Roney was gone." He swung and faced the jury, still sitting in their places. "Gentlemen, your decision was a poor one, in the light of facts, for I am that man, and I killed Hartshorn in his library—killed him because he wrecked the life of a friend of mine. Mr. Sheriff, please have the warrant served at once."

A deathlike stillness fell upon everything like a heavy pall. Bowman stood there, gazing at the judge, and Jerome came to his side.

"Your honor," Jerome said, "Mr. Bowman is unwell. The case has weakened his mind, and I beg leave to take him home."

"But I am not crazy," Bowman said, pushing him aside gently. "I am not crazy. When the time comes I will prove my statement and show why I did the deed."

The throng in the court room was filled with horror at the sudden turn events had taken, and they went silently away. Bowman went over to the sheriff and sat by him as the formalities of the affair were gone through with. He was not

worrying over the future; he was thinking of the woman whose memory he had avenged, and as he rose and followed the sheriff into the night he seemed to see her soul, a distant beacon, guiding him along the stormy way. True to his promise he had remained. E.

A LATE SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

He was undoubtedly a Freshman. He hadn't told anybody that, but somehow everybody seemed to know it. Nor had he told anybody that his name was Willie, but they seemed to know that, too. In fact, he had been addressed both as "Freshman" and as "Willie" several times already, although he had been on the campus less than a day. He couldn't understand it. He was sure his clothes fitted all right, and several surreptitious glances in his little pocket mirror had assured him that his tie was all right and that his hair was parted straight. At the supper table he had not spoken an unnecessary word, and yet every one at the table seemed to know that he had never lived away from home before.

He was not a knight errant, and he was not in search of adventures; therefore he went to bed early, thankful for four walls between him and the roistering crowd. But, ah! Little did he know of the world and its ways. Little did he know that adventures are not always for the bold, but sometimes come to the most timorous. He did not know that our footsteps, especially at college, are guided by Fate, Chance, and Destiny. He did not know that if one dodges a side street to avoid a meeting with Fate he is sure to bump right into Chance; and if he succeeds in giving Chance the slip and scrambling aboard a passing trolley car, Destiny is sure to get on at the next corner.

But all that is neither here nor there. What we started out to do was to follow the adventures of one small, insignificant Freshman through a night of well-earned rest. As we have said, he went to bed early. He was tired. He had traveled far to get to the college, the haven of all his hopes. His jaded eyes could barely take in the walls of his room and the few scattered pictures that adorned them.

He drifted slowly off into the arms of Morpheus. The

scene changed. He felt himself moving—slowly at first, then faster, and faster. Where was he? Suddenly a long, throaty whistle rent the air. Now he knew—he was back on the train. Perhaps he was going back home; perhaps he would soon be there. But hark! What was that noise? Pop! boom! bang! it sounded just outside the window. Pistol shots? “Torpedoes, exploded by the train,” thought Willie. “I wonder what’s wrong ahead.”

Then things began to happen for poor Willie. He heard noises such as he had never heard before. Something was wrong with the train—he did not know what. Crash! bang! sounded something all around him. A wreck? Willie was sure of it. His hair stood on end. He could feel himself lifted up and thrown bodily through a long succession of window-glasses. He could hear the grinding crunch of telescoping cars.

It was vivid. It was awful. Willie clutched the sheets and screamed in terror. He awoke suddenly to find the whole room filled with fellows who stood around and asked embarrassing questions as to why he was making so much noise. Willie couldn’t give them any very sensible answer; so he merely stammered. At last he managed to ask them what they were doing up and dressed so late. It seemed to him that he had been asleep and dreaming for hours. One of the fellows laughed and showed him his watch; it was nine-thirty.

After what seemed an awfully long time of very harassing questions and jeers, the fellows withdrew and left him to again court the mocking charms of Morpheus. The walls grew dim again. Everything became a vague blur, except one lone picture, which seemed in the flickering moonlight to take on gigantic proportions. Suddenly it began to move; it was approaching Willie. Nearer and nearer it came. What was it? A Sophomore? It must be. Willie could see the fire coming from its mouth and nostrils, and hear the awful beating of his heart. It towered above him, glaring fiercely down at him with eyes of fire. Then it spoke.

"Freshman, you have presumed to enter this college. You must be tested. If you show no fear, all will be well; but if you fail, you will be cast out as unworthy. Come with me."

Willie shivered in abject terror, but he was powerless to resist. Without any conscious effort of his own, he floated out of the window into the streaming moonlight, the apparition beside him. He tried to yell for help, but he could not utter a sound. On they went, floating through the air like birds, faster and faster. Soon the college and the town were mere dots below them.

On they went. It seemed to Willie that they flew for ages. Occasionally the figure beside him spoke. "That," said he, pointing out a dark mass on the earth below them, "is Africa, where the spirits of all Freshmen come from."

The earth grew smaller and smaller. They seemed to be drawing somewhere near the moon. "That," said Willie's conductor, "is Luna, the home of unworthy Freshmen. Thither will you be sent if you fail in the test. If you pass, you will be conducted back to Earth to take up your studies. If you do well, you may even hope in time to reach the Sun, the home of Seniors. But if you fail, sad will be your lot."

Still they went on. The earth and the moon became mere specks. At last the figure spoke again. "We are coming to Mars, the home of Sophomores, where the test will be performed. You will be made to walk across a tight wire stretched across the mouth of a great gun which is trained on Luna, the moon. If you show no fear, you will get across safely and all will be well; but if you fail, you will fall into the gun and be shot forth to your future home. Look you well to your nerve."

At last their weird journey came to an end. Before a vast company of fire-breathing Sophomores exactly like his conductor Willie was ordered to walk across the wire. He could see the gun just as it had been described to him. He shivered with terror; his teeth chattered; his hair stood on end; but he could not hold back. Some invisible force compelled him

to step out on the wire to what he knew was his doom. He took three steps and stopped there, swaying; then he fell.

Instantly the gun went off with a loud boom and he felt himself shooting down, down, down. He fell for ages, faster and faster. Suddenly he brought up with a bump. What was that he heard? Could it be a whistle?

Willie opened his eyes and rubbed them sleepily. The whistle was still blowing. The sun was shining brightly through the window. He looked at his watch on the table; it was seven o'clock.

And thus ended that awful, awful experience—the Freshman's first night. Thus ended that most fearsome of all the nights in all the years of college life—the first. Thus ended for Willie what he had looked forward to with fear and trembling—his first encounter with the Sophomores.

K. M. F., '14.



AN ELECTRIC STORY.

Some of us have been fortunate enough to pass through the little town of R——, in the western part of our State, during the dark hours of the night. Out of pitch blackness the train passes into a blazing mass of electric lights as it enters the depot. An amazing thing about the little town is its small population (2,000) using such a magnificent array of lights to boost itself. Think of such a small place, miles away from the city by which it might be influenced, illuminated each night by electricity. Not only the streets, but even the houses, stores and business houses are beautifully lighted.

The story of how these lights were secured in the village will probably interest RED AND WHITE readers.

Once upon a time (as many a story reads) there was a very ambitious young man named Jay, who became very much interested in electricity during his early boyhood days. Though encumbered by having to work with one of the village enterprises for his support, he managed to study at odd hours, and finally secured a high-school education. In the school to which he went there was a physical laboratory. Here Jay learned quite a good deal about electricity. And then, too, he was reading all the literature he could get his hands on that contained even the remotest thing about electricity.

While the mind of Jay was deeply entangled with the intricacies of the subject, and while he was studying how the lighting of a small town could be carried out, he became a man. To his delight, he received a handsome endowment which a thoughtful uncle had left him. This amount, added to that which he had saved from his early boyhood days, left the neat sum of six thousand dollars. Needless to add that the townspeople were quite talkative over Jay's luck.

We would expect the average young man to deposit his money in the bank. Not so with Jay. For he had pretty well settled in his own mind what he would like to do with

his money. But his capital was rather small. However, when Jay made up his mind to do a thing, but one thing remained to do—do it. Hence he easily found an idea. Going to the wealthiest and most influential men of the community, he passionately laid before them his well-laid, clear-cut schemes. The plan was to establish an electric-lighting plant for the vilage.

It was to be expected that these men who were accustomed to walk home in the dark, or, any way, by very poor oil lights, hooted at the idea and at the optimistic young Jay.

"Why, my boy," they said, "no such schemes can pay. If we had an excellent waterfall located near by, it might be possible for us to invest. But as to this idea of using coal—why, it's absurd!"

Being turned down in this way would have defeated the ordinary young man's aims. Not so with Jay. Having unusual ambition, he hurried home and gathered page after page of his calculations in every detail of his plans.

Once more he presented his schemes to the same body. It was a trying time to Jay. "I am willing to invest every last penny of my inheritance and the savings from my boyhood days," he told them.

Jay watched them carefully. Win or lose he must. He grimly determined to win. He spoke again:

"I am fully convinced that it will be a success. If you do not care to accept my figures, I am willing to employ an engineer to examine my reports."

One of the men mumbled out something about a "fool boy and his money." He promptly left the room. Some followed his example, but four remained to investigate further. They knew this boy, and they knew his character. He made them a soul-stirring speech—one full of good, common sense. And they liked his frank way of putting his sentences—so well that they agreed to get an engineer to look over the plans.

The engineer came a week later and made a thorough investigation of the advantages and disadvantages of a coal-oper-

ated electric plant in this locality. His report was all that Jay had wanted, and it was entirely favorable to his own figures.

With a light heart he bounded to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen to get the town franchise and their permission to operate in the village. The Board decided to do all they could, and they exerted all their influence among the merchants and traders of the village. Soon the idea became so very popular that many investments were secured for stock in the newly organized company. The four who had stayed by Jay were among the largest investors. Then the officials were elected. Jay was the unanimous choice for Business Manager.

With much alacrity Jay began the work. It was not an easy task. The detail work in the construction was very hard, but Jay met it with that ambition that conquers. And ere many moons the plant was finished.

A very neat and attractive little plant it was. Near the railroad, it facilitated the handling of coal. The necessary machinery was soon installed. This consisted of a 160-horse-power alternator, with direct drive from a 250-horse-power steam turbine. The boilers were each 140-horse-power capacity.

The necessary poles were then set up along the streets. Many people had their homes and business places wired, and everybody waited in joyful anticipation of the time when electricity would overthrow the darkness of the night.

One dark night everything was ready; young Jay threw the switch and the streets seemed to burst into streams of light. The second switch, and four of the large stores were beautifully illuminated. The President of the new company had every room in his home lighted in order that the people might see the beauty of such an illumination.

The contrast between the electric lights and oil lamps was so great that within a very short time nearly every home and place of business in the village was illuminated by electricity.

The plant soon became a paying investment. Jay's careful researches and watchful management kept the cost of maintenance very low. Thus young Jay secured a permanent position in the profession he loved so well.

The man who most vigorously refused to stand by Jay was now his best friend. Instead of being the laughing-stock of the community he was its greatest citizen.

Such is the story of ambition, determined not to die. Greatness may not be out lot, but each one of us can benefit those around us in some way.

B. O. A., '14.



The Red and White

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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.

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With this, the morning issue of its thirteenth volume, THE RED AND WHITE again greets the public. Since its beginning many changes have taken place in its construction and man-

agement. It was first started as a semi-monthly, but in 1904 it followed in the lead of many of the publications of its kind and became a monthly magazine. Until the spring of 1911 THE RED AND WHITE was the official organ of the Athletic Association of our college. By this time there had arisen amongst the student body a demand that the magazine should be turned over to the literary societies of the college. Partly on account of this and partly for other reasons the Association voted to put THE RED AND WHITE into the hands of the Pullen and Leazar societies. Prior to this time our magazine was the only one published among the colleges of the State that was not directly owned and controlled by the literary societies. THE RED AND WHITE is now on an equal footing with the magazines of the other colleges. If the students and friends of this college will lend us a helping hand now and then, we are going to strive to keep this footing. So we make our bow, with fond hopes of securing the esteem of all our readers and friends during the coming season.

Old Men and New Men, how glad we are to see you all on the campus! We are a brotherhood here at A. & M., every student filled with love and esteem for his college. We are glad to see you "Old Timers," because we have been together for such a long time. And during that time the ties of friendship have been strengthened. We welcome you, New Classmen, who have just entered our halls, not because you are a source of amusement to us, nor because you are "green," but we are glad to have you because you are the largest class to register at A. & M. This is a sure sign that the people of North Carolina believe in their A. & M. more now than they ever did. Nothing makes more glad the heart of the old A. & M. boy than the fact that the people around about him think well of his institution. So we say to the Freshmen, get busy in your work, learn the true A. & M. spirit; take part in football, baseball, track work, or in anything that will advance the interests of this great A. & M., of which you are

now a part. Probably you are not an athletic man, but you will be a rooter if you half try. A good team is composed of two factors—the members of the team and a good, strong, healthy support back of them. Here is a golden opportunity for us all. Get busy.

Looking back three years, we are amazed at the progress our college has made. Since 1908 the number of new men entering our college has increased 100 per cent, something we dare say that no other institution of this section of the South can boast of. Not only in numbers have we grown, but our curriculum is higher now than it ever has been, and the authorities will continue to raise it until we have met and surpassed many of the institutions who now rank above us. In equipment we have also made material advancement. The different departments are now better fitted to carry on their work than they have ever been. Not many years ago all that section lying to the west of Pullen Hall was hardly more than a wilderness. Now a large, well equipped Textile Building, an excellent new building for the engineering students, a dormitory that would do credit to a college twice the size of A. & M., just completely finished, a magnificent Agricultural Hall, and a new power house, stand as monuments to our growth. Besides this, there is in process of erection a building for the Department of Animal Husbandry and a new dining hall to take the place of the present abomination. Then, too, the ground for our new Y. M. C. A. building, one of the best in the South, will be broken shortly. During the last four years we have twice captured the highest honors in S. A. L. football. The baseball team has done nearly as well, and the track team is improving year by year. Considering it all, Mr. Outsider, do you wonder why we boys love old A. & M. so well?

Good morning to you, Miss Wau-Gau-Rac, we are glad to have you with us. May your influences always be exerted for the good. THE RED AND WHITE hopes that your path

will be strewn with roses and that your life will be long and happy and full of the brightest and sweetest things this life can offer. Sometimes the path will be rough and stony, but stick to it; for at the end you will reap the honor and glory for which you have striven. You are our new weekly, and the boys ought to stand by you. And, by the way, if you are going to be as cheerful and bright as you are now, don't forget to come to see us once each week; and if we can muster enough energy we will call around and return your visits every month.

The State Fair will be held some time in October. As usual, A. & M. will have space for an exhibit. Let the authorities see that this exhibit is a representative one—one that will set forth every phase of our work. And, fellows, if some of our friends come to see us, let's carry them over and show them our exhibit. Talk A. & M. to them as you never talked before. Every one together for a greater and a better A. & M.

When we come to college we are beset with numerous questions to answer. One of the most important questions a Freshman has to settle is whether or not he will join one of the literary societies. He needs to consider this question seriously. We should remember that there are other things besides text-books to learn. To keep from being narrow-minded we must learn the teachings of systematic, well-conducted organization. We must feel the influence emanating from them. Long after we leave school we may be called upon to present our ideas or give reasons why our work should be accepted. If we can stand before a board of directors and, without fear and trembling, tell them of the merits of a certain proposition, consider how much more effective will be our arguments. Then, too, not every man can come to college. We enjoy advantages that a large per cent of our brethren do

not. Naturally, then, we will be looked up to when we leave college and settle in our respective communities. Some problems peculiar to the community will be settled. We will be expected to aid in their solution. But if we have not acquired the art of thinking on our feet, with the eyes of others resting on us, then all our college training is worth nothing to us. Then, why not reap the benefits of the literary societies while we may? Here in college we have two literary societies. They need our help and co-operation as well as we need theirs. Those who have taken an active interest in their work for three years are in a position to know, and they do not hesitate to tell us that the society has benefited them more than any one subject they teach at A. & M.

Along this line we want to say a few words about THE RED AND WHITE. It is gotten out for your benefit and it belongs to you. You, and no one else, can make it a success; for it is supposed to represent the student body in the questions that daily come up for solution—to afford them a medium by which they can express themselves on something with which they are deeply interested. This may be a problem of the college or of State or of the Nation, but it will have to be solved. In after-life you may be called upon on some occasion for some kind of written expression about a subject. Thus THE RED AND WHITE should be used as a medium for the practice of written discourse. The English Department has advised us that they will accept articles for THE RED AND WHITE in lieu of the regularly assigned essays. We hope the students will take advantage of this offer and try to make our magazine better than it has ever been. In other colleges we are in a way judged by the kind of magazine we get out. Every A. & M. boy is desirous of having his college well thought of. So get to work. Then, too, outsiders sometimes say something about us. This was forcibly brought to ur notice during the summer. A prominent business man was handed a copy of a magazine of one of the colleges in this section. "Why,"

he said, "I wouldn't send either of my four boys to a school that did not get out a better magazine than that." So you see how important the magazine is to our college.

During our canvass for THE RED AND WHITE we were often met with the excuse, "I don't ever read." Another excuse often given us was that "I don't have time to read." There is a large per cent of men enrolled in college who do not frequent the library. This is not as it should be. "Reading maketh the full man." There are three ways to seek knowledge, one of which is as important as the other—through textbooks, through reading, and in the school of experience. The third we get after we leave college; the first we get in the preparatory schools and in the college. We ought to get the second one there, too. Notice the two excuses—"I don't read" and "I don't have time to read." If you are of the first type, now is the time to go over in the class that reads much and often. We have a good library at our disposal, and we ought to make use of it. Many of us do belong to the second type. Our schedules are so heavy—much heavier than those of the other colleges of our State—that we do not have but little time to spend in the library. Only one thing can remedy this evil—let the college authorities lighten our burdens. We hope that some day they will realize that an acquaintanceship with the great writers is an important part of our training. May they realize that a knowledge of the masterpieces of literature is one of the greatest factors that the college man must use in his battle of life.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association began its activities this fall by writing letters of welcome to the prospective new students before they left their homes, giving them some general information and some valuable directions about entering the college. When the students began to arrive in the city the New Student Committee met all the trains and helped the boys to get out to the college.

On Saturday, September 9th, the leaders of the Association met in the Mechanical Building for a setting-up conference, in which the year's work was outlined and discussed by the chairmen of the committees. Interesting and instructive features of the conference were two talks by visitors, one of these being by Mr. H. S. Johnson, Student Secretary of the Interstate Committee, on "Sins which hinder a work from being effective," and the other by Dr. T. W. O'Kelley, pastor of the first Baptist Church of Raleigh, on "The place of Bible study, prayer and personal work in the life of a Christian worker."

The first public meeting of the Association, held in Pullen Hall, Sunday night, September 10th, was addressed by Mr. Z. V. Judd, Superintendent of Schools in Wake County. The subject of his address was "What to Line Up With." A large number of students attended the meeting, and all present listened attentively to his instructive discourse. Music was furnished by Mrs. Horace Dowell, accompanied by Miss Sadie Duncan.

We wish to express our thanks to the publishers of the following papers and magazines, who are sending us their publications free for the college year: *Charlotte Observer*, *Atlanta Journal*, *Raleigh Daily Times*, *Asheville Citizen*, *Wilmington Morning Star*, *Biblical Recorder*, *Textile Manufacturer*, *The*

Presbyterian, Raleigh Christian Advocate, New York Staats-Zeitung, and Youth's Companion. These papers and several others for which the Association has subscribed may be found in the Association rooms, and all students, whether members of the Association or not, are welcome to use them. Besides the papers, several other improvements have been made about the Y. M. C. A. room. A piano, a comfortable lounge, several small games and several other articles have been added to the equipment of the room. Ice water is being furnished by special subscription of some of the members of the Association to the entire student body.

Saturday night, September 9th, the annual "College Night," under the auspices of the Association, was celebrated. Its purpose is to give the students a chance to get acquainted with each other and to give them a general insight into college life. Several short talks were made by students, and most every phase of college life was represented by a speaker. The "Wau Gau Rac," which is the new weekly just started, was to have been represented by Mr. H. P. Whitted, but in his absence Mr. D. W. Seifert explained the paper, its object, what it is expected to be, and urged every student to do his part to make it a success. Mr. Seifert also represented the athletics of the college and insisted that every man who could take part in any form of athletics should do so during the year. Mr. H. L. Taylor represented THE RED AND WHITE and brought out many good points to show that the magazine was dependent upon the loyal support of the students, and that every student in college should do his part in helping it to maintain its standard with other college magazines. The "Pullen Literary Society" was represented by Mr. K. M. Fetzer, and the "Leazar" by Mr. A. K. Robertson, its president. Each man spoke from the literary standpoint and invited the new students to make application for membership in one of the societies. The "Honor System," which was adopted early last spring, was represented by Mr. T. H. Stafford, one of the men who were mainly responsible for the adoption of

the system. He explained the rules and regulations of the system and also the duty of every student to the Honor System.

The "Young Men's Christian Association" was represented by Mr. W. H. Graham, its president. He explained in clean, forceful language the object of the Association and the duty of each man toward it, and the benefit to be derived from membership in its ranks. Mr. Graham, who was elected early last spring, has already taken hold of the work as leader of the Association with such determination that it is safe to predict a great year in the Association work at A. & M. this year under his leadership.

Instead of the regular meeting of the Association, Sunday, September 17th, a Bible-study rally was held at two o'clock. The speaker, Rev. Mr. H. M. North, chose for his theme "The Book that has never been mastered." Mr. North said, in part: "The student who does not seek the best things is not worthy to be called a student, and the best things must certainly include the best Book." Owing to the hour set for the meeting, the attendance was not as large as could have been desired, but a large majority of those present indicated their desire to take up this study in one of the three courses offered. These are as follows: "Men of the Old Testament," "Life and Works of Jesus," and "Studies in the Life of Paul." The Bible-Study Committee expects to enroll at least three hundred men in Bible study this year.

Cash on the subscriptions to the building fund is coming in in great shape. Especially interesting is the fact that many of the students are paying their entire subscriptions at once instead of waiting till April first, and that several of the men who for some reason or other are not with us this year have nevertheless retained interest in A. & M. and this great work, and have sent in their part promptly. Within a few days we expect to have the floor plans and a perspective view of the building ready to show all the students. The work on the building will begin as soon as the plans are completed and the contract let.

E. B. NICHOLS,
Corresponding Secretary.

LOCALS

A. K. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

The twenty-third session of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts has opened, and up to the present time has the largest registration of any previous year. There are five hundred and twenty-four (524) men registered, with some yet coming. Not only is the enrollment larger, but every phase of the college's activities are on the boom. There is more and better dormitory room than ever before, several new buildings for more class room, with another dining room in the process of erection. Everything is making for a bigger A. & M.

There have been several changes in the faculty for this year. Professor Reimer, we regret to note, has left us and is in far-away Oregon. Prof. J. P. Pillsbury is at the head of the Horticulture Department. Professor Pillsbury was for four years a student in the Missouri Botanical Gardens (now Shaw's Botanical Gardens); then in '95 he entered the Pennsylvania State College, where he received his B. S. degree and where he was assistant professor of horticulture until this year, when he comes to us. We gladly welcome him. Mr. L. L. Vaughan, B. E., '06, who has been at Columbia University for the past two years, taking a post-graduate course in M. E., is back with the Mechanical Department; also with this department is Mr. P. E. Cowgill. Mr. Angel takes Mr. Richardson's place in the Mathematical Department. Dr. Simms is an addition to the Veterinary Department, taking Dr. Cecil's place.

Saturday night, September 9th, was College Night, which has for its purpose the introduction of the various activities of the college to the new men. All the phases of college life were represented and fully explained to the new men.

In the battalion we also see an enlargement and efficiency. This year there are six companies and a band, all of which are at daily practice, making ready for fair week.

Even so, and the mess hall is under new management, and is, we are glad to say, quite an improvement over last year. Mr. A. B. Hurley is steward, and it is evident that he is "onto his job."

There is under construction a large, new dining hall. It will be completed early in the winter.

The annual Freshman-Sophomore debate in the Rural Science Club was carried over from last spring till the 20th of September. Mr. J. B. Steele won the prize, a combination oats, corn and fertilizer drill. This is one of the several available prizes given by this club for best student work during the year.

There is, along with many other improvements, a decided one in the new schedule, gotten out for the first time this fall. Each student is furnished a complete schedule of all classes, and with it there is less confusion and fewer conflicts, compared with the old way.

Mr. T. J. Ogburn, Jr., B. E., '06, was here Monday, the 25th.

Mr. R. C. Cool, of Southport, visited his brother, Howard, on the 25th.

Mr. R. R. Reinhart, B. S., '09, stopped over a few days on his way to finish his course at Kansas City Veterinary College.

Mr. J. M. Beal, B. S., '11, began work with the Experiment Station here, but has gone to the Mississippi Agricultural College. He will be instructor in botany.

Mr. C. E. Bell, '11, is doing chemical work with the Experiment Station here. He is also taking a post-graduate course.

Mr. J. H. Brown, familiarly known as "Judge," our adjutant last year, is back, taking further work in the Veterinary Department.

Mr. E. T. Wadsworth, B. E., '11, stopped by on his way to enter as a student engineer with the General Electric Company at Shenectady, N. Y.

Mr. V. P. Bynum, B. E., '11, with the Continental Gin Company, was on the hill the 17th, shaking hands with the fellows.

Mr. W. W. Neidigh, from Pennsylvania State College, is in charge of the State Farm. There has ben quite an addition to this department this year. Professor McNutt has purchased quite a number of fine Percheron horses and Holstein cattle. These were solely needed class judging work and for the increased demand for more and better stock.

Messrs. C. C. (Cap) Lassiter and W. C. Styron, both B. E. '10 men, came by on their way to take up new positions, and shook hands with friends still here.

Mr. C. A. Speas, B. E., '11, was here the 8th. He has a position as civil engineer with the Florida East Coast Railway.

Messrs. D. Y. Hagan, "Shortie" Long and W. L. Black, all '08 men, were out watching football practice the 23d. They were representative men of their class, and we are glad to see them.

How about football this fall? Well, just the brightest prospects you could expect. With fifty men to pick from, and six of these from last year's varsity men, and Coach Green back, who doubts A. & M.'s chances this fall? Manager Bowler has scheduled some fast games, but A. & M. will be there with the goods. Let the students do their part.

The Biological and Rural Science clubs held a joint meeting, at which there was much enthusiasm manifested for good work to be accomplished this year. There were about sixty-five new men who joined these clubs the first meeting. There are bright prospects for great work among this enrollment.

Mr. B. B. Everett, class of 1907, visited the colleeg on Tuesday, the 26th. Mr. Everett spent last year at the University of Wisconsin, studying soils.

Messrs. William Bailey and J. I. Eason were on the hill the 26th.

The Y. M. C. A. has gotten out a very useful souvenir in the shape of a pen staff, on which is printed:

"You write with ease, to show your breeding,
But easy writing's cursed hard reading."

Mr. B. Johnson, electrical sergeant and director of the post band at Fort Caswell, was on the hill the 14th. He speaks very highly of our band.

The Thalarian German Club gave its opening dance in Pullen Hall Saturday evening, September 16th, from 9 to 12. The dance was gracefully led by Mr. C. A. Stedman with Miss Loyd, of Durham. Those dancing were: Miss Blair Rawlings, of Wilson, with Mr. W. A. Holding; Miss Betsie Haywood with Mr. Claud Barbee; Miss Margaret McKimmon with Mr. W. C. Etheridge; Miss Nan Lacy with Mr. Fred. Poisson; Miss Elizabeth Johnson with Mr. Nat. Lachicotte; Miss Daisy Haywood with Mr. L. L. Merritt; Miss Grizelle Hinton with Mr. E. C. Latham; Miss Ruth Lee with Mr. W. L. Moody; Miss Patsy H. Smith with Mr. J. M. Chamberlain; Miss Patsy Hinton with Mr. F. S. Hales; Miss Virginia Taylor with Mr. J. F. Smith; Miss Mildred Hall with Mr. E. Roberts; Miss Lizzie Lee with Mr. "Rat" LeGrand; Miss Mildred Holding with Mr. John McDonald; Miss Julia West with Mr. J. W. Hardie; Miss Ann McKimmon with Mr. D. A. Robertson; Miss Hannah Ashe with Mr. V. C. Pritchett; Miss Conille Harris with Mr. E. E. Hedrick; Miss Kathryne Sherwood with Mr. J. B. Fearing, Jr.; Miss Emma Swindell with Mr. E. J. Jeffries; Miss Nan Lee with Mr. A. T. Bowler; Miss Nannie Hay with Mr. G. H. Anthony; Miss Thompson with Mr. Jack Harris; Miss Nannie Rogers with Mr. I. G. Riddick; Miss Lena Swindell with Mr. Smith. Chaperones—Mrs. Ella Harris, Mrs. James I. Johnson, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. H. McKee Tucker. Stags—Harry Hartsell, T. P. Lovelace, R. W. Howell, C. M. Taylor, H. R. Holding, A. McKimmon, John Bray, J. M. Beal, J. A. Chambers,

D. C. Jeffries, Harry Grimsley, "Mac" Allen, Ransom Sanders, W. W. Falkner, "Stag" Boykin of Wilson, Ben Wallace, J. C. Bowen, D. L. Sasser, R. S. Johnson, Jr., and Prof. R. P. Latane.

We are in receipt of an announcement from the United States Civil Service Commission calling attention to the regular fall examinations on October 18-19, 1911, for positions in the United States Department of Agriculture. Examinations will be given in the following subjects: Agronomy, Dairying, Entomology, Farm Management, Forage Crops, Horticulture, Library Science, Physiology and Nutrition of Man, Plant Breeding, Plant Pathology, Pomology, Seed Testing, Soil Surveying, Soil Bacteriology, and Animal Husbandry. Persons interested are invited to communicate with the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and full information regarding the opportunities in the service, scope of examinations, salaries, etc., will be furnished.



ATHLETICS

D. W. SEIFERT, *Editor.*

OUR FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

In response to Captain Stafford's call for football candidates, about fifty-five or sixty new men reported, and are trying hard to make the various open positions on the team.

Among the men that have reported are six of last year's varsity team. These men are Captain Stafford, quarterback; Dave Robertson, halfback; Howard Cool, halfback; "Private" Floyd, guard; "Doc" Hurtt, tackle, and "Dutchy" Seifert, end. Besides these men, our hearts have been made glad by the return of Lonnie Dunn to college. Dunn was tackle on the team of 1910 and played a star game against V. P. I. that year, and besides this he won a place on the All South Atlantic eleven.

Fullback, last year filled by Maggie Von Eberstein, is open this year, owing to Vonnie's not returning to college. Center last year held down by John Bray, who graduated last year, is also open, as well as right tackle, which was so well filled by "Gov." Glenn.

Both Patton and Davis, substitutes on last years' eleven, are back in college, and both are determined to have a regular place on the varsity team; so some one will have to hustle. Lonnie Dunn is going to take care of right tackle, and among the men that are fighting for center are McIver, Plyler, Jeffrey, Fetzer and Gore. All of these men are good at this position, and some one will have to work hard to take the place away from the others. Sykes, Proffitt and several other good men are having a great battle as to who shall get the other open guard position. Spencer, Anthony and Harris are showing up well in the beck field and will make some of the regulars hustle to hold down their jobs.

Coach Greene tells the men every afternoon that the various positions will be given to the best men, regardless of who he is or what he can do; so every man of the squad is fighting hard in hopes of landing a berth on the varsity team.

Some of the new men on the squad who are showing up well are Derby, Proffitt, Patton, Jaynes, Keller, Plyler, Hardie, Jeffrey, LeGrand, Gore, Harris, Johnson, Grimsley, Taylor, Cozart, Lehman, Anthony, Sumner, Brickhouse, Chambers, Harper, Robertson, Rawlings, Nichols, Seifert, C. O.; Stockton, Davis, J. M.; Helm, Cox, Hassell, Farmer, Fields, Knox and Huntley.

Harry Hartsell, who played star ball in the Thanksgiving game last fall, will not be out this year, owing to injuries he received in a track meet of year before last. He played only one game last year and has never fully recovered his strength.

We have been extremely fortunate in securing Eddie Green to again coach the Red and White to victory on Thanksgiving Day against our great rivals, V. P. I. Coach Green thoroughly understands the new game as it is played today, and, furthermore, he knows how to handle the men and to secure the very best efforts out of each and every one of them. He is a thorough gentleman in every way, and he is very popular with the boys. We can indeed congratulate ourselves upon again securing his valuable services.

Thanks to Manager Bowler's tireless efforts, A. & M. has the very best schedule in her history. It includes games with three colleges which A. & M. has never played before, viz., University of Tennessee, Bucknell of Pennsylvania, and the United States Naval Academy.

The United States Naval Academy ranks as one of the big guns in the football world, and if A. & M. can only bring home the bacon from Annapolis we will have accomplished what no other Southern college has done in recent years. This will also put us among the foremost teams of the United States.

Washington and Lee will be played on our home grounds

for the first time in a number of years. The closing game of our schedule is, of course, with our great rivals, V. P. I. This game should be one of the greatest in the South this year, as V. P. I. always has a great team, and we all know what A. & M. has.

The schedule for 1911 is as follows:

October 7th—U. S. S. Franklin, Raleigh.

October 14th—V. M. I., Lexington, Va.

October 19th—Bucknell University, Raleigh.

October 26th—University of Tennessee, Raleigh.

November 4th—U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis.

November 11th—Washington and Lee, Raleigh.

November 13th—Wake Forest, Wake Forest.

November 30th—V. P. I., Norfolk.

The season tickets for the football games are now on sale and can be had from Manager Bowler or either one of the assistant managers, McCallum and Lachicotte. These tickets are selling at \$2.00.

As there will be four games played on the local grounds this fall, and one of these a dollar game, namely, Bucknell University, of Pennsylvania, during Fair week, therefore, by buying a season ticket you will be saving fifty cents. So, when the football managers come around to see you, TAKE ONE.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

At a recent meeting of the track team, which about fifty prospective candidates attended, there was much enthusiasm shown as to our prospects next year on the cinder path.

Dr. Ray gave a short talk on this branch of athletics, and showed the cup that would be given by the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce to the College that made the highest number of points in the annual State Track Meet.

The men have started to go out and work just a little every day in order that the captain can get a line on the material that will make up the team in the spring.

A great many new men have been out, and, according to Captain Trotter, he will have a wealth of material to select his team from next spring.

Coach Greene is helping the men a short time every afternoon in giving them starts and other valuable advice as to how to keep in condition and how you should train for the different races.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Just a word to the new men, as well as to the old men, about the Athletic Association. Every man in college is a member of the Athletic Association and pays his dues when he registers, and should therefore be at every meeting of the Association. The constitution requires that a notice should be read out in the mess hall a week before every meeting, and the old excuse that "I did not know there was going to be a meeting" will not go.

When the last meeting was held, about two weeks ago, there were about fifty members present. Now, fellows, do you expect to successfully carry out the elections when there are only a few members present?

We should take great pride in this Association, and the next time when a meeting is called let every man in college feel that it is his duty to be there, and do not depend upon the other fellow being there, but GO YOURSELF; and if everybody does this we will have enough members to make things interesting the next time a meeting is called.

ROOTING.

The football season is now at hand, and fellows, the team needs your support. The question is asked, "How can I give this support?" The answer is this: "Get out there and yell like h—, and follow your cheer leader.

Dick Huller, the chief rooter, wants you, one and all, to come out in front of Pullen Hall every night just after supper for about fifteen or twenty minutes to learn the new yells and songs.

It has been customary for the old men to let the new men go up and learn the yells, thinking that their knowledge was supreme and that they knew the yells, and therefore did not have to go up and get the hang of them over again. But, fellows, this is d— poor logic; for if the yells are not gotten off together and every man following the cheer leader, you cannot get volume to the yells, and you all know that this is the essential thing in rooting.

Suppose that we apply the same spirit to the varsity team as some of the men do to the rooting, what kind of a team do you think that we would have? Suppose the varsity men would never go out to practice, but just want to play when there was a game on. Why, A. & M. and her athletics would be wiped clean off the map. So, fellows, how can you expect to do good rooting if you do not go up and practice?

If the men on the football squad are willing to go out and work every afternoon from two to two and a half hours, and work like everything to build up our athletics, cannot you spare about fifteen minutes of your most valuable time which you take to go down to the drug store and lunch counter to fill up on black cows and sandwiches? So, fellows, give the football team this much of your time and support, and you do not know how much they will appreciate it.

When the U. S. S. Franklin comes down here to play us, they will have an organized body of rooters that will be hard to beat. But, fellows, it can be done, but only by hard work. So, fellows, let's show the people in Raleigh what college spirit really is, and get the songs and yells down pat, and let's also show that Franklin bunch up in the rooting line. Let's show them that there is at least one college in this part of the country that can beat them to a frazzle rooting.

So, let our motto be, "IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH," and let's make people in Raleigh think that when our Rooter Club lets loose that there is an earthquake out this way.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, held immediately after dinner Saturday before last, to fill vacancies in the corps of managers and assistant managers, made vacant owing to the failure of several men to return to college, the following were elected to fill the original vacancies:

Business Manager of the Wau-Gau-Rac—L. N. Riggan, of Raleigh, N. C.

Manager of the Basketball Team—W. R. Mann, of Aberdeen, N. C.; Assistant Manager of the Basketball Team, W. C. Hopkins, of Newport News, Va.

Assistant Manager of the Baseball Team—R. M. Bailey, of Elm City, N. C.



COMICS

S. J. KIRBY, *Editor.*

Item 1.—Dick Mullen, thinking some one intended to relieve him of his much-treasured megaphones, after taps, securely locked and barred his door, nailed his transom, and stayed in the window, gun in hand, until 2:30, patiently waiting for the would-be burglar.

Prof. Riddick—Mr. Seifert, did you take Analytics last year?

“Dutch”—No, sir.

Prof. Riddick—Oh, I see; you were just exposed to it.

Dr. Harrison—Mr. Hartsell, when did Martin Luther die?
Harry—Why, Doctor, I did not know he was dead.

Fresh. (trying to be hospitable)—Come in. Have a chair.

“Rip” Shull—Shut up, Freshman! I’m the O. D.

Fresh.—O—O—O—Oh, h—!

First Fresh. (through the window)—Did you get that?

Second Fresh.—Yep.

Unknown from above (pouring a bucket of water)—Did you get that?

“Reddy” Lambeth—Professor Riddick, what is “integration”?

Professor Riddick—Well, Mr. Lambeth, integration is exactly the inverse operation of differentiation; or, in other words, the summation of an indefinite number of contemporaneous infinitesimal elements.

“Reddy” (aside)—Got a dictionary?

Sergeant Bain (to his squad)—Double time, march!

“Slats” Griffin, while executing, falls down.

“Gerty” (as “Slats” rises)—As you were.

“Slats” lies down again.

Taylor, H. L.—I know one thing, “Ic.”

Potter—What?

H. L.—I am not going to let my kid brother come to A. & M.

“Ic”—Why?

H. L.—Because I have not got any.

Captain Peace (inspecting)—What is your name?

Freshman (rising and extending his hand)—McLeod, sir.
I am very glad to know you.

Adjutant Carl Horn’s sonorous voice had just ceased sounding through the mess hall when the following conversation was heard:

Fresh.—Does that *porter* get any pay for reading those notices?

Old Timer—Sure!

Fresh.—I’d like to get the job. You reckon there’s any chance?

Old Timer—Why, yes! Go up and put your application with Mr. Owen. He will be glad to accommodate you.

And Mr. Owen said he came.

A Freshman, after being on the squad for two weeks, picked up a football and examined it critically.

“Well, I’ll be d—!” he ejaculated; “I believe the thing is hollow.”

Captain Peace—Mr. Lane, how do you catch step?

“Smiley”—Walk with this foot a while and then with the other.

At the Depot.—The Green One—Can you show me the way to the A. & M. College?

“Doc” Hurtt—Certainly; just keep straight up the railroad, and it’s that big brick building on the left with the high fence around it (the State Penitentiary).

Who said: “And, Mr. Owen, we are military officers, too.”

His Room Mate—“Smiley,” I wish I was a Sophomore.

“Smiley”—Well, it don’t make much difference; I knew about as much last year as I do now.

Captain Peace (on military tactics)—Mr. Liferock, explain “leg exercise.”

Liferock—Pick up one foot and put it down; then put up the other one and come to attention.

Fresh.—Where are you from, Mr. Mitchener?

Mitch—Garner.

Fresh.—Is that a place or a disease?

Charlie Hall—Are you going to play football?

Fresh.—Yes; I think I will go out and try.

Charlie—Have you ever played?

Fresh.—Nope; but I have a football in my trunk.

Query: Who hangs around St. Mary’s worse than Grant hung around Richmond? One dollar for the best answer.

Visitor—Pass the butter, please.

Student—Sorry we can’t oblige you, but really the only lubricant we have is of the chemically prepared variety.

New One—Pass the beef, please.

Senior—Drive the cow up this way; the calf is bawling.

Freshman Wright—Say, 'Fesser, can't you give me a job today?

Professor Wheeler—Why, yes; I want that coal pile white-washed.

Fresh. (exhibiting a bottle)—See this?

Soph.—What you got?

Fresh.—Salt water.

Soph.—Won't the tide rise and break the bottle?

Professor Poole—If it suits the class, we will have our prelim. on the last day of the month.

Several voices (in unison)—Move we have it then!

"Ic" Potter (suppressing a yawn)—Move we adjourn!

And the Professor began his daily lecture on Short-Dockism.

Menu today at Hurley's Hotel—Brain and eggs.

Casey Seifert (sticking head in door) — Any laundry, shirts, collars, etc.?

Fresh.—What do they do with shirts down there, wash 'em?

OVER AT A. C. C.

"How high is the curriculum at A. C. C.," asked a gentleman of one of the prep. pupils.

Prep.—I don't know exactly, but from the tower you can see a good part of Wilson.—*The Radiant*.

"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the farmer.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen.

"Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is news. What stirred it up?"

"Plowing," said the farmer.—*Ex.*

ONE ON YOU

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but I had forgotten whether you said 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I know I said 'No' to some one last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."—*Harvester World*.

Teacher—Where is Rome?

Student—In Constantinople.—*Ex.*

Visitor—Great Scott! Why are you throwing bottles at that poor man? Are you trying to kill him?

Baseball Fan—No; not the slightest intention of it. The league is launching a new umpire and we are just christening him!

NO HELP.

A St. Louis traveling man, making his first trip through North Dakota, woke up one morning in May to find snow on the ground.

"For Heaven's sake!" he asked the hotel clerk, disgustedly, "When do you have summer out in this God-forsaken country?"

"I don't know," replied the clerk; "I have only been here eleven months."—*Harvester World*.

"Where can I hide?" gasped the man. "The police are after me!"

"Get into the card-index case!" cried the chief clerk. "I defy anyone to find you in there."

George—Didn't you notice that I pressed your foot at the dinner tonight?

Mazie—Why, it wasn't my foot you pressed! O, George, I wondered why mamma was smiling so sweetly at the minister. Now I know.—*Ex.*

SLIDING SCALE.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up?"

"But I'm a student."

"Then it's five dollars down."—*Cornell Widow.*

"Don't you wish you could live your life over again?"

"Well, I should say not! I've got a twenty-year endowment policy falling due this month.—*Ex.*

THE SAME MARY.

Mary had a pretty face,
As far as faces go,
And everywhere that Mary went
The paint was sure to show.

Mary had a little waist
Where waists are meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.

Mary had a little bird,
She kept it in a cage,
One day the cat espied it there—
Let's turn another page.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE RED AND WHITE.

Mary had a busy flea
 Alight on her one day—
 You will excuse us now for we
 Must look the other way.

Houston Post.

Mary took a little dip;
 Her bathing garment shrank.
 Come, Otto, let us take a trip
 Far from the river bank.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mary had to climb a fence,
 Her skirt caught on a nail—
 O don't you think the moon, Hortense,
 Tonight is very pale?

Springfield Union.

Mary had a harem skirt,
 She crossed a muddy street,
 Aw read this verse, 'twill do no hurt,
 For all you'll find is feet.

New York Globe.

Mary jumped across a stream,
 A rock was in the way—
 A red bird flew from out the green—
 The stream runs on today.

Greensboro News.

Mary sat down on a pin—
 But oh! she felt it not;
 For certain parts of her were real,
 And certain parts were not.

Exchange.

Mary had but little hair,
 In which she placed a "rat"—
 An altercation with a neighbor—
 Now she has not that.

Exchange.

Mary had a Billy goat,
 Which was a much-prized pet,
 But Billy butted her one day—
 Poor Mary's standing yet.

The Union Republican.

After reading the above verses the editor is moved to express himself in the following refrain:

It's been many a day
 Since we have gotten
 A bunch of verse that's
 Half so rotten.

"All right on behind there?" called the conductor from the rear 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.

The Red and White, 1909.

Kiss. Nothing divided by two; meaning persecution for the infant, ecstasy for the youth, fidelity for the middle-aged, and homage for the old.—*Exchange.*

A DEFINITION.

A blush is a temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy actiologized by one perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, ventulating in a paresis of the vasometer filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimated praeordia.—*Southern Medicine.*

We reckon it is!

S. S. Teacher—"Betty, they say you had a reunion at your house Christmas."

"Yes'm. Pa tried to keep Bill and Jim apart, but they would fight."

"That girl kicked me several years ago."

"My! what a lasting impression."

"What is the latest from the Mexican Revolution?"

"Looks as if it will go eleven innings or more."



EXCHANGES

R. L. SLOAN, EDITOR.

Good Morning to you all. We are patiently awaiting for your first number to reach us. The task has been great for most of us to get out our opening issue. Many of us will receive only brickbats. Bouquets, however, when they do come will be the sweeter.

May each of our exchanges enjoy a year of healthful prosperity, one free from undeserved criticisms and full of encouraging praises. Let none of us lose interest as the year wears away, but let each do his work with his might, energetically, enthusiastically, so that as the months come and go we shall find words of cheer and praise in our respective exchange departments.

The RED AND WHITE shall freely set forth its ideas of the merits and demerits of its exchanges. We do not mean to criticise you; just to give you our ideas, and we trust that they may be beneficial.

We want you to criticise us freely and often. We intend to publish from time to time what other magazines think of the RED AND WHITE. So tell the A. & M. boys what you think of their magazine.

The June issue of the *College Journal* of Georgetown University is on our desk. It carries excellent reports of Georgetown's commencement addresses. The magazine would be greatly improved by the addition of an Exchange Department. The *Journal* was criticised frequently last year for leaving this department out of its make-up. We trust that the RED AND WHITE will have the benefit of the *Journal's* criticism in the future.

The magazine prints our North Carolina song, "The Old North State Forever," which they say is a "product of the mind and pen of Judge William Gaston, 1778-1844, the first student entered on the rolls of Georgetown University, and in the honor of whose name Gaston Hall, the assembly hall of the college, was dedicated."

