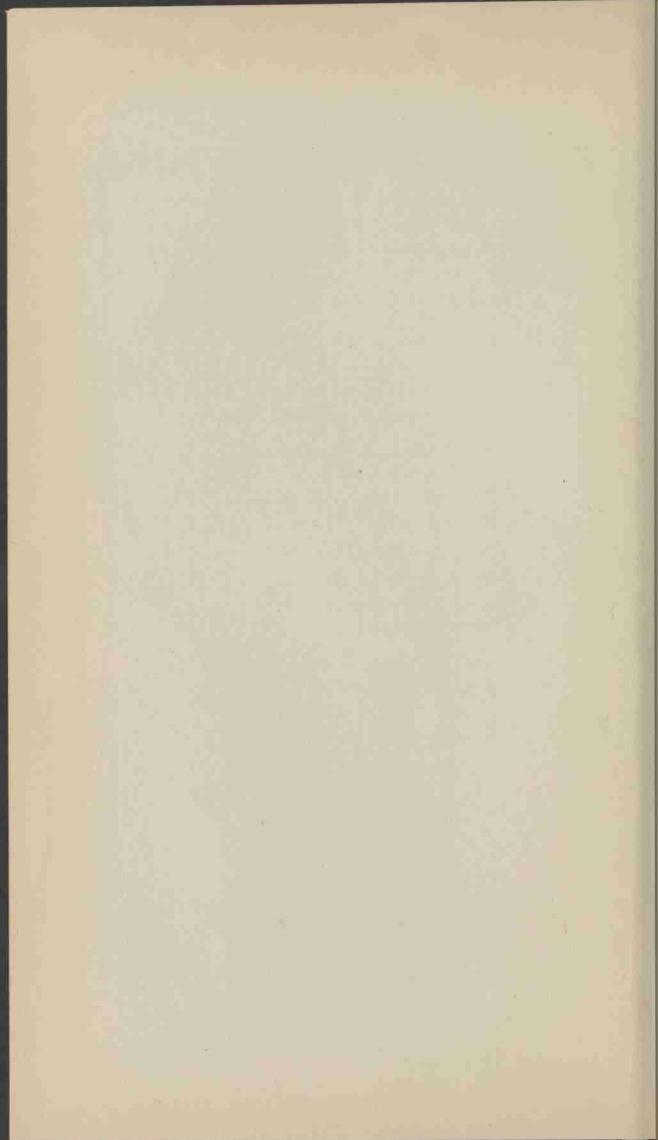


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The Red and White

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LITTLE HOMES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Little homes in the mountains,
Little homes in the hills,
Up where the snow-born fountains
Melt in a score of rills.

Reared where the sky uncloses,
Up where the day is born,
Each with its garth of roses,
Each with its path of corn.

Shack of the logger's rearing—
Hut in the craggy glen,
Cot in the sun-washed clearing—
Yours is a breed of men!

Men of the larger pattern,
Men of the cleaner lives,
Fathers of clear-eyed children,
Husbands of plain-clad wives.

Strong with the day for labor,
Calm when the evening comes,
Wise in the simpler wisdom,
Blest in their dear little homes.

Up where the days are tranquil,
Up where the nights are cool—
Little homes in the mountains
Clustered about a school!

THE PILOT.

By B. M. POTTER, '12.

There was a little boat out on the tide,
Struggling for its life on the ocean wide.
The waves dashed high,
And the little boat tossed;
The wind was strong—
Oh, will it be lost!

The setting sun was kissing the flowing locks of the maiden as she stood on the brink of the ocean, directly in front of Sand Hill lighthouse. The maid was expecting her lover, Nathan Folkton, at this hour, and she felt reasonably certain that he would make her a certain proposition when they were once more together; for did he not have it on the tip of his tongue to tell her everything when she was over to S— yesterday.

Wildly her heart beat with delight. Merrily she tossed a handful of sand into the dashing waters. Then drawing herself up she gazed across the wide expanse of blue waters here and there capped with white-topped waves and the reflected tints of the setting sun.

"Yes, I do love him," she vehemently declared to herself, "but I will just tease him a little when he comes."

Nathan Folkton, the son of a brave and sturdy old sea pilot, lived in the village of S—, just two miles across the C— River from Sand Hill. When the boy was twelve years old his father died. Thus at an early age Nathan was thrown on his own resources, having an aged mother as well as himself to support. But by studious habits, an earnestness of purpose, and a desire to please those around him, he won a place in the hearts of the villagers.

At the age of twenty-one he graduated from Tech. And a right promising civil engineer he was. But the life on the water suited his taste more than did the life with the transit,

and at the beginning of this narrative we find him on the pilot boat, Minnie J. He has just finished his apprenticeship as a pilot, and to-morrow he will carry his first steamer across the bar of the C—— river. Three years of hard work over, he was naturally very proud of his pilot's license. But one thing kept down his youthful spirits—and if pretty little Annete Holman would consent to be his bride, oh, how happy he would be!

So while Annete was dreaming of the happy days of the future, he had ascended the hill, and the picture almost took his breath away. Rapidly he descended the slope and hurried towards her.

"Why, Annete," he joyfully cried as he came to her side, "I believe that you are the sweetest thing in this world. Fact is, I know it."

"Nathan," replied the girl in a hurt tone, "I wish you would not try to flatter me so much. It is not at all manly of you."

An outsider would have noticed a certain coolness in the girl, but Nathan saw only the blue ocean and heard only the sweet tones of her voice. His animal spirits would not be downed, and he went on recklessly:

"Annete, but one thing keeps me from being happy. That thing is in your power to give. Will you love me and be my companion till death do us part?"

"No, Nathan," she spoke softly and slowly, "I cannot be your wife. I cannot marry a coward."

Oh, if Nathan had only looked at her face just then he would have understood. He would have seen the smile of the jester playing around her great blue eyes; but, instead, he heard only the harsh words, "I cannot marry a coward."

"So she thinks that I am a coward, does she? Very well, then," he said fiercely to himself, "I will show her that the son of Peter Folkton, the bravest and noblest pilot on the Atlantic coast, and a veritable dare-devil when the lives of others were at stake—I'll show her whether I'm a coward."

Abruptly he arose and left, and before Annete could raise a restraining hand he was gone. Gone to prove to her and to the world that he was as brave as opportunity would allow him to be.

Standing on the deserted beach with the incessant murmurings of the waves ringing in her ears, Annete realized for the first time the harm she had done.

"What if he doesn't come back?" She shuddered at the thought. "But he will come back," she cried, miserably, "for he loves me."

Then her emotions overcame her, and she sank to the ground in despair. Thus she remained, her head buried in her hands, crying to herself. Presently she arose and climbed the hill that led to the lighthouse. Annete was of the kind that keep their troubles to themselves. Hence, it was a smiling face that she presented to her father.

"Dear old daddy," she exclaimed, as she rushed into the room and into his lap; "isn't it mean for your little Tootsie-Wootsie to keep you here by yourself?"

The old sailor, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and the equal of any man in the county in skill and dexterity, certainly did not look as if he needed protection. If any of his associates had suggested that he needed help, there would have been a fight, and, ordinarily, it would be easy to pick the winner. But he was glad to have this little strip of a girl talk to him in this way. Indeed, his eyes followed her whenever she moved about the room. He dared not think of the time when she would leave him to go to the home of another.

"I gat me eye on 'at 'ere gol durned Nath," he confided to his cronies one day, "and he ain't a-goin' ter git 'er e'en if he do be th' lad o' 'at uld reckluss dare-devil, Pete Folk'on."

Nathan's brawny and well-muscled arms enabled him to cross the river in a short time. Rowing to a small wharf on the edge of the town, he quickly tied his boat and hastened through the dark streets to the tall pines of "No Man's Land," as the villagers called it.

The majestic silence, the tender beauty, the peace, the loneliness, too, came stealing in upon the youthful lover as he walked along the road. The moon rode high over the tall pines of the land, flooding the narrow road with a mellow light. Under her magic, the scrubby oaks softened their harsh lines and seemed to lean lovingly toward young Folkton as he passed them by. And even the dark pine masses stood silently as if in breathless adoration of the young adventurer. The bright moonlight lay like a garment over all the open spaces in soft, waving folds, and crowned every stump with a quaintly shaped nightcap. And high over all the deep, blue night sky, with its star jewels, sprang like the roof of a great cathedral from tree to tree, covering him in kindly shelter. How homelike and safe seemed the little wooded patch, with its sloping sides, its sentinel trees, and the arching roof of a jeweled sky! Even the night seemed kindly and friendly. The stars and the lone cry of the whippoorwill from the forest seemed like a voice of a comrade.

"How beautiful! Too beautiful!" thought Nathan as he entered the pine group to the right of the road.

What he told the great pines that night, as well as what they told him, will never be revealed; but they must have renewed his sinking spirits, for when he returned to the village he was the same old Nathan, the son "o' old Pete Folk'on." Jovially, he talked with his boon companions of his new pilot's license and of the large English tramp he was going to bring into the harbor. In fact, Nathan discussed nearly everything except the maiden of Sand Hill Lighthouse.

It was well in the evening when the crew of the Minnie J. assembled at their dock. Somewhere out on the waters of the Atlantic was an English tramp due in the harbor at seven bells. To pilot her across the bar, up the winding river, and safely anchor her in the steady stream of the historic old river was indeed a feat to be proud of. The Minnie J. car-

ried a crew of four hale, hearty, strong, able-bodied men this eventful evening. Search the State over and you would never find a better set of sea-faring men than these. There was old man Simon Lang, the shipper in charge; Jed Peters, the surest man of the crew, and Sandy Paxton, who rivalled old Peter Folkton in recklessness. Sandy was a great lover of rum—fixed “two balls afore the mast and one ahind,” as he styled the mixture—that all his mates stayed clear of. The fourth of this crew was young Nathan, the proudest one of them; for to-day he was to bring his first steamer across the bar and into the harbor. Don't let us forget the old darkey cook, Rastus Gore—just as brave as the others, and a typical coast negro from his head down.

Such was the personnel of the crew of the little pilot schooner Minnie J. And a team of working mates they made. Everything moved like clockwork in the preparations to leave. Si Lang was gazing earnestly at the skies—something he did every time he left the dock. Way over in the eastern skies, hardly discernable to an inexperienced eye, there was a tiny cloud shaping itself. None of his companions noticed the cloud, but Si evidently did, and he interpreted its meaning. However, he said not a word, and it would not have mattered if he did. These men were used to the little breezes that every now and then blow a hat off, or embrace a telephone pole in their onward course.

Every one of the crew—if Nathan be excepted—had been the hero of a dozen such tempests. So don't be surprised when old Si goes to the bow of the boat and critically examines the ropes and anchors, and finding them satisfactory lights his pipe and calmly walks down the deck.

“Heave, Ho!” he suddenly commanded, brusquely.

With the first sound, the men jumped to their places—Jed to the wheel, and the rest before the mast. And thus the little schooner Minnie J. began her cruise that eventful evening long remembered by the villagers. With songs and hilarity, off they went like veterans to war.

As they rounded Sand Hill Cape, a young woman with smiling face was waving them God-speed from the beach with her handkerchief; and every man on the schooner returned the friendly greeting but one, and that one was Nathan Folkton.

Annete's father had not returned from the village, whither he had gone to get his monthly supplies. The little girl was lonesome, and a deep frown was on her perplexed brow.

"I wonder what's the matter with him," she said petulantly. "It is nearly six o'clock, and he said he would be back at five!"

Rising, she went to the window and peered into the gloom. Glancing towards the east, she found there the cause of her father's delay. The tiny cloud that Si Lang had seen now covered the skies of the east. Distant rumblings of thunder could be plainly heard. Faint flashes of lightning brightened the heavens.

"Daddy won't come to-night," she said. "No one can cross the river a night such as this." Woman though she was, she knew that before ten minutes passed, Sand Hill would feel the worst storm it had ever felt.

"I must see to the boats" was her first thought.

Securing the doors and windows of the building, Annete rushed to the landing and made fast the boats. Just as she had tied the last one a great puff of wind came, carrying everything before it. The storm was on. Hastily, she ran back to the house. Inside, she could hear the violent winds without as they hurled pebbles of sand against the windows. She could hear the pattering of the rain on the roof. The waves growing larger and larger dashed madly against the beach, and their roaring sounded like the booming of cannon. And intermingled with all was the heavy thunder and flashes of lightning that fairly took the girl's breath from her. Thus, gentle reader, commenced one of the worst storms that the coast of Carolina has ever seen.

The brave little girl was plainly frightened. It was not

the storm, however, that was at the bottom of the trouble. It was a quarter of six, and the light should shine at six sharp. Never had it failed to do this since its foundation in '79. To the little girl way up in the tower of the Sand Hill lighthouse—to her, it was a curfew.

“It must shine to-night; it must do it!” she said determinedly.

Then her heart almost froze within her. Could she start the great wheel revolving, and thus fill the stormy night full of cheer? No, she could not, for it took the combined strength of her and her father.

“What must I do?” she said in despair. “Ah!” she said, her face lightening. “I have it. I’ll ask the great Father to help me save the poor mariners who are out on the stormy waves——”

What is the matter with little Annete? Her face is as white as the falling snowflakes of the mountain. Ah, dear reader, have you not guessed it? Annete, brave little girl, has thought of the little pilot boat out on the stormy seas, tossed at will by the cruel waves. She has thought of the kind-hearted crew. She sees their wives and kinsmen in S—— praying for the ones at sea. But what is in her thoughts most is the young pilot full of hope and ambition far away in the gloom of the twilight, far away from the protecting arm of the land.

“They may be waiting for the light to shine to guide them back home,” she said. “I can’t and I won’t let them stay out and suffer if it is within my power to help them. The light shall shine to-night at six o’clock. I’ll ask the great Father to help me.”

“Oh, God,” she prayed, “give me courage and strength to turn the great wheel, to light the way of shipwrecked mariners. And, God, you won’t forget Nath. and the Minnie J. to-night, will you?”

Prayers have been said in cathedrals, in churches, and in chapels, but none was ever more sincere than this simple prayer of this simple girl of Sand Hill lighthouse.

Rising to her knees, she threw her full weight and strength against the great wheel. It did not budge. Three minutes to six! Despair was written across the little girl's face.

Again she threw herself against the big wheel. It budged not. One minute to six!

"Help me, God!" she feebly gasped.

And with the strength of forty devils, backed by grit, determination and despair, the little girl again threw herself against the wheel. It creaked and groaned, slipped a little, then a little more, and then a little more. And just as the clock on the wall struck six, a flame of light burst from the tower of Sand Hill lighthouse; and as it traveled through the misty twilight atmosphere, many a sailor thanked the Government for their thoughtfulness, and from the bottom of their hearts they invoked blessings upon the faithful lighthouse keeper.

Things were going bad for the Minne J. out on the water. The billows had grown larger and larger until now they rose to the height of fifteen or sixteen feet. Jed Peters, the surest pilot of the crew, was still at the helm of the little schooner. His piercing eye was gazing straight to the front, and his well-experienced head taught him that the storm was on for good. Old man Si Lang calmly crawled along the deck of the rocking schooner, giving his commands, and every now and then gazing at the black heavens above him. Grimly, he sized up the situation:

"A bad night o' it, lads."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said his running mate Sandy. "And," he added, reflectively, "may God help the poor folks at home."

Nathan, we must confess, was the happiest of the crew. The rains came harder, and the waves dashed higher and higher; the bright flashes of lightning, punctured by heavy claps of thunder, played around the masts and spars of the little schooner. And the happier was our hero on account of this. Visions of heroic bravery floated before him. The

Minnie J. would be wrecked, and he would save his comrades from a watery grave.

"Then everybody will say that I was brave," he said, musingly; and then he added, dreamingly, "Perhaps she will think so, too."

Just at this point a large wave broke over the bow of the schooner striking him full in the face. The impact lifted him from his feet, and only Providence saved him from going over the side of the vessel. Thus rudely recalled from the world of visions, Nathan rose and looked about him. Si seeing him fall, was at his side in an instant.

"Asey, lad, asey," he advised; "keep yer weather eye cl'ar for th' tramp. I cal-late it's about time we hailed her."

Then all was quiet, each pilot intently engaged in his occupation. It was a quarter of six o'clock, and the storm was expected to break before long. Then, too, the great English tramp was somewhere around them, and never would they turn back until they had used every effort to find her.

Si was plainly worried, however; and Jed was anything but pleased with himself. Presently he could hold himself no longer, and he blurted out:

"B'ys, we're lost." Silence. "We're lost, lost, by heck!"

For some time, Jed and Si had known of their position. They had discovered that the compass for some reason was not working. However, they decided not to say anything to their companions about their plight.

Si continued to gaze at the sky unmoved. He looked at his watch, and saw that it was one minute to six.

"Well, I'll be durned!" was Sanday's only comment on the situation.

But Nathan was happier now than ever.

"Oh, well——" he started to say, but he got no further, for towards the North a light broke through the misty rain; it was the light from the Sand Hill lighthouse. The crew of the Minnie J. were all right now. Si raised his head towards the skies and humbly said, "T'ank God."

But Jed was the happiest of the crew.

"The ole sogger," he enthusiastically exclaimed as he thought of Annete's father.

"Well, I be jiggers, be d——," admired Sandy. "He's on his job, eh b'ys."

"Ay, ay, sir," his companions replied of one accord.

Suddenly the wind ceased to blow, and the sails clung idly to the masts. It was the calm of the storm. Though the rain was descending in torrents, and the waves were dashing high, the small crew knew it was the best time to make preparations for the sure-enough storm.

Jed lashed himself more securely to the wheel, and the others tightened their oilskins and started the pumps to working. While these preparations were going on, Rastus, the cook, showed his woolly head above the cabin door and shouted:

"Sepper! Sepper!" And in his hands he carried unmistakable signs of "sepper."

"Whatcher yer got?" demanded Si.

"A biled mullet and a hunk o' bread."

Seeing the high-running sea, Rastus hurriedly gave to each of the crew his just deserts and hastened to the mess quarters. Securely fastening the stove and cooking utensils, he again came on deck to render such assistance as he could at the pumps or wherever his help was needed.

Passing Si, the negro observed, "It sho bees rough, Cap'n Si; sah, it sho do be. Dis 'ere nigger done been knocked down a kerple of times, be golly, I has, sah!" But Si only grunted at the darkey's excitement.

While this was going on, Sandy and Nath. having disposed of their "sepper," went to the side of the vessel and gazed across the waters. Suddenly, Sandy broke the solemn stillness.

"Ship, ahoy, sir!" he bellowed.

"Where abouts?" questioned Si as he drew up to Sandy's side.

"Starboard quarter, sir."

Within twenty or thirty feet of the little vessel lay the object of their searches — the Tramp — buried in the blue waters of the ocean. And in vain did the crew search for the bodies of the wrecked mariners. Finding no signs of life, the Minnie turned and headed for the harbor.

No sooner had they done so, when the storm broke again, this time more furious than before. The rain came in torrents, and the thunder and lightning was more terrible than before. These old grizzled pilots well knew that they had the fight of their lives on their hands; and veterans that they were, they knew how to fight it.

“Pop! Snap!” sounded, and then “Crash.” The mainmast broke in half; only a stub of the mast was left.

Hastily they cleared the decks, just in time to prevent the Minnie J. from going under astern. It was indeed a close call.

“Ah, golly,” admitted Rastus, “dat wuz sho er rough un, Cap’n Si, sir, it sho wuz!” And the old negro who had been through many a storm shook his woolly head and continued his work.

“Pop! Snap!” again sounded; the foremast and foresail and jib were hurled into the waters, only a rope holding them to the schooner. But that rope was tied to the tipmost point of the bow-sprit, and it nearly proved the undoing of the Minnie J. With head wind and such a heavy load to drag along, the vessel was rapidly filling with water. One thing was evident—that rope had to be cut!

The five decided to draw lots. The unlucky number fell to Si, the skipper in charge. Serenely he began to remove his oilskins. His comrades began to weep bitterly over the idea of losing their brave captain—for to go out on the sprit was sure death. For forty years they had been together, and now to be separated—it was too much!

Nathan could stand it no longer. Rushing to the center of the group, he shouted:

“Men,” he cried, “you are all married men. Who is going

to look after your wives and children when you are gone? I am a single man, and only have my mother to support and care for. Let me go."

He paused a minute, and then he proceeded: "Look after my mother when I'm gone, comrades. And tell Annete that I—I—was—brave."

Picking up a knife, he hurried to the bow, and on to the sprit. The old mariners understood what he meant, and to a man they kneeled on the wet deck of the little vessel and asked the guiding hand of Providence to direct the youthful adventurer who was sacrificing ambition, youth and everything for his brothers. Their eyes filled with tears as they saw him go to his death, unruffled and calm.

With the knife clenched securely between his teeth, he sprang on the sprit, his legs and arms encircling it. Downward plunged the little vessel, carrying our hero with her.

Minutes, seconds, and hours, it seemed to the waiting four before he arose from the waters. Keeping his presence of mind, Nath laboriously climbed toward the end of the sprit. Eight feet he went, but there were seven more to go, as the vessel again plunged downward.

As the sprit again rose from the water, the boy clinging to it with a determination not to give up, a mighty yell went up from the deck of the schooner. They did not expect him to live as he had. And, indeed, Providence was good to the youthful pilot that night.

Down he went again, with only two feet more to go. It was the crisis. If he failed to cut the rope this time all was lost, for the schooner was surely filling with water in spite of the desperate efforts of the men at the pumps.

"I'll get it this time," he said to himself.

"God help us," prayed his companions.

Down, down, down, our hero went, and then up, up, up to the surface again. What the four waiting and expectant men saw then almost made their blood boil. On the tip of the bowsprit was Nathan Folkton suspended, by means of

his arms and legs; one hand grasping the knife and the other the rope. Summoning his fast-failing strength, he made a desperate effort at the rope. He cut, and his companions prayed; and just as the vessel descended on its downward course, the rope fell into two parts, and the Minnie J. was saved.

"Well, I'll swar," observed Sandy as Nathan again came to the top, and he realized what a great fight the young pilot was making.

"Thank God," said Si.

"Jes like his dad," said Jed; "jes 'lak him."

But Rastus was affected quite differently.

"Golly," he enthusiastically admired, "is dis 'ere nigger er live er not. Wall, wall, wall, would yinner believe it! He's wus an' Cap'n Pete. Wus than his ole dad, Cap'n Si, wus'an his old dad. Wall, I do know!"

Nathan's strength was fast failing, and he had the perilous journey to make. But now he was going from death to life, while before he was going just opposite. But it was well that he reached the deck of the schooner when he did. Wet and cold and exhausted, he fell as he stepped on the deck of the schooner and came near being dashed to atoms. But luck was still with him and he was not injured in the slightest. But Si thought he ought to take a little rest, and consequently our hero was ordered below, and in a few moments he was sleeping.

How the Minnie J. ever succeeded in getting into the harbor with only a piece of mast to carry her sails, and with a head wind, head tide, high-running seas, and blinding rain to fight, is more than I can tell you. I expect Si came pretty near to the true solution.

"How did you manage to do it, Captain Si?" I asked that worthy one day.

"It wuz Providence, lad," he replied, shaking his head; "it wuz Providence."

A few days after the storm, a number of the villagers gathered in front of Sand Hill lighthouse. The sun was setting in the west, but this time he was kissing the flowing locks of more than one maiden. The villagers are spread out in a ring, and in the center of the ring there is an interesting group of three. One of these is Nathan Folkton, the hero of the Minnie J., and another is Annete Holman, the heroine of Sand Hill lighthouse. The third of this group is evidently an important personage—the Methodist minister.

The hero is serious but happy, while smiling Annete is happy too, even if her sweet face is suffused with blushes.

"I will," said Annete in answer to the question. And the sun ashamed to longer intrude, darts below the horizon. The two are man and wife.



THE COWARD.

By H. L. TAYLOR, '12.

Strolling along a country road, in the border of the mountainous section of the State, so well noted for its beautiful scenery, was a party of young men and women. They seemed to be in no especial hurry, and laughed and jested as they went along with the care-free spirit of youth and well-being. Every little while, one of the party would rush into the woods and return with a handful of flowers.

"It seems to me that we could find enough flowers in here for what we need," remarked a young girl.

"Oh, there are plenty here, all right," said a young man who seemed to be the leader, "but they are so much prettier and so much more plentiful up in Allan's woods."

Suddenly one young lady asked, "Why, where are Nell and Jim?"

Every one stopped and looked around, then turned and looked back down the road. About fifty yards back was a sharp turn, and around this slowly came a girl and a young man. And here we might as well look at them to see what they look like. She was a pretty young lady of, seemingly, about twenty years of age. She was hatless, and so it was easily seen that her black hair was constructed according to the latest dictates of fashion. She was dressed in a thick white sweater, short black walking skirt, and black walking shoes. She was of medium height, and well formed; but her crowning feature was her vivacious face with sparkling blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and determined chin, which showed her descent from the "fighting colonel" of the ———nth Regiment of ——— in the Civil War. He was a tall, quiet-looking chap, dressed in a serviceable outdoor suit, and looking self-possessed and sure of himself. He was brown-haired, blue-eyed, with regular features.

Just now he was occupied very much with his companion, for his arm encircled her trim waist, and both her hands were

clasped in his, and he was looking into her eyes with an intentness that disregarded all other things occupying the world. So occupied were they with each other that they did not notice the crowd waiting until they were almost upon them. Suddenly she looked up, saw the crowd, blushed scarlet, and freed herself suddenly, looking the picture of embarrassment, and he outdid her almost in the intensity of his color. But he straightened up, and said quickly and softly, "May I tell them?" Looking up bravely, she nodded. Turning, he said:

"This is rather informal, but I wish to announce our engagement."

Every one rushed up to congratulate them. And what was more important to the couple went on without bothering any more about them. Immediately they became once more wrapped up in each other, and did and said the usual things that go with their conditions.

Suddenly, just as he went to impress his ——nth kiss on her rosy and willing lips, she hesitated.

"Jim," she said, "you say you love me, and I guess you do, although it seems so wonderful and sweet; but will you do anything for me?"

"Anything, darling."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything!"

Whereupon she sighed contentedly and submitted to the operation.

"But why do you ask, sweetheart?"

"I don't know, Jim; but you know that father is so hard to please, and I was wondering whether you would be backward in asking his consent."

"Why, dear, nothing on earth would deter me from changing Nell Johnson to Nell Hall."

Of course, he was rewarded with a sweet, shy, look, and ——, but what's that to us?

Suddenly the road turned sharply and entered a narrow

defile with cliffs on each side, rising sharply from the road on one side and a narrow trickling stream on the other. The girl allowed her eyes to wander up the cliff and casually explore the surface. She grasped Jim's arm and said, "Oh, Jim, look at those lovely flowers up there!"

"Where?"

Pointing her hand in the required direction, he finally saw them, far up the side of the cliff on a little out-jutting ledge.

"They are the loveliest I have ever seen!" she exclaimed.

"They certainly are beautiful," he acquiesced.

"Oh, Jim, can't you get them for me?" she asked, looking at him from the corner of her eyes.

Slowly and carefully he scanned the face of the cliff; then turned to her with regret in every feature.

"I'm sorry, dear, but I can't."

"You mean that you couldn't climb up there?"

"Oh, no, I could climb up there were it necessary, but I do not care to risk my life for the sake of a few flowers."

"Not even for me, Jim?"

"No, dear, I'm sorry."

"You said just a little while ago you would do anything for me."

"I will, in reason."

"You didn't say that a while ago."

"I didn't know then that you would ask me anything like this."

"Well, I do!" And it was wounded pride and not wounded love that tinged her words.

"You know, Nell, that I love you dearly, and would do almost anything for you, but I cannot risk my life needlessly."

"I don't believe that you could climb that cliff."

"Oh, yes, dear, I could do it if it was necessary."

"Then you are afraid."

"I am."

"Oh, Jim! you don't mean it!"

"I do, in that I am afraid of anything that would disrupt our lives together, and my joy is too recently founded to risk breaking it up in this manner. Come now, let's go and forget all about the miserable flowers."

For a moment she hesitated, and then pride overcame the soft biddings of love, and she said stubbornly:

"I don't want to forget them, they are too lovely; and I think that if you loved me like you say you do, you would get them for me."

"I have already told you, Nell, that I cannot do it."

"I didn't think you were a coward."

"You didn't?"

"No."

"Why change your opinion?"

"Because it would seem that you are afraid to climb that cliff to get those flowers."

"Perhaps I am."

"Please, Jim!" very archly with her pleading lips.

"No, sweetheart; please let it drop."

"I will not let it drop, Jim Hall; not because I want the flowers, but because you do not love me, for if you did you would get the flowers for me."

"Do you mean, dear, that you want me to risk my life to prove my love for you?"

"You wouldn't risk your life."

"I would!"

"You would not," angrily; "you are afraid, and use this method to get out of it."

"Do you really believe that?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, arguing will not help the case any, for I am not going to climb that cliff."

"You will not?"

"No!"

"Not even if I ask you to?"

"No!"

"Well, then, you have brought it upon yourself, and you cannot blame me. Either you get those flowers, or I will announce the breaking of our engagement."

He turned very white. "You mean it, Nell?"

"I do."

He looked at her longingly for a moment, then: "May I escort you until we reach the party, Nell?"

"Miss Johnson, please."

"Very, well, Miss Johnson."

Just then an interruption came, in the way of a loud "Hello!" from the entrance of the little canon.

"Hello!" it again repeated. "What are you all lingering there for?"

And there came down the road a very good-looking man with dark curly hair, brown eyes and dark complexion. He was dressed in the latest style of men's clothing, and looked the very essence of neatness and order. As he came up to them he greeted them:

"Hello, Nell! Hello, Jim! How is it that you all are separated from the rest? You know I could not get away from a man who wanted to sell me a horse, and I did not know whether to try to catch up or not; but now I'm glad I came."

Then noticing the frigidity of the air, he asked: "What's the matter with you all, anyway? You look as if you could bite each other's head off."

Nell looked at Jim and then at the newcomer. She straightened up as if she had formed a resolution.

"Will, you asked me the other night to marry you, didn't you?"

"I most certainly did."

"Do you still wish it?"

"Do I? Just give me a chance and see if I do."

"All right. Jim here seems to wish the same thing, but when I wished to prove him, he could not stand the test. I told him if he wanted me he would have to get me that bunch

of flowers up there. He was afraid, and so he has lost his chance. Do you still refuse, Jim?"

"I do."

"Will, if you get that bunch of flowers, I will marry you whenever you wish."

"Do you mean it, Nell?"

"I do."

Will took off his coat, and, carefully noting the places where the cliff jutted out, started on his difficult and dangerous task.

Nell spoke, "Mr. Hall, we can dispense with your presence."

Jim started, surprised and pained, and slowly walked away. However, ere he had gone a hundred yards he stopped and, picking out a rock, sat down to watch Will on his perilous journey, noting anxiously the length of the path he had to traverse, and the scanty footholds that the cliff afforded.

Slowly, but surely, Will made his way to the flowers, reached the ledge, paused a moment, reached out and picked them and started back down. He had scarcely taken three steps, however, before, burdened with the flowers, he lost his hold and fell helplessly. About twenty yards below him was a medium wide ledge. Will landed on this with a dull thud, and lay motionless, the flowers lying loosely in his outstretched right hand. Jim started mechanically to his feet, and looked quickly and coolly at the ledge and the possible methods of approach. From the ledge the cliff sloped almost perpendicularly to the water's edge, with no foothold. The ledge would have to be approached from the top and side—a much more hazardous feat than the reaching of the flowers. Jim strode coolly up to Nell.

"Miss Johnson, will you hasten on and find some ropes. There is a farmhouse about half a mile further on. And tell them to hurry. Also get them to send a messenger for a doctor." And when she hesitated: "Hurry, please, it's a matter of life and death."

As she started up the road he started up his hazardous path. With skill and almost superhuman daring, he worked his way along the cliff until he reached the ledge. Here he found Will with a multitude of bruises, and unconscious, but otherwise unharmed it would seem. He carefully gathered up the flowers and placed them in his pocket. He sat down and waited for the ropes. When they appeared he sent them to the top of the neighboring cliff, which was a little higher than his present position, and got them to throw him a small rope across the narrow canon. After two or three unsuccessful casts, he managed to grasp the rope. He then hauled a larger rope, and then fastened the rope around Will's body and lowered him over the ledge. Bracing himself by means of a depression in the ledge he lowered him rapidly to the ground. Casting loose the rope he climbed down the cliff. Reaching the bottom he crossed the creek to where Nell stood, placed the flowers in her hands, and bowing gracefully, said:

"Your flowers, Miss Johnson." Then he pointed to Will just struggling to consciousness, "Your fiance, madam," and turning he walked down the road, never once looking back, else he would have seen her with anguished face, watching him until he passed out of sight.

Turning to the doctors, Nell asked, "Is he hurt severely?"

"No, Miss Johnson, he is only bruised and beyond a little stiffness will be all right in a day or so."

She saw that he was carried home and that every thing possible was done for his comfort. Two or three days later, he, just recovered fully, called on her.

"Nell, do you remember your promise?"

"Yes, Will, but I must say something to you. I have broken one man's heart, and I expect I shall wound you; but I cannot deceive you. When I promised you, the other day, I was furious with Jim for refusing me. I did not care what I did, so long as I could hurt him. This will help you to understand how my whole heart belongs to Jim, and

consequently I cannot ever love anyone else. I cannot deceive you and marry you with you believing me to be yours alone when my whole being belongs to Jim. So I must ask you to release me from my promise. I know that this does not place me in a very favorable light, but, although Jim is lost to me forever, that does not allow me to make havoc of your life. Will you release me, Will?"

"Yes, Nell, you know that anything that you do will be all right with me. Good-bye." And he walked very bravely out of the house, although his face was white.

* * * * *

About one year after the above, war broke out with Ajnap. Everyone was volunteering and company after company marched away, some to glorious careers, some to death. Bye and bye everyone capable of bearing a gun had marched away from the village except Jim. At first, owing to the excitement and bustle that accompanied such departures, this was not noticed, but soon the tongues began to wag, and before long Jim had no character at all. The women jeered at him as he walked down the street, and pretty soon he began to receive packages which contained articles usually associated with women, namely: petticoats. But still Jim did not enlist, and although Jim did not know it, he had one ardent defender, for it was an item of common knowledge that any lady who started to malign Jim in the presence of Nell Johnson was likely to wish she hadn't before Nell finished talking to her.

As this had no effect on the others' conduct toward Jim, of course he had knowledge of it. He went his way oblivious of the sneers and taunts and insulting packages. One day he disappeared and remained away for a week, then returned and settled down to his old habits. Meanwhile the war had been terminated rather suddenly by the destruction of the Ajnapian Army.

The United States dictated such terms as they saw fit and Ajnap had to submit to all the demands unconditionally.

Soon the word came that the troops were returning to the village, and this was followed by intense excitement. The women busied themselves in preparation for the welcome home and the gala day notwithstanding that there was mourning in a few families. These were mercifully few, as the war had ended so suddenly and unexpectedly. Everything was arranged, and having nothing else to do the villagers began talking about the war, which naturally enough turned to reviling of Jim and his cowardice. Jim happened to be seated behind a hedge that hid his home at one place where the shade of giant tree rested. While sitting there, two women happened to pause under the shade of the tree, and went on with their talk about Jim. He was about to leave when he heard one of them say:

"Better hush!"

"Why?"

"Here comes Nell Johnson."

"What of that?"

"Haven't you heard of the way she defends Jim Hall?"

"Yes, but what difference does that make?"

"Ever talk to her about it?"

"No."

"Well, I have, and you will not catch me doing so again."

"What, you let a little thing like that scare you?"

"Yes."

"Well. Just wait here, and watch me."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Robinson."

"Are you not glad the soldier boys are coming home?"

"I certainly am, I hate war."

"So does Jim Hall, the coward."

"He isn't a coward."

"I would like to know why not."

"Because he couldn't be, if he tried."

"Then appearances certainly do belie him."

"When did your husband enlist, Mrs. Robinson?"

"At the second call for volunteers."

"How long did you have to persuade him to go, before he consented?"

Mrs. Robinson was so surprised she had no time to recover herself and blurted out in confusion:

"I didn't have to persuade him, I just told him what I'd do if he didn't go."

"Now, Mrs. Robinson, how long do you think your husband or any of the soldiers could have born your jeers and taunts without reply and without any words of defense? Listen! I misjudged Jim once and have been punished for it, but although he shall never know it I want to say to you that Jim could not be a coward if he tried; and I know that some day it will be found out that Jim had some reason for staying at home that will put you all to shame and make your soldiers feel foolish."

And she passed on proudly, with her head held high. Discomfited, the other women turned and left without looking back. Nell smiled.

Jim sat for a long time meditating. Then with determination in every lineament of his face he jumped the hedge and walked down the street. As he hastened on, he turned a corner hurriedly and almost ran over a small figure sitting on a grassy bank, crying bitterly. Jim coughed. She sat up quickly, surreptitiously trying to remove the traces of tears.

For a moment Jim waited; and then said, very quietly, "Nell, you remember that day last year?"

"Yes," barely audible.

"You remember you said that I was a coward?"

"Oh!—Jim—."

"I have about decided that you were right, I am a coward. I could not think of all the honors incidental to war without shuddering, so I stayed home. Yes, I guess I am a coward."

"Jim Hall, look me in the eyes."

"Well."

"I knew you couldn't do it. Jim, I know I let my temper and pride separate us; but Jim, is it all ended? I know I am immodest, but I do not care. I love you and always shall, and Jim, you loved me once. Oh, Jim, you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

"No, Nell, I always have loved you, and you know it. And I always shall, but I cannot tell you under the present conditions."

"Jim," blushing rosily, "will you be my husband?" and her head was raised for an instant to allow her eyes to look into Jim's and then dropped quickly.

"Do you ask that because of love or because of pity, and because you wish to make atonement?"

She raised her head and let him look through her eyes to her heart. And what he saw there seemed to please him for he gathered her in his arms and proceeded to reward himself for all his waiting. Pretty soon, or perhaps 'twas a long time, anyhow finally:

"When shall it take place?"

"Now."

"Now?"

"Yes, Jim; I am tired of being unable to take your part as I would like to. You are being treated shamefully and I want to share it with you. Jim, you don't think I am immodest, do you?"

Reassured by his kisses, she took his arm and walked down the street to the courthouse, where she proceeded to make Jim take out a license. Then to the parsonage where they were duly married. When they reached Jim's home she rushed into the parlor and latched the door and had a good cry and a battle with her sense of shame at her boldness. Then she let Jim in, and just in time, for he had been raging up and down the hall as if he were a madman. Taking her very tenderly in his arms and holding her very close he asked:

"What have you been doing to my wife?"

"I have been scolding her, and assuring her that it isn't too good to be true," blushing divinely.

"Let's go away from this place, Jim, dear," very softly, after a few minutes, from her seat upon his knee.

"Ashamed to be seen with me, Nellie, mine."

"But, sweetheart, you know I didn't mean it. Honestly, I didn't. Now, honey, please don't look so angry. There, that's better!" and once more unbroken peace reigned in their hearts.

* * * * *

The train containing the soldier boys rolled in. But who were they, they didn't belong here? Trainload after trainload rolled in, pitched their tents and proceeded to stroll around the town. When questioned, they could only say, "Orders."

Pretty soon there was a division encamped composed of the finest troops in America. About noon of the second day a train rolled in consisting of private cars. And out of one stepped the President. At the front of the courthouse a platform had been erected. By two o'clock the division had been formed in line of march and marched up to Jim Hall's house, where they presented arms and placed Jim Hall in their midst in an automobile covered with American flags. They then slowly marched to the courthouse where they formed battalion front, surrounding the courthouse sixty deep. Seated on the platform were the President, his cabinet, the highest ranking generals and admirals of our army and navy, foreign ambassadors, and last, but not least, the ubiquitous reporter. After music by the finest band in the United States, the President rose to his feet. Beckoning to the guard of honor, they brought Jim Hall forward, and then the President told Jim had been retained from the war because of his knowledge of explosives and also because of his new electric weapon whereby any navy or army could be destroyed by one man. How he had stood the revilings of

his neighbors and gone on with his work. How he had made the means whereby the war was terminated, thereby saving so much bloodshed. And then he placed on Jim the greatest orders in the United States. The soldiers fired salutes and everyone made much of him. Of course, the next day the whole world knew and honored Jim. He was the idol of the United States!

* * * * *

When Jim returned home, Nell met him at the door.

"Who are you?"

"Your hubbie."

"Under false pretense."

"No, sweetheart, my reward was sufficient when I stepped across the threshold with you leaning on my arm as my bride. With you, life will be one rosy dream. Without you, life were useless, no matter how high the honors heaped on me."

"My own Jim, my husband."

"Nell, my wife."

And they looked, contented and happy, at the years stretching before them.

THE WORLD.

My boy, it's a pretty good world, you'll find,
If you look straight ahead and don't look behind.

Though it snows sometimes,

And it blows sometimes,

And you think it is flooded with woes sometimes;

It's a glad old world,

And a sad old world—

Or a bad old world

When you make it so.

But just bear in mind wherever you go

That somewhere the grand old sun's aglow!

There's a rough spot now,
And a tough spot now,
But you'll have to surmount them, my boy, somehow!
 And the knocks you get,
 And the shocks you get,
 Time in its fullness will make you forget!
Stumble and fall and get up again
Is an episode in the lives of men!
 You set the pace
 In the world's far race—
 Play for the wire and not for place!
Forge ahead with a smile, my boy,
And make your existence worth while, my boy.
 Push ahead—don't stop—
 Though you sometimes drop;
 Don't give up till you reach the top!
"Git up and git,"
And a lot of grit
 Are the things that label a man as "fit."
 There's a shadow here and a dark place there,
But you'll find the sunshine is everywhere
If you look for it. Chirk up! Elate—
Rub the word "Pessimist" off your slate!
 Meet the knocks with a grin,
 But never give in,
 And, sooner or later, you're bound to win!

THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF
OF ESPERANTO.

BY DR. A. RUDY.

By request of the officers of the Esperanto Association of North Carolina his Excellency, Governor W. W. Kitchin, appointed me Official Representative for the State of North Carolina at the Seventh International Congress of Esperantists, which was held in the City of Antwerp, Belgium, from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh of August, this year. As I had two and a half months vacation before that time, I utilized it to make a study of the Esperanto movement in Europe, particularly in Germany, which is one of the later countries of Europe that has taken up this language.

I left New York City June 6th and arrived in Berlin, Germany, June 14th. On that same day I looked up the Berlin City Directory to get information on Esperanto clubs in this capital of the German Empire, and found about a dozen of them scattered over various parts of the city. I visited most of them and in each and every case I was invited to make a speech in this language and also occasionally in German. I was just as well understood in Esperanto as in German. While searching the columns of the directory for Esperanto clubs I also looked for the clubs of a would-be rival language for international honors; but could not find any such club. After spending a little time in taking in some of the famous sights in Berlin, I left for the City of Dresden, the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony.

Dresden is the goal of many tourists from America as well as many cities of Europe. It is famous for its scenery in and around the so-called Saechsische Scheitz, its great works of art in the King's castle and other places, its porcelain factories, etc. In the history of Esperanto, Dresden is known as the city where the Fourth International Congress of Es-

perantists was held in August of the year 1908. This congress was one of the best organized and most successful ones of this new language. The seventh congress in Antwerp exceeded the fifth congress in Dresden in point of number of participants, but not as far as organization is concerned. Because of the influence of said congress, Dresden has now a larger number of Esperantists than any other city of Germany. Consulting the directory of this city I found about thirty different Esperanto groups scattered in different parts of the city. I found about fifty policemen of the city who had the green star of Esperanto on the left sleeves of their uniform while on duty as a sign that they were ready to serve foreign Esperantists who could not speak German. About the same number of conductors on the street cars were wearing this Esperanto star on their uniform, also indicating by it that they can speak the language and are ready to serve in it to such patrons of the street cars as could not speak German.

There is an information bureau at the railroad station in Dresden and the officer in charge of said bureau wore the green star on his uniform. The city of Dresden caters very much to tourists and free and reliable information is given by government officials at the station in regard to hotels, boarding and lodging houses, etc. This information is given in the leading languages of Europe and Esperanto is included among them. I and Mrs. Rudy stayed in this city over a month and every night I was delivering an Esperanto speech to a different Esperanto group in a different part of the city. Mrs. Rudy, who had never studied the language before learned it in a practical way just by accompanying me to these societies and hearing my speeches and conversations in German and Esperanto. Everybody understood me very well and they laughed heartily at some of the American jokes I was telling them, particularly at one of our Professor Park of the "Wee Little Voice." The leading daily of Dresden had an article on my speeches in Esperanto and said I had acquired a reputation in Dresden as an Esperanto

orator. I was invited to many excursions and to clubs and societies in nearby towns and cities such as Weinboehla and Chemnitz, and in all of these places I had to make Esperanto speeches, we sang Esperanto songs and had a general good time.

Among the clubs I visited in Dresden there was one of Grammar School boys who had learned the language from their principal. They also understood and appreciated my Esperanto speech and conversed freely in the language with me. Some of them I afterwards met in Dresden as delegates to the International Congress of Esperanto, youths of Europe. The time of the seventh congress was now approaching and I left Dresden to spend a few more days in Berlin and from there I went to Antwerpen, arriving there a week before the congress. Myself and Mrs. Rudy used this time to see the city. Towards the middle of the week Esperantists began to arrive from all parts of the world and by Saturday night more than sixteen hundred were already in the city, among them, Dr. Zamenhof, the originator of the language; General Sebert, of France; Dr. H. W. Yemans, of the War Department of the United States Army; Captain Perigorda, of Spain, and many other leaders. The following Sunday religious services were held in Esperanto in two of the leading churches of the city. The Catholics had their services in a Catholic church and the Protestants had theirs in a Protestant church. In each of these churches there were over thirty different nations gathered to participate in the services, and to hear the sermon, all of which was in Esperanto and was well understood by the representatives of all these different nationalities and languages. No other language could have been used with a certainty that the whole audience could understand it. I attended the Protestant services where the songs as well as the whole sermon and all prayers were in Esperanto.

Monday forenoon was the official opening of the congress. Over 1,700 delegates from over thirty different countries and

representing as many different languages had gathered in the Grand Hall of the city. On the platform were seated Dr. L. Zamenhof and about thirty official representatives of government and states. The official delegates were as follows:

Belgium—Mr. Goemans, General Inspector of Instruction.

Brazil—Agenor Augusto de Miranda, Engineer of Telegraphs.

Chile—Dr. Fraga.

China—Koev Ping Young, Secretary of the Chinese Legation in Brussels.

Guatemala—Mr. Marsily, Counsel at Antwerp.

Hungary—Aleksandro Giesswein.

Nicaragua—Consul at Antwerp.

Norway—Linar Schibbye.

Persia—(Name not obtained.)

Rumznia—The Ministry of Agriculture and Real Estate, represented by Mr. Fischer.

Russia—The Ministry of Commerce and Industry, by Mr. Nedavishin.

Spain—Captain Josefo Perogordo.

—*The United States of America*—

In general, Mr. Edwin C. Reed.

War Department, Dr. H. W. Yemans, who also represented the Americana Red Cross Society.

Bureau of Standards, Mr. E. C. McKelvy.

Massachusetts—Mr. Winthrop Lee.

North Carolina—Dr. A. Rudy.

Pennsylvania—(By special act of the Legislature), Mr. J. D. Hailman.

Vermont—Mr. John L. Stabyan.

City Government of Praha—Austria, Jan Biskup, City Counsilor.

International Institute of Bibliography—Mr. Paul Otlet.

Touring Club of France—Mr. Gabriel.

French Society of Arbitration Among Nations—Mr. Ch. Richet.

International Association of Peace and Arbitration (London)—Mr. F. Moscheles.

The following is a copy of the resolution passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature, in accordance with which Mr. J. D. Hailmzn, of Pittsburgh, represented his State at the Esperanto Congress in Antwerp:

Whereas, the famous international language, Esperanto, intended to facilitate communication between people and races speaking different tongues, has been and is making vast strides throughout the world; and,

Whereas, the Seventh International Congress of Esperantists will meet in Antwerp, Belgium, in August, one thousand, nine hundred and eleven; and,

Whereas, the students and adherents of this language are working to bring about universal peace and closer union among the races of the world; and,

Whereas, official representatives from many nations have attended these congresses and will attend the coming one in Antwerp; and,

Whereas, the United States Government has been and will be represented officially at these congresses; and,

Whereas, it is fitting that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania should be officially represented at the seventh congress; therefore,

Be it resolved by the Senate of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the House of Representatives concur), that the Governor is hereby authorized and directed to appoint one male citizen of this Commonwealth, skilled in Esperanto, to represent this Commonwealth at the Seventh International Congress of

Esperantists, to be held in the city of Antwerp, Belgium, in August, one thousand, nine hundred and eleven.

Such representative shall serve without compensation from or expense of any nature to this Commonwealth.

Among the official representatives where many whose expenses were paid by their governments, notable among them was the representative of Norway.

All these official representatives made speeches of greetings and among these North Carolina's greetings were most heartily, loudly, and frequently applauded.

After Captain Perigordo, representative of the King of Spain, got through with his official greetings he announced that His Majesty Alfonso XIII, an Esperantist of some ability, took this occasion of conferring upon Dr. Zamenhof the rank of Commander in the Order of Isabela the Catholic. With these words, he handed the heavily jeweled decoration to the elaborately uniformed Spanish Consul, as representing Spain in Belgium, and this Consul, with a few appropriate words, hung the Order around Dr. Zamenhof's neck, while the audience greeted this action with shouts of applause.

When the opening speech of Dr. Zamenhof and the official greetings of the Government and State representatives were over, all the Esperantists got ready to go to an Esperanto theater, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all these people from over thirty different nations and languages. Over two thousand persons attended the theater. Several pieces were played on three different evenings. Then there followed a series of other entertainments, such as illustrated lectures on flying machines, excursions, variety shows, etc. There were also a large number of international meetings of the various professions, such as international physicians, teachers, police, postoffice men, etc. Finally, on Saturday, came the official close of the congress; but my time was up, and the *Lapland*

was ready to sail, and I had to leave in order to be able to return in time for my work at the A. & M. College and could not attend the closing session, neither the congress of the "Universala Esperanta Asocio," an organization of about five thousand members which makes practical use of Esperanto in commerce and industry. When I arrived on my steamer and reviewed my experiences in Europe during this summer, I was more than ever satisfied that a new language has actually been born; that it is growing; that it has come to stay; that it will not push away any of the existing languages now taught in schools; that it will never be really a universal language, but it will certainly become a great international tongue; that it will promote peace, and will ultimately be used in most of the schools of modern nations as a stepping-stone for the study of modern languages.



THE FIRE GIRL.

By K. M. F., '14.

The bunch was smoking. The bunch was usually smoking. If things were going well they smoked joyfully. If examinations were staring them in the face they smoked nervously, fitfully. If the team had lost a game and the world looked dark in general, they smoked in long, silent, sorrowful puffs, intermingled plentifully with sighs.

To-night they sat in old Cy Ridenhour's store and smoked slowly and meditatively. It was in that awful lull between the closing of the football season in the fall and the opening of the baseball season in the spring. There was absolutely nothing to talk about or to get excited over. The Christmas holidays were gone, all sports were locked in the grip of winter, and examinations were so far away in the dim future that it would be a positive sin to study. At such a time, even loafing is a distressingly hard job.

And so there was nothing for the boys to do but sit and blow rings at the ceiling. The only logical place for the proper performance of such stunts was in the back room of Cy Ridenhour's drug store, drink shop, cigar-stand, novelty emporium, etc. This was the college loafing place.

There was something mysteriously attractive about old Cy. Outwardly, he was merely an old man, rather Irish in appearance, who ran a typical college store, and didn't seem to care much whether trade was dull or booming. But all the boys knew that he was far better educated than most such store-keepers are, and could be exceedingly entertaining when he wanted to be. Though old in years and in experience, he was still a boy in spirit, and kept a college store principally because he liked to be near the boys. Occasionally he told them stories about a very interesting and rather checkered past.

To-night seemed an ideal time for such a story. The bunch thought so at any rate, although they knew far better than to

ask for it. They merely kept silent, knowing that old Cy could not stand silence long, and that if nobody else talked he would.

"Boys," said Cy, "you all seem to have the silence disease to-night. One would judge from the line of conversation you are putting out that you made your supper principally on molasses. I guess I will have to tell you a story, or the rats will think we have all gone to sleep and come down and demolish my stock of cheese. Somebody has got to talk in self-defense, so here it comes."

"It all happened a long time ago, when I was a good deal younger than I am now. I was off on a little vacation up in the mountains, at one of those obscure but dignified summer resorts—a hotel way off up on a mountain, with a mineral spring attached, and a proprietor who was always talking about his guests being one fine large family, and so on. You know the breed.

"Well, you can pretty easily imagine what kind of people made up that fine large family; that is, you can imagine all of them but one. There was the usual Schoolmarm from Boston, the Small Boy and his Maiden Aunt, the Old Couple who had been to the same place for years, the Professor of Botany who came for specimens, and so on down the list, including the usual sprinkling of commercial travelers on their vacations.

"Then there was—well, to tell you her name would tell nothing important about her. Let's call her The Girl. She was rather tall and well built, and graceful as only a young girl can be. Her hair was a kind of copperish-bronze tinge, but when the sun struck it it looked like fine-spun gold. Her eyes—well, they were brown at times and some times hazel, varying with her moods. That's all I can definitely say about them."

Here Cy paused dreamily, staring reflectively into the bowl of his pipe. The boys stood it in silence as long as they could, and then Johnny, the impatient one, spoke.

"Wake up, Cy, I hear the rats stirring!"

Cy came to earth with a start. "How far had I gotten?" he asked.

"Only to her eyes," said Johnny; "proceed."

"Well," resumed Cy, "she was just a real beauty, that's all. Her hair and face and figure were perfect. Her beauty was of the kind that can't be described in words, and it would take an immortal genius to do her anything like justice on canvas.

"I had'nt been at the hotel but a day or two when the trouble began. It all started one night when somebody yelled, 'Fire!' Did you ever wake up in the wee small hours of the night and find a fat pine building burning up over you and around you and under you? If you never did, you don't know what real, first-class excitement is like. Did you ever sit up suddenly in bed to find your lungs and eyes full of choking, stinging smoke, and see the flames licking around your bed and in at the window? If not, you have never cursed yourself real good and strongly for being such a heavy sleeper. It is exceedingly revolutionary to a lazy man's state of mind I can assure you. Did you ever look down the only staircase, with the smoke so thick that a search-light wouldn't penetrate it? If you never did, you don't know how dearly you really do love good old Mother Earth.

"Well, as I was saying, somebody gave the alarm, and then things began to happen pretty fast. I lost no time in jumping into the first clothes that came to hand, and then I ran. Not so fast though but that I heard The Girl's cry for help. I found her fully dressed, but crying hysterically. She couldn't leave without her money and her jewels. She was fumbling ineffectively with a bunch of keys trying to unlock her trunk. It was a simple enough matter for me to find the right one and get her things for her. Then I got her out of there as quick as possible. And not a minute too soon either, for we had scarcely joined the scared-looking little group on the ground when the roof began to fall in.

"It was all over then. We couldn't fight it, for there was

no water anywhere except the mineral spring, and that was a quarter of a mile down the mountain side. All we could do was to stand and watch it burn to the ground like a pack of helpless children.

"Day broke pretty soon, and found us in a pretty sorry fix, as you can imagine. We were right up on top of a mountain, and twenty miles from the nearest railroad station. Some of us had clothes enough on our backs to keep from shivering in the chilly night air, and some did not. Some of us had money enough in our pockets to get us home all right if we could get within hailing distance of civilization, while others did not. The telephone—our only means of communicating our plight to the outside world—was burned into a twisted mass. We had not even saved anything to eat to make breakfast on. Of course, we were in no danger of starving, for there were a few scattered mountaineers' cabins down the mountainside. But no one who had ever seen the inside of one of them wanted to stay inside any longer than he could possibly help.

"I made a hasty inventory of my available assets. The pockets of my trousers contained a penknife, a modest roll of bills, and two fishing lines; that was all. A fishing line is an innocent enough thing in itself, and yet it some times leads to a lot of trouble. Those two did at any rate.

"I asked The Girl to go with me fishing, as that seemed the best way to get something to eat. She agreed after obtaining the consent of her old grandmother, who was too thoroughly frightened to say No to anything. We walked a couple of miles down the mountain to a trout stream.

"Well, it was all over with me the first moment we were alone together. That little cuss, Cupid, had me at last. I didn't struggle. I was glad with a new kind of joy that I had never felt before. I didn't know how or when or why it had happened, but I knew that I was hopelessly and permanently in love with her. I knew that she was The Only Girl in the whole wide world for me, and always would be. I hadn't even known that she existed but two days, and I had

scarcely spoken a dozen words to her before the fire started, yet I would have died for her then and there.

"And I likewise knew that if I didn't watch myself closer than a cat watches a mouse I would make an ass of myself. Unusual excitement, clear morning air, a pretty girl and a newly found love for her make a combination that will strain most any man's sanity.

"I reckon that old rocky road we were walking down was just like a thousand others, but it seemed like a path through the Garden of Eden to me then. I couldn't for the life of me keep my feet going straight forward in a sober-minded manner; they wanted to dance all over the road one minute and to jump straight up and down the next. I couldn't have spoken a sensible word if my life had depended on it.

"We reached the place at last and started to fishing. It was a pretty enough place, a little shady pool at the end of a long stretch of rapids and miniature falls. The rhododendrons were just beginning to bloom overhead. I ought to have known that the primitive beauty of the place would prove the last straw in my undoing. She may have watched her cork while we fished, but I certainly didn't watch mine. I couldn't do a thing but sit and stare at her like a country schoolboy smitten with his teacher. She wanted to know why I didn't talk a little. I told her the fish wouldn't bite if we talked. I didn't know what she thought of that, but she fished on in silence. Once she ventured to throw a friendly smile in my direction, but when she met my ardent gaze she turned hastily away.

"I don't know whether any fish bit my hook or not. One bit hers, though—a great big fellow, too. She landed him only after a struggle that brought the roses to her cheeks. And then it happened. I saw it coming, and I knew I was making a fool of myself, but I could no more help myself than the stars can help twinkling. She looked so distractingly pretty bending over that trout, with her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed, and with the sunlight streaming

through her hair, that I lost my head completely. I slipped my arm about her slim little waist and kissed her right smack on the lips before she knew what had happened.

"Well, sir, she brought me to my senses pretty quick. She looked me straight in the face and talked all the foolishness out of my head in about two minutes. Have you ever seen a real queen on her dignity? It was not so much what she said but the way she said it that froze me. Of course, I stammered out what apologies I could, and tried to explain to her what a blithering idiot I knew myself to be. But it did no good; she finished telling me what she thought of me, and then turned and marched back up the road the way we had come.

"I guess we must have been rather a comical-looking pair on that return trip. But it wasn't funny a bit to me; it was the most serious thing in the world. She marched on ahead, disdainingly to look at me, and even refusing to let me carry the trout for her. I followed along in her wake like a whipped schoolboy, and feeling like one, too. We made the trip in silence, or practically so. I cursed myself at every step, but she couldn't hear that. I tried to tell her how sorry I was, and she wouldn't hear that.

"When we reached the place where we had left the people we met with another phase of the problem. There was not a soul in sight. We hunted around for half an hour, and I shouted at the top of my voice, but we couldn't find a trace of them. We afterwards found that they had persuaded a passing mountaineer to take them to Polkville, the nearest railroad station, in his wagon. In their excitement and hurry they had forgotten all about us. Even The Girl's old grandmother, who was half blind and frightened nearly out of her wits, didn't realize that her charge was not in the crowd.

"Well, there was nothing for us to do but get some breakfast somehow and get to Polkville the best way we could. We found an old iron cupboard in the ruins, and got out enough things to cook that plagued old fish up rather decently. Still it was a pretty chilly meal. The Girl had no idea of

restoring me to favor and companionship simply because I was the only man in sight. She maintained her dignified silence, and I my humble schoolboy attitude. Still I was not sure but that I saw an amused gleam in her eyes once.

"After breakfast we walked to a mountaineer's cabin and persuaded him to take us to Polkville. That journey was another chilly affair. When we got there I had to turn The Girl over to her grandmother, no nearer to being restored to grace than I was when we started. I had the exquisite torture of seeing her depart under the protection of the Professor of Botany, who appeared twice as ugly to me, though not nearly so old and impossible as he had before. My only spark of comfort was that I had seen another gleam of amusement in her eyes for a fleeting instant. As an extinguisher of smiles I was a roaring success at any rate.

"Well, boys, this is not the end of the story, though I thought it was then. I thought so for six long agonizing weeks. I would have given ten years of my life to have met her again and not have made a fool of myself, but there seemed small chance that I would ever see her. I knew that she lived in Richmond, but absolutely nothing more. I could only sit tight and wait for something to happen.

"It finally happened in the person of old Dr. McCormack, to whom I told my troubles. The Doctor had long been a friend of mine. His home was in Richmond, and I was scarcely surprised to learn that he knew The Girl well. He was a kindly old bachelor, and a friend to everybody he knew. Well, when I told the old gentleman how it all happened, and what an awful blank it left in my life, he didn't seem at all impressed with the seriousness of it. He said nothing was needed but a little scientific handling to make everything all right. Of course, I demanded that he produce said handling, and he promised that he would. I afterwards found that he knew all about it before he saw me, The Girl having told him what had happened—whence his confidence.

"He took me back to Richmond with him, but kept me in

seclusion for a week. During that time I could get nothing out of him, but I knew he was seeing a good deal of The Girl. The truth of the matter was, that he told her he had a wild young Jackanapes of a friend whom he wanted her to tame. He didn't tell her a thing good about me, painting me as the most senseless young scrapegrace he could imagine.

"Finally, when he had her curiosity worked up almost to the bursting point, he arranged for us to meet at a masquerade ball. He introduced me to her as Mr. Thompson. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and my cheeks burning like fire under my mask. I was almost sure she recognized me, but she didn't pretend to, and I had sense enough not to mention ever having met her. The doctor left us with a parting shot at my poor old character.

"I danced and talked to her as entertainingly as I could, making sure to get the last dance before unmasking-time with her. When we unmasked, she pretended to be greatly surprised and shocked to find that it was me she had been so civil to; but I thought I could see that it was partly sham. I summoned all my mastery and persuaded her to go out on the lawn and talk to me a while. I won't tell you everything I said out there, or everything that happened. Such matters are not for such striplings as you. It is enough to say that when the doctor came out and found us I had her hand safely imprisoned in mine.

"'Well,' said he, 'can you forgive me for playing a little trick on you?'

"'Only on one condition,' answered The Girl. 'The first is that you take back all the mean things you have been telling me about Cy, here.'

"'Granted,' said the doctor, 'and what is the second?'

"'The second is,' with a shy glance at me, 'that you promise to dance at our wedding.'

"And then it happened over again."

GOOD ROADS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By V. W. BREEZE, '14.

The United States, and especially the South, is far behind in the construction of good roads. Even in North Carolina, one of the most progressive of the Southern States, conditions are far from satisfactory.

Many of the roads in the State are merely cartways that are not kept up by any regular system, but are given attention only when they become impassable. The streams are unbridged, the hills graded little or none, and the stretches of lowland roads are uncared for to such an extent that in wet seasons, especially during the winter, they become impassable. Even where conditions are at best, no very heavy loads can be hauled nor much speed made on these roads.

Within the last few years there has been a great awakening on this question of good roads. In many of the counties of the State a great amount of work has been and is being done, but there still remains a great deal more to be done.

This question of good roads is one that should commend itself to every citizen interested in the industrial development of the "Old North State," and to every man, from the highest to the lowest, who is engaged in an industrial pursuit. It should interest the farmer, for, with the coming of good roads will come improved social advantages, such as better churches, schoolhouses, rural free delivery, telephones, and improved financial conditions, because the farmer will be able to get his products to the market cheaper and quicker. It should interest the merchant and manufacturer, because when the farmer's financial condition is improved the farmer will naturally consume more of the products of the merchant and manufacturer. Even the day laborer should be interested in good roads, for when the farmer's, merchant's and manufacturer's business is bettered just so much greater will be the demand for the working man.

Good roads is a very important factor in the development of the State.

A network of good roads furnishing an outlet for the rich farming sections and the timber and mining lands of the State would, with the other economic and social advantages offered, place North Carolina among the greater States of the Union.

The question naturally arises as to what method or methods should be followed in the work of building good roads.

Of course, the first essential is the employment of a good, competent engineer to have charge of the work, otherwise the road is not likely to be located in such a way as to secure a minimum grade at a minimum cost, or the right material for the situation is not used, or some other serious mistake will be made, which will not be found until too late to remedy it. The first cost of building a road may be slightly more where a competent engineer is employed, but it pays well in the end.

Where there is sufficient funds, and the traffic seems to warrant, a macadam road should be constructed. When a competent man is in charge and convict labor is used, as most of the counties in the State do, an excellent durable macadam road may be constructed at a cost of from three to five thousand dollars a mile, depending on the ruggedness of the country traversed.

Where funds are not available for macadam road building, a gravel road or a sand-clay road is the solution. In almost all sections of the State materials for either of these roads may be found close at hand.

In the construction of the gravel roads a mixture of small and large gravel is used with clay, loam, or stone screenings in small amounts as a binder. After the roadbed is graded, the gravel is spread on the depth of about six or eight inches and rolled or left to be packed by traffic. It is important in this type of road that it be graded sloping toward the ditches.

If gravel is not obtainable, a mixture of sand and clay can be used to make a good surfacing for a road. The sand and

clay are placed on the roadbed in such proportions that the clay will just fill the voids in the sand, thus forming the necessary binder. After a rain, or thorough sprinkling, the sand and clay are well mixed by plowing and harrowing. After the mixing is done, and before the mass has dried, it should be gone over with a grading machine, or King road drag, and smoothed, taking care to leave it high in the center. It may be either rolled or left to be packed by traffic. That road will require a little attention, rounding up in center and filling ruts, until it gets well packed and hardened.

Where either of these methods are too expensive we may still have a good road, but one that requires more attention, by keeping the roadbed high in the middle and using a King road drag after each rain we get a road superior in every way to the average country road in the State to-day.

By a little investigation, we can plainly see that good roads is one of the most important factors in the development of the many and varied resources of the State.

Then let the industrial slogan of the State be: "Good Roads and More of Them."



A PURPOSE.

By M. R. QUINERLY, '14.

First, let us see what are some of the definitions of *Purpose*. Webster's dictionary tells us that *purpose* may mean an object to be reached, an end, or an aim.

Now, every one, if his life stands for anything great, must have an end in view. One does not want to make a failure of whatever one undertakes. It is for this reason that the hunter uses so much care in taking a good aim before shooting. If he should shoot without an object in view he would most likely fail to capture his game. Just so we will fail to capture our game in life—which is success—if we do not have an aim, or a purpose, which leads on to greater and to nobler things.

A man without a purpose may be compared to a bit of trash on the great ocean—wafted back and forth, hither and thither, without an end in view towards which to work. Just so is the man without a definite purpose. He has to be a follower and never a leader; he is ruled and can never be a ruler. Never will he reach the heights of success for which every true ambition is striving. On the other hand, the man who has a noble purpose in mind, and directs his every effort towards its accomplishment, may be compared to a powerful ocean steamer piloted by one who never loses control of her steering gear, in the storm or in the calm, but guides her through the waves of the mighty deep to a safe harbor—the *purpose* of his labors all through the voyage. Such a man will surely rise to fame if he will only show discouragement, continually keep before him the object which he is striving to reach, and ever try to make his life equal to or excel the lives of those who have been leaders in his particular vocation.

With every great man that can be named can also be associated his special purpose, the object which he ever strove to reach, and in the accomplishment of which he spent his life thus winning laurels and fame for himself.

George Washington, whose name we all honor and love, had a great purpose in view. He did not go to war because he liked to fight, but for the purpose of freeing America from the tyranny of the English king. He always went to battle with this end in view, never for the selfish purpose of winning honor and glory for himself. In this way he won the great honor, love and admiration which has been ascribed to him.

Napoleon, too, had a purpose. It was the desire of his heart to conquer the whole world. And little did he lack of doing it. One may not be able to climb the whole distance of the ladder, at the top of which he has placed his ideals, but he will be benefited by the attempt. His life will mean more to his country, more to himself, more to his fellow-beings than it would if he had followed in the paths of his forefathers without trying to better his condition.

Similarly, we will find if we study the lives of other great men that they had a purpose to fulfil; we will find that they had an end in view and ever worked to make the best of that end. And the men of the future, to be great, must early in life set before themselves a purpose and an aim. And towards this purpose or aim they must direct the efforts of their labor.

Now, it is not only necessary that we have a noble purpose, but it is also essential that we direct all of our labors toward the accomplishment of that end. If we set our ideals sky high and then sit down and wish that we could do so and so, we will not be benefited in the least by our high ideals. We must try, try, try. For to be successful it is necessary for us to have a noble purpose in mind and ever work for the accomplishment of that purpose.

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A. & M. showed the right spirit when she gave the Franklin "the goat." As long as the sailors live they will remember our kindness and thoughtfulness to them. And when we

go down to Norfolk, Thanksgiving, five hundred sailors will thank the Red and White in such a way that will mean much towards winning a great game of football. May Franklin's goat thrive, prosper, and grow great in his new home.

"The North Carolinians were first at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox—but not first at Lexington, Saturday."—*The Richmond Times Dispatch*.

That's true, brother, but we came back in Raleigh, October 19, 1911; and if the signboards tell a straight tale, we are going to be the first across the 110-yard line, farthest up the score column, and last to quit fighting at Norfolk, Thanksgiving. Keep your eye on "Ole Nofe Carliny."

FOR BETTER CROPS.

We are in receipt of the International Harvester Company's new booklet entitled "For Better Crops." The booklet comprises 160 pages, and by referring to its contents we find that the best authorities in the United States have contributed articles on such important subjects as *Increasing Fertility*, *Small Grain-Growing*, *A Corn Crop*, *Alfalfa Crop in America*, etc. This booklet will probably be of interest to agricultural students and farmers. They will do well to secure a copy of it from the International Harvester Company of Chicago, Ill.

OUR DUTY.

Is it not a strange freak of human nature that makes us stand aghast at the plague of Manchuria and India, and permits us to regard as something perfectly natural and as something for which we are in no way responsible the twofold greater loss of our own country from the white plague, con-

sumption, which is as preventable as the black plague? The poor benighted Hindoo loses in the most afflicted part of his country 1 per cent of the total population from black plague, and the civilized American loses over 2 per cent of his total population from white plague.

Soloman said something about the eyes of a fool being in the ends of the earth, and wisdom being immediately before him that had understanding. Is it not the part of visionary people to be more impressed with something farthest removed from their sphere of responsibility and activity than to find a far greater claim upon their citizenship at their very door? India and Manchuria may need help to eradicate their plague, but your country's need, your State's need, is two-fold that of India's. Is it not time for him who appreciates the responsibility of citizenship to ask himself in all seriousness, What is my duty to public health, to that broader patriotism that directs itself against the greatest common foe of humanity, tuberculosis?

"T-I-G-E."

A pleasing incident occurred in a recent Senior Class meeting, when Mr. S. J. Kirby presented to his classmates his fine bulldog "Tige." He will be used as the class mascot and as the mascot for the athletic teams.

We are glad to have you with us, Tige, and when Sam treats you mean, come and loaf with us, and bask on our hearth to your heart's content; and when you feel drowsy, come around and enjoy the delights of our waste-basket.

VISITOR WAS PLEASED.

Mr. Huggins, editor of *Marshville Home*, was in Raleigh last week, and visited the A. & M. College, and thus writes of it in his paper:

“It was the privilege of this writer to visit the State Fair at Raleigh last week, and the improved livestock, which has been purchased since our last visit to that institution, was one of the greatest attractions. The A. & M. College is the place for boys to go to learn how to do things, and certainly no young man should enter the great agricultural industry to-day without knowing the scientific side of it. The time is now upon us when boys and girls who don't know how to do things — it matters not how much theoretical or literary learning they may have—are back numbers. To our mind, the A. & M. College at Raleigh and the Normal and Industrial Institute at Greensboro are doing more for the real education of the young people of North Carolina than any other two colleges in the State.”—*News and Observer*.



Y. M. C. A.

By E. B. NICHOLS.

The recent meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association have all been of more than ordinary interest, and the attendance has been gratifying. I will say here, for fear some might not be sure in their minds, that every man in college—student and faculty—whether he is a member of the Association or not, is welcome to the meetings, both Sunday and Wednesday nights.

Notable among the speakers for the month are Rev. A. J. Moncrief, recently resigned as pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, who had for his subject, "The True Ideal of Manhood." "The glory of young manhood is his strength," said Mr. Moncrief, "both moral, physical, and intellectual. No man was ever born great, though chance and circumstances some times bring men to greatness. Every man should have a purpose in life, and must have crude manhood in him, or he will fail. It was once considered that the strength of manhood was the physical strength; but the moral development is far greater than physical strength."

Another interesting meeting was addressed by Mr. John D. Berry, of this city. Another by Dr. S. R. Horton, who spoke on the subject, "The First Half." The talk was designed to encourage a right start in the great game of life. He compared life to a football game, with Jesus Christ as our coach; red (His blood) and white (His purity) our colors; the Bible our rule book, and God our umpire. He said that all great games require preliminary training, and in the game of life we get this in our homes from our father and mother. Another helpful talk was that of Rev. A. D. Wilcox of Central Methodist Church, who used for his subject, "The Angel in the Cloud." He said, in part: "Now, as in Jesus' time, there are always in a crowd some who hear only the voice of

thunder, and a few hear the angel's voice in all things. It is the duty of those who hear the angel's voice to follow it."

Last Sunday, Prof. J. P. Bivens of the State Department of Public Instruction, spoke, taking for his text the words of Jesus, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of spirit, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." He said all of the professions were burdens; that no one is ever perfect without doing a great deal of hard work in becoming so. So also Christ bore burdens. All that He taught He had previously learned. How can we expect the Christian life to be without burdens to bear? "Young men," said he, "you have about you here a large number of capable teachers, but I advise you to add one more to your faculty and make Him the head of all, even Jesus Christ."

The Bible Study Committee is actively at work enrolling new men in the Bible study courses. There are at present twelve classes, with an average enrollment of from ten to twelve men. Much stress will be placed upon thoroughness of the work in the groups, and to that end normal classes will be conducted for the leaders in each course.

The Membership Committee has so far enrolled 245 men in the ranks of the Association, and others are being enlisted.

In order that the entire student-body may know how the finances of the Association are secured and expended, we publish herewith the budget for the year. All money received from subscriptions or dues is paid to Prof. H. E. Satterfield, treasurer of the Advisory Committee, and all money paid out is paid by check (which check must be countersigned by the student-treasurer and the General Secretary) on the written order of the General Secretary. On the budget will be noted a deficit from last year, which was in the form of a note in the Commercial National Bank, and has already been taken up. All the money paid into the Association treasury will

be devoted to the objects as specified in the budget. The budget was suggested by the Cabinet of the Association and was passed upon by the Advisory Committee.

BUDGET 1911-1912.

RECEIPTS.

Membership	\$ 400.00
Faculty	250.00
Alumni	100.00
Parents	150.00
Trustees	25.00
Calendar	200.00
Trunks	10.85
Hand-book	130.00
Bible study	35.00
Mission study	25.00
Raleigh	50.00
College appropriation	1,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$2,375.85

EXPENDITURES.

Calendar	\$ 200.00
Hand-book	130.00
Bible study	40.00
Mission study	25.00
Socials	100.00
Printing and stationery	150.00
Postage	75.00
Reading-room	25.00
Telephone and telegraph	40.00
Incidentals	50.00
Religious meetings	25.00
Deficit 1910-11	100.00
Salary	1,000.00
Subscription to International Committee	25.00
Subscription to Interstate Committee	25.00
	<hr/>
	\$2,010.00

LOCALS

A. K. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

Mr. E. L. Parker, B.S., '99, known as "Frog" Parker, and of gridiron fame while a student, was here to see A. & M. add another to her already long list of football victories. He is very much gratified at the progress his Alma Mater has made since his last visit.

Mr. Ed. S. Lytch, B.E., '93, now located at Laurinburg, was up for his first visit to the college since graduation. He saw A. & M. vs. Bucknell, and noted with pleasure how well the A. & M. boys play the game. Mr. A. Lytch of the '14 class is his brother.

Among the old athletes of football fame that witnessed the A. & M.-Bucknell game was S. O. Perkins, B.S., '06.

There were quite a number of '07 men here on the 18th to see the game. Some of these were: J. D. Grady, B.S., now of Reseca, N. C.; W. T. Temple, B.E., of Morrisville, N. C., who made one of the best centers on the football eleven. He also pitched on the varsity; W. G. Pittman, B.E., of Lumberton; also J. L. Ferguson, '07, was here on the 9th. He is one of the several A. & M. graduates that have positions on the Panama Canal Engineering force. Mr. Ferguson was home on a vacation and stopped by to see his Alma Mater.

Messrs. R. L. Morgan, B.E., of Wilson; Frank Hawks, B.E., with the A. C. L. R. R. at Rocky Mount; St. J. L. Springs, of Wacamaw, N. C., manager of the '10 baseball team; L. P. McLendon, manager of the football team of '09, now practicing law; L. A. Higgins, B.S., of the North Carolina Department of Agriculture; M. S. Mayes, B.E., of Stem, N. C., and C. C. Lassiter, B. E.—all '10 men—were here during Fair Week.

Capt. W. M. Neale, '10, stopped by on the 13th to see old friends still here.

We note with pleasure the announcement of Mr. J. H. Gray's marriage on the 21st to Miss Mae Ingalls, of Webster Grove, Mo. Mr. Gray is one of the first of the '10 men to find his life-mate. After the 15th of November, Mr. and Mrs. Gray will be at home at 204 Park Avenue of this city.

Of the '11 Alumni who attended the Fair and game were the following: George R. Ross, manager of the Randolph County Fair this year; Kit Bryan, B.E., who is located at Red Springs as a civil engineer; Ira Short, B.E., with the Baltimore Lumber Company, Bolton, N. C.; and R. W. Graeber, B.S., and L. A. Higgins, B.S., of the State Department of Agriculture. Kid Morrison, also of the '11 Class, was here to see the Franklin game.

We were pleased to have with us on the 18th and 19th, Mr. Augustus Leazar, of Mooresville, N. C., a graduate of Davidson College. Mr. Leazar's father, the Hon. Augustus Leazar, was the man that introduced the bill into the Legislature that afterwards became a law, and made it possible for the A. & M. College to exist. The Leazar Literary Society is named in honor of Mr. Leazar, and is proud that it has such a noble benefactor to honor. Young Mr. Leazar may become a student here next year, and it is hoped that such may be the case as he has many friends already at the college.

We are glad to note that "Tal" Stafford's father is fast recovering his strength after a severe stroke of paralysis on the 14th.

Dr. Hill announces the following appointments:

Dining Room Committee—A. T. Bowler, '12; J. E. McGee, '12; W. R. Mann, '12; H. P. Whitted, '12; J. B. Coward, '13; C. F. Gore, '13; T. J. Hewitt, '13; V. W. Breeze, '14; A. A. Farmer, '14; W. P. Grimsley, '15.

Committee on Care of Buildings—G. L. Thompson, '12; N. O. Alexander, '12; D. W. Seifert, '12; C. A. Steadman, '12; P. D. Davis, '13; F. S. Hales, '13; S. B. Sykes, '13; W. T. Nixon, '13; John Harvey, Jr., '14; T. B. Williams, '14.

Committee on Care of Grounds—R. W. Howell, '12; R. M. Hardison, '12; C. E. Brown, '12; T. P. Lovelace, '12; W. C. Hopkins, '13; S. K. Keller, '13; James Fontaine, '14; F. B. Morton, '14.

* * *

The following are the men who compose the Honor Committee, having been elected by their respective classes:

From the Senior Class: T. F. Gibson, *Chairman*.

From the Junior Class: L. L. Merritt.

From the Sophomore Class: W. L. Jewell.

From the Freshman Class: J. F. Brawley.

From the Short Course Class: S. A. Gamby.

* * *

The honor system was established last spring and it is already in good working order. Each class has voted its loyalty to it, and it is with pride we speak of its excellent start. A vast majority are for it and that means that it will be a success.

The Senior Class has a much thought of mascot, namely: a fine English bulldog named "Tige." "Tige" ignores all underclassmen which makes the Seniors feel as if he is one of their number. He is also used as a mascot for the Rooters' Club during a game on the home grounds.

Rev. S. M. Hanff, '00, now of Duke, N. C., was among the old boys who came to the college during Fair week.

Mr. J. J. Morris, '03, of Norfolk, was at the college during Fair week.

Mr. L. M. Hoffman, '05, cashier of the Bank of Dallas, N. C., attended the State Fair and paid a visit to the hill. His old friends hardly knew him as he now weighs nearly two hundred pounds.

Mr. W. G. Pittman, '07, of Lumberton, was a visitor to the college during Fair week. He is in charge of the electric light plant in his home town now, after having been out of North Carolina from the time of his graduation until recently.

Mr. J. S. Barnard, who has been a student for two years in the work course, has charge of the creamery now. Mr. Sanborn's taking Mr. Turner's class work made it necessary to add another man to this department.

Mr. D. B. Rosenkrans, an '11 graduate of the Upper University of Iowa, is instructor in botany. Mr. Rosenkrans was assistant in laboratory work under the Professor of Botany, Mr. Wilson, who is now with our Experiment Station.

Prof. I. O. Schaub, of the Agricultural Experiment Department, reports that there were twelve girls in his Tomato clubs that had exhibits at the Fair. One of these had one-tenth of an acre in tomatoes which produced 591 quarts of the canned products. She sold these at ten cents each, and from the small plot she received a net profit of \$53.00. Another girl ten years old raised 511 quarts from her plot. Another made twenty-one different products out of her crop, and one made eighteen. This shows that this department is keeping pace with the other part, viz: the boys' corn clubs. There were about fifty of the boys who exhibited at the Fair and their products won twenty-four prizes.

The A. & M. had its usual exhibit space at the Fair, and as a whole the exhibit was very good. The exhibit represented the different departments of the college.

The Soils Department is worthy of mention. It is an addition to the Agricultural Courses. At the head of this much-needed department is Prof. M. E. Sherwin, a graduate of the University of Missouri and of the University of California, two of the leading schools of the West. Before coming here Prof. Sherwin was in charge of the Agronomy Department of the University of Maine. The Soils Department, probably more than any other in our college, needs a man at its head who has had a wide traveling experience to study soil conditions; as Prof. Sherwin has had this he makes a valuable addition to the Agricultural Faculty.

This department has all that could be desired in laboratory equipment. It has a large room recently equipped with the best and most modern apparatus that could be secured. Prof. Sherwin's experience and knowledge of the right material for the study of this course makes our A. & M. have one of the best equipped soils laboratories in the United States. A block of the college farm has also been secured on which soil conditions will be studied and demonstrations conducted.

The annual competitive drill that has heretofore been held at the Fair Grounds on Wednesday of Fair week, was not held this year, because an agreement could not be made with the officials. This drill was held on the parade ground Monday, October 30th. As a reward for the best-drilled company, Company F, Captain Peace offers in addition to the pennant and colors to let the efficient company have the right to dispose of its guns before the other companies do.

The first College Lyceum entertainment was given on October 14th by the Beulah Buck Quartet Company. The fellows enjoyed the performance.

Mr. R. L. Swain, of Southport, visited friends at the college during the Fair.

Mr. Edward Johnson, of Fort Caswell, N. C., visited his son Ranwald recently.

Mr. C. A. Seifert, '05, an old A. & M. athlete, visited his brothers, "Dutch" and Casey, during the Fair. He was an enthusiastic rooter at the Bucknell game.

Mr. W. H. Eaton, '09, of the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, is attending the National Dairy Show in Chicago.

There is a great demand for the Agricultural Professors to act as judges at the various county fairs now being held. Prof. Curtis was at Charlotte; Prof. McNutt will judge at two county fairs; Prof. Jeffrey has two per week on his list. All of these were judges at the State Fair.

The college lost one of its best friends in the death of Mr. T. W. Blount, of Washington, N. C. His death occurred Wednesday, October 4th, and it is a shock to his many friends connected with A. & M.

The new score board is a valuable addition to the football field.

The Senior Privates met and perfected organization, October 24th. They will be known as the "Eta-Bita-Pie" this time. Only those Seniors not connected with the Military Department are members. The following members were elected to the various offices:

Chef—B. M. Potter.

Waiter—C. W. Owens.

Bottle Washer—J. M. Smith.

Beer Bearer—B. L. Caldwell.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held October 24th, it was decided among other things that the class would stand by the Honor System. A committee was appointed to endeavor to persuade the other classes to do the same. It was also decided to petition the Faculty to abolish final and preliminary examinations and keep a strict daily grade for each student. The other classes should follow in the lead set by the '12 class and perhaps we may get this much-needed improvement.

The A. & M. Athletic Hop was held October 18 in Pullen Hall and was a thoroughly delightful affair. There were about fifty couples dancing. The music was good, the floor was all that could be desired so that every one enjoyed the occasion immensely. The hop was managed by A. T. Bowler and Fred Poisson, while the dance was led by C. A. Stedman and Miss Elizabeth Thompson.

Those dancing were: Buck Harris, Miss Juliette Cruse; C. A. Stedman, Miss Elizabeth Johnson; E. C. Latham, Miss Hales, of Wilson; A. K. Bond, Miss Theo Holliman; R. A. Gill, Miss Mildred Hall; Felix Hales, Miss Nannie Lee; J. W. Watts, Miss Lizzie Lee; G. H. Wash, Miss Glayds Dewar;

W. C. Taylor, Miss Katherine Sherwood; Plugey Mallett, Miss Constable, of Charlotte; L. D. Rawlins, Miss Jean Thaxton; C. A. Gosney, Miss Julia Woods; "Punkey" Smith, Miss Frances Parks; Claude Barbee, Miss Ann McKimmon; E. J. Jeffries, Miss Sallie Gatin; A. B. Cooke, Miss Mary Shaw; M. E. Bell, Miss Sallie Webb; T. P. Lovelace, Miss Margaret McKimmon; M. Williams, Miss Albertine Moore; J. A. Chamberlain, Miss Edith Pou; E. E. Hedrick, Miss Cornille Harris; J. O. Jackson, Miss McNight, Lake Wacamaw; J. Spears, Miss Frances Sedberry; Alex. H. Pickell, Miss Julia Pickell; Fred Hashagen, Miss Daisy Haywood; J. B. Bray, Miss Gaskell; Thos. H. Mackie, Miss Susie Zollicoffer, Weldon; John Harvey, Miss Pennington, Tarboro; L. L. Merritt, Miss Ruth Lee; John Boushall, Miss Blanche Scott, Graham; N. S. Howell, Miss Nan Lacy; Pat. McKimmon, Miss Worth, Wilmington; J. B. Fearing, Miss Mary Ruffin Green, Durham; R. T. Howell, Miss Annie Griswell, Durham; Henry C. Jackson, Miss Myrtle Rollings, Asheville; A. T. Bowler, Miss Amelia Robertson, Portsmouth, Va.; Nat Lachicott, Miss Betsy John Haywood.

Chaperones—Mrs. J. I. Johnson, Mrs. C. R. Lee, Mrs. E. J. Harris, Mrs. Constable, of Charlotte; Mrs. Hadley and Mrs. Holdman.

Stags—Burke Haywood, Ransom Sanders, Prof. Alex. Feilds, of R. H. S.; Ben Wallis, St. Julian L. Stein, J. M. Chamberlan, L. J. Pat Wiley, Hal Turnage, Mr. Lucas, Ruffin Smith, H. H. Constable, Carl Horn, Jack Collier, John Scott and Ralph Howell.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A new feature of society work is an inter-society debating contest between the Juniors and one between the Sophomores. There are two men from each society on each debate. The Junior debate is to be held on the second Friday night in November. The question follows:

Resolved, *That immigration under the present laws is a hindrance to American progress.*

Messrs. C. F. Gore and R. L. Sloan, of the Pullen Society, will defend the negative side, while Messrs. L. L. Dail and J. B. Steele, of the Leazar Society, will defend the affirmative.

The Sophomore debate will be held on the first Friday night in December. The question follows:

Resolved, *That compulsory education in North Carolina will be beneficial between the ages of eight and fifteen years.*

Leazar Society will be represented by E. L. Cloyd and D. G. Burroughs, who will defend the affirmative; K. M. Fetzer and W. R. Patton, of the Pullen Society, will uphold the negative.

THE LEAZAR SOCIETY.

The Faculty has granted the Leazars a new and large room for its society meetings. This is lecture room No. 205, Engineering Building. This is more private and a much more suitable meeting hall than the old one.

The Leazar Society is the older of the two societies here and has always been the larger, too. It aims to develop the literary talent which only a few of us here at A. & M. seem to have. Yet it is the duty of every man to be able to think on his feet.

The Leazar Society invites all non-society members at A. & M., irrespective of class, to inquire of its officers and members about its work and they want all who desire to get literary training to speak their desires to some member or officer.

The officers of the Leazar Society are:

President—A. K. Robertson.

Vice-President—T. J. Hewitt.

Secretary—S. B. Sykes.

Treasurer—W. B. Stover.

Critic—C. L. Cruse.

Censor—S. J. Kirby.

Sergeant-at-Arms—L. McCallum.

Chaplain—E. L. Cloyd.

If you have done society work before and wish to continue it tell any of the above about it and ask anybody's opinion about the society.

A. K. R.

THE PULLEN SOCIETY.

Though it is not the oldest society at A. & M. by any means, nor has it the largest enrollment on its books, yet I dare say that we have a larger enrollment of *active* members.

The Pullen Society extends a cordial welcome to all men in college, irrespective of class, height, weight, etc., to join their society. Be it stated here, however, we will not tolerate a laggard, for all members must be *active* and go on the program at least once or twice a month.

The purpose of this society is to train men in public speaking, and to teach them to think on their feet. Unfortunately, men here at A. & M. do not take society work seriously and it is not until it is too late that they realize their mistake, and wish that they had joined a society when they first came to college.

The officers of the Pullen Society are:

President—T. H. Stafford.

Vice-President—C. F. Gore.

Secretary—R. L. Sloan.

Treasurer—B. M. Potter.

Censor—D. W. Seifert.

Critic—N. B. Stevens.

Librarian—K. M. Fetzer.

Chaplain—G. W. Brice.

It is impossible for the two societies to see every man in college; so, if you wish to join either of the societies, see some of the officers or members and they will gladly give you any information which you may need and bring your name up for consideration.

So, fellows, think this over seriously and let's each and every one of us be a member of one of the societies.

A MEMBER.



ATHLETICS

D. W. SEIFERT, *Editor.*

A. & M. vs. FRANKLIN.

On October the 8th, A. & M. inaugurated her football season with a victory over the United States Training Ship Franklin by a score of 23 to 0. The game was played in extremely hot weather and both teams suffered from the effects of the same. Had the weather been cooler it is very doubtful if the sailors could have held the heavy A. & M. team to a 23 to 0 score.

In the first quarter the sailors held A. & M. to a no score. This quarter was marked by much fumbling by A. & M. and the successful working of the forward pass by the sailors, who had this play down to perfection. Nothing of importance happened in this quarter, as A. & M. failed to score and the sailors never threatened their goal posts. A. & M., 0; Franklin, 0.

In the second quarter, Robertson skirted left end with good interference and ran for forty yards for a touchdown. Hurtt kicked goal. The quarter ended with nothing else of note happening, except some more fumbling, by A. & M. Score: A. & M., 6; Franklin, 0.

The third quarter was the most prosperous for A. & M., as two touchdowns were made in this quarter. One by Hurtt, who recovered a kick behind the sailors' own goal after it had been touched by the sailors' quarter-back. Hurtt kicked goal. By consistent line plunges and end runs A. & M. finally sent Cool over for the second touchdown in this quarter. Hurtt failed to kick goal. Score: A. & M., 17; Franklin, 0.

The fourth quarter netted one touchdown for the Red and White. A. & M. tried several forward passes in this quarter, but on one was successful, which counted for the touchdown.

End running, line plunges and forward passes were tried in this quarter with only partial success. The extreme heat seemed to affect both teams and neither was playing with the snap that it had shown in the early part of the game. After carrying the ball to the sailors' ten yard line, a forward pass was worked from Cool to Seifert, who made the fourth and last touchdown. Hurtt kicked goal. Score: A. & M., 23; Sailors, 0.

FRANKLIN'S GOAT.

Friday night before the sailors arrived in town we received the sad intelligence that their Goat or Mascot was dead, and consequently they would have to come on to Raleigh without a Mascot of any kind.

The A. & M. boys hearing of this decided to get up a collection among the students and give the sailors a Goat. Each man was asked to give five cents toward this end, and enough was taken up to buy the sailors a fine Bill Goat, and with the remainder of the proceeds fifteen pennants were given them.

The sailors were gladly surprised to receive a new Mascot and forthwith proceeded to march around the field with him at their head, and came over in front of the A. & M. bleachers and gave a yell for A. & M.

So Franklin got our Goat just the same.

A. & M. vs. V. M. I.

The A. & M. team journeyed to Lexington on October 14th to play the Virginia Military Institute, and were looking forward to a little practice game and some real fun. But unfortunately the laugh was on them. The easy marks proved to be a bunch of very much alive football players, and consequently A. & M. received the short end of the score.

This is a case of where the best team did not win, but it is a case of where the team that was in the best condition won. A. & M. showed no life whatever, and seemed to think

that it was all a big joke, and before they realized it *the* joke was on them, for in just three and a half minutes of play V. M. I. had scored their first and only touchdown, which was enough to win the game.

A. & M. showed altogether their lack of training and the V. M. I. team, which was in the best possible physical condition, ran rings around them. The game being lost can be attributed to three things, namely: absolute over-confidence, under-estimation of their opponents' strength, and an utter disregard of all training rules by nearly every man on the team with a few possible exceptions.

First Quarter—V. M. I. kicked off to A. & M., who put the ball in play on their twenty-five yard line. After being penalized five yards for off side, they failed to make first down and the ball went over to V. M. I. on A. & M.'s thirty yard line. It took V. M. I. just three plays before they took the ball over for the first touchdown and kicked goal. A. & M. kicked off, and on V. M. I.'s fumble A. & M. secured the ball. After a few ineffectual attempts to advance the ball the quarter ended with the ball in V. M. I.'s possession on their own ten yard line. Score: V. M. I., 6; A. & M., 0.

Second Quarter—By consistent line plunging and short end runs A. & M. sent Cool over for their only touchdown of the game. The kickoff to try for goal failed, for the kick was blocked by Witte, of V. M. I., with the whole A. & M. team looking on and seeing it well done. During the remainder of the quarter the play was about in midfield, and neither side threatened. The quarter ended with the score: V. M. I., 6; A. & M., 5.

Third Quarter—V. M. I. kicked off to A. & M.; Robertson makes 20 yard and Cool 4. Cool punted. Moore made end run of 45 yards. Hurtt blocks drop kick from the 55 yard line. V. M. I. recovered the ball. Moore made five yards and ball went over. Cool punts. Hurtt blocks V. M. I.'s return punt and A. & M. secured ball. Time up. Score: V. M. I., 6; A. & M., 5.

Fourth Quarter—Ball put in play on V. M. I.'s 40 yard line. Attempt at forward pass failed. V. M. I. secured ball. Drop kick from the 45 yard line failed. V. M. I. kicks ball from the twenty-five yard line. Cool makes 20 yards, Robertson makes 20; A. & M. works forward pass, Robertson to Phillips for 30 yards. On short forward pass Robertson makes 10 yards, but loses ball on being tackled on the one yard line. There was a dispute at this point, A. & M. claiming that Robertson had been tackled out of bounds when Robertson made the fumble. Referee refuses to allow kick. V. M. I. boots ball to safety. A. & M. tries several forward passes which netted them about forty yards in all. With fifteen second to play, Spencer takes Robertson's place. On attempt at end run Cool is thrown for a loss of fifteen yards. Time up. Score: V. M. I., 6; A. & M., 5.

LINE UP OF BOTH TEAMS.

<i>A. & M.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>V. M. I.</i>
Seifert.....	right end	Karst
Dunn.....	right tackle	Gutterez
Floyd.....	right guard	Dalton (Capt.)
McKeiver.....	center	Purdie
Sykes.....	left guard	Clarkson
Hurt.....	left tackle	Owen
Phillips.....	left end	Purdie
Stafford (Capt.).....	quarterback	Witte
Cool.....	right halfback	Kingman
Anthony, Harris.....	fullback	Patterson, Moore
Robertson, Spencer...	left halfback	Leech

Summary—Time of quarters, ten minutes. Touchdowns, Cool and Owen. Goal, by Witte. Referee, Pratt, University of Alabama. Umpire, Robertson, Richmond College. Field Judge, H. J. Pogue, V. M. I. Head Linesman, Davis, Washington and Lee. Timekeepers—V. M. I., R. Howard; A. & M., Bowler.

A. & M. DEFEATS BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

On October 19th, A. & M. defeated the gritty Bucknell University team by a score of 6 to 0. The game was interesting throughout and many spectacular plays were pulled off.

About 2,500 people from all over North Carolina were present hoping that A. & M. would at least hold them to a low score or possibly a tie game. The victory was rather a bit of a surprise owing to the poor showing of the A. & M. team against the V. M. I. team on the Saturday before.

The team played together like a bunch of veterans, and the plays were pulled off with a machine-like precision. There were a few fumbles on either side, and also the penalties were about evenly divided.

While there were a few stars in the game, the whole team should be rated as stars for their good hard and consistent playing. Every man was in the game, and every man went into the game with the spirit, "that we are going to win or we would like to know the reason why." Phillips at left end played a brilliant game and was undoubtedly the star of the game, while special mention should be made of a few others. Big Private Floyd, at center, played the game of his life, while McKeever showed what he was made of by playing the whole game through at right guard with one eye closed and blind. Anthony, who took Harris's place in the first quarter, played like a veteran. Seifert and Cool were also playing in their best form. Altogether the team of October 19th made the team of October 14th look like a bunch of high school players.

The team which A. & M. defeated on this date had previously defeated three teams—Lockhaven, September 28th, 23 to 0; Lehigh University, October 6th, 3 to 0; and Wyoming (Pennsylvania) on October 14th, 22 to 0. It is worth noting the Lehigh University, which Bucknell defeated 3 to 0, held Princeton to a 6 to 6 tie.

For the visitors, the stars were Schmidt (center and cap-

tain); the two ends, Bartholomew and Jordan, and the full-back, Tip Topham, whose punting was a feature. The team as a whole, though lighter than A. & M., was very fast and full of fight and unusually well balanced. A. & M. may meet a heavier team this year, but it is not likely to meet one which plays football any harder.

First Quarter—Three minutes after four o'clock Howard Cool placed the ball in the center of the field and harking to the cry of his companions on the bleachers kicked to Bucknell's 20 yard line. There was nothing doing through the Red and White's line and Bucknell punted to Robertson, who recovered 10 yard. Cool hikes around right end for three yards, and Robbie tears off fifteen around left. Cool goes through the line for five, and Harris for ten. Robertson gains 20 yards for A. & M. Bucknell captures forward pass 20 yards from their goal. Bucknell then advances 20 yards. Penalized for holding 15 yards. Keiser starts around right end, but Seifert stops him, throwing him for an 8 yard loss. Bucknell punted to Robertson, who brought it back 10 yards. "Remember Lexington" was the slogan from now on. Eleven men were in the game for A. & M. Anthony gains 2 yards through the line. A. & M. fumbles, but retains ball. Bucknell off-side; five yards for a penalty. Cool makes 2 yards through the line. Everybody thought A. & M. was going to punt. But "Tal" didn't think so, for he sent the speedy Robertson through Bucknell's line for 30 yards. Dunn and McIver must be given credit for making the hole for "Robbie" to go through. The bleachers are excited. Cool goes over for touchdown. Hurtt kicks an easy goal. Score: A. & M., 6; Bucknell, 0.

Second Quarter—Nothing unusual happened in this quarter, though a number of good plays were pulled off by both teams. The quarter ended with the ball in A. & M.'s territory about 20 yards from her goal. During the intermission the A. & M. students wandered around the field under the skillful leadership of that leather-lunged rooter, "Dick" Mul-

lin. His band of rooters uncorked some yells that certainly must have astonished the visiting team.

Third Quarter—Hartsell goes in to take Cool's place, and Robertson's position is looked after by Cool. After "Robbie" gets a little rest he again goes into the game. This quarter was filled with an unusual number of good plays. One of these was a 30-yard run around right end by Cool. Another was a near touchdown by Seifert, who made a run of 20 yards eluding all but one of his would-be tacklers. Hurtt, for the Red and White, came near kicking a field goal, but the score still remained: A. & M., 6; Bucknell, 0.

Fourth Quarter—A. & M. punts and Phillips tackled Topham within a few yards of Bucknell's goal. Bucknell punts 40 yards. A. & M. lost the ball on downs. Bucknell tries an onside kick. Bucknell man juggles the ball down towards A. & M.'s goal, Seifert and Robbie right after him. When the dust clears, the ball is on A. & M.'s 20-yard line. Bucknell tries a forward pass, which Cool gathered in neat style. Then down the field the boys started and when time was called they were near the center of the field. Final score: A. & M., 6; Bucknell, 0.

THE LINE-UP.

<i>Bucknell.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>A. & M.</i>
Bartholomew.....	right end	Seifert
Dunkle.....	right tackle	Dunn
Teamer.....	right guard	McIver
Schmidt (Capt.).....	center	Floyd
Richardson.....	left guard	Sykes
Hern.....	left tackle	Hurtt
Jordan.....	left end	Phillips
Cruikshank.....	quarterback ...	Stafford (Capt.)
Keiser.....	left halfback	Cool, Hartsell
Gdanie.....	right halfback	Robertson, Cool
"Tip" Topham.....	fullback	Harris, Anthony

Our college is first among Southern colleges to have an up-to-date score board. This was gotten up by the efforts of Dr. B. J. Ray, who is a great friend to the advancement of athletics at A. & M. The board shows the score of both teams, the quarter, the down—with the number of yards to be gained, and all that is needed to keep up with the game by a mere glance at this board.

TRACK.

Captain Trotter announces that the annual cross country run will take place December 9th. This is to be a three and a half mile course and is free to all who are out for track work. "Happy" Eason was first to end last year, his time being 17:49.

WHAT DID TENNY SEE?

A. & M., 16; TENNESSEE, 0.

By B. M. P.

On a slippery field the A. & M. football team again showed its mettle by defeating the strong and gritty University of Tennessee team by the score of 16 to the Volunteers' none. All day it rained, but Jupiter Pluvius harkened to the entreaties of the football enthusiasts, and the rain stopped shortly after noon, but it was cloudy and disagreeable throughout the remainder of the day. Hence only about 400 witnessed the exciting contest. The Tennesseans were gritty and plucky, and they put up a game that did credit to their institution. While A. & M. did not put up as good a game as she did in the Bucknell game, still it must be remembered that "Doc" Hurtt, Robertson and Spencer, were not in the game on account of injuries. Considering this and the condition of the field her crippled team put up a good game.

While all of the team played well and hard the stars were "Dutch" Seifert, "Private" Floyd, Cool, and "Tal" Staf-

ford. "Dutchie" gathered in forward pass after forward pass, downed man after man, who come his way. He was everywhere it seemed at once. In the first quarter A. & M. was within thirty-five yards of the goal. It was the last down and twelve yards had to be made. "Tal" sent the pig-skin in the direction of the little but loud "Dutchman" and he went twenty yards before the Tennessee aggregation could find where he was, thus making a touchdown possible. Again in the third quarter when the ball was on Tennessee's seventeen yard line the plucky "Dutch" received the pass and across the goal he flew. Altogether he received six forward passes making substantial gains each time when it appeared to the spectators impossible. Not alone on passes did he star. Often he downed his opponents without a yard gained, and if the ball was fumbled, "Dutchie" was somewhere close.

"'Private' Floyd played the best game he ever played," remarked several of his admirers, and indeed he did. There were many murmurings at the one who wrote the game for the *News and Observer*. Somehow or other, that person failed to give "Private" credit for the star work he did. But, anyway, those who saw the game don't hesitate to say that Floyd was there with the goods. He blocked punt after punt, often when A. & M. was liable to be in danger. Like "Dutchy," "Private" was everywhere and working as if his life depended on it. In fact, his marvelous blocks often brought the spectators to their feet. And when the Volunteers started through "Private" they found that A. & M.'s young giant wouldn't stand any foolishness. If "Private" plays as well in the remaining games as he did in this one, I don't see how they can keep him off the All-Southern team.

Howard Cool's brilliant runs was a feature of the game. In the second quarter he received a punt on his ten-yard line and before the Tennesseans knew what had happened, Howard was in the center of the field. Cool was used numerous times during the game and nearly every time he made the required gain.

"Tal" ran the team well and much credit for the victory goes to him. He pulled off a number of pretty plays and he had the forward pass down to perfection. Sometimes he took a notion to go around the ends and usually he was successful.

The Tennessee line was the feature for the Volunteers. Their linesmen played close together, and A. & M. found it difficult to make gains through the line. But this same formation favored A. & M. in making end runs and passes. The Tennesseans were not as well trained and experienced as the Farmers, but they were exceedingly fast.

In the first quarter, A. & M. scored her first touchdown. Tennessee punted to A. & M.'s fifteen-yard line. A. & M. punted and Tennessee fumbled, but retained the ball. Phillips broke up a forward pass and A. & M. started for the other side of the field. After they had gotten to the 35-yard line, A. & M. was held by the Tennessee line so that she had 12 yards to make. On a perfect forward pass, Stafford to Seifert, A. & M. gained 20 yards. "Tal" goes around the end for 10 yards and Cool carries it over for a touchdown. Seifert failed at goal. The remaining features of this period were a 15-yard gain by Anthony through the line and a penalty of 15 yards against the Red and White. After this penalty A. & M. punted and Applewhite, of the visiting team, went for 15 yards around right end. Time called. Score: A. & M., 5; Tennessee, 0.

In the second period the ball was put into play on Tennessee's 30-yard line. After they had made downs, the Volunteers were penalized 15 yards for holding. Tennessee punted poorly to Cool, who took it to the 8-yard line. Stafford then goes around right end for a touchdown. Seifert kicks goal. Score: A. & M., 11; Tennessee, 0. Tennessee then punts to Cool on the 10-yard line and before the speedy halfback was downed he had carried the ball to the center of the field. A. & M. is held for downs. Floyd starts to star by blocking the Tennessean's punt. Through a succession of forward passes

and end runs A. & M. carries the ball to the 15-yard line, but the visitors' line held. Tennessee punts, and the time is called. Score: A. & M., 11; Tennessee, 0.

The Third Quarter—Tennessee punted to Cool, who returns it 25 yards. By forward passes and end runs A. & M. carries the ball to Tennessee's 30-yard line. A. & M. loses ball. Then it was that "Private" brought the stands to their feet. Tennessee starts to punt, but Floyd jumps in and blocks the kick. Towards the uprights the elusive ball sped, "Private" in pursuit. When the excitement died down "Private" was holding to the ball for dear life on the 17-yard line. Seifert receives a difficult forward pass and sprints across the goal for a touchdown. Seifert misses a difficult goal. Score: 16 to 0. During the remainder of the quarter, the features were a 14-yard gain by Hassel, who had been substituted for Anthony. Also "Tal" and "Dutch" worked the forward pass several times during this quarter, usually with success. A. & M. worked the ball to the one-yard line and the visitors' line held like a stone wall. Tennessee punted out of danger.

In the last quarter the ball was in Tennessee's territory all of the time, but A. & M. could not make a touchdown. The feature of this period was a 24-yard run around the end by Cool and the work of Floyd at right tackle. The farmer team in this quarter was quite different from its usual lineup. Page took Stafford's place at quarter. Plyer was filling Hurtt's shoes and Hassel was filling Anthony's place. During this period the visitors broke up two forward passes. There was no scoring during this period.

LINE-UP AND SUMMARY.

<i>A. & M.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Tennessee.</i>
Seifert.....	right end	Giesler
Floyd.....	right tackle	Kelly
Dunn.....	right guard	McGuire
McIver.....	center	Gause

Sykes.....	left guard	Kehr
Plyer.....	left tackle	Hayley
Phillips.....	left end	Carrol, Donaldson
Stafford (Capt.), Page..	quarter back	Branch (Capt.)
Cool.....	right halfback	Fonde
Harris.....	fullback	Thompkins
Anthony, Hassel.....	left halfback	Applewhite

Officials—Referee, Mr. Craft, of George Washington University. Umpire, Mr. Jackson, of Baltimore City College. Field Judge, Mr. McNutt, of Ohio State University. Head Linesman, Mr. Frank Thompson, of A. & M. Final score: A. & M., 16; Tennessee, 0. Time of quarters, 10 minutes each. Touchdowns: Cool, Seifert, Stafford.



AMONG OURSELVES

S. J. KIRBY, *Editor.*

THE SAME SUPPER TABLE.

The same supper table is covered with "dishes,"
And sour and grim we stand;
While the poor old supper may cause a few hisses,
Since there's nothing but "hash" at hand.
Time was when we A. M. C. were not hungry,
And our suppers were passing fair;
That was the time we boys, on Sunday,
Were home with its good things so rare.

Yet, faithful at the supper table we stand;
Each in the same old place,
Breathing the wish for some "country ham"
As the trembling Freshie says grace;
And we wonder, as waiting the dull supper through,
While we sit in our "same old chair."
What will become of boys so "blue"
Unless there's a change somewhere.

—*Adapted from the Radiant.*

"Pink" Speer wants to know when Halley's *Comic* is coming again.

Yes, Sam that *coffee* did have some chocolate in it.

Raleigh Citizen—Well, boys, how do you like Raleigh?
Franklin Sailor—Oh, Raleigh is all right, all right. She's powerful long on handshakes, but mighty short on booze.

—*News and Observer.*

"Dick" Mullen (looking in glass)—I declare! I'm getting better looking every day.

Dave Robertson—Cool, where you going?

Howard Cool—Now, or when I die?

AT DRESS PARADE.

Major—Open Ranks, March!

The Fair One (as the rear rank falls back)—Oh, they are maneuvering for our benefit! See they are retreating.

New Student—Does Mr. Cowgill appreciate humor?

Old Timer—Why?

New Student—I was wondering if I put this thumb tack in his chair if he would see the *point*.

Professor Newman (on special crops)—English Pea (garden pea) is the universal name for this type.

Stevens—That is not what we call it in North Carolina.

Prof. N.—Some day you will learn that the world doesn't revolve about North Carolina.

"Stevie"—Everywhere I have been the world revolved about North Carolina.

Prof. N.—Ah! I thought something was the matter with you!

Dr. Roberts (on physiology)—Mr. Page, how many more ribs has a woman than a man?

"Dick" (quickly)—One.

"Dutch" Seifert (singing)—Lord Caruso is after me.

Charlie Hall—Yes, and if you don't cut out that noise the whole dormitory will be after you.

Who tipped the maid at Meredith?

There will be a meeting of the "Midnight Crew" in room 30, First Dormitory at 1:30 A. M. —W. W. W. (?)

Anthony and Spencer matched to see who would sleep in the *hammock* on the pullman when they went to Lexington.

"Red" Stowe (admiring his new suit)—Quam, how do you like my new suit?

"Quam" Hart—All O. K. What did it cost?

"Red"—Oh, \$. . . ; but just see how well it's *textiled*.

"Dutch" Seifert (reading from RED AND WHITE)—"One on you."

Hall—One on me? What's on me?

HOW CLEAR ARE THE SKIES.

We announce that this section of the magazine has been furnished with a double barreled telescope to see through some of the jokes they are sending in on every train.

Simon Mitchiner announces that he is going to Cornell to study law.

Fresh (reading the football schedule)—October 14th, pending. Where is *pending*, in Virginia?

Freshman Harton wants to know what "Private" Floyd's nickname is.

"Hoot" Lassiter had a little goat,
 His fleece was white as snow,
 When "Hoot" came in at eleven o'clock,
 That d——goat had to go!

NUMBER OF REPORTS RETURNED IN BY THE RAMMER'S
BRIGADE.

October 30, 1911.

(Taken from the Registrar's Report.)

Alexander	45	Mercer	765
Bond	648	Mitchener	9
Bowler	12	Mullin	0
Brown	1009	Newcomb	456
Caldwell	198	Owens	700
Cruse	678	Pickel	987
Deal	123	Potter	387
Derby	206	Riggan	654
Dubose	19	Robertson	67
Fetzer	1007	Seifert	1000
Gibson	197	Sherwood	888
Giersch	344	Shull	786
Graham	1009	Smith, J. M.	68
Hardison	567	Speer	1001
Hartsell	489	Smith, O. W.	98
Hargrove	187	Stafford	400
Holding	654	Steadman	68
Horn	444	Stevens	864
Howard	436	Sturgill	312
Howell	876	Sugg, M. F.	36
Joslyn	56	Sugg, W. P.	36
Kellogg	456	Taylor, A. W.	649
Kirby	999	Taylor, H. L.	649
Lambeth	23	Taylor, C. M.	49
Lee	234	Thompson, G. L.	986
Lovelace	16	Thompson, J. S.	948
Magee	876	Trotter	1015
Mackie	555	Walton	0000
McQueen	86	Whitted	848
Mann	765	Williams	923

"Feet" Phillips—I don't stand on trifles, sir!

"Baron" Sturgill (looking at Phillips' feet)—No, Feet, I see you don't.

"Private"—Shut up, "Lonnie"! I know all about it.

"Lonnie"—"Private," you don't even know what the capitol of San Francisco is.

"Private"—I know d——well I do! It's California.

GREEN, I RECKON.

A Freshman in filling out his schedule roster came across the following query: "Course of study?" to which he replied as follows:

"Pretty good in the High School, but hope to do better in College."

Stone—Bond, who takes up *laundry* for the Electric Shoe Shop?

Professor R.—Who is *reddy* (ready), gentlemen?

"Reddy" Lambeth—I am, 'Fessor.

One thing we demand to know, viz: Who got "Hoot" Lasiter's goat?

Freshman—Has Mr. Seifert got any laundry for me?

Potter—Don't know, but I'll see. What's your cognomen?

Fresh.—Two shirts and a bunch of collars. (Laughter.

Fresh. gets laundry and retires.)

"Simultaneous" Mitchener—"Ic," what sort of a thing is a cognomen, anyway? Is it a laundry mark?

ONE ON YOU

"Look and see if the clock is running, dear," said grandma to small Sadie.

"No it's standing still, grandma," replied Sadie, "but it's wagging its tail."—*Chicago News*.

DANCING IS NO HARM.

He—Do you approve of dancing?

She—No.

He—Why not?

She—Why, it's mere hugging set to music.

He—Well, what is there about that you don't like?

She—The music.—*Tit-Bits*.

AN OBSERVATION.

There's nothing stronger in the world than a mother's love—unless it is an onion.—*Exchange*.

They were talking about the wonders of wireless telegraphy.

"And 'C. Q. D.' is the signal of distress," remarked the pretty co-ed.

"Yes," laughed the big Freshman, "I always use those letters when I send a distress message to the old folks at home."

"Really?" And what does 'C. Q. D.' stand for?"

"Cash Quick Dad."—*Exchange*.

A LARGE PARTY.

Hollis Cooley, who weighs 350 pounds, found himself stuck in a small town for the night unless he could bring about the halting of a limited train. So he wired thus:

"Conductor No. 7—Stop at Red Bridge for a large party."
And it worked, too.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

MURPHY'S MAIL.

A freckled-face girl stopped at the postoffice and yelled out: "Anything for the Murphys?"

No, there is not," said the postmaster.

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No, not a bit."

"Anything for Jerry Murphy?"

"Nothing at all."

"Anything for Lize Murphy?"

"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor for Dennis Murphy, nor for Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for John, Jack nor Jim Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, natural or otherwise. No! there is positively nothing individually, jointly, severally, now and forever."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said: "Please see if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

POLITICAL GAS.

After the Andrew Jackson Day banquet in Baltimore a prominent Republican thus greeted an equally well-known Democrat:

"I understand there were some Republicans at the banquet last night."

"Oh, yes," replied the Democrat, genially. "One waited on me."—*Lippincotts*.

A man in the city of Sioux
 Called on a young widow he knioux:
 "Mrs. Weeds," said he,
 "How happy I'd be
 If you would take me for number tioux."

—*The Aerogram*.

The Colored Parson—"Brudren, Ah kain't preach hyah and bode in heb'en."

A comedy of economy is reported to-day from St. Moritz. A stout couple, accompanied by a son and a daughter who are also "thick" as the Germans translate "stout," entered a crowded hotel at the busy time of lunch and ordered one lunch at *table d-hote*. The father sat down and finished two helpings of soup and all the bread near him and left the table, his place being taken for the entries by his wife, who had been waiting with her children in the hotel corridor until her husband appeared. The young man then took his mother's place to attack the joint, and he was followed by his sister for the sweets—all doing justice to the menu. In the crowd, the tourists did not notice the unusual lunch, but the head waiter did, and when asked for the bill presented one for four lunches. They grumbled a good deal—and paid.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THAT'S WHY.

Two young employees of a florist in Philadelphia, who are supposed to be variously employed in the rear of the estab-

ishment while the "boss" looks after things in the front, were recently startled by the appearance of their employer while they were engaged in a game of checkers.

The proprietor was justly indignant.

"How is it," he demanded, "that I hardly ever find you fellows at work when I come out here?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," volunteered one of the youths. "It's on account of those rubber heels that you wear."—

Harpers.

SOME MATH.

"Tommy," said the pretty teacher, "how shall I divide one apple equally among three people?"

"Make apple sauce!" shouted Tommy, triumphantly.

ONE ON YALE.

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress:

"Where ban your son? I not seeing him 'round no more."

"My son?" replied the mistress, proudly. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though."

"Yas; I know yoost how you feel. My broder, he ban in *yail* sax times sense T'anksgiving."—*Harvester World.*

PRINTING SOME.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said.

She nodded her sweet permission;

So we went to press, and—I guess,

We printed a big edition.—*Exchange.*

R. M.—What math are you taking?

N. S.—English B.

R. M.—Oh, I meant arithmetic and other math.

N. S.—Oh, I have passed off my math and am taking algebra now.—*The Guilford Collegian.*

AT DAVIDSON.

Dr. M.—Mr. Lighthouse, tell us something of the characteristics of the mosquito.

Lighthouse—"Why, er—ah—Doctor, the she mosquitoes lay most of the eggs."—*The Magazine.*

Student—"Professor, the Roman Catholics think the Pope is an impeccable man."

Prof.—"Oh, yes, he is an unmarried man, and therefore cannot be pecked."—*The Autocrat.*

A GEOMETRICAL SOLILOQUY.

"Q. E. D." What can it be?

The meaning I grant is silly;

Though I'm no great hand to translate,

'Tis "Quod Erat Difficile;"

But yet somehow it seems to me

'Twere better written "C. Q. D."

—*The Trinity Archive.*

"Mister," inquired Dusty Rhodes, "would you contribute a dollar to help beautify your thriving city?"

"What's the idea?"

"A dollar will buy me a ticket to the next town."

—*The Kansas City Journal.*

PICKEL!

"See that measuring worm crawling up my skirt!" cried Mrs. Bjenks. "Well, that's a sign that I am going to have a new dress."

"Well, let him make it for you," growled Mr. Bjenks; "and while he is about it, have him send a hook-worm to do up the back. I'm tired of the job."—*The Liverpool Mercury*.

SURE PREVENTIVE.

Agent—"I'm selling something to prevent roosters from crowing at 2 A. M."

His Friend—"Marvelous! What is it?"

Agent—"A recipe for chicken soup."—*Puck*.

A WAY AROUND.

She (complainingly)—"You promised faithfully that you wouldn't smoke any more after January 1."

He—"I am not. I'm simply keeping up the usual amount."—*Harvester World*.



EXCHANGES

R. L. SLOAN, EDITOR.

Very few exchanges have reached us so far. We presume that the first issue has not been published yet. This is not as it should be. Our exchanges should endeavor to try to be out promptly.

Of the few magazines received for October, some though interesting throughout are a disappointment in size. For example, *The Trinity Archive* does not carry enough articles to be in keeping with the literary standard held by the college. However, *The Archive* is fortunate in having so many contributors who are writers of verse. The magazine contains one good story, *i. e.*, "A Romance in a Health Resort."

The Guilford Collegian is also disappointing in size. We believe that they ought to add an Exchange Department to their make-up. We hope *The Collegian* will do better next time.

The Autocrat of Virginia Christian College is one of the best of the October magazines. It contains two good poems, "Two Phases of Farm Life," and "A Tiny Messenger." "Jimmy's Compositor on Fashions" is a piece of humorous dialect characterized by its spiciness and singularity. A great improvement in *The Autocrat* would be to add a Comic Department instead of mixing jokes, locals and editorials together. The department "Our Societies" is well edited.

The Davidson College Magazine is an excellent production from start to finish, being especially strong in fiction and in editorials.

The Wake Forest Student is a well-balanced magazine, presenting poems, fiction and scientific articles in due proportion. "The Call of Public Health," "Goethe: the Man of Science," and "Himself as Another Saw Him" are deserving of special mention.

The Penn State Farmer carries several interesting articles, especially so to students of agriculture. *The Farmer* is indeed fortunate in securing the co-operation of faculty and alumni in contributing to its support. The management is to be congratulated in getting their first issue out so early.

In addition to the above we acknowledge receipt of *The University of Virginia Magazine* and *The Georgetown College Journal*.

