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The Red and White

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THE COMFORTER.

There may be a tenderer, sweeter thing
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But beyond my ken is a greater prize
Than the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand stole into mine
That dark and troublous day,
When I needed the touch I loved so much,
To strengthen me on my way.

Softer it seemed than softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were full of the strength of love.

It seemed to say in a strange, sweet way,
"I love you, and understand,"
And calmed my fears as the hot, heart tears
Fell over that little hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank our Lord for His blessings
And the clasp of a little hand.

THE FARM-LIFE SCHOOLS.

By R. D. GOODMAN, '13.

Since 82 per cent of the State's population are agriculturists, the subject of rearing the country child in a county where a Farm-Life School is located is one that should interest every North Carolinian. The recent Legislature of North Carolina, acting on the suggestion of a few far-sighted men who had the State's interest at heart, made possible the existence of Farm-Life Schools. It is hard to see why the Farm-Life School is not a good thing; but here of late there has arisen a difference of opinion concerning its value to the farmer. Let us in a few brief paragraphs consider the proposition.

A county Farm-Life School would soon become the intellectual, industrial and agricultural center of the whole county. In the counties of other States they have proven beneficial in the instruction and in the training of scores of country boys and girls in the best methods of farming, stock raising, dairying, orcharding, marketing of farm crops, cooking, sewing, and other subjects which go to make up the beauty and pleasure of farm life.

It is very important that these schools should be established, for it is during the first seven or eight years of a child's life that the foundation for choosing a vocation is laid. It is easy to understand how a child living constantly in such an atmosphere, with such environments, and absorbing such instruction during the most impressionable years of his life, would have his attention turned toward agricultural pursuits, and his desire to make farming more pleasant and profitable to those he came in contact with. It is apparent that the Farm-Life Schools will better solve the problem of "back to the farm" than any other method. Don't let the boy go from home; let him be instilled with a love for the farm, then the problem is solved, for in a short time the cry

will not be "back to the farm," for there will be no absentees to bring back; but the cry will be "Hurrah for the farm!"

It is true that the establishment of such a school will cost a great deal of money, but is it not the best investment a community can make to bestow an education on their children? These Farm-Life Schools are built by local taxation. Even this mere fact speaks well for it, for will it not be good inducement to the best citizens in the community to remain and help develop the resources of the State? They will naturally feel that the school belongs to them as well as to the county and to the State. Accordingly, every man that pays toward its support feels an individual responsibility in the school, and of course he will believe that he has a right to have his child in school and get in this way the benefit of his hard-earned money. This is the cheapest and best way to educate a child, because it is under the restricting influences of the father and of the mother. And again, children can be educated in this way cheaper than they can be sent to college where board, tuition and numerous other expenses will necessarily have to be met when often the parents are in dire need of money to buy bread. Then in addition, a large number of boys and girls will obtain an education in these schools that otherwise would never reap the advantages of an educated mind.

It is an interesting fact, that in those counties where these schools are established, the fertility of the soil, as well as the yield, has been materially increased. This fact is well to note in contradiction to the narrow excuse often given: "They don't do any good." The courses of study in these schools are systematically planned; they contain laboratory and demonstration exercises which the children can take home and put into practice.

Now, these schools are not merely for the children alone; in many of the schools, parents are seen taking part in the class work as well as a pride in supporting such an institution.

These few facts should serve to counteract the excuse given by some narrow-minded people who have probably never heard of the proposition before. They often say that no one takes an interest in the schools; but it is hard to see how they can maintain this excuse in the face of such overwhelming evidence. The people are becoming more and more interested in the schools, for they see their boys and their girls leave these institutions and take a place in the front ranks of industry in the State and county.

In the second place, such a school would induce the farmers and their overworked wives from all parts of the county to meet at a certain time and at a certain place—probably at the school itself. At these meetings there would be carried on demonstrations and analyses pertaining to farm work. In this way, the paths would be opened that lead to better and more prosperous farming. In addition to this, there would of necessity be a social feature added to these meetings that would prove entertaining to all, especially the women. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith would admire each other's new hat, etc. Thus, a feature would be added that would make merrier the yearly grind on the farm; something would be added that would brighten and cheer thousands of rural homes and bring the people into closer contact where each division would feel the influences emanating from the other. Surely the Farm-Life Schools might work wonders if properly conducted. And thus, in another way, we can see how the trend from the farm will be stopped if not entirely crushed.

Through the Farm-Life Schools the larger agencies of the A. & M. College, the State Department of Agriculture, and the National Department of Agriculture could arouse and maintain a deeper interest in such work. The work of the school should be along the same line as that of an agricultural college; and after once getting students interested in such work, many of them would form the determination to go to college and equip themselves to do the great work that is being left undone on account of there not being equipped men

to do the work. So it can readily be seen that the Farm-Life Schools will not act as a hindrance to the A. & M. College but rather as a helper or a supplementer to the great work she is doing.

Life is far, far too short for every farmer to learn to be a master in his field with only his own experiences as a guide. He must see and feel the influences of the great and successful men of his vocation; he must see and study the experiences of his neighbors in his own and in adjoining counties. The Farm-Life Schools would naturally be abler to present this to the farmers than any other plan. By it he could be plainly taught which was to his advantage and which was not. His children would learn at a small cost what it cost their father many dollars to learn. Here, there is an actual saving in dollars and cents.

It has not been so long since the people supposed that the farm was the worst place in the community to find up-to-date appliances of any kind. It is not necessary to name the ancient and historical implements the farmer of twenty or thirty years ago eked out a living with. They are familiar to the small schoolboy; they are familiar to the average run of humanity. Then, the work on the farm was done mostly by the muscles of the men and by draft animals, from early dawn till nightfall. But to-day, farmers, as well as manufacturers, are beginning to appreciate the value of investments in farming machinery. The Farm-Life Schools afford an excellent medium where the merits and the demerits of the different machines can be discussed as well as put to practical uses. Thus in another way will these schools be of benefit to the community.

There may be some who will contend that this picture is overdrawn. If so, why is it that the most hearty endorsements of these schools come from the farmers themselves, who use them and reap their advantages, more than any other class of our population? Why do they put into actual practice the lessons learned in the school-room and on the farm?

Why do the farmers who live nearest the Farm-Life Schools have better-kept farms and better utilities than those who are not so fortunately surrounded with such environments? I am not speaking of the few schools of North Carolina. They have not been established long enough to reap many of the above advantages, but, judging from the experiences of other States, they will in time.

There are twenty-seven of these schools in the State of Wisconsin, where they are the principal cause of the increased yields of the fields. They are making Wisconsin one of the leading agricultural States in the West and in the country; despite the fact that her natural advantages of soil and climate—two great factors in agriculture—do not compare at all with those of North Carolina. There are some other States who are using these schools, too, and in nearly every instance they are doing a great work. They are no longer a mere experiment, but a demonstrated success.

The farmer that continues to believe that he can get along in the old ways of his forefathers, without the aid of the uplifting hand of the Farm-Life Schools or without being trained in the best agricultural methods, will soon find himself hopelessly defeated. And while it is too early to say just what degree of success the Farm-Life Schools of North Carolina will enjoy, still, in the light of their success in other States not as well blest as she is, and in view of the above facts, I venture to say that a new day has dawned on Carolina; that before many years have passed she will be the greatest agricultural State in the South, if not in the country. So I say, "Ho for Carolina!"

A REAL FORTUNE.

By T. J. HEWITT, '13.

It was evening; the darkness was rapidly settling upon the campus. On the beach could be plainly heard the rumbling sound of the mighty waves as they came in from the distant horizon. The small town of H——, in which the X—— Tech was situated, had thrown its doors open to the students; for it was commencement week. Some of the Seniors were spending their leisure moments with their sweethearts, others were reading; but there was one upon whom no one had made a lasting impression. The card table held no attraction for him, and he was not reading, because his mind needed rest.

This man was a typical Southerner. He was of medium height and well proportioned in every respect. His hair was very dark, and his eyes a cold gray, but true as steel. On his countenance one could readily see the look of determination. Like all Southerners, he had his feet upon the table, and in his mouth was a black cigar. His large chair was tilted back at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and his whole attitude was one of comfort. Through the window came the shrill whistle of the whippoorwill and the weary hoot of some lonely owl. These sounds reminded him of his boyhood days, but now he must think of other things. A problem must be solved. Should he work for the United States Government, or should he go to South America to seek his fortune?

A little later a bunch of the jolly members of the Senior class came bursting into the room. One of the group punched his neighbor and said, "Look at old Jack Manning! Always serious!" They accused him of having the traits of a bachelor, because he did not participate in their frolicsome ways, but it must be remembered that this serious man was a friend whom every one valued.

The week soon passed, and Jack stepped forth into the world of professions. No better civil engineer had ever left

the halls of the X— Tech. Life with the Government not promising excitement enough, Jack decided to go to South America. His trunks were packed, and he was going to sail the next day; but in the evening mail came a letter which altered his plans and his life. The letter read as follows:

Government Prison, Marseilles, France,

April 15, 19..

Mr. Jack Manning,

Care X— Tech,

H—, U. S. A.

Dear Sir—

Having heard that you were a trustworthy young man, I am taking the privilege of telling you confidentially a secret of mine which will mean something to both of us if you will do as I say.

I am in an unfortunate predicament, being held in prison for a crime which I did not commit, but of which I could not prove my innocence. I have one sister as lovely and as pure as the violets. She does not know where I am—nor do I want her to know. Our father died three years ago and left us one million dollars each. I invested my sister's money in United States Government bonds for her, and my part I tied up in mining schemes in the far West. Now, what I ask of you is, that you come to Marseilles at once, call at cell No. 54, Government Prison. Here, I will explain particulars and give directions as to how you can secure my money before it is too late. If you succeed, three-fourths is yours.

Trusting to see you in due time, I am,

Yours in need of a friend,

Cell No. 54.

"T."

Jack read the letter, then reread it. What was he to do? Probably there was nothing to the matter, but for some reason the story seemed true. Jack told no one of the strange letter, not even his parents, whom he loved better than life. However, he left the next day, but instead of going to South America, Jack sailed for France.

The first part of the voyage was rather dull, but on the morning of the second day, Jack saw some one who changed his whole being and made a new Jack out of him. On the upper deck of the large steamer stood a young woman. She was facing the east, and her expression showed that she was thinking of some one far away. This young woman was of medium size. Her hair was curly and coal-black. Her eyes were of the darkest brown, and her dimpled and red lips would have put Venus to shame. As she stood there, the gentle breeze tossing her hair about, Jack forgot all about his mission.

The lure of the great wealth lost interest to him. This woman's loveliness blinded him to the rest of the world. He thought if he could only meet her, his future would be one of happiness, but this was not to be his luck; however, one thing happened which caused him to dream and dream and dream that night.

The passengers beginning to crowd the deck, the young women turned to go. As she turned, she hastily glanced along the line of people until she came to Jack. Her eyes, for an instant, met his, then—she went below. Not once afterwards did Jack catch a glimpse of her. Every day he longed and watched for her, but in vain. He finally decided that he was a fool and had been dreaming, so he again thought of the prisoner and the wealth in store for him.

The city of Marseilles was indeed a foreign city to Jack, but his knowledge of the French language helped him very much. The prison was pointed out to him, and he immediately sought the superintendent's office. He readily obtained permission to visit the prisoner of Cell No. 54. Never

before had Jack been inside of a prison. The scene was not a pleasant one. Some of the prisoners were sullen, while others seemed to be taking life easily. After going through several heavy doors, the officer finally arrived at Cell No. 54, and allowed Jack to enter.

Sitting by a dim light was a young man reading a New York newspaper. As soon as the prisoner saw Jack, he got up and extended his hand. Jack introduced himself, and the prisoner told him the following story:

"After investing my money in the Q. & P. Mine, I decided to take a trip abroad. Before I left America I made a will bequeathing all my wealth to my sister. I told the president of the mining company that he might know I was dead if he did not hear from me within five years. I bade farewell to my sister and to America and sailed for France. Everything went well until I reached Marseilles. Here, I received a cablegram from the president of the mine, directing me to wait for a letter which would reach me at an early date. The letter was received, and I learned that my will had been destroyed by some unknown party, and that another young man claiming to be my brother had taken the matter in hand and was about to secure my shares in the mine.

"The president stated in his letter that if he did not hear from me at once he would be obliged to turn matters over to this would-be brother of mine. I started to the nearest telegraph office, and just as I was entering the door an officer arrested me.

"I was dumbfounded, for I had done nothing against the law. The officer informed me that I was wanted for swindling the French Government out of \$50,000 dollars. Troubles never piled upon a man so rapidly. I was not allowed to send the telegram. I was arrested for something that I did not do.

"Well, I was tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. All was lost. What would my sister think of me? I gave up all hopes. Two weeks ago I saw an

account in the paper of the commencement exercises they were going to have at the X— Tech. I saw your name on the list as the only honor graduate, so I decided to try you. I knew that I had only six months in which to save my money.

“Now, you are here. My name is John Morris. I want you to take this scarf pin back with you and show it to the president of the mine. Tell him the story I have told you. He will recognize the pin, for he gave it to me the day I bought the shares in the mine.”

Jack left the prison in high spirits and promised a speedy return. The voyage home was very pleasant, but Jack met no one of interest. In fact, he had not seen a woman whom he considered handsome since the dark-eyed beauty was lost from sight on the ship while going over.

Landing in New York, Jack left immediately for the mine, which was in South Dakota. He reached the small town and went to the hotel. On the register he saw the name of Margaret Morris written in a delicate, feminine hand which showed culture. Jack was interested! Could that be John Morris' sister?

Upon inquiry, he learned that the young lady left town the day before and was not expected to return. This fact being settled, the mine was the next place to reach, for at that time the president himself was inspecting the work.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Jack met the president and proceeded to tell him the story of the prisoner. The truth of the matter was soon learned. A professional crook, the very likeness of John Morris, had swindled the French Government and succeeded in escaping, and had made his way to America where he sought concealment in the mining camp. Having learned that Morris was in Europe, and that the will had been destroyed, the thief was not idle; he introduced himself as “Bart Morris.” He resembled John Morris so very much that the president and the whole company were deceived and took the fellow to be John Morris' brother. However, “Bart Morris” did not get away with the money.

He was injured in an accident which proved fatal to him. After his death, a letter was found in his shirt, which identified him as the man who swindled the French Government.

Jack and the president of the mine reported the news to the French Consul at Washington. Papers were arranged for John Morris' release. With these and a letter to Morris from the officials of the mine, stating that his money was waiting for him, Jack sailed for France aboard the same steamer that he was on when he saw the "Queen of Queens."

Just as the ocean steamer was getting out the sight of land, Jack saw the whole world right there on the upper deck. The lady with the eyes of brown was leaning against the rail. Suddenly the wind blew her handkerchief away, and Jack caught it as it was about to go overboard. On the hem was the same name, "Margaret Morris," written by the same delicate hand. He returned it and received a smile which almost lifted him to the clouds.

"Madam," said Jack, "I perceive that you have some great trouble upon your mind. Confide it to me. Probably I can be of some service to you."

"Thank you very much, but my trouble is one which God alone can aid me in."

"Pardon me, but from your handkerchief I presume this is Miss Margaret Morris. My name is Manning, Jack Manning."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Manning. I believe that I saw you on this same ship about five months ago."

Jack's heart beat faster, for Margaret had not forgotten the time when her eyes went home to his.

"You are right, Miss Morris, I'm the man, and since that day I've been seeking your acquaintance. Miss Morris, will you meet me here at eight o'clock this evening? I have something concerning a friend of yours that I wish to tell you."

Miss Morris promised to meet him. So Jack retired to his stateroom. After supper he smoked a cigar and went on deck. A prettier night he had never seen. A gentle breeze was blow-

ing from the southwest, and although it was October it was not too cool. The moon was smiling upon the scene, while the stars winked at the merry waves. Jack had not been sitting alone very long before he heard footsteps behind him. He turned around, and there was Margaret standing over him. With Jack, all the gods of ancient Greece seemed to be in sympathy. The beautiful Helen of Troy could not have been so beautiful as this little woman.

"You are on time to the second," said Jack observing his watch.

"Yes, I always try to be punctual."

Another chair was near, and before Jack could reach it, Margaret had it and placed it beside his.

"Miss Morris, coming to the point at once, I want to ask you if you ever had a brother?"

"Yes," she replied slowly, "I had a brother, who was very good to me. Father left us well cared for, but my brother desired to see the world. He left me in New York nearly five years ago; since that time I have not heard from him. I am sure that he is dead, for he would not treat me in such a manner were he living."

"You are mistaken, Miss Margaret, your brother is alive and in good health. We shall see him when we reach Marseilles."

And then, Jack told Margaret the story of the long-lost brother. She received the news very calmly, showing her real womanhood.

"And you had confidence in him as soon as you read his letter," said Margaret in a low voice.

"Yes," he replied depreciatingly, "I was merely a soldier of fortune. That very day I was preparing to go to South America, there with my transit, to work out the problems of life. But as I needed a vacation after hard work in college, I decided to investigate the matter, and you know the result. Margaret, if you will allow me to call you that, I have restored a brother to a sister whom I did not know existed. That is nothing!"

Jack paused and looked at Margaret. She was looking upon the great ocean as if it could realize her happiness and share it with her. As Jack did not proceed she looked up at him and smilingly said:

"Go on," Jack, I'm listening."

"Margaret, since the day I saw you on this ship I have thought of you very often. I have dreamed of you!"

"I have dreamed of you, too, Jack!"

"Margaret, do you love me?"

Her smile was enough. Before she could answer, Jack held her in his arms, and the monsters of the Deep partook of their happiness.

"Margaret," said Jack in blissful ecstasy, "Your brother's money I do not want. I have found a real fortune!"

I KNOW NOT HOW NOR WHY.

By A. CORBIN.

I know not how nor why,
 But that his heart some day
 Will turn to meet my heart,
 I have known since time held sway

That in that distant blue,
 Where sleep the folded flowers,
 One waits and blooms apart,
 That, opening, will be ours.

And he will come sometime, somehow,
 To justify this thought of me—
 Else vacant were the words of song,
 And all the heart of prophecy!

THE RELATION OF FARM AND ORCHARD.

By R. L. SLOAN, '13.

It would be difficult to determine, with any degree of accuracy, just when wild varieties of fruit were first cultivated; but it must have been centuries ago, or even milleniums ago, since such fruits as apples and pears have been under cultivation so long that the varieties now grown bear little resemblance to the small, inferior, woody fruit of their wild parents.

Though records show that the fruit-growing industry was an important factor in ancient agriculture before the time of Christ, it was not until after the middle of the nineteenth century that a working knowledge of the cause, prevention and cure of some of the more prevalent diseases revolutionized the industry. The founding of bacteriology by Pasteur in 1860, the proof of bacterial disease by Burril in 1880, and the announcement of Bordeaux mixture as a fungicide by Millardet in 1885, all stand out as conspicuous landmarks in the advance of practical fruit-growing.

With the present amount of scientific knowledge available, there is no reason why every farmer in this State who owns a small plat of ground should not provide his family with some of the most palatable of energy-forming foods. G. B. Brackett, speaking of the apple industry, says, "Every farmer, however small his possessions may be, who lives within the apple-growing districts of the United States, should have an apple orchard, the product of which should be found on his table in some form every day in the year."

What has been said of the apple is equally true of several other fruits; and there is no area of consequence in this State, or in the United States for that matter, where some appetizing fruit cannot be grown successfully. There is, moreover, some well-known and highly prized fruit peculiarly adapted to the natural soil and climatic conditions of every section and every county of our State.

The apple is the predominant fruit of the mountains of North Carolina; figs, grapes and strawberries are the pride of the coastal section, while the vast intervening territory is producing annually a variety which includes nearly everything from the apple—"the king of fruits"—to the lowly creeping strawberry. Again, different varieties of the same species require different environment. For example, the Baldwin apple, which succeeds so well in Yancey and adjoining counties of high altitude, is a complete failure when brought to the lower elevations; and this same choice of location is manifested, in a lesser degree, by many of the other varieties of the apple as well as of other fruits.

Although many of our most common fruits, such as apples, pears, peaches, are not native to American soil they find a congenial home here; and like the Caucasian race, they will in all probability surpass their cousins of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Perhaps the greatest error made by the ordinary farmer is poor judgment exercised in the selection of trees. An exaggerated example of this, though there are many cases worse, is found in the man who purchased a half-dozen trees each of June apples, June peaches, and of June berries, allowing these to constitute his fruit garden. This selection will furnish an abundance of fruit during June, but leave the family to eke out an existence for the remainder of the year on the old bill of fare, "hog and hominy," supplemented by a few vegetables and what little fruit the housewife could by industry and thrift preserve in so short a time.

The wiser course to pursue, even where only a limited plot of ground can be devoted to the fruit garden, would be to get an assortment of trees from which ripe fruit can be gathered from early May until late October. Not only is it possible to secure fruit during this period from a small orchard, but so practicable that no land owner is excusable who persistently neglects to provide a palatable diet for his family during these months. Having fruit through so long a period

enables the ever-industrious helpmate of man to save enough to prepare an attractive table through the winter months; nor is she forced, in accomplishing this, to do all the work in the hottest month of the summer, or to work until the day's routine becomes drudgery.

In most families, fruits are commonly thought of as food accessory—something to be indulged in only by those living in luxury. This, however, is erroneous. In a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture the value of the energy constituents of fruit are much emphasized by comparing the cost of 1,000 calories of energy when generated by fruits and by other foods. For example, 1,000 calories of energy generated from the whole milk costs ten cents; the cost from figs is approximately the same, while the cost from apples is only seven cents.

The methods of preparing fruits for the table are almost endless. They range from that employed with watermelons and cantaloupes—never cooked—to that with cranberries and quinces—never eaten raw. The ways of serving are varied to conform to the tastes of the most exacting, or they may be unpretentiously served on a tray between meals. Indeed, a more appetizing dish could scarcely be prepared than the fresh, luscious, juicy apples, peaches, grapes, and cherries—found in many an humble country home.

Water may be laden with typhoid germs, milk may be polluted with tubercular organisms, cornbread may transmit the dread, mysterious disease, pellagra; or meats may cause indigestion; but chemists tell us the water in fruit—distilled in nature's own laboratory—is the very purest. The purity, digestibility and wholesomeness of the valuable nutriments of fruit are also unsurpassed.

When you have a base hit made,
Don't linger on the line;
Steal for second, dive for third,
And your finish will be fine.

GRANDMA'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

By B. M. POTTER, '12.

"Ding! a-ling, ding! ding!" called the telephone from the hall.

A ten-year-old boy tossed "Spalding's Athletic Guide" into a far corner of the room.

"Ah, shucks!" he exclaimed angrily. "Why can't they let a fellow rest some time? When it's not mindin' cows it's workin' around home. I wonder what's up?" Thus expressing his youthful convictions, he arose and sauntered lazily to the hall and to the telephone.

"Hello! This is Bennie Bowden: Why, it's dear old Grandma! Glad yer well! Huh? Oh-ee, sure I'll come. And your'e goin' to ha' a bully dinner, eh? Hurray! Betcher life I'll come. Right away, too! Soon as I kin hitch Nell—No, I'll try it 'orseback. So long, Grandma, I'll see you soon."

"So Grandma wants me to come 'elp her eat her Thanksgiving truck. Well, there's nothin' left for muh to do, so I guess I'll ha' to go. My! can't she bake them there cakes and griddles? Um-me! An' she cooks th' juices' dumplings and puddin's. Yah, yah, cose Ise goin'. Let's see; it's jes' eleben now, and Grandma eats at twelve sharp. A'sides, Grandpap won't wait long. Guess I'd better hurry."

Thus mused Bennie, as he hastened to the stables to find Nell. He was not particularly good looking, but he had that rugged, honest country-boy look about him that won him many friends. Like most boys of his age he dearly loved athletics, and never missed a chance to see a football game that was played in the neighboring city. But he liked riding Nell more than he did any football game. And he anticipated with keen delight the six-mile ride to Grandma's home.

"I reckon I kin do it in an hour an' ten minutes," he speculated, as he looked Nell over from the stable door.

"Come outen here, Nell," he commanded, and soon horse and rider were on the way to Grandma's with its good things so rare.

Down the long, winding boulevard they went, passing farm yard after farm yard until finally they reached Oak Grove. This is one of the prettiest places in the State, and consequently Bennie slackened his pace at this juncture. The road makes a sharp bend at this point and continues to curve gracefully throughout the entire length of Oak Grove—about a mile and a half. The large, tall, majestic oaks smiled playfully at the youthful rider as the cool, eastern winds whistled through the forest. Their verdant green contrasted sharply with the patches of dying leaves of the other trees; and the soft sunlight here and there covered patches of earth in quiet confusion. And a strange solemn stillness pervaded the air. How sweet was this silence to the rider! To him it was Queen Nature ruling in all her glory!

"The pertiest place in th' world!" thought Bennie as he watched Nell drink from the small brook at the end of the grove that he had passed.

Soon Oak Grove was far to the rear, and Nell was going at a brisk trot. Bennie thought often of little Sally Brown, his sweetheart, as he neared Grandma's house. He blushed and giggled when he remembered the killing glance she had given him when he had passed her the day before.

"Maybe she'll be over there to-day," he said to Nell, and the little mare smiled mischievously to herself.

"At any rate," he continued, "she often goes there. Grandma says so, too." And now Grandma herself could be seen waiting against the gate for her boy, for Bennie belonged to her when he went to see his Grandma.

"Aw, git up, Nell, you beggar!" And in a minute or two Grandma was kissing and hugging the boy for all she was worth.

"Come into the house this minute. Your Grandpa has already eaten his dinner; he said he would not wait for such

a fool boy as you. But I waited for you, and I am as hungry as a bear; so don't delay a moment."

"All right, mum!" agreed Bennie as he tied Nell to the fence and followed Grandma to the house. Of course, he missed Sally, but then think of the splendid repast spread for him. Well, he could see Sally some other time, too. But eat as fine a dinner as this?

"Never again!" And he shook his young head wisely.

"Sit down and help yourself," commanded Grandma as they entered the dining-room. "It's all ready for you."

First came the newly browned Thanksgiving bird, liberally spread with juicy gravy.

"How much does he weigh?" asked the boy between gulps.

"Eight whole pounds!" exclaimed Grandma, amazed at the boy's wonderful appetite. "I made your Grandpa pick the best one from the yard. Eat all you can, Bennie, for you will be tired after your long ride."

Then there was a lull in the conversation, the boy being too busy to pay any attention to Grandma's pleasant chatter. The bird soon began to show signs of dilapidation, for no animal could withstand the onslaughts of this youthful knight errant. And, of course, the crisp roast and other good things suffered in like proportion.

"Bennie!" started Grandma as she placed the toothsome sweets nearer him.

"Yes-um," answered Bennie hastily.

"Sally Brown was over here just before you came. She was dressed very prettily, too."

A piece of cake slipped between his fingers and fell to the plate, but Grandma paid no heed.

"Yas um," again came from the boy.

"She is going to the party to-night, and she said to tell you to be sure to call by for her as you went by. She is a nice little girl, don't you think?"

"Yas um."

"She said a whole pile of nice things about you. She said she liked you better than she did any boy she ever saw."

Cake and turkey were ignominiously forgotten now. The boy was all attention.

"Did she?" he anxiously asked.

Grandma regarded him for a moment in silence. The boy's head hung in shame. He felt sure Grandma was laughing at him.

"Bennie?"

"Yas um."

Grandma looked him straight in the eye, and the youthful culprit again hung his head in shame.

"Bennie, you young rascal; answer me! Do you like Sally?"

"Yas um," which was true testimony.

For a moment Grandma said not a word, and he blushed red, redder, reddest. No doubt, she thought that these varying states of redness intermingled with the yellow of the newly cooked pies, the brown of the suffering turkey, laid against a background of the snow-white table cover and old-fashioned country blue centerpieces, would make a most delightful rainbow. But if such foolish thoughts ever occurred to her she spoke them not. Instead she looked at him with an amused smile as she watched him eye the enticing apple dumpling. Perhaps she thought of her childhood days, and perhaps she did not. But finally the awkward silence was broken.

"Bennie?" The young sinner raised his dejected head and muttered under his breath to himself, "Aw, fudge! Jes' got muh up hear to bles' muh out! Confound muh luck!" But to Grandma he yielded his customary, "Yes um."

"Bennie," continued Grandma, "Sally says that you and she are sweethearts, and that you two are going to get married some of these days."

Grandma watched him in silence, expecting a reply, but receiving none. But she could not but see the joy which shone in his face when she told him the good news.

Grandma continued, "I hope it's not so, Bennie, for I would not like to have any little boy that did such a foolish

thing as love a girl. Wait until you grow up, and you will learn better. You must have better sense than to fall into this miserable, puppy love. But you are not sweethearts with Sally; you are not in love with her, are you?"

For a moment he was scared to answer. But Grandma pressed him hard.

"Answer me, Bennie, answer me!" she exclaimed.

"No'm," lied Bennie bravely, and then—

A boy lay stretched on the ground under the soft sunlight of fast fading autumn. A huge boulder protected him from the sharp blasts of wind that whistled by. That boy was buried deep in the wards of dreamland. That boy is familiar to you, gentle reader. He is your friend, Bennie Bowden, who, according to the above, was disposing of Grandma's Thanksgiving dinner.

The surrounding scene was not elevating. A herd of cattle were eagerly cropping the few remaining blades of grass. The region was destitute of trees, and a dirty pig was striving to down the uncharitable noise of the farm yard rooster. There is a horse standing by the sleeping boy, no doubt having strong convictions regarding meal time. That's about all—but stay! A little girl, a sweet young nymph, stood looking at the dreaming cowboy, with scorn showing in her every lineament.

"How could he sleep on Thanksgiving Day?" she asked herself, when she first noticed our friend, Bennie.

The horse, whose name is Nell, if I remember rightly, stamps her foot in anger. Why should she be forced to wait so long for her dinner, especially her Thanksgiving dinner? Some say that horses have no sense, but their theory would fail in this particular case, for Nell seized upon the only artistic way of waking her sleeping master from his dreams. Holding her mouth close to the right ear of the sleeper, she emitted that peculiarly attractive noise that has made the horses famous from the time he went into the ark.

Bennie opened his eyes in astonishment and stared straight into the face of his mare, Nell.

"Whatcher doin' in Grandma's dining room, Nell. I tied you to the fence and tole you to be good. You ain't done it, and you gits no hay! Savvy!"

Of course, Nell could not be persuaded to see the matter in that light, and consequently she again gave vent to her feelings by her timely whine. And now the boy awoke a little more. The tinkling of a cow bell came to him from across the meadow.

"Shucks," he said, "them cows have followed muh up heah. Daggone, if I don't ketch it! It looks like they'ud let muh eat Grandma's truck in 'appiness."

Nell again told her troubles.

Bennie awoke a little more and saw little Miss Sallie Brown watching, with one of the ugliest and most anger provoking, mocking faces ever man gazed on. Bennie was too surprised to get angry.

"Whatcher doing up here to Grandma's, Sallie? he questioned.

Not a word in reply.

"What's the matter wi' you," he asked.

"Bennie Bowden, I simply despises you!" And turning on her heels she flew down the narrow path.

Yes, gentle reader, I agree with you now. Bennie did wake up; and turning to a nearby sack he tosses Nell an armful of hay, admonishing her to "take it," which she unmistakably did. This duty done, he watched the retreating fairy as she hastened down the path.

"Phew," he whistled. "Ain't that h——!"

Then he opened his pasteboard lunch box and serenely contemplated the contents thereof.

"Aw, aw, fudge! it's nuttin' but sweet taters and cold biscuits. Th' devil! Th' whole blame thing wuz a dream—Grandma, Sally, Turkey an' all. Dog gonit."

ON THE FARM.

By J. B. STEELE, '13.

We who are in college are disposed to think that the movement away from the farm has stopped, and that the current has begun to return. We see the city people going back, while the farmer seems to be more contented. He is encouraging his boy to stay in the country, rather than give him a literary education so that he can "Get out in the world and do something for himself."

This is true; but in too many homes the boy is not satisfied with the father's advice or the city man's warning. He does not say much, because it has grown unpopular to speak of leaving the farm; but the talk of the satisfaction of free life falls dead upon him, because in his own experience he has found it neither satisfying nor free, and his heart yearns for the time when he can shake off the dirt and drudgery and get out into the world where there is something to be seen and something to be learned. He believes that there is something better for him than the life his father is living—simply living, along as best he can from one day to another, with nothing to look forward to.

What if he does go to a farmers' institute and hear a great deal of smooth talk about the "Possibilities of Agriculture in the South?" If he is not awakened from his dream when he comes in sight of home and sees the dilapidated lean-to cow shed, he will be sure to come to his senses when he lifts the rickety barn gates around to get in.

He wades through the filth which the dry weather has allowed to accumulate, and inspects the machinery scattered around the lot. The winter rain and summer sun have dealt with it in no kindly manner. The youth then passes out through the orchard, picks a wormy apple, from a stunted tree that the frost has already taken the leaves from, and eats it as he goes on to the meadow. Presently he comes

upon his father sitting on a rock grumbling about "that no 'count nigger," who is really trying to do his best, with a rattle-trap mowing machine, to cut a patch of crab grass. As they walk to the house his father continues to bemoan his fate.

"I am working at a business that I can't make a decent living from," he no doubt says, "and worse still, those who are living off of me are getting richer and richer!" He hangs his head in sorrow and moans to himself.

Perhaps this picture may be a little overdrawn. But all over the country, all over our dear Southland, there are shiftless conditions which smother ambition just as surely; and energetic boys who have never had an opportunity to learn the real meaning of farming, feel that they must leave the farm if they ever have a chance.

It has often been said that the country is the best place for a boy to be reared. We have heard many reasons given, but it seems to me the best one that I have heard is this: The close contact of father and son, and the undisturbed association of the boy with the thinking men of the past through books. What the farm needs to-day is a warmer, more intimate fire-side where good books are read, books that lift one's thoughts about everyday life, give the imagination exercise, and make one broad enough to see the interesting side of farm life and not merely the empty drudgery.

I know a home where money is no question so far as home comforts go. Everything is as nearly perfect as natural environments could make. Yet it is a home not worthy of the name. The house to them is what a hollow log is to a rabbit, a burrow to a musk rat—simply a place of shelter. There has been no eye for the beautiful, no sense of comfort, no one tries to please. At meal times there is plenty to eat, but a few unsightly pieces of furniture, that are of no earthly use whatever, are scattered around the dining-room. This dulls the appetite, and I believe hinders the digestion. The

boys have plenty of leisure, but their ambition is to grow to be "twenty-one," when they will bid the place good-bye.

I know another house; house painted, gas lights, each member of the family plays some musical instrument, sings well, and is well read; there is intimate association of parents and children. They had all rather be in each other's company than anywhere else. They hate to leave home even to go to college. This is the type of homes that we must have before that much-talked-of independent satisfaction can be realized.

True we have telephones, rural free delivery, good roads and cheap railroad fare. This is all good, and it tends to acquaint one with other beings and other things. But while these are educational, they also take the boy's interest away from home, lessen the time spent with his father, and brings influences good and bad to bear upon his moral character. Most parents are satisfied that they have done their duty to their children when they are sending them to school. It is as if they believed that some girl fresh from the high school, even if she does know a little Latin and higher mathematics, is capable of teaching their children the real meaning of life.

The cry of the press, the platform, the pulpit, is for more home training; for a home life that will lend new spirit to that old song, "Home, Sweet Home."



JACK TYLER, FRESHMAN.

By H. L. TAYLOR, '12.

"Jack, O Jack! Where are you? J-a-a-a-ck! Ja-a-a-ck!"

"Ma'am!"

"Where are you?"

"In the attic."

"Come here, I want you."

"Alright'm."

And with a succession of heavy sounds, indicating three steps taken at a time, he bursts into the room. He was a lively-looking lad of fourteen, with curly, brown hair, blue eyes, and a good, deep forehead. He was not exactly handsome, but was fairly good looking, and better still he had an intelligent face. He was of medium height, and was built pretty well. Altogether, as likely a looking boy as you would find anywhere.

"I want you to go to town for me, take the buggy and Bess."

"Yes ma'am," with a happy smile.

After he had driven away his mother, a typical farmer's wife of the better class, turned to her husband and said:

"That boy stays in that work-shop of his every minute he can. He is only happy when he is fooling with that tool chest."

"Makes mighty good things, mother," said father thoughtfully, "makes mighty good things. Look at that chair he made, and that book-case, and you remember how he repaired that harrow."

"Yes, I do believe that he is gifted that way."

And at this point their conversation ceased. Meanwhile Jack went happily on his way to X——, which was a town of considerable size, with two railroads passing through it. While going out of the gate, he looked back at the house he

was leaving. It was an old-fashioned two-story farmhouse, and was large and roomy, having been built in the early part of the nineteenth century by the present owner's great-grandfather. The farm was a large one, and showed evidence of prosperity on every hand. Indeed, Mr. Tyler had a comfortable balance at the bank, nay, it was a small fortune. However, he had been raised a farmer and still kept it up, even though he did no manual labor himself.

Something of this flitted through Jack's head as he rode along, but he soon forgot that and began to dream dreams—his constant habit. In his dreams he saw himself inventing some great and yet simple invention that would bring him into prominence and to great wealth at the same time, thus making a combined Edison and Rockefeller at once.

But soon this was dispelled by his entrance into X—, where prosaic happenings soon drove those great visions from his head.

When he returned he bustled in the room in a great hurry as if he had something important to say.

"I saw Arthur Davis and John Somers in town, mother."

"What were they doing in town? They live twenty miles from here."

"I know, but X— is the county seat, and they are taking exams for entrance to the Tech at Leiscester."

Mrs. Tyler looked at her husband as if an idea had suddenly taken root in her mind, and when Jack had left the room she said:

"Father, wouldn't it be a good idea to send Jack there when he graduates from the school here. We ought to develop his taste for mechanics."

"Yes it would, mother, and, although I hate to let the boy go away by himself, it would be just the thing for him; and I believe he is better fitted for such work than he is for farming."

Thus it was decided. And so on the first Wednesday in September, 191—, Jack might have been seen getting off

the train in the town of Leicester. There he was met by a courteous delegation of Sophomores, who saw him safely to a girl's college on the other side of the town, where he tried his best to register, but was politely, though firmly, denied admittance thereto. When he came out, somewhat warm in body and mind, he was met by a kind-hearted, dignified, young man.

"Pardon me," said Jack's new-found friend, "but are you trying to find the way to Tech?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, I see, those Sophomores have been fooling you."

For a moment or so the two stood confronting each other. Finally the slightest suspicion of amusement leaped to the newly-found friend's eyes, but Jack saw it not.

Then spoke the friend: "It's a disgrace to the college! I will show you the way to the college. Come with me."

Whereupon he led the poor, benighted Freshman to a negro college in the suburbs, where the dear boy again went through embarrassing experiences.

When he came out he went to a policeman and inquired the way to the X—— Tech. Having arrived there safely, he was directed by a smiling O. D. to the necessary rooms and given instructions as to what to do. At last he was given a card to show that he had registered, and then given the room in company with another Freshman. That night he became violently homesick, and almost started back home. However, he managed to hold out until the morrow.

The next day he started for a room with a cabalistic number and letter which he found at length to mean a certain building and a certain room in that building. After an interminable morning the dinner hour at length arrived, when he refreshed his body with a "tender" piece of beef-steak and rolls. After a likewise long afternoon, he heard the bugle call, and hastening down was made to fall in a long line of boys, and after a jostling and a separating and marching he was told that he belonged to Company B. He was

further advised to fall into that company every day except Saturday at the same hour and to procure white gloves, white trousers, blue shirts at once. The next day being Saturday he was allowed to go "down town," where he spent a few minutes wandering aimlessly around, and then made his way back to the college.

The following day he went to Sunday-school, having been led thither by an "old boy," in company with a goodly number of other Freshman. Here he gazed around and looked at the other classes, and also cast a longing glance or two in the direction of the girl's corner on the left side of the church.

After church he stood outside and watched the people come out. Suddenly, he straightened up and gazed, and gazed, and gazed, and gazed. She was beautiful beyond comparison to his worshipping eyes. Why the two good looking girls accompanying her looked like only a flame to her. She was laughing, and her face looked like that of an angel to Jack. As she passed down the street, he gazed longingly at her, and suddenly, as if making up his mind, followed her at a fast pace, walked past her as if he had never seen her; and continued to walk up to the corner where he stopped and acted as if he was waiting for a car. But, when she came along he did not even see the car as it swept by, being too busily occupied in devouring her face with his eyes. All that afternoon he dreamed of her face and her smile, and her smile and her face, and her face and her smile—well, we cannot follow his thoughts, being not nearly so interesting to us as to him.

That week he heard a notice read in chapel inviting all the Tech boys to a reception at the church which he attended. The rest of the week he dreamed of meeting her, or being allowed to shake hands with her, and all of the witty things that he would say to her, and how he would win her heart by the sheer weight of his merit. The night came at last, and in company with several others, he made his way to the church.

After walking by the Sunday-school room, where the reception was being held, about seven times they mustered sufficient nerve to enter. They were soon being introduced to a bevy of pretty girls, but to Jack it was a case of

“If she be not fair to me
What care I how fair she be.”

He was looking for some one else, and at last she made her way through the door. His replies to his fair neighbor immediately became disconnected and vague; for how could he reply to her seemingly aimless chatter when his whole heart and mind were centered elsewhere. At last some one came up and took his partner away, and he retired to a corner where he could watch without any bother. A lady came up and asked him if he wished to be introduced to any one. He could not muster courage to point to the idol of his heart, and said:

“No, I believe not, I thank you.”

Soon he was joined by others, bashful usually or else diffident of their powers of talking. One time her dress brushed his hand, and a thrill pulsed through his veins, and he felt as if he had entered a haven of delight. But he could only sit and watch as if she were a divinity, and he was satisfied.

When he reached Tech again he could hardly sleep because of his great joy, and he dreamed dreams wherein “she” and wedding bells largely figured.

The following day was Sunday again, and he feasted his eyes, for it did not take him long to locate her class. In church he knew it was wrong, and yet he could not help keeping his eyes on her trim profile as she looked at the minister. After the sermon she turned to look at the clock, and for a moment their eyes met, and the shock permeated his whole system. Again, after church he watched her out of sight, and went back to dream another week and to await for the next Sunday to come around, when the process was to be repeated.

But soon came the reception given by the Y. M. C. A. of

Tech. Here he saw plenty of girls, some from the girls' colleges, some from town chaperoned by ladies from the respective churches. For a long time he wandered aimlessly until he saw her sitting talking to another girl, and then Jack could have punched his own head for not having found her sooner. With a resolve not to be denied he sought out the General Secretary and asked for an introduction. But as he approached her he wished he was a thousand miles away, for he knew that he could not hope to conquer that fair heart. But he was amply recompensed when he was permitted to grasp the soft, white hand for an instant. He had an insane desire to hold it just a trifle longer than necessary and to squeeze it just a little tenderer than was natural. However, he did not. He found out that this fair unknown was Anna Livingston, and that her companions were Eva Norris and Jane Hammond. Eva and Jane were soon called away by some one, thus leaving Jack alone with his heart's desire.

But O, you traitorous tongue, why are you silent? And O! you treacherous brain, where are the multiplicity of bright, witty things you were to bring forth? Poor Jack! He sat there, too utterly happy, embarrassed, to utter a word, and yet miserable in that he could not. All he could do was to make a few remarks about the weather, the size of the gathering crowd, the probable result of the weather tomorrow, and such other unromantic subjects.

Well, what could Jack say? He was not very often tongue-tied in the presence of girls, as his companions in the High School could testify, but that availed him nothing. And the crowning disappointment came in the knowledge that he could not accompany her home. That night was a restless one for him, for he knew that the impression he had made was anything but favorable. However, he thought of the morrow, and then and there fixed a program wherein he shone brilliantly and atoned for his dullness of the night

before. The next morning he was at Sunday-school early and watched and fumed until she came in.

At last she came in, accompanied by her two inseparables. But she never even looked his way, and his heart sank to his boots. He could only watch her in mournful melancholy. But when the class was being formed he passed her, and she spoke, whereupon his heart did a triple somersault and increased its rate of flow 100 per cent. When he got to his class he sat there where he could see her and look at her to his heart's content.

But, was she looking at him? No! it was impossible to even dream that she would condescend to smile on a poor, ugly fellow like him; and yet—and yet—he smiled back with right good will, and no more had the lesson any interest to him. When he went in church he managed by a tremendous exercise of will power to sit down just behind her and live happily for the space of one hour. When he started out, unconsciously he walked out beside her. So overcome with joy was he that he asked her in a breathless tone, almost, if he might walk with her home.

"Yes," she replied, and his delight knew no bounds. But much to his sorrow her home was only a short six blocks away, and somehow he felt cheated. And when she invited him in, he would have given worlds to accept, but he could not for the life of him.

But all through the year he went home from church with her, and pretty soon he was a constant visitor, inasmuch as his privileges allowed him to be. But pretty soon the session-end approached, and he knew that he would have to leave for three months; and when he called on her the last time before he left for home, he knew not what to say, for the three months seemed like an eternity stretching in front of him. With a look of hate at the clock, which seemed to move unmercifully fast, he finally said:

"You know, this is my last day here."

"It is?"

"Yes, I am going home to-morrow morning early and will not be back until September. Are you sorry?"

"I certainly am sorry."

"Anna," for so he called her now, "may I write to you, and will you reply?"

"Why yes, Jack, you know I would be glad to hear from you, and shall be glad to write to you."

"How often may I write?"

"As often as you want to, I suppose, and I will try to answer as soon as I can."

"Anna, give me a picture of you, will you?"

"I haven't any except this little one."

"That'll do."

And with the knowledge that this was a parting the conversation became stilted and forced, each embarrassed.

Finally the time to go came, and he rose miserably, she accompanying him. At the door he turned, and she put out her hand to bid him good-bye, when suddenly he overleaped his constraint and grasped her in his arms and implanted a wild, loving kiss right on her left eye. And then appalled at his own action, he choked forth a "Good-by-y!" and left, almost running, and considered that he had sinned beyond pardon.

She watched him out of sight, smiling at the stupidity of men in general; and then went in and looked at the outraged eye in the glass and whispered:

"I wonder why he was in such a hurry?"

She blushed rosy red at the thought. But she thought of the penitent letter she would shortly receive, and the answer she would write. And she looked happily forward to a consummation when her "Jack" would graduate.

CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION.

BY P. D. DAVIS, '13.

Among the advantages of concrete construction may be mentioned cheapness, durability, rapidity of construction, strength and beauty. The fire resisting qualities of concrete make it very desirable for all classes of construction; and reinforced, it has strength enough to bear any ordinary strain.

The cost of concrete depends upon quite a number of things, some of which are the initial cost of cement, cost of sand, cost of aggregate (usually broken stone), cost of forms, and cost of labor. The cost of cement varies with the distance to the nearest factory, and is also influenced by transportation facilities. The cost of sand and aggregate depends almost entirely upon their nearness to the work. To this add the cost of labor for mixing and placing the concrete, and we have its cost.

In addition to this cost of concrete proper comes the cost of forms which is no small part of the total cost of the total structure. The cost of forms depends upon intricacy of design and amount of stress they must be made to withstand. Plain forms can be put up in a reasonably short time by unskilled laborers. The more intricate designs will take more skilled labor, more time, and a corresponding increase in cost. The total cost of a concrete building is slightly more, but sometimes slightly less, than that of a brick one. With this low cost you have a building that is practically imperishable.

Added to its comparative cheapness is the rapidity with which a concrete building can be constructed. After the forms are finished the quicker the concrete is poured in the forms the better is the whole mass. It takes only a few hours for concrete to set. In a few days or a week, the forms can be torn down and taken away, and then you have an almost finished building.

Following this, but perhaps more important than either of

the other points, is the durability of concrete. The only perishable part about it is the steel in the reinforced structure; and even this, being so well buried in the concrete as to exclude all corrosive agents, is made practically imperishable. The usual weathering agents, frost and rain, have very little or no effect on the surface of the hardened concrete. It is not attacked by the airy elements, and it has been proven by intricate experiments that it is the best fire resisting material known.

Under the influence of fire, concrete will neither crack nor melt. Steel beams are often used in concrete so as to protect themselves. Its lasting qualities score another point for itself as a building material.

Equally important as some of its other qualities is the strength of concrete. The compressive strength of good concrete is as high as that of the poorer stones; and its tensile strength, when reinforced with steel, is great enough to make it very useful as a material for making floors, girders and beams. The strength of concrete is far more than that of brick, and in many cases is as much as is found in ordinary stone masonry.

The beauty of concrete structure is another point in its favor. After the forms have been torn down, the surface may be made to take on almost any appearance desired. It may be scrubbed before it is hard and dry, leaving the larger grains of sand apparently stuck in the surface; or it may be washed with grout, making the surface smooth. The surface may be beaten with hammers, thus giving it still another pleasing appearance.

These qualities: cheapness, ease and rapidity of construction, durability, strength, and beauty, make concrete one of the most economical building materials known. For a little more than the cost of a brick building we can have a building just as strong, as lasting, and almost as pretty, as the natural stone structure. Concrete is being used more and more, and the time will soon be when the concrete building will be as common as the brick or wooden building now is.

A TOAST.

BY N. M.

Here's to the steadfast, reliable man—
The man with a tongue that's true,
Who won't promise to do any more than he can,
But who'll do what he says he'll do.

He may not be clever; he's often quite blunt,
Without even polish or air;
But, though it's not in him to "put up a front,"
When you need him he's always there.

So here's to the man on whom one can rely,
And here's to his lasting success;
May his species continue to multiply
And his shadow never grow less!

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THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving Day has come again. This ancient and honorable day is now a part of our national year. Though the first recorded day of thanks is of Biblical significance,

Thanksgiving was not generally observed until the days of Abraham Lincoln, and only then by the United States. The first record of Thanksgiving in this country was when the sturdy Puritans set apart a day of general thanksgiving and praise "to the mighty and gracious God whose mercies have brought us through the year." Though other nations in other climes and at other times have celebrated Thanksgiving, still it remained for the God-fearing Puritans to give the day a spiritual significance. Thus started, the custom grew, and to-day it is one of the few legal holidays.

Did you ever stop to consider the true significance of Thanksgiving? To the college student it oftens means nothing more than a big football game; to the hunter it usually means a bag of game; and to the merchants, clerks and laborers it just means a big holiday, while to the average man it is nothing more than Sunday. But to a few at least it has a larger and truer significance. Surely, in a day whose declining sun sees only bounty and prosperity, men should not be begged to devote a few moments of one day in each year in at least feeling thankful that Providence is by his fireside. Consider! War and disorder have not frowned on our land; and diseases, famines, and disorders have passed us by. Commercially, America has grown to be the greatest nation in the world. In science and the arts, she has made wonderful progress. It is true that some have had adversities; but might they not have been worse? So surely, every one who acknowledges "Old Glory" should *at least feel thankful* on Thanksgiving Day.

THE CHIEF ROOTER.

There is a much neglected individual around this college. We refer to the Chief Rooter. It has been brought to the attention of the students that he has to pay his own way into the games, and pay for the Rooter's picture in the *Agromeck*, and to submit to some other indignities. Now, this may seem

fair and square to the athletic authorities; but to the students, it looks more like an injustice. There are but few men here at A. & M. who work harder than the Chief Rooter. Who lends encouragement to the teams when defeat stares them coldly in the face? The answer is, "The Chief Rooter," who goes in and amongst the students and encourages them to stand by the team with their yells and songs. Who works with, and studies the tendencies of, a laughing, jesting crowd in order that the yells may be given with a vim and a snap that will mean more than mere whooping? Who bears the disappointments when the fellows fail to show their spirit by not going to the rooter's meeting? Who gets the knocks when the rooting is poor? In each and every case, the answer is, "The Chief Rooter."

Is the honor sufficient pay? The thinking man is forced to give a negative reply. The Chief Rooter should be better cared for than he is. He should not have to pay his way into the local games, or into the Thanksgiving game; the Athletic Association, and not he, should pay for the Rooter's picture in the annual. Nor is this all. It is true that the Chief Rooter never dons a uniform, but how many, think how many, games he has won for the Red and White from the bleachers. It appears to us that it would be nothing more than right for the Athletic Association to reward the Chief Rooter with a monogram, similar to the one given to the managers of the various teams. If this were done, the standard of rooting would be raised, and the students would not only be careful in the selection of men to act as Chief Rooter, but they themselves would do better yelling.

The above is not intended for a criticism of the athletic authorities, but it is meant merely as a suggestion to them. It is believed that they will consider it in their usual business-like manner.

THE FARM-LIFE SCHOOLS.

Your attention is invited to the article in this issue on "Farm-Life Schools." The church, society, and the State have concentrated their forces in the growing cities and left the rural population to fight their own battles. Society has no right to make a distinction between the child of rural parents and the city child. Nevertheless, this is done every minute of the day. No one wants to stay where he is not considered the equal of his neighbors. And so the country boy, believing that Society has more attractions for him in the city, leaves the farm yard and wanders to the factories and shops of the city. Our statesmen, many of whom are giving their lives to fight the movement away from the farm, must consider some means to check the tendency on the part of the city boy to make light of the country boy's social position. When this tendency is counteracted, but not until then, will the trend from the farm be materially lessened. Are all men born equal? The country boy believes not. He thinks the city boy has been given more advantages than he has. He frets and fumes at his fate, and at the first opportunity leaves the farm. And so our idea is to use the Farm-Life Schools.

It is true that the State of North Carolina has made tremendous progress during the last decade along educational lines. The rural population have more schools than ever before; but is it not a fact that the rural schools are copied, or patterned, too much after the city schools? The city life is studied and developed more than the farm life. The country student is made to feel, even in his own school, the absurdity of his claim to social equality with the city boy. And then some people can't see why a boy leaves the farm!

The Farm-Life Schools would raise the standard of society in the country. It will give to every boy and girl in the country a school for eight or nine months, in a modern building, surrounded by pleasing environments. They would get

into contact with the farmers, and in many ways increase the farmer's store of knowledge. In time, the country population would not only think their social standard was as high as that of the city, but they might even think that their standard was a little the higher. And in addition to this, we would have on our farms a set of business men, who would add to the State's resources tenfold.

The University of California has published a bulletin entitled "Observations on the Status of Corn-Growing in California," a copy of which has come to our desk. The bulletin is written by Prof. M. E. Sherwin, who has charge of the Department of Soils in our college, as the report of a summer's trip in California to investigate the corn-growing conditions of that State. The bulletin reflects an intimate knowledge of the conditions in all parts of the State and the United States. Several interesting comparisons are made which lead to important conclusions of scientific and practical interest to corn growers in every part of the country. The California Experiment Station is following up the recommendations made by Prof. Sherwin for corn improvement and adaptation in that State.

Y. M. C. A.

By E. B. NICHOLS.

The annual Bible Study Institute for North Carolina was held this year at Wake Forest College, November 2-5. A. & M. was represented at the institute by twenty-six delegates, all of whom enjoyed the occasion to its fullest; and the delegation as a whole wishes herewith to extend its thanks to their hosts at Wake Forest.

The annual reception of the Young Men's Christian Association to the student-body and the faculty was given Saturday night, November 11th, in the college library. The girls from Meredith and the Sunday-school classes of the various churches were out in large numbers, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Much of the success of the occasion is due to Mrs. J. S. Jeffrey of West Raleigh, and Miss Emily Walker of Raleigh, who provided for the unique form of entertainment, and to a number of other ladies, who gave valuable aid in making the evening a success.

The Mission Study Rally of the Association was held Monday, November 6th, in Pullen Hall, the speaker for the occasion being Mr. C. G. Hounshell, formerly of Korea, now traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. After his address on "The Revolution in the Orient," cards were passed out, and later in the evening a canvas made of the entire student-body, resulting in the enrollment of 149 men in a class led by Prof. Z. V. Judd, of Raleigh, in Dr. Weatherford's book, "Negro Life in the South," and twelve men in the book by Robert E. Speer, "Servants of the King," led by Mr. Bergthold.

The Association Cabinet held its regular monthly meeting Thursday, November 9th, in the library. There was so much

business to transact that the meeting was adjourned after an hour and a half, to meet again Sunday afternoon, at which time all business was finished. The reports of the various committees brought out the fact that the committees are more intensely interested in the Association work than ever before, and that a number of extensions are to be made in the policies of the various committees.

The recent meetings of the Association include a series of two addresses by Dr. Albert Anderson on the subject, "Things that Hinder Us," which was a treatment of the temptations of personal impurity to college men, and the results of such impurities.

The mid-week meetings have been held in No. 58, and have been well attended. Some of the speakers have been J. F. Huette, on "Duty"; A. K. Robertson, on "Organization"; S. J. Kirby and J. W. Bergthold, on "The Bible Study Institute and the Summer Conference."

There was a joint meeting of all the Bible classes in Pullen Hall, Sunday, November 12th, at which Mr. Bergthold treated the lesson briefly, and Mr. Trotter, chairman of the Bible Study Committee, outlined the enlarged policy of the committee, stating that an attempt would be made to enroll 250 men in classes; that some form of entertainment would be provided for each class, and that the class having the highest percentage of attendance at the end of the year would receive a banner similar to the one awarded Mr. Cruse's class last year, and which can be seen in the Y. M. C. A. room, and their picture would be put in the *Agromeck* next year.

ATHLETICS

D. W. SEIFERT, *Editor.*

THE NAVY GAME.

On November 4th, before a crowd of 2,000, A. & M.'s football team added more glory to the college by crossing the Navy's goal line, and throughout the game keeping the Middies on their toes. It is true the game was lost, 17 to 6, but it is the most glorious defeat A. & M. has ever suffered. Every man on the team played brilliantly, especially Floyd, Hartsell, Seifert and Dunn. For the Navy, Capt. Dalton and Nichols were the stars.

In the first quarter, Navy scored on a bad pass from McIver at center to Stafford at quarter, Dalton recovering the ball. Brown failed at goal. In the second quarter, A. & M. went in strong. In a few plays she carried the ball eighty yards for a touchdown. This was made in the following way: Ball in play on A. & M.'s thirty-yard line. Forward pass, Stafford to Seifert, good for thirty yards. Anthony ten through the line. Hartsell twenty-five, and Anthony nine in the same place. Forward pass, Stafford to Seifert, netted twenty. Anthony six, and Hartsell eight, through the line. Hartsell takes it over. Hurtt kicked goal. Score: A. & M., 6; Navy, 5. During the remainder of this quarter, A. & M. played all over the Middies, and but for the referee refusing to let a pretty pass, Stafford to Seifert, go, claiming that the distance was more than twenty yards, would have scored again. If this had not been done, A. & M. would have had possession of the ball on the Navy's twenty-five yard line. There was some good playing by both sides during the remainder of the quarter, but there was no more scoring.

During the third and fourth quarters, Navy came back strong, and they added two more scores to their credit. In the first few minutes of the third quarter, Navy was able, by

Dalton's forty-yard sprint and a successful onside kick, to carry the ball over the line. Dalton kicked goal. Score: Navy, 11; A. & M., 6. Navy came near scoring again in this period, but a fumble on the one-yard line lost them the chance. In the fourth quarter, Navy again scored on a fake play from the punt formation and a series of rushes through the line by Nichols and Dalton. Dalton kicked goal. Final score: Navy, 17; A. & M., 6.

The line-up:

<i>A. & M.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Navy.</i>
Seifert.....	R. E.	Gilchrist
Floyd.....	R. T.	Redman
Dunn.....	R. G.	Howe
McIver	C.	Weems, Ingraham
Sykes.....	L. G.	Elmer, Wakeman
Hurtt.....	L. T.	Brown
Phillips	L. E.	Hamilton
Stafford, Captain.....	Q. B.	Sowell, Shaw
Anthony	F. B.	Rhodes, Leonard
Cool	R. H. B.	McReavy, Nichols
Hartsell, Robinson, Hartsell.	L. H. B.	Dalton, Captain

Touchdowns—Hartsell, Dalton (2), Nichols.

W. & L., 3; A. & M., 15.

In the most stubbornly contested game seen on the local field in some time, W. & L. met defeat at the hands of the mighty A. & M. eleven. Although they were beaten, the W. & L. men did not stop fighting until the last man was downed and the whistle proclaimed their defeat. During the game, W. & L. used twenty-three men, and this may be the true cause of the big score.

A. & M. scored in the first quarter by means of long end runs and pretty forward passes, intermingled with dives through the line. Seifert received a pass on the ten-yard line and carried it across for a touchdown. Hurtt kicked goal. Score: A. & M., 6; W. & L., 0.

In the second quarter, A. & M. again scored. By end runs and two successful forward passes, Robertson finally got a pass to the side and raced ten yards for a touchdown. Hurtt kicked goal. Score: A. & M., 12; W. & L., 0.

There was no scoring in the third quarter, W. & L. coming back strong. The honors were divided as to the best playing in this quarter. But in the fourth and last quarter, each side added points to their score. A. & M. recovered a fumble. Spencer made ten, then twenty around the end. "Private" Floyd made fifteen in the same place. Stafford made ten, and Floyd six. A. & M. penalized fifteen yards for holding. Hartsell sent the ball between the uprights for A. & M.'s last score. Score now: A. & M., 15; W. & L., 0. Just a few minutes afterward, Miller made a drop-kick from the twenty-six yard line. Time was soon called. Final score: A. & M., 15; W. & L., 3.

The line-up:

<i>A. & M.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>W. & L.</i>
Seifert.....	R. E.	Hurd
Floyd.....	R. T.	Rogers, Miles
Dunn.....	R. G. Capt. Mooman,	Southerland
McIver.....	C.	Moore
Sykes.....	L. G.	Rogers, Miller
Hurtt.....	L. T.	Burk, Stewart
Phillips.....	L. E. .	Francis, Rothrock, Barker Brown
Captain Stafford.....	Q. B.	Rodtery, Slater
Cool, Jeffrey.....	R. H. B.	Bove, Malcolm
Spencer, Hartsell, Robertson,	L. H. B.	Lile, Tindal
Anthony, Spencer, Patton.	F. B.	Burke, Benbring

The whole A. & M. team played well in this game, and it is hard to pick the stars. The forward pass was a feature of the game, Stafford and Seifert having it down to perfection almost. Floyd also played brilliantly, as did Harry Hartsell, who showed that he has regained his old-time playing. Spen-

cer, who took Cool's place when he was injured, also showed good form. All the other men played up to their usual standard. For W. & L., Miller and Malcolm shone brilliantly.

THE WAKE FOREST GAME.

A. & M., 13; W. F. C., 5 does not begin to tell the story of the gruelling contest on Wake Forest's field Saturday, November 18th. All through the game, the Foresters played hard and kept A. & M. guessing. Yet it was apparent to those on the side lines that A. & M. had an off day, or else were just loafing along so as to stay in the best possible condition for the V. P. I. game. The Wake Forest team drew first blood, and the yelling was deafening. For the Foresters, Utley, Faucette and Dunn played hard, and they were easily the stars for the Baptists. For A. & M., Spencer, Seifert and Anthony deserve special mention.

In the first quarter, Utley received a punt and ran sixty yards through a broken field, being finally downed on the ten-yard line. On a pretty forward pass to the end, Wake Forest scored their first and only point. The try-out for goal failed. A. & M. came near scoring before the quarter ended, but the score still stood 5 to 0 in favor of the Baptists.

In the second quarter, Wake Forest lost out. Spencer recovered a fumble and ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown. Try-out for goal failed. Score: A. & M., 5; Wake Forest, 5. A few minutes later, Seifert received a forward pass from Stafford and ran forty yards for a touchdown. Hurtt kicked an easy goal. Score: A. & M., 11; W. F. C., 5.

There was no scoring in the third quarter, but in the last one, Savage of Wake Forest received a bad pass from center, and he was downed across his line. Score: A. & M., 13; W. F. C., 5.

Summary—Safeties: A. & M., 1. Touchdowns: Faucette, Spencer and Seifert. Goal: Hurtt.

LOCALS

A. K. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

Prof. M. E. Sherwin is planning a short trip to the region of Pinetown, Belhaven, and Mattamuskeet Lake for the purpose of investigating some of the soil conditions of that part of the State. Prof. Sherwin has done considerable experimental and practical work on similar soils in other parts of the United States, the experience with which puts him in touch at once with the soil problems in North Carolina.

Mrs. C. M. Williams, our librarian, attended the State meeting of Librarians held in Durham the 22d and 23d.

Mr. F. L. Foard, class '09, visited the college on the 7th of November. He is in the grocery business in Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mr. C. M. Lambe, '08, was here to see the W. & L. game on the 11th.

The annual Biological Club reception was given on Saturday night, November 25th, in the Agricultural Building. This is the social event of the year with the agricultural students, and is always enjoyed. A number of the faculty and students were present, as were a number of young ladies from the colleges and from Raleigh.

The inter-society Junior debate—a new feature of society work—was held on the 17th. The query was: *Resolved*—That Immigration Under the Present Laws is Detrimental to American Progress. The Leazar Society upheld the affirmative, and the Pullen the negative. The speakers for the former were Messrs. L. L. Dail, and J. B. Steele, who won the best speech. The Pullen men were Messrs. R. L. Sloan and C. F. Gore. The Leazar men also won the query.

On Friday night, December 8th, an inter-society Sophomore debate similar to the above will be held. Messrs. G. D. Burroughs and E. L. Cloyd are the Leazar men, and they will defend the affirmative side. Messrs. K. M. Fetzner and W. R. Patton, of the Pullen Society, will defend the negative. The query follows: *Resolved*—That North Carolina Should Have Compulsory Education for Children Between the Ages of Eight and Eighteen Years.

DR. STEVENS AND PROF. SMITH RESIGN.

Dr. F. L. Stevens, who has been connected with A. & M. College since 1901, and who has been Professor of Botany for a number of years, has resigned to go to the University of Porto Rico. He will be Dean of the college and also Director of the Tropical Botanical-Zoological Laboratory in Porto Rico.

It is with regret that all those students who have known Dr. Stevens, either in a class-room or otherwise, see him leave A. & M. He has been highly esteemed by all classes of students. To him is due much credit for making club work and social life what it is here, for he has ever been the life of the Biological Club, and he also organized the Biag Society, an honor society among the Juniors and Seniors.

Mrs. Stevens will likewise be greatly missed, as she was ever interested in the club and social work among the agricultural students. She has been ever interested and active in making the Biological Club receptions a social success. Mrs. Stevens will be in charge of Domestic Science in the public schools of Porto Rico.

Even though Dr. and Mrs. Stevens are a great way from us, we will remember their friendly manner towards the students and friends of this institution. We all wish for them much happiness in their new home.

Prof. Smith, of the Entomology Department, has also

resigned to go with Dr. Stevens. He will have charge of the agricultural extension work among the schools and colleges of Porto Rico until the work becomes a feature of the school course. Prof. Smith has been with the A. & M. College for five years, and during this time has made an extensive collection of entomological specimens for his department. He is very prominent in the social life of the college and in Raleigh.

Mr. Charles L. Creech, '03, a prominent Leazar Society man, was a visitor here week before last. He is very much gratified at A. & M.'s progress, and says he needed a guide to show him around the hill.

Mr. L. A. Niven, '06, has just been elected Assistant Professor of Horticulture in Clemson College.

Our college was well represented at the recent meeting of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations held in Columbus, Ohio, at the Ohio State University grounds. Dr. Hill, our President; Dr. Stevens, Prof. Schaub and Director Williams were in attendance, and report an excellent trip and meeting.

At the semi-annual session of the Southern Textile Association to be held in Atlanta, Ga., on December 2d, Mr. John E. Halstead, Instructor in Dyeing, read an interesting paper on "The Story of Coal Tar."

A winding machine and a loom was added to the equipment of the Textile Department during November.

A gas-engine laboratory is soon to be fitted up in the building formerly occupied by the electrical laboratory. A new 11 horsepower Foes has been purchased, and an oil engine is being negotiated for. An automobile engine, 18 horsepower, has also been added.

A loft for the storing of materials has been built over a part of the wood shop. This permits more open space on the shop floor. A planer-knife grinder and a self-contained jig saw have been added to the shop equipment.

The forge shop is getting new anvils to replace a number of badly worn ones now in use.

The electrical Seniors recently met and organized an electrical society, which will be an associate member of the American Society of Electrical Engineers. Mr. E. P. Speer was elected president, and Mr. W. H. Graham, Jr., was made secretary.

Mr. W. C. Etheridge, '06, who has been connected with the Experiment Station here since graduation, is now at Cornell University for post-graduate work. He writes that he is much pleased with his work there. Along with him are several other A. & M. graduates. Among them are Messrs. B. B. Higgins, '09, and H. Roy Cates, '11. In a recent letter from Mr. Cates, he states that the social and school life is very pleasant. He says North Carolinians are very courteously entertained and made to feel at home.



CIVIL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT NOTES

A party of Juniors in the College of Civil Engineering have been spending their Saturdays for the past few weeks locating the city limits of Apex, N. C. They report an excellent time.

Mr. S. F. Stephens, a member of the class of '09, also one of the best football men that A. & M. has ever produced, has located in Raleigh to follow his vocation. We wish him much success.

The College of Civil Engineering recently received a shipment of planimeters to be used by the class in railroad engineering.

There seems to be an unusual demand for men in all branches of civil engineering work this year.



ANIMAL HUSBANDRY NOTES

Two high-grade shorthorn calves were recently purchased of Mr. McCracken, of Clyde, N. C., by this department. These will be developed to represent the type of beef breed in class work. Two other high-grade calves have been added to this department.

Two fine O. I. C. pigs were recently received as additions to the swine herd.

Prof. McNutt will make a trip about December 1st to purchase some Ayrshire cattle for the college herd. These will add to the educational value of the herd.

A party of A. & M. students are going to attend the International Livestock Show in Chicago, December 4-8. The trip has been arranged by Prof. McNutt, who will accompany the party. Prof. Curtis will also attend this show.



EXPERIMENT STATION NOTES

The North Carolina Experiment Station has recently issued four important bulletins on the feeding of beef cattle and farm work stock. All of these are available to residents of the State.

Director C. B. Williams reports that the Experiment Station has recently had a driven well about 135 feet deep put in at the station farm. The well has a flow of about four gallons per minute of excellent water.

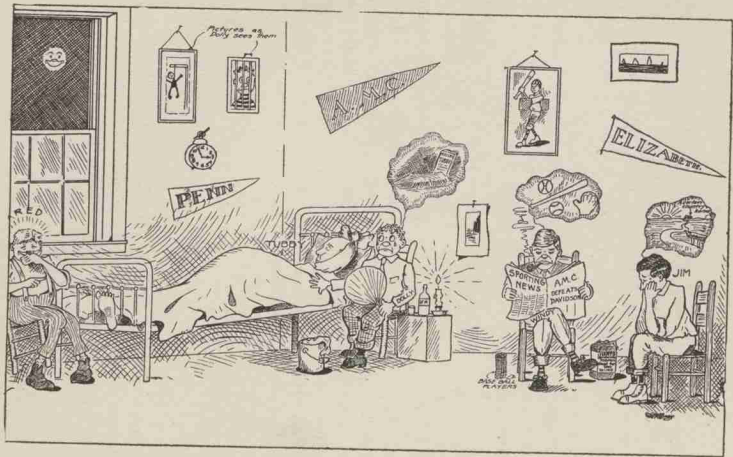
One of the first monolithic concrete silos built in the State has just been completed at the Experiment Station farm. It will hold about 140 tons of silage.

A carload of thirty high-grade shorthorn steers are being fed experimentally this fall and winter at the Experiment Station farm. An effort is being made to determine the relative feeding value of corn silage, corn stover, and cottonseed hulls as roughages, when fed in connection with cottonseed meal as the sole concentrate.

Director C. B. Williams of the Experiment Station has just returned from Columbus, Ohio, where he attended the annual meeting of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations.

Prof. W. A. Withers, Chemist of the Experiment Station, is this week attending the meeting of the American Association of Official Agricultural Chemists, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles McKimmon, Jr., recently of the Illinois Experiment Station, has recently been added to the Station staff to aid in carrying on some pathological investigations that are in progress.



AMONG OURSELVES

S. J. KIRBY, *Editor.*

I invite you, gentle reader, to roll your orbs to the opposite page, and then serenely contemplate the scene spread before you.

It is well in the morning—five minutes of three o'clock, to be exact. The moon, with a sheepish grin, rides high in the heavens. But at the exact instant indicated by the clock on yon wall, it pauses; first consternation, then wonder, then an outburst of rollicking laughter. But why is the celestial inhabitant so gay? Ah, it's a long story!

It all happened in the spring, the season when the youth's mind lightly turns to love. Late one afternoon, as the cooling breath of the southern wind floated in through the window, four disconsolate, love-stricken students ('13) were seated around a table.

"We must do something," desperately observed Jim. And the other three yawned assent. Immediately four busy heads were hard at work for the first time since they had registered. Finally a plan was agreed upon. Calling "Dolly," our friends remarked:

"Now, 'Dolly,' you and 'Tubby' have been scrapping. 'Tubby' is going to die if something is not done to save him. We must watch over him to-night. He swears you killed him, and we have heard his confession. Think, what you've done! you've played it! Imagine yourself behind prison bars, or what is worse, think of yourself strapped to the gallows; your noble self ruined. We are not going to mourn for you. You brought it on yourself!

"Windy" added pathetically, "'Dolly,' you are a murderer in the sight of God and man. You, in cold blood, have murdered one of your classmates. What are you going to do about it?"

"Red" further advised, "Yes, that's right, 'Dolly,' every word of it. He is about gone. We brought him over from the hospital a few minutes ago. The doctor said he had to be carefully attended to if he was to live. He left us this medicine to be given him at exactly three o'clock—mind, now, at exactly three, sir. Are you willing to watch over old 'Tubby,' our dear classmate, and save him from the hovering Death Angel? Answer me, villain!"

"I am," answered "Dolly" between tears. "Poor old 'Tubby'! I wouldn't harm him for anything."

"Well, we are going to be there to watch you and see that you give 'Tubby' his medicine. No, I have it! You call us at two-thirty. Remember, it is a matter of life and death!"
(Exit "Dolly.")

(Enter "Tubby" from the closet, well and strong. Prolonged laughter. Much excitement, and everybody talking at once.) But anyway they finally managed to get "Tubby" to his room, and to put the suffering (?) hero in bed. A bandage around his head, and a grunt or two, makes "Tubby" a pretty sick fellow. And just in time, too, for "Dolly" comes in at this juncture.

"Be sure to call us at two-thirty!" was the parting shot.

(Exit "Windy," Jim and "Red," leaving the faithful "Dolly" to nurse the dead to life.)

The mischievous trio were aroused at two, at two-fifteen, and finally at two-thirty by the faithful "Dolly." Soon they gathered around the form of the nigh-deceased "Tubby" with many mournful comments. I can't tell you any more. The artist tells the rest. Great sweltering tears roll down my cheek. Gloom! Gloom! Gloom!

BY ME.

Finis.

(NOTE.—After glancing at the picture for the second time, we have come to the conclusion that the writer of the above is joking. For look at the smile "Red" is endeavoring to wipe from his countenance!—EDITORS.)

Dick Giersch (on English Class)—Dr. Harrison, I wish you would please explain that fourth question you gave us on examination the other day.

Dr. H.—Mr. Giersch, you will find that fully and carefully explained in your book of literature.

And in the future, Dick decided he would study his lessons before he became so inquisitive.

THE PRESBYTERIAN!

A young lady immediately after being introduced to Howell asked:

"Mr. Howell, what church do you attend?"

Howell—I, a-a-a,—I don't know! A-a-a *me and Stead* a-a-a we usually go to the Presbyterian.

Now, Ralph!

Our friend Major Bell went to Red Springs recently. After his return he was relating to a group of his admirers a tale about an acquaintance, Mr. S——.

Neil McQueen—Major, I know that man! And did you know that he is in the same fix that you are?

Major—No! I wonder whom he is in love with!

ALICE, WHITHER ART THOU GOING?

Will not some kind friend please tell Kellog where Miss Alice is? It is earnestly desired to obtain this information at once. Address all letters as follows: "K.," care RED AND WHITE.

The search for the sponsors for the annual has been started. Latest advices say that Walton, Thompson and Stafford are on the warpath. Success to you, gentlemen!

Ye editor is sad. Please don't laugh; it's too serious! His very dear friend, Togy Owens, Esq., watched the afternoon sun set over the Western hills. A silent tear ran down his cheek. Lachicotte had not returned with Buster's mileage book, and our dear "Togy" could not make his prospective visit! Oh, Fate, what a mean trick you've played!

Young Lady (at the reception)—The fortune-teller told me that I would marry a tall man with light hair and blue eyes.

Jim "Archie" Smith, who fits this description exactly, gave one of his peculiar characteristic smiles, fixed his mouth, extended his hand, and casually observed: "I'm proud o' you!"

Dick Mullen wants to know to whom the 1912 *Agromeck* will be dictated (dedicated).

RIGHTO!

Derby (on Calculus)—Prof. Riddick, do you call Calculus pure Math?

"*Kid*" *Brown* (aside)—No, it's pure H——!

What did N. B. Steven's girl tell him when he called her up over the telephone?

"Judge" Brown went visiting recently. And wonder of wonders, it was one of the Fair Sex, too!

"Hullo, Fred!" Proud o' ye.

Dr. Summey—Mr. Bass, is your name a common noun or a proper noun?

Short Dock Bass—Common noun, sir.

This department had several good jokes in view this month. One of the best was on "Maggie" McGee. But when "Maggie" learned of our intention he came around to pass the time of day and casually remarked that he would set us up to a "black cow" if we would not tell on him.

The editor pondered a while. Ought he accept a bribe? He started to give "Maggie" a negative reply, but at this point the bribe-giver temptingly displayed a 1911 quarter. It was too much, so the following took place:

"Make it two," from the editor.

"It's all I got! But it is worth it. Life is one d—— thing, etc. Come on."

So we are as mute as a clam about where "Maggie" went and with whom he went on a certain night of the past month.

No. 2.—A certain Senior received a double-header recently from his P. O. box. We were on the point of disclosing his name when a gun unkindly thrust in our face changed our mind.

These two cases clearly show the dangers of this department. But worse than this, "Reddy" says that if we do not quit telling stories on him, he is going to "lay for us." So we guess we will no more enjoy seeing "Reddy's" name in
THE RED AND WHITE.

"Punky" Smith (at Literary Society)—I move the *centurian* (censor) take a front seat.

Dr. Summey—What is the plural of women?

Short Dock Nathan—Stags.

Whom did Freshman Bullard entertain at the Y. M. C. A. reception?

ONE ON YOU

YES, AGES AGO!

A reporter was interviewing Thomas A. Edison—

“And you, sir,” he said to the inventor, “made the first talking machine?”

“No,” replied Mr. Edison, “the first one was made long before my time—out of a rib.”

RAILROAD TALK.

General Manager—It will cost a million to equip the rolling-stock with safety appliances.

Railroad President—What did it cost for accidents last year?

G. M.—About \$100,000.

R. P.—Then I guess we'll continue to take a chance.—*Life.*

THE REAL TEST.

Gus—I wish I knew how to tell whether Sadie likes me.

Lew—That's easy. Tell her you're goin' to jump off the barn in a home-made flyin' machine, and see if she looks worried.—*Chicago News.*

RIGHT!

“When they take woman away from the co-educational college,” declaimed the speaker, “what will follow?”

“I will,” shouted a student from the back of the hall.—*Exchange.*

WHAT?

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate sympathetically to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose," queried the magistrate.

"Yas, sor," said Pat without relaxing a muscle, "both av them."

"You are charged," said the magistrate, "with talking back at an officer. Have you anything to say?"

"Dayvil a word, your Honor," replied the culprit. "Oi've said too much already."—*Life*.

METAPHYSICS.

A Scotch blacksmith being asked the meaning of *metaphysics* explained it as follows: "When the party who listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himself—that's metaphysics."—*Life*.

HIS SAD REGRETS.

A distinguished novelist recently found himself traveling in a train with two very talkative women. Having recognized him from his published portraits, they opened fire upon him in regard to his novels, praising them in a manner which was unendurable to the sensitive author.

Presently the train entered a tunnel, and in the darkness the novelist raised the back of his hand to his lips and kissed it soundly. When light returned he found the two women regarding one another in icy silence.

Addressing them with great suavity, he said: "Ah, ladies, it will always be the one sad regret of my life to not know which one of you kissed me!"—*Ideas*.

GROUCHY.

"Doesn't it annoy you to hear a woman talking slang?"
 "Why mention slang especially?"—*Boston Transcript*.

WELL, WELL!

"Talk about man!" exclaimed the suffragist. "What has man ever done for women?"

"He's furnished her with a model she's trying durned hard to imitate," came a voice from the rear of the hall."—*Ex.*

HE'S POOR.

Ah, yes, I'm glad to be, you bet,
 A man of plain affairs,
 Without the troubles which beset
 Our multi-millionaires;
 For I can buy a paper now,
 And no one thinks it strange
 That there's a scowl upon my brow
 If I don't get the change!

OPTIMIST.

"Do you honestly believe the world is growing better?"

"Yes, I do. I saw a woman paying car fare for a 12-year-old boy this morning without making any effort to convince the conductor that the child was under six."—*Chicago Tribune*.

FORE.

Jones—Do you think the horse will outlive the automobile?

Brown—Not if he gets in it's way.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

SAY ?

If chickens can be taught to talk, the comments of a hen on a cold-storage egg ought to be worth listening to.—*Star*.

ELECTIONEERING !

"Is your husband at home?"

"Yes. What do you want with him?"

"I'm—er—revising the voting list, and I just wanted to inquire which party he belongs to."

"Do yer? Well, I'm the party wot 'e belongs to."—*London Tattler*.

ONE FOR MIKE !

"How much milk does your cow give a day?"

"Eight quarts."

"And how much do you sell?"

"Ten quarts."—*Exchange*.

A TELEGRAM.

Son—I have taken appendicitis.

Father—Drop it at once. I told you straight English course.—*The Richmond College Messenger*.

NOT DEAD YET.

Doctor (after examining Pat, who has been run over by an auto)—Madam, I fear your husband is dead.

Pat (feebly)—No; I ain't dead yit.

Pat's Wife—Hush! Pat, the gentleman knows better than you.—*Exchange*.

OH, FUDGE!

An intensely bashful young man was driving with a young lady whom he had been calling on for some time previous. The stillness of the evening and the beauty of the scene about him inspired his courage, and, sitting stiffly erect and with his face forward, he asked suddenly, "May I kiss you?"

"Surely," she coyly replied.

"Aw," he said, his face scarlet, and larruping his horses to a run—"aw, I was only foolin'."—*Exchange.*

ONE RELIGION!

John—Sometimes, Jack, I am compelled to believe that you are a confirmed old pessimist.

Jack—Sir, I have but one religion; I am a Baptist!—*Ex.*

This letter was written to one of us first ladies of the land. It reads as follows:

"Since I seed yew over to Joe's party t'other night, my hart has been jumpin' around in my lung-box lak a toad frog with a string tied to his laig. My hart and sole goes out arter yew. My love for yew is lak a young steer in a clover patche—grows stronger day by day. Sence I fust sot my eyes on yew, I has loved yew wif a love that never loses hits gripp on the ropes and stringes of my hart. I is seed lots of gals what looks sweet an entysing, but none that cud cavart 'round in a man's affections like you, and kepe up my hopes and expactetions what only matremonie kin satusfie.

"Sue wuz over to hour house ter day, and sed yew wuz not haif uz pretty uz folks thot. I kin se fer meself, and I knoe that you are purtyer than striped stockings. If yew wuz sugar it seems lak I cud ete yew up at won bite an never stope to pick your duds outen my teef. I haif tried to stoppe thinkin' of you and go to work. But no ust to try; fer tonite

I thinke of yew and long to kis your nise fat plumpy lips. I will cum ofer to your hous nixt Sundae and bring my pokets full of nise meller red apples. Ma's makin' sope to day. I hop the time may cum when yew mought wash my close wid it, but I guess its two sune to talk about seros maters yit. Dad went out today to run the kows out in the tatur patch and steped in a crak, and skinned his shinn plumbe up to his ne. He kussed offul. He sez he uz goin to kill every kowe he seez. So Im glad yew ain't know kowe. But arter a whil Dad rubs his laig wid Goose Greaz Lili-ment and he sez now hes alrite; and i doant think he ul hurt the kows.

Im goin to town nex week, and git me a new pair britches an galusses then I'll cum over to see yew in some soart of stile. Stowe bot galusses, they say, are mity stilish; and Im goin to kepe up wid the stile if it coste me my best yearlen. Whut ud yew think if Id ask yew to yoak up in matrimonie wid me? Ive gota nuf monie to git the lisense and a doller and a haf besides. I guess Squire wil marry us fer that, canz he knoes whut marien is for he wants to marry hisself. Pleaz let me heur frum yew and if it sutes yew we wil hope rite in assune as I git thre wruming tobacker."

