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THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS
OF THE BOSTON BAR
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
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1847.

The Red and White

VOL. XIII. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., JAN., 1912. No. 4.

FOR YOU—JUST YOU.

You said we would forget, dear heart;
That we'd say "Good-bye," and go our ways,
Leading us straying far apart;
And we'd have no memory of yesterdays—
'Twas easy, it seemed, the resolve to make;
'Twas hard, I grant, the resolve to keep,
For memory, soon or late will wake,
Keen as it was when it went to sleep.

I thought I had triumphed. Your step, your face—
I dreamed I had put them behind. At last
Your image had lost its place—
Forgotten the hours of the tender past.
But suddenly to-day, 'mid the hurrying throng,
The careless, joyous one lost to view,
Were whistled the notes of an old sweet song,
And straight I was crying for you—just you.

And it all came back! How strange, how strange,
That no matter how hard we try and try,
A love once given, through stress and change
Lives on forever and will not die.
A face in the crowd, a voice half heard—
The poise of the head, or a well known strain—
A laugh, a jest, or subtle word,
And years of forgetting have been in vain.

L. T., '13.

FOR EVERY JACK THERE'S A JILL.

By A. W. TAYLOR, '12.

"Mildred, you won't!"

"Won't I?"

"You haven't got the nerve!"

"I don't believe you'll do it."

"I don't think it nice, Mildred," this from a tall, grave-faced girl. But Mildred merely smiled.

The bevy of eager-faced girls in one of the class-rooms of the Mary Ditch College crowded excitedly around Mildred.

"Gee! I wish I could go!"

"Let me see the invitation."

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!"

"I bet it will be a swell affair!"

"I certainly would love to see you in your costume!"

"Mildred always was the luckiest thing alive."

"I have never seen a masque ball."

Mildred laughingly jumped to her feet.

"I've got to hurry and get ready. Come on all of you and help me put on these contraptions."

"What made you think of going that way, Mildred?" asked one girl, eyeing the costume with interest.

"I don't really know. My invitation was delayed until it was too late to get an elaborate one."

"But where on earth did you get it?" exclaimed another.

"My cousin gave it to me. I tried it on and it fitted perfectly. My aunt is giving the ball, you know. She's going to send the carriage for me at nine, so I'd better hurry." And she gathered up her costume as she spoke.

"Seniors do have more privileges!" mournfully observed the only freshmen in the bunch, and the crowd went chattering up to Mildred's room.

With much laughter they helped Mildred to don her attire and then stepped back to get the effect.

"Oh, Mildred, you look perfectly darling!" they shrieked, when they could get their breath.

"Do you think I'll do?"

"Yes! Yes! I bet you'll break some hearts to-night!"

"There's the carriage. Here, quick, some one tie on this mask. There! Thanks! Good-bye, girls!"

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Hope you have a good time."

"Remember, you've got to tell us all about it."

Mildred whisked out of the room down the steps and into the waiting carriage, and was soon rolling rapidly towards Mrs. Hight's Grand Masque Ball.

"Charley, you won't!"

"Won't I?"

"You haven't got the nerve, you danged near-scrub!"

"You always were a sane fool, Carolus, but I don't believe you'll do it."

"It don't look exactly appropriate to me," ungrammatically volunteered one youth.

Charley allowed a slow grin to pervade his features, but held his place.

The crowd of Agme College boys critically surveyed Charley, some with admiration, some with envy.

"I wish it was muh," sighed one envious collegian.

"Don't be so dod-gasted tight with your invite. Sail it over here."

"Gee! Ain't it a peach?"

"This must be some classy performance."

"Ain't he the lucky scrub, though?"

"I want to see him when he gets dolled up in his glad rags."

"Gosh, high falutin' in Arkansas, I never have seen one of these here—what do you call the fool things—masquerades. I bet they look some silly."

Charley laughingly got to his feet.

"Well, I guess I'd better get a wiggle on. Come on, some of you slobs, and help me to get these fool things on."

"When did your fertile brain evolve this salad idea, anyhow," demanded one youth, sizing up the costume with a critical eye.

"Oh, I've been wanting to wear some of this kind of duds for a long time."

"Who on earth staked you to the get-up?" questioned another inquisitorial youth.

"My cousin handed it to me for keeps. I tried it on and it fitted perfectly. You know that my uncle's wife is giving this show. He's going to send the carriage for me at half past nine, so I'd better get a movement on."

He picked up his costume as he spoke, and arranged it on the bed so he would not get mixed in the process of donning it.

"Good thing you are a reverend Senior," observed one. "I bet old P. B. wouldn't let you off otherwise."

With many idiotic and near-funny comments the boys helped Charley to array himself in his borrowed plumage, and then collapsed on whatever happened to be nearest.

"Oh, Charley, you beautiful, handsome, good-looking scrub," gurgled one boy in a decided anti-climax.

"Think I'll pass muster?"

"Oh, Lord!"

"Well I should reckon."

"You will capture some hearts to-night, alright."

"Tie the mask on, one of you ginks. That's all skeezy. Thank you sweetly. There's the wagon. So long."

"Good-bye, old socks."

"So long, you blase society man."

"Remember me to all the good-looking ones."

"Don't make a hog of yourself when they hand out the feed."

Charley whisked out of the room, down the steps, and into the waiting carriage, and was soon rolling rapidly towards Mrs. Hight's Grand Masque Ball.

The Czar of Russia turned quickly to Uncle Sam. "Who is that?" he demanded.

Uncle Sam looked up in surprise.

"That" proved to be a young girl dressed in a pink silk evening dress which fitted her perfectly. She was shaking hands with her host and hostess, who were greeting the arrivals in the big doorway. She turned just as Uncle Sam looked. These, however, were well worth looking at. She had an abundance of light brown hair, and her figure was perfect.

Uncle Sam whistled.

"Whew, you can search me. But I'll bet there's a pretty face behind that mask."

"Of course," snorted the Czar, "how could it be otherwise. It belongs to the rest of the get-up."

"Let's go and see if she can talk."

But a Red Indian and a Fireman got there ahead of them and they were intercepted by a Nun and a Blue Domino. When they could disengage themselves without being rude, they hurried towards the Pink Lady. But as the Pink Lady was surrounded the Czar and Uncle Sam had to effect an orderly retreat.

"She must be a charming lady," observed the Czar, as they drifted away, "to attract all that attention. Hasn't any elaborate costume either. But she couldn't get one to show her off to better advantage than that one."

"For once, dear Czar, I agree with you unreservedly," said Uncle Sam with a wholesome grin.

Bo-Peek touched Red Riding Hood on the arm. "Who is that?" she whispered.

Red Riding Hood looked up in surprise.

"That" proved to be a young man dressed simply in a black evening suit which fitted him perfectly. He was shaking hands in the big doorway with his host and hostess, as he turned and faced Red Riding Hood. The mask hid all but his chin, which was perfectly formed. He had thick, curly black hair and a slight, but elegant figure.

Red Riding Hood laughed.

"I don't know who he is, but I'll bet he's awfully handsome."

"Of course he is. Let's get in his way."

They leisurely arose and started toward the conservatory, pulling up in surprise when they almost ran over the attractive young man with the handsome figure. But the pulling-up process was repeated on the right by a Fairy Queen and a Columbine and again on the left by a Colonial Lady. Others, it would seem, had observed the entrance of the Slim Young Man, and had deserted their whilom partners for the fresh arrival.

The Slim Young Man threw up his hands in mock despair. "Please, fair creatures, let me go this time, and I'll never do it again. I heartily approve of Woman's Suffrage, Leap Year, and all such things."

Appreciative laughter tinkled from five throats.

"I prithee, fair sir, give me back my sheep, and I will molest you no further," said Bo-Peep.

"And ward off yon approaching wolf," said Red Riding Hood, "and you'll earn my undying gratitude."

"But the Wolf smilingly carried off Red Riding Hood, and the Little Boy Blue annexed Bo-Peep. Uncle Sam and the Czar appropriated the Columbine and the Fairy Queen, while Julius Cæsar claimed the Colonial Lady.

The Slim Young Man did not lack for company, however. The places of the departed were immediately filled, and wit and repartee were exchanged unceasingly.

Night and Day drifted by arm in arm.

"Look, dear sister, that young man must be very attractive. He is surrounded."

"Yes, and he has not any elaborate costume, either. Although he couldn't look more handsome than he does in that evening suit."

"In which sentiment, dear sister, I heartily agree."

The mirth waxed fast and furious and the Pink Lady still held court on the gorgeous divan near the conservatory. Once, when the crowds had shifted, she had caught sight of an attractive-looking young man dressed simply in an evening suit. He was surrounded by ladies. She had hoped he would come closer, but he had made no attempt to do so; nor had he asked for a single dance. "But then I guess it's best after all," she thought, with an inward smile. "He looks nice, awfully nice." She was growing tired, however of the ceaseless jest and banter and resolved to escape.

The men were all clamoring for the supper dance. "I tell you what I'll do," she said with a mischievous twinkle, "Whoever brings me an ice first can have the dance," adding an innocent and dazzling smile.

Immediately there was a rush and a scramble for the refreshment room. But when the Knight climbed back in triumph, he found his work had been in vain. For the Pink Lady had disappeared.

The Slim Young Man was as popular as ever. He had no trouble in finding partners for the dances. He had caught sight once of a lady dressed in a pink silk gown. He tried several times to get to her, but could not without being rude to some of the ladies to whom he was talking. "It's just as well," he smilingly communed with himself; "she looks like an awfully nice girl." The unending chatter of the women wearied him, however.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Mr. Hight is beckoning for me." With apology and regrets he left the ladies, wormed his way through the crowd, dodged around the pillar, and hurried into the restful atmosphere of the conservatory. The conservatory was but faintly lit, and the Slim Young Man made straight for the darkest corner. He sat down on a bench beneath a huge palm and a great sign of relief.

"Oh!" said a startled voice right beside him.

The Slim Young Man's eyes were not yet used to the semi-darkness. He tried in vain to see who was there.

"I beg your pardon," he said, however.

"Oh, don't mention it," laughed a soft voice. Its owner had evidently regained her equanimity. But then her eyes were used to the faint light, and she knew to whom she was talking.

"I won't if you won't," he said. And then they both laughed.

The Slim young Man could now see right plainly. "Oh, it's you!" he said.

"Yes," said the Pink Lady, "that's the impression I always had. And that's you. Now we know one another," and there was laughter.

"I like to hear you laugh," he declared.

"Thank you; same to you," she answered.

And once more their laughter mingled.

"What are you laughing at?" he said.

"Me?" Why I'm not laughing any more than you are. But it's all so foolish," she smiled.

And then they laughed once more.

After a couple of minutes of silence he ventured, "If I am not too impertinent, why didn't you masquerade to-night?"

"Oh, my invitation got delayed in the mail. But then I've been wanting to wear something like this for a long time. This is my first ball of any kind, you know. My cousin gave me this. I had about twenty assistants when I donned it."

Her companion stared at her.

"Well, of all the coincidences!"

"What?"

"Why, the delayed invitation, the wanting to wear that kind of clothes, first ball, cousin gave it to you, assistants—why it parallels my case exactly.

They eyed each other in silent wonder.

"What is your occupation, if I may ask?" she questioned finally.

"I attend college," he said.

"So do I."

More staring.

"What class?"

"Senior."

"Same here."

"Say you are hoaxing me."

"On my word of honor I'm not. And you?"

"I'm giving it to you straight."

It was too much. They leaned back in silence trying to grasp this queer coincidence.

"It doesn't seem natural," he finally said.

"No, it doesn't," she agreed. "Let's change the subject."

They spent a pleasant quarter of an hour exchanging impressions of the ball, their views of things at large, all the time becoming more and more enamored of one another. It's a perfect shame," he told himself. "I wish—" While at the same time she was thinking, "It's a perfect shame. I wish—"

"Do you know Mrs. Hight very intimately?" he asked finally.

"Why, yes. She's my—I mean I know her very well. Do you?"

"Certainly. She's my—why, yes, I know her very intimately. Say, do you think she'd let you and me meet here some time next week. We haven't any other place, you know."

"Why, yes. I think she would."

"And would you come?"

"With pleasure." The Pink Lady struggled with her emotions, but it availed her nothing. She leaned back and roared—no other word would describe it.

The young man followed suit, and then they both stopped short and gazed at each other in surprise.

"What are you laughing at," she inquired.

"Nothing. How about you?"

"I'm laughing at the same thing you are!"

"It's so funny," he said apologetically.

"It is," she agreed.

And then both heads rocked back, and again laughter rang out, and again both stopped short and looked upon the other with suspicion. But it was more than they could stand.

They collapsed upon the bench and laughed and laughed until they were weak, the tears just pouring down their faces.

Finally the Pink Lady sat up and tried to dry her eyes, but the mask prevented. She untied her mask and mopped her face with the scrap of lace she called a handkerchief. The Slim Young Man followed her example. Forgetting she was unmasked she turned to say something, but she never said it. As for him, he gasped twice and almost choked, but his eyes never left her face. Even in the dim conservatory light each could see that the other was extraordinarily handsome. The Czar of Russia and Night were good prophets.

They gazed spellbound at each other for a full minute, then he leaned over and kissed her squarely on the lips; not intentionally, though, but—well, he just couldn't help it. The Pink Lady put up a fine show of indignation, but she was not displeased. How could she be when she had kissed back; not intentionally, of course, but—well she just couldn't help it.

A smile hovered about her lips. "I wonder what he'd do, if he knew," she thought. A faint smile touched the Slim Young Man's beautiful mouth, as he commenced to himself, "I wonder how she'd feel, if she knew."

A long, sweet silence filled the space about them. Then she remarked pensively to herself, "I promised the supper dance to whoever brought me an ice first, and I haven't got one yet." He slapped on his mask and was gone. In half-minute he was back with an ice. She made him help her eat it. Then she told him her name was Amy Hartwell, and he gave his as Frank Phillips. She replaced her mask, and they went out together to supper.

Neither Amy nor Frank ever forgot that night. The sup-

per, the dance, and then all the following dances, the interludes between the dances, the whispered "good-nights" at the carriage—all these filled them with a great joy, alloyed only now and then with a keen flash of bewilderment.

"Beautiful, perfectly beautiful," murmured Mildred as she prepared to retire. It's a positive shame. I wish I knew where it is going to end. Guess I'll have to get more clothes from my cousin for awhile."

"Handsome I've ever seen," muttered Charley, crawling into bed. It's fierce. Wish I knew where it was going to end. I'll have to borrow some more duds from my obliging cousin."

Amy and Frank met twice a week at Mrs. Hight's, who entered into the thing with a zest—not strange considering that she held the key to the situation. Amy and Frank fell more deeply in love with each other and grew more and more confused trying to reason it out. There had been no open declaration, for each had realized the thing was impossible; and each grew almost distracted trying to realize why he or she should keep on loving. They knew that the more they met the deeper in they got, but they could not keep away from one another. After about a month of this matters suddenly came to a crisis.

"Oh, dear," poor Mildred wept on her pillow, "I wish I knew what to do. It's terrible. I wish I had never—no I don't either—but this can't go on. I'll have to tell. No, I can't tell! I can't! I can't! I know I'll be despised. I just can't help loving, but it seems so foolish. I don't understand—Oh, I wish I knew what—it's all mixed up in my head—it just can't be—it isn't possible. And yet it is so. Oh, what shall I do? I'll just have to confess. I'll do it to-morrow—when we go out riding. It will mean the end, but then—Oh, I wish it were possible. But it isn't." And unhappy Mildred sobbed herself to sleep.

Charley thumped his pillow despairingly. "Of all the mixed up things! And yet I can't help it. It's so—and yet

I can't help it. I just can't help from loving. Oh, the utter idiocy of the thing. But what am I going to do? I guess I'll have to tell. But that'll mean the end! I just won't tell, that's all. But I am getting in deeper all the time. I can't tell. But it's so d——d impossible." Charley's brain became addled with "buts." He was inclined to use strong language, but he managed to keep the cover on well considering. "And I'll—Oh, I don't know what—yes, I guess I'll have to tell. But I won't. Oh, I have got to. And then—Oh, if only—I wish there was some way out of it, but there isn't. I'll tell her to-morrow if we go riding."

Amy and Frank rode slowly down a grassy lane. Neither spoke. They were both forcing themselves to do the thing they intended to do. Suddenly a turn in the lane brought to view a quiet, secluded, little nook off to one side. "The very place, they both thought. Might as well have it all over with." With one accord they stopped their horses, slid down and made for the little nook.

Frank reached the place first and turned as Amy entered. "Amy," he said in a low, sweet, contralto voice—sweet in spite of a note of despair that permeated it—a voice that thrilled Amy through and through: "Amy, I have got a confession to make. I am not what I seem. I should have told you before, but I knew you'd despise me. I can't help loving you, strange as it may seem, but this is the end of the whole business. As he spoke, he took off his derby and removed a wig of black curly hair, revealing thick braids of hair wound around and around his head. In other words Frank was transformed into Mildred.

Amy took one incredulous look and then gave an inarticulate cry of joy. "Darling, my darling," she cried in a deep masculine voice that sent a shiver of joy through Mildred. Amy took off her own derby, and removed a wig of soft brown hair, revealing a head of short, thick curly black hair. Amy had become Charley. They looked at each other for a short space speechless with joy—and then he took her in his arms.

Explanations, confessions and rejoicings followed. "And to think," said Mildred, "that your uncle and my aunt were man and wife, and you and I never even knew each other."

"I don't see how it could have happened either, loved one." And then they hugged each other and acted just like they pleased.

"I just went like a boy for fun," said Mildred, "but I carried it too far."

"So did I, darling," said happy Charley, "but it's all right now."

"And the way those women hung around you!"

"And the way those men hung around you!"

"But I can't blame the men."

"Nor I the women."

"And to think that I kissed you in the conservatory."

"That was perfectly right, and if you don't do it right now I won't believe you love me."

She protested that it was shameless.

But she did it!



A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

In this happy New Year's time
S'pose we try to make a rhyme;
'Bout some good we're going to do,
Every day this New Year through.

So be it resolved by me
To be as pure as pure can be—
Speak no evil 'gainst a fellow creature,
But live each day as an honest preacher.

Do not an act that'd cause a sorrow,
But just speak to-day of bright to-morrow.
Think no thought but what is pure,
Speak no thought of which I'm not sure.

That when this year has passed away,
That I can proudly and justly say
"I've honestly done my level best
To be a blessing to the rest."

C. F. G., '13.

THE DEWLAND LAWYER.

B. M. POTTER, '12.

It was in June, and the soft morning sunshine filtered through Florida's shubbery and trees as I began to retrace my steps toward my hotel, and I agreed to myself that I had enjoyed the walk immensely. It was not such a fine road, though it was not a bad one, but the surrounding country was indeed lovely. Overhead were the clouds all tinted with the colors of the sunrise. Here and there along the road were odorous orchards intermingled with prosperous truck farms or stately pine forests. Then again the familiar cotton fields would pass the vision, and the faint melodies of the farm negroes floated across an almost still and silent morning air. But however sweet and beautiful the country was, it is to be regretted that there was an air of laziness about the farms and homesteads that was at times unpleasant to the traveler.

Thus, dear reader, you have been given a brief introduction to the approach to Dewland. And now let us take a glance at the village itself. It is the county seat of Dewland County, and, I dare say one of the most delightful places in the world. Reposing as it does upon the banks of the lovely St. Johns River, the traveler is afforded a view that is seldom surpassed in beauty. The town, outside of the scenery, boasts of a jail, a court-house, a mayor's office, four or five stores, one hotel, and a few score of dwellings. The people differed little from those of the ordinary Florida town—lazy, indifferent, good hearted and anxious to sell their visiting brethren a gold brick in the shape of real estate. Never did Dewland overtax itself with burdensome thoughts except at election time.

But at that time the surrounding population would come in from the country during the day, and at night the politicians would hold forth. They would discuss their own respective virtues, not forgetting the shortcomings of their opponents, and during the meeting would find time to tell of the

wonders that would come to Dewland if they were elected. But despite these prophecies Dewland has not changed one particle in the last half century. But I liked Dewland and its fine climate, and I decided to buy a home there for the use of my family during the winter time. And so I was thinking that if I could successfully evade the flirtatious overtures of his daughter I would engage the landlord into a conversation regarding the advisability of investing in real estate on which subject he was the acknowledged expert of the county.

Being thus deeply buried in thought, I had not noticed the man coming up the road, and was startled to hear:

"Give me a match, if you have one, please, sir."

I turned to look at the speaker. He was about, I judged, thirty or thirty-five years old. His face was set in deep, stern lines, and it had an air of anxiety and worry about it that spoke volumes. His clothes were neat and well pressed, and, though he looked prosperous, I was sure that there was something innermost that troubled him and made his life a burden instead of a song. But the quiver in his eyes plainly told me that this fellow was of the stronger type, and that roses would bloom again in his heart.

"Good story for the *Reporter*," I thought, mechanically feeling for my notebook and offering him the case of matches.

"Thank you," he said, receiving the proffered offering.

Then I bethought me of my own pipe, from whose virtues I had conscientiously abstained for the past two days. Reaching in my pockets, I discovered that I had unwisely left it at the hotel, and was about to return it to its case, when the stranger, seeing my plight, placed his own supply at my disposal. And in this way the friendship began.

"Where are you from?" he asked in the same mechanical voice.

"North Carolina," I replied.

The speaker gasped, and I thought he turned pale at my words. For a second he said nothing, and, glancing towards

him, I noticed the color had gone from his face and that he appeared faint and tired.

"What's the trouble? Sick?" I inquired.

"No." He hesitated. "Not sick. Nothing, except that I once lived—fact, I was born—in the Old North State."

"I congratulate you."

The stranger smiled and returned the sally:

"And I congratulate you. It has been some time since I have seen a Tar Heel in Dewland."

"From what part of the State are you?" I asked, searching for his story.

"Fayetteville."

"Fayetteville! Why, I know some people there. Do you know Mrs. Ashley?"

The stranger's face grew paler and paler.

"Yes, I know her."

"I suppose that you know her husband died about two years ago? He, you know, was a confirmed drunkard, and he led her a dog's life of it."

The stranger's face paled again, and I could readily see that the Ashleys had something to do with his trouble.

"How long since you have seen Mrs. Ashley?" he asked, feelingly.

"Why, very recently. About two months ago, I guess."

The stranger's face lighted.

"Mrs. Ashley," he said, slowly, "is a dear friend of mine, and I have not heard anything from her recently, and I am consequently glad to meet up with some one who has seen her lately."

"Why, yes. If I remember rightly, I was around to see her son, Jay, of whom I am very fond, while I was at Fayetteville. Mrs. Ashley was in good health and she was attractive as usual."

"When are you going back to North Carolina?"

"If my plans are carried out, I will leave on the 3 o'clock train this afternoon."

"There is a story that would interest you, since you are a friend of the Ashleys, and if you care to come to my office with me I will probably tell you some of it—that is, if you will carry a message back with you."

"With pleasure, I am sure."

With this, we turned and walked together into Dewland, and thence to his office, which I noticed bore the legend:

"ALFRED H. ROPER,

Attorney at Law."

Inside, we seated ourselves comfortably, and he began:

"I told you I was from North Carolina, and my heart is still there. Never will I forget my boyhood days, nor the little girl whose books I used to carry to school with me every morning. To make things perfectly plain to you, her name was Gladys Trenton. No doubt you are surprised to hear the name, as you seem to know that was Mrs. Ashley's maiden name."

Roper paused and closed his eyes. I watched him closely and noticed the smile that passed over his features. But the smile changed into a frown, and then came the ugliest face ever seen on a human being. I did not disturb his reverie, but waited patiently for the rest of his story.

"Well," he continued, after a bit, "I grew up, and my father decided to send me to college to study law. I don't think I shall ever forget the time I told Gladys good-bye. Then we were both young, and we would often spend hours talking about the future and making plans about what we were going to do when I came back from—. But all this had to have an end somewhere, and so by and by time came to leave for college."

The speaker again paused, and I thought there was the slightest trace of a blush on his cheeks that a few moments ago were deathly pale.

He smiled and began again:

"Well, there was the usual farewell kiss, and the usual pledging of one to the other. That was nearly twenty years ago, but the memory of that parting lingers with me yet. Pretty soon I found myself at X——, where I began to meet many of the students and professors. I was given a room in company with James Ashley, who lived a few doors below me at home. The friendship fast ripened between us, and in fact it soon became known throughout college that Jim and I always 'hung together' in everything. If I got in trouble, Jim was ready to help me out, and I would pull Jim out of a hole whenever he was so unfortunate as to find his way into one."

Roper took a fresh cigar from his desk and bit the end off mechanically, observing that he was smoking too much.

"We were both pretty smart in our books, and we found it easy to make the honor marks required of us by the folks at home. We also went in for athletics, Jim and I, but I believe we were better in football than in any of the other branches of sport. But we were not dull in the others by any means. Jim used to be the mainstay of the pitching force, while I did most of the work behind the bat. But during it all Jim and I remained fast friends, never letting the rival race for honors interfere with our cordial relations with each other.

"And thus we drifted along until our junior year. That year X—— College had the best football team she had ever had. Jim and I had both set our hearts on being captain of the team the following year, but we did not mention it to each other nor to the players, but in some way we learned of each other's intentions. *Then the breach started.* We were not as intimate as formerly, but we still remained good friends and still retained the same room together. But Jim began to mistrust me some, in spite of our relations. Time passed on, and soon came the time to elect the football captain.

"It was a spirited election, but neither of us indulged in any undermining process. I won out, after five or six ballots had been taken, by the small majority of one vote; but it was

enough. And to-day I would have given most anything to have never been captain of the team."

The speaker buried his face in his hands, and I have never seen a man so wrought over a story. Minutes dragged by, and I was becoming almost impatient, when he lifted his face from the desk, emotion showing in every lineament of his features.

"You must pardon me," he said, "but I can't help feeling strongly over it."

"That's right," I observed, mechanically.

"Well, I believe I left off where I was made captain of the team. Jim and I still roomed together and still professed to be friends, but the breach had widened. By and by the time came to elect a baseball captain. I began to exert all the influence I could to secure the election of Jim to that position, hoping in this way to heal the breach between us. But Jim, for some reason, resented my good offices.

"'Alfred,' he said to me, about two weeks before the election, 'I wish you would not butt in on this baseball.'

"'Why, Jim,' I told him, 'that's all right. I want to see you get the place. But if you think you don't want my help, why, I will keep quiet.'

"'I wish you would,' said Jim, impatiently, and then he arose abruptly and hastily left the room.

"I was considerably wrought up over the thing, but I yielded to my better judgment and allowed that Jim would soon get over his feelings. But he never did. He was elected captain easily, and our little differences, instead of being healed, were made larger, in spite of all of my efforts. No; we did not openly quarrel with each other, and to the students we were just as we always had been; but when we were alone our conversations became stilted and the air of companionship grew chilly. Thus things went on from bad to worse, until finally we decided to separate, the following year, each believing he would better enjoy his last year in college if this were done.

"The next and last year opened with bright prospects for a good season, and it found Jim and I both on hand. I soon learned that he had not forgotten about our old difficulty, but that the summer's rest had renewed the feud. But we never quarreled, and still spoke to each other, still worked hard to make the varsity team a success. Jim played one halfback and I the other. It was a toss-up which of us was the best, but I frankly believed that Jim was the better player, and consequently much of the brunt of the game fell on him. The students were at first unable to understand why Jim and I were not rooming together. But Jim quieted this by saying that my duties as captain took most of my time, and that I needed to be by myself and not crowded with another man. This was accepted by the students, but Jim and I were just as far apart as we were before.

"I have just said that we were both playing in the back field, and the coach developed many plays in which Jim and I largely figured. Be it said that whatever Jim's conduct was off the field, on the field it was different. Both of us were friendly and both were striving for the same end—to make more glory for our team and institution.

"By and by, Thanksgiving came around, like Thanksgiving will do, and we had on our schedule for that day a rival institution from Virginia. Our coach had developed the team well, and we believed that we would easily carry off the honors of the day. But I am afraid we underestimated the powers of our opponents, for near the close of the second half the score stood even nothing for each team. I realized that we were sure enough up against it. One, and only one, chance remained—to make the pass from Jim to me, on which hung the chance of the game, and which the coach had advised not to use except in case of extreme emergency. Calling Jim to my side, I looked him squarely in the eye.

"'Jim,' I said, 'can you make it?'

"'I'll make it, Al, old man, if you will carry it across.'

"'All right, we'll try it,' was the agreement made.

"The quarterbacks' signals rang clear, and before our rivals knew anything I had received the ball from Jim—a pretty throw—and was across the line, thus winning the game. I had hoped that this would heal the breach, but I was mistaken, for unfortunately the students and the press gave me all the credit, and Jim got little or none. He was, of course, justly indignant, and it added to the breach; it widened the gap between us.

"Thus things went on through the baseball season to commencement. Jim and I both were contestants for first honors, and many were the guesses as to who would receive the prize. But on the day we received our diplomas the president read the honors. I had received *first* and Jim had taken *second*. When the time came to part, I was telling good-bye to the crowd that had gathered around me. Jim was there.

"'Good-bye, Jim, old boy, and luck to you. I'll tell your people that you are coming home to-morrow,' I remember saying to him.

"Jim did not or would not see my outstretched hand, and merely said a cold, formal 'Good-bye,' just as if we had never seen each other before. And in my heart I felt that the commencement honors had been the straw that broke the camel's back. I believed that James Ashley was from then on to be my *enemy*. And if I had any doubts about it, they were soon to be dispelled.

"I did not immediately enter the law, but took a farm near Fayetteville, which I made a fairly good living from. Jim also settled there, it being his home, and his brilliant intellect soon made him a name in the community, and he soon gathered nearly all the business of the city."

Here Roper again stopped, and I thought that he was searching for words to tell his story. The same stern face that I had seen earlier in the morning again made its appearance, and perhaps it was more animated than previously. Then it took on that dark, peculiar, dreadful, ghostlike expression that almost made me tremble. Then he began once more:

"Gladys was still there, and I still went to see her often. In college I received letters from her very regularly, and I was prompt in answering her epistles. But time changes many things and Jim must have thought that he had a chance to put me out of business. He was a handsome young man and was easily the favorite among the ladies of the city. In one way or another he began to visit Gladys, but I realized with a keen delight that she still remained true to me, in spite of his advances.

"Then, to cinch his case against me, he conceived a black, dastardly lie—as black as hell itself."

The gleam in his eye darkened and his hands trembled with nervousness. I have never seen a man shake with emotion like this man did. It is impossible to describe that black look that frequently stole over his features.

"There was a negro," he continued, darkly, "who worked on my farm, that was found dead one morning near the entrance gate. He had been to the house the night before and demanded higher wages. That was about 10 o'clock. I told him frankly that I did not consider his services were worth as much as he was now receiving, much less than an increase. This led to some words, and I finally had to eject him from my house by force. And, as I said before, he was found dead at my gate. But near him was *my* knife, which evidently had found its way to his heart. And, to further make a case against me, there were found a bunch of letters addressed to me, some of which were from Gladys. I could not make out how they were there, but they certainly did have the appearance of having been dropped from a pocket. Then there was some of my clothing found at the house spotted with blood.

"I, of course, protested my innocence, but some of my own farm hands testified at the trial that they had passed my house and had heard words between the dead negro and me, and I could not deny it. Ashley worked the case against me, and, with the skill he had, and the knife, letters and clothes as evidence, he was able to make a good case. So the court

sent an innocent man to the penitentiary at Raleigh for ten years, just because James Ashley had worked up a dastardly, black, cowardly lie against me."

I noticed that he gave undue emphasis to the last six words, and as he neared the end he almost shouted.

"The penitentiary, of course, was disagreeable, but the foreman treated me as well as he could, under the circumstances. But I must say that the 'pen' goes hard with a man whose temperament was such as mine. I realized that it would be useless to make an appeal to the Governor, and grimly determined to take out my sentence. What hurt me worse than anything else was that Gladys believed the lie that was told against me, and consequently all relations between us ceased just after the case had been brought before the public.

"Though I received letters and messages from home occasionally, they never mentioned anything concerning Gladys. I was surprised, therefore, to read in a paper the foreman had kindly given me that Miss Gladys Trenton and Mr. James Ashley were married at the bride's home the day previous! 'Troubles,' they used to tell me, 'come not singly, but in battalions.' And my case was no exception. Not long after, I received the intelligence that my mother had died. I knew that grieving over me had caused her death, and I grimly resolved that the man who was responsible for her death should forfeit his life to me. And I had not gotten over my mother's death before I was advised that my father had followed in her footsteps. If ever I yearned for anything it was to meet this man and settle this feud between us. I knew that I would shoot him dead in the spot if I had a chance.

"Time drew near for me to leave, and just a month before I left I was thinking of what I should do. I still had a sister left, and it was my duty to provide for her. But the problem solved itself by her getting married and going to Canada to live.

"Thus you see that I was left to fight my own battles by myself, and to have no hindrances or obstructions in my path. But I began to think about the thing, and finally started to tell the story, just as I have told you, to my foreman, who was a kind old man, and in whom I had confidence. He listened to my story with interest, and when I told him of my purpose he strongly urged me against doing it. He was so earnest and so upset about the thing that I promised him not to look for Jim, but I told him that if Jim got in my way he must pay the penalty.

"It is useless to tell you what a joyous thing it is to come out of the penitentiary after ten long years of imprisonment. You would not know unless you were unfortunate enough to spend your time there. You do not enjoy the flowers, the sweet, pure air, unless you have. But, then, it had its disadvantages to me. For there was a place to sleep there, but now I had none, nor did I have any money except the two-dollar bill which the kind foreman had given me. I resolved never to put my foot in Fayetteville again, but to push out into the world and start again. So, after months on the road, the days being spent walking and working for my daily bread, and at night staying in the farmers' hay lofts, I finally stumbled upon this quiet and pleasant little Dewland.

"And here I have been for the last four and a half years, making my living—meagre, perhaps, but 'tis enough. I never ran across the man who wronged me, and I have prayed to God that I never would. One day, down at the station, I thought I had seen his face in the passing car. Eagerly I had run after the car in the hope of being able to overtake it and see if the man who had ruined me was on it. And if he was, death for him or for me would have been the penalty. But the train was going too swift for me to overtake, and I have never learned the truth about it. I did not take a paper from North Carolina, for I knew that even the sight of his name would whet my appetite for his life, and then perhaps ruin the life of the sweet young girl who was his wife. So I never

heard from the Ashleys until about a month ago. Then I got a long letter from Gladys, in which she told me that she had found my name and address in a newspaper a friend of hers had used in sending a box of fruit to her. Then she had put in the letter a newspaper clipping which told about Jim getting killed in a drunken fight—he did not drink at college—and the article said that one of the negroes on my farm had confessed that he killed the negro down by the gate and was paid \$200 for doing the deed and throwing suspicion on me. It told how the populace were aflame over the idea of an innocent man having to suffer in the State's Prison for another's crime. It was certainly a different tone from what it was when I went to prison.

"But the best thing to me about the letter was Gladys' own timid admission that she had treated me wrong; that she had been looking for me for two years to tell me about the sudden changes time had wrought, and but for the stray newspaper it is probable that she would never have found where I was. The letter closed with a prayer for forgiveness, and was signed in the same girlish handwriting that I knew so well.

"I, of course, made haste to answer this letter, and in this way the correspondence started again and the old love broke out, or rather grew stronger within me. It was only a short two weeks ago since I asked her for the second time to be my companion in this life. But—well, here's her answer."

He handed me a perfumed note, in an evident hesitancy. I took the note and glanced at Roper, whose lips were tightly shut, then opened the note. It read:

"Dear Al.: I have just received your letter, and will try to answer it now. Oh, I was so glad to know you were getting along so well! But you must not, you must not think of loving me now. I could not marry you, under any circumstances. Try, dear Al., to forget the past and meet other women, marry some one that will love you and look after

you. But, oh, please don't ask me any more. May God bless and prosper you. I think it best to quit our foolish correspondence. Good-bye, dear heart, and grow great and strong, for

"Gladys."

The letter was filled with tear stains, and it was easy to tell her the writer had been torn with conflicting emotions. It was, indeed, mysterious, in that it did not give any reason for the writer's action in dismissing the suitor's offering. But I sincerely believed that Mrs. Ashley loved Mr. Roper with all the love a woman was capable of offering, yet would not let him marry her. It might be that she thought he could marry some other woman who would add more laurels to his crown than she could. But, then, I did not try to search for the true reason, and if Roper knew he spoke not about it. But who can tell what a woman's whim will be?

After I had finished the letter, I continued to gaze at it, and when I had satisfied myself of the above-mentioned facts I looked up at Roper, who was eyeing me keenly, hopefully.

"Well," he slowly and reluctantly said, "that's all there is to it. And now to the message I spoke of. If you are going through Fayetteville on your way home, I wish you would stop over and see Gladys. Tell her that you met me in Dewland, and that my health was good. That is, you know, if she asks about me. Then, if you will be so kind, I will be glad to have you write me the result of your visit."

"I will do as you say, Roper, and I sincerely hope that you will come out on top, old man."

He grasped my hand warmly, but his only word was, "I thank you." He did not smile, and I knew that he believed that his case was hopeless.

Hurriedly I left the office and hastened into the street, and then to the hotel. After a minute or so at that establishment I partook of the noonday feast which the landlord's daughter insisted on calling lunch. Then I went to the little shack near

by the hotel that serves in the double capacity of post office and grocery store. I was in a hurry, for I intended to catch the train at 3 o'clock that same afternoon, and just as I opened the door the little post office clock urged me to increase my pace by its striking twice. I had not more than closed the door to the little room when I met Roper coming towards me with a telegram in his fingers and mumbling to himself:

"Three o'clock? Yes, I'll make it!"

At first I did not understand the allusion, but he handed me the telegram, and then I understood it all. It read:

*"Have changed my mind. Oh, Al., do hurry to
"Gladys!"*

o

They were from Wilmington and Charlotte respectively.

"Do you," questioned the Wilmingtonian, "Do you mean to tell me that you are really living in Charlotte?"

"Yes," replied the student from Charlotte, slightly puzzled, "You speak as if you thought it remarkable for me to do so."

"Why, I supposed people merely stayed in Charlotte until they could get enough money to live in Wilmington."

"How long a term does the Vice-President serve, pa?"

"Four years, my son."

"Doesn't he get anything off for good behavior?"

—Lippincott's.

"LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up thro' the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs thickest
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

IMMIGRATION AND THE SOUTH.

BY C. F. GORE, '13.

When the South first began to invite immigration it was found that the Southern States were regarded unfavorably by immigrants. They had heard from unfriendly critics of the South that the climate was too hot for the white man; that the water was too bad and malarial fever common; that the Southern whites were lazy and proud, living upon the toil of the black and believing it too honorable to engage in manual labor; that both races were so lawless that it was not safe to live among them. There was a notion that negroes abounded everywhere in the South; that no place was free from them, and that anyone who worked at manual labor, especially if he worked with a negro, would be socially ostracised. The schools and churches were said to be poor, and some were afraid of mixed schools. The general opinion was that cotton was the only crop that could be grown. Accordingly, foreign immigrants were hurried west, as soon as they arrived, by the immigration agents of the railroad companies, and later comers preferred to go where others of their kinsmen and friends had gone before them.

Under these circumstances it was not easy for the South to induce immigrants to settle in the Southern States. But by the combined effort of the Southern railroads and the State officials we are now annually receiving a large number of them.

In 1902 the Southern Railway settled 1,100 families along its line, and in 1903, 2,000 families were located on 2,270,018 acres. In 1905 the Louisville & Nashville reported the sale of 95,702 acres of farming land and 255,048 acres of mineral and timber land. The Atlantic Coast Line in 1903 settled 650 families of fruit growers in Florida, and 500 families on farming land in Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas. Perhaps it would be well to pause for an instant to see if we knew the present conditions of the South.

The resources of the South have scarcely been touched, and under the most favorable conditions it will require many generations to develop them. There are millions of acres of cotton, corn, rice and tobacco lands that have never been cultivated. Louisiana alone has 19,000,000 acres of vacant land out of a total of 26,000,000; and it is estimated that not more than one-eighth of the cotton lands of the South are in cultivation. The mineral resources of the South are almost unlimited, and it has more timber than any other section of the country. In every State there is water power that has never been used.

All of these resources lie undeveloped, and chances bid fair for them to remain so until we increase our population by immigration. We often hear from those who oppose immigration that immigration to the South has helped to complicate the negro problem. But if those who put forth this argument will go deeper into the subject, I think they will be willing to reverse their opinion and say immigration has solved the negro question.

The negro cannot furnish, either in quality or quantity, the labor necessary to develop the South. By his lack of inaction and inventive genius the black man has acted as a hindrance to progress. Free negro agricultural labor has in most cases proved a failure. The higher wages paid to the negro has simply enabled him to work less—three days a week instead of four. Yet the most fertile lands of the South are still in the hands of the negro, who does not equal in production the white farmer on the poorest land. In 1786 the whites of the cotton States, forming 55.8 per cent of the population, produced only 40 per cent of the cotton; the blacks, forming 44.2 per cent, produced 60 per cent of the crop. In 1899 the whites, forming 59.1 per cent of the population, produced 60 per cent of the crop; while the black, forming 40.1 per cent of the population, produced only 40 per cent of the crop.

Does not this show that the negro cannot be depended upon

to develop the vast numbers of acres of uncultivated land in the South? Do we not know that negro labor in the South is becoming every day more unreliable? Does not statistics show that the negroes are becoming restless on the farms, and that a large number of them are seeking homes in the cities? How, then, can we hope to develop our resources to their fullest extent unless by immigration?

As before stated, the South is now annually receiving a large number of immigrants, and in no case can it be shown that it has proved an utter failure. While, on the other hand, it can be shown that immigrants have been successful in farming and in other labors. During the year of 1910 there was shipped from a small immigrant station in Arkansas \$75,000 worth of eggs, besides an equal amount of poultry, vegetables and fruits.

Consider the town of Crowley, in southwest Louisiana. Twenty years ago it was considered barren and worthless; land sold for as little as twenty-five cents an acre; a railroad station was established, but it did not pay expenses. Immigrants were persuaded to come, and now the town has a population of 7,000 persons. A dozen rice mills and 25,000 farms are located in the surrounding community. In 1902 this little town shipped 13,000 car loads of rice, and the value of land has increased from \$0.25 to \$30.00 per acre.

About 1890 the town of Independence, La., began to be known as a strawberry center. During the year 1904, 275 car loads of strawberries, valued at \$500,000, were produced by Italian laborers; and in the spring of 1910 this little town shipped \$357,639 worth of berries.

The Atlantic Monthly, commenting on the immigrant in the South, has the following to say:

"In Texas, Italians have been successful in cotton and rice culture, in vine growing and truck farming. In Louisiana and Mississippi large numbers of them have proven valuable help on the sugar plantations and truck farming. In South Carolina a new Italian colony is to undertake grape and rice culture.

"The Italian seems to be well fitted to do much of the work which needs to be done in the South, and in many parts of the Southern States where Italians have settled they are praised as industrious, thrifty, good citizens, and as having increased to a considerable extent the value of the land."

As a further proof of what the Italian is doing in the South let me quote a letter written by Mr. A. H. Stone, a large planter in Greenwich, Miss., and published in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* in January, 1905. Mr. Stone says:

"The matter has long since passed the experimental stage, and the white man has *solved* the negro problem. It is always difficult to get a negro to plant and properly cultivate the outer edges of his rows, his ditch banks, etc. The Italian is so zealous of the use of every foot of land for which he pays, that he will cultivate with a hoe places too small to be worked with a plow, and derive a revenue from spots to which a negro would not give a moment's thought. I have seen them cultivate right down to the water's edge."

From the preceding arguments we feel that immigration, to the South, instead of acting as a hindrance to progress, has been a large factor in increasing the progress of our Dixie Land.



EVELYN'S ROMANCE.

By K. M. F., '14.

Was Evelyn Morris romantic? She was, most emphatically. In her earliest childhood she had dreamed of the fair Prince who was to come from over the seas and take her back to his wonderful palace in his enchanted kingdom. At the age of ten her ideal was somewhat changed, but none the less vivid. She was determined to marry a street car conductor, and make life one continuous joy ride on the trolleys. At twelve her husband was to be a soldier brave. Evelyn was partial to brass buttons.

But Evelyn's romantic experiences had not been as numerous as her romantic dreams. She was now, at the age of twenty-five, engaged for the first time. But now at last she was happy—or at least she thought she was. Her lover, of course, did not fulfill her childish dreams; but Evelyn, though still thoroughly romantic had outgrown those.

Evelyn was a school teacher, though an exceedingly remarkable one. She was brilliant. Her knowledge of Latin and Greek and Math. was marvelous. Not that she was, or ever had been, a hard student. She possessed the natural brilliancy of genius. She had absorbed her learning almost without conscious effort, and she taught in the same easy, natural manner. But she was by all odds a good teacher.

She was not pretty. Her very best friends never claimed beauty for her. Her features were far too regular to be beautiful. Her only physical charm lay in her fine athletic build. Yet she was attractive, exceedingly so. There was some indefinite, indescribable charm about her. Perhaps it was the brilliancy of her intellect. Perhaps it was her gay and vivacious temperament.

A close student of human nature would have guessed at once that she had attended a coeducational college. Why? Because she had that free and easy naturalness that can be

obtained nowhere so well as by four years of companionship with members of the opposite sex on absolutely equal terms. She was not a flirt. She treated men as her friends and liked to be treated so by them. She had as many moods as the sea, and yet she was as natural as a little child in all of them.

No one—not even Evelyn's most intimate friends—realized what a thorough woman she was at heart. Her love of romance did not appear on the surface, but it was there, nevertheless. She had no ambition for a career. Deep down in her heart she wanted to live a woman's life. She wanted a home and a husband she could adore. And above all things else she wanted her husband to be her lord and master to the very fullest extent.

John Gordon was a very devoted lover—perhaps too devoted. He was dazzled by Evelyn's brilliance. He loved her blindly, admiringly, and humbly. He was a strong man in many respects, and a good one, but he granted Evelyn's every passing whim unquestioningly. He had one failing—he did not understand Evelyn. He made himself her slave, not realizing that she wished to be the *slave* instead of the *mistress*.

Evelyn was teaching her last term of school in the little town of Keeling. Their marriage was to take place a short time after school was out. John was living in another town, but he came to see her often. She was sure she was happy, and yet there were times when she looked forward to her marriage with something of fear and trembling. Why was it that John was such a meek lover? She knew him to be a strong man, and she loved strength in every form, and yet the way she could wind him around her finger was maddeningly irritating at times. Why couldn't he be strong and masterful? Sometimes Evelyn even doubted if she really loved him.

It seemed, after every one of John's visits, that he left matters a little bit worse, although he was too blind to realize it. They never had a quarrel. It was impossible to quarrel

with John. He was not ill-humored, he was not stubborn, and he was not hot-tempered. If Evelyn was willful and demanded absurd things, he granted them without a demur. If Evelyn was petulant and seemed disposed to fuss, John was ever ready with some excuse to soothe her.

"John," said Evelyn one night, "you must stop smoking. It makes your breath smell bad." She hoped he would box her ears.

"Certainly, dear," said John. "It will be rather hard, but if you wish it I will stop."

And what made it the more irritating to Evelyn, he actually did stop for a month, and she had to tell him that she had changed her mind and wanted him to start again.

"John," said she another time, "you cannot kiss me good-bye to-night. Your mustachois hurts my lips."

She hoped he would do it anyhow and use a little brute strength in doing it, but he didn't. He left without kissing her at all, although he did seem rather hurt about it.

Evelyn spent a sleepless night. Try as hard as she might, she couldn't persuade herself any more that she was happy. She couldn't see anything but a life of restlessness and misery staring her in the face. She knew it would drive her almost distracted to be obeyed all her life so implicitly by one whom she felt ought to be her lord and master. She could have stood positive tyranny much better.

"Oh, John! John!" she cried aloud. "What does make you so blind? Why can't you see that I don't mean half what I say? Will you never, never realize that you are a man and I am a woman? Can't you see that I don't want to be petted, but I want to be bossed?"

For the next week Evelyn was terribly unhappy. Her letters to John were dismal and cold. His letters to her were annoyingly cheerful and forgiving. Evelyn did not know what to do. Sometimes she felt that she must break the engagement, but somehow she just could not do it. She still thought that she loved John. She believed it to be her duty

to love him and marry him, although she was forced to admit in her heart that life would be a continuous sacrifice to such a love.

It was while matters were at this stage that she met Charlie Brannock. Charlie was not like John in any respect. He was gay and careless and irresponsible, and yet beneath his vivacious exterior there was a depth of solidity of character guessed by few.

Charlie was always doing things he ought not to do. Somehow he couldn't help it. When he met Evelyn he promptly fell in love with her. He couldn't help it. He knew he ought not to do it, and he didn't know why he loved her; but the fact remained that he did. He did not think her especially beautiful. He was not dazzled by her brilliant intellect—he didn't know enough himself to appreciate what a smart woman she was.

Charlie was anything but a slow man. He called on Evelyn the night after he met her. He took her driving the next afternoon. A few days later he took her to the theater. A dance came next. Before long he was calling on her regularly.

And Charlie made no bones of the fact that he loved her. He was not ashamed of it, and therefore he told her all about it, and told her that he could not help it. If he had any scruples about making love to a woman in the face of the engagement ring on her finger, they did not appear on the surface. Evelyn laughed at his love-making, but still she let him keep it up. It all seemed so natural that she just couldn't stop it. Charlie was never tragic about it. He made love in the same jolly, breezy way that he did everything else.

Most any other self-respecting woman would have been ashamed to find herself in such a predicament. The good dames of Keeling were shocked. Evelyn was not. She couldn't see anything wrong with it. She thoroughly enjoyed Charlie. He kept her spare time occupied and took her mind off of her troubles.

Evelyn was perfectly honest with John about it. She told him all about it. She rather hoped he would raise a kick. She couldn't exactly explain to herself why she hoped so without undermining her consistency, but anyhow John raised no kick. He loved her so blindly that he couldn't see how anything she did could possibly be wrong. "The Queen can do no wrong," was his motto.

Matters drifted along in this fashion for quite a while. Evelyn saw more and more of Charlie. She could not help comparing John and Charlie in her mind, and to save her life she could not make the comparison come out in John's favor.

"Charlie," she said one day, "you must stop smoking. It irritates me; it gets on my nerves."

"That's pretty bad," said Charlie. "You ought to see the doctor about your nerves. I have been uneasy about you for some time." He lighted a fresh cigar as he went out.

Again Evelyn was disappointed, for again Charlie compared too favorably with John. She was still loyal to John in her heart. She wanted to believe him a stronger man than Charlie, but he just wouldn't appear that way.

About a month before her marriage was to take place, something happened to Evelyn which awoke her real nature as nothing had ever done before. She and Charlie were out driving. They were so interested in what they were saying to each other that they scarcely noticed where they were going. Suddenly, as they were going down a narrow road on a steep hill, one of the shafts broke loose from the axle and struck the horse violently on the ankle. Almost before they realized what had happened, the horse broke into a mad run, dragging the buggy after him by the remaining shaft.

It was a pretty serious situation and came upon them without a moment's warning. Charlie acted quickly, however. He was a good driver, but the horse was far beyond his control. He saw that the buggy could not stay upright long, being dragged by one shaft. He seized Evelyn in his arms

and jumped, falling so that his body struck between her and the ground. He did it not a moment too soon. They were hardly clear of the buggy before it turned over and broke loose from the remaining shaft.

Evelyn was not badly hurt. She opened her eyes in a few moments and stared stupidly about her. She was horrified to find that Charlie was lying with his right arm doubled up under him and still unconscious. She straightened him out as best she could, and tried to rouse him.

"Charlie!" she cried. "Charlie! Speak to me. It is I—Evelyn."

Suddenly, as she bent down over him, something snapped in her heart, and a great surge of feeling swept over her—something far stronger than anything she had ever felt before—something far stronger than herself. It was love—real true love this time—a love worthy of her big, strong soul. She knew now that she had never really loved John. Her feeling for him had been but as a tiny stream compared to this new-found ocean of love for Charlie.

"Charlie, I love you!" she cried. "Speak to me."

"Yes, darling," he answered, faintly.

Charlie was several weeks recovering. His arm and collar bone were broken. Time, however, together with frequent visits from Evelyn, restored him.

Evelyn still refused to break the engagement with John. She still believed it to be her duty to marry him, and nothing Charlie could say would dissuade her. On the night before she was to leave Keeling, Charlie determined to have it out with her for good and all.

"Evelyn, you must marry me," he said. "You love me; you cannot deny that. If you marry John your life will be miserable."

"I know it will," she replied, "but it is my duty to marry John. I cannot ruin his life just because I was too young and giddy to know my own mind."

"But you will ruin his life if you do marry him under such false pretences. You will not be true to him, but false to yourself."

"Charlie," she said, "you must not make this any harder for me than it is already. I have thought over this before now. I think I know my duty, and nothing you can say will have any effect. I love you, and I do not love John. I cannot deny that. But I have promised John to marry him and I will not break my promise and ruin his life for the sake of my own happiness. I wish before God I had met you before I met him, but the fates ordained it differently. It is not worth while to say any more."

Charlie did say more. He said a great deal more. He plead as earnestly as any man could, but, as Evelyn said, it had no effect.

It was in Boynton, Evelyn's home, and the day of the marriage. Everything was in readiness. John was there. Blind as usual, he little suspected the turmoil that was raging in the breast of his fiancée.

Evelyn was not her usual gay and happy self. She was still firm in her determination, though it was nearly killing her. She remained firm until she got to the altar. In a voice of piercing distinctness she heard the preacher say:

"Evelyn, will you take this man to be your wedded husband? Do you promise to cleave to him always? To love him and none other?"

Then again something snapped, and she saw with a clearer vision. She had not realized until then what an awfully false vow she was about to take. She could not take it; the words stuck in her throat. She was horrified to think that she had ever contemplated such a thing. She tried to speak and say no, but she could not utter a sound. She sank down in a swoon.

Charlie was in agony. The hour—the very minute was approaching that would make the woman he loved another man's wife. And yet what could he do? Nothing but pace the floor one maddening hour after another. He wished the time would pass, so his fate would be sealed for good and all. He believed he would feel better than. At last the time was passed. He heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, it is all over now," he thought. "There never was a shadow of a chance for me, and now there is no hope whatever."

But still he paced the floor with maddening persistence. What else could he do? Still he paced restlessly to and fro. At last he could stand it no longer. He burst out of the house, thinking perhaps the open air would do him good. As he went down the steps he almost ran over a messenger boy, bringing him a telegram. Charlie tore it open violently. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Come to me," it read. "I will be yours."

.

As Charlie went into Boynton the next morning he met John coming out of the station. He looked crestfallen, but seemed to be accepting his fate humbly and unquestioningly, as usual.

Charlie and Evelyn were married quietly the next night. The next morning another telegram went to Keeling, to one of Evelyn's friends this time. It ran as follows:

"Meet train number thirty-five. There is a romance aboard.

"Mrs. Charles L. Brannock."

The Red and White

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Just after the snow melted, it was certainly a difficult job to find our way to and from the classes, chapels, and our rooms. The roads and walks were muddy, large pools of water stood on the surface, and often certain of the walks could not be used at all. It might be said that this was an abnormal condition, but it is not a meritorious claim. Prac-

tically the same condition occurs after any hard rain, and to say the least it is often unpleasant to those who use our driveways, our walks, and our roads, to say nothing of the feelings of the students. The visitor to a college often judges its status by the condition of the grounds and buildings, and a muddy, impassable thoroughfare is an eyesore to people, even to students.

Some time back in the fall term there was a Grounds Committee appointed. It is not known whether they have made suitable recommendations through the proper channels, but if they have, THE RED AND WHITE wants to second their course, and if they have not, then it urges them to do so. The Board of Trustees could make no better investment than to improve the campus walks and drives, certainly none that would better please the student body, and by so doing they would make more pleasant the daily grind of students.

To put blame where blame should be, it is a regrettable fact that the students themselves feel such little interest in the beauty of their campus, their own playground in fact, as to throw paper, often littering the grounds with small bits of it, unthinkingly.

Fellows, this thing ought not to be as it is. If we would only *think, think*, we would not do it. Suitable means should be provided for the disposal of waste and trash—not unsightly lime barrels—and the janitors be made to remove twice or three times a day such stray paper and trash as finds its way to the ground around the dormitories. The greatest trouble in making these little improvements is to get the students interested. Then it is easy, for a means will be found to carry on the work of civic improvement.

And along the same line, there is another thing that we should more seriously consider. That is the habit we have of cutting across the grass, noticeably in front of Pullen Hall and Main Building, just to save a second of time. Now, it is true that we don't have much time between classes—not quite enough, perhaps—but enough to *keep off the grass*. But be-

tween classes is not the only time—on Sundays, going and coming from the mails, after dinner going to the drug store or to the restaurants we almost invariably take a short cut across the grass. The sensible man needs no one to tell him this is wrong. He knows it is wrong, and resents being preached to about it. Yet he unthinkingly goes contrary to his better judgment.

So, now, fellows, let's think more seriously about these things. A pretty campus to harmonize with our new buildings now being built, or planned, will certainly be a fine thing. THE RED AND WHITE would like to publish the views of others—students, faculty or friends—on this subject.

A NEAR KICK.

The students and faculty have been very good to THE RED AND WHITE, both in encouragement and in the contribution of little articles, and the management is deeply grateful to all of its friends for their interest in us. We cannot "kick"—and we would not if we could—about the number and value of the articles given us, but we would like to receive a little more variety than we do. To correctly estimate the views of the students it is necessary to have many contributors. But a glance at THE RED AND WHITE for the past three months would show that practically the same contributors write each month. We intimated at the outstart of this article that we were not going to "kick"; so, to keep from "kicking" strenuously, we shall desist. However, the editor is tempted to add that he hopes that he will never experience the feelings described by his journalistic brother at Chapel Hill, who, in *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, editorially says:

"Some men can write better than others. And the others, realizing this, follow the plan of the Irishman who was getting licked. They get mad and quit. Then the some do all

the writing for a while until they get tired. Then they quit. Then the editor pulls his hair and yells for help; but nobody writes anything. He ransacks the English department, but everything has gone by the waste basket. Then he gets mad."

THE WINTER SHORT COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.

The faculty and student body welcome the 1912 Winter Course Class, and trust that their two months' sojourn with us will be filled with both pleasure and profit. The attendance, while not so large as last year, is larger than at any previous time, and the Agricultural faculty are of the opinion that the present Short Course Class is the most earnest and most deeply interested of all similar classes.

Aside from the regular lectures and practicums given by the instructors in agriculture, other lectures of a more popular nature will be given. These public lectures will be held in the auditorium of the Agricultural Building, and the public is invited to them. The Winter Course men have organized and have their class president, vice-president, secretary and executive committee, and have weekly evening meetings. At these meetings papers are read, experiences given, together with discussions of live rural questions.

Y. M. C. A.

By E. B. NICHOLS.

The monthly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet was held at the home of our General Secretary, Mr. J. W. Bergthold, on Thursday night, January 11th. The chairman of each of the various committees reported the work and progress of the fall term. The reports showed that the association had accomplished a great deal and a decided increase from that of the fall terms.

Plans were discussed for the spring term, and it was decided that three Sunday meetings be turned over to the subject of Mission Study, five to be held at the various churches of Raleigh, and the remainder be held at the College, as usual.

MR. ASHCRAFT SPEAKS.

Mr. B. C. Ashcraft, of Monroe, who has the distinction of having been the first man to register at this College—in 1889—also the first president of the Y. M. C. A. of A. & M., and the first president of Pullen Literary Society, addressed the Y. M. C. A. at its regular meeting December 13th.

Mr. Ashcraft, who was introduced by Dr. Hill, spoke on the "Blessings of Adversity." He said that he was going to talk about the thing his hearers would not believe. "The nations that have amounted to anything," said Mr. Ashcraft, "have come up through tribulation." As an example he mentioned the Hebrews and our own United States. "In like manner men of science have struggled forward, through hardships. It is true in life, as Jeremiah wrote, that it is best for a man that he bear his yoke in youth. In similar strain the apostle Paul has written, 'I glory in tribulations.'"

Mr. Ashcraft further illustrated his theme by the example of "Ole Bull," the greatest violinist, who drew from the moun-

tains of solitude that with which he charmed his audience. Moses, who went forty years of arduous training for the great work God had for him to do, and David, who became great after going through hardships as a shepherd and a soldier.

In conclusion, Mr. Ashcraft applied the theme of his address to his hearers, urging them to remember that trials and hardships are the means of training men.

The Y. M. C. A. of the College joined the Presbyterian Church of Raleigh in a mission rally. The students from the girls' schools were out.



LOCALS

A. K. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

It is with pleasure that we announce the marriage of our Dr. Summey to Miss Dinwiddie, of Washington, D. C. Dr. Summey is one of the best and one of the most loved among the instructors. The entire student body, together with his fellow instructors and members of the faculty and a host of friends, will join THE RED AND WHITE in wishing the young couple a long and happy life.

GIFT TO THE COLLEGE.

Mr. Charles B. Holladay, of Wilmington, Delaware, of the '93 Class, has just presented the College with an exceedingly well-executed oil painting of his father, the late Col. Alexander Q. Holladay. Colonel Holladay was the first president of the College and served from 1889 to 1899. Under his guiding hand the new College, founded in a State where up to that time technical education was almost an unknown thing, took shape and grew in favor with all who were interested in the material prosperity of the Commonwealth.

The portrait will be presented at some early date, with the exercises in the College auditorium.

Mr. H. P. Foster, Class '00, and one of the most successful of the earlier graduates, died just before Christmas. His brother, Mr. Shirley P. Foster, of the Class of '03, is now in the service of the United States Bureau of Entomology. The deceased will be remembered by his classmates as "Governor." He was buried at Reidsville, N. C.

Mr. J. F. Diggs, of the Class of 1903, was here recently on business.

Mr. J. T. Gardner was here on the hill on January 9th. He is an '08 man and hails from Shelby.

Mr. O. F. McNairy, '07, inspecting engineer of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, called on his friends at the College the past week.

Mr. W. H. McIntyre, '05, who has been for some years an instructor at the Pennsylvania State College, has been elected to an excellent position at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, and moved there at the opening of the year.

Mr. T. S. Bond, '10, who is now with the National Railways of Mexico, was here a few days before the holidays. He talks interestingly about the country and tells us that a number of A. & M. men are in Mexico with his company, and that they are making good. Mr. J. B. Harding, '04, is engineer of reconnoissance for this company.

Mr. C. E. Bell, '11, now with the Experiment Station, leaves on the first to accept a position with the State Department of Agriculture.

Mr. C. E. Walton, '10, was here just before the holidays, on his way to work in Ampere, N. J., with the Crocker-Wheeler Company. Mr. Walton was returning from his home in Georgia, where he had been called on account of the death of a brother.

Prof. L. O. Schaub, of the Agricultural Extension Department, has enrolled about twelve hundred boys in the corn clubs this year, and names are still coming in. Mr. Frank Parker is with the Professor this year, and they have entire charge of this work. Mrs. Charles McKimmon, of Raleigh, has been appointed assistant in charge of the girls' tomato clubs.

Two noted visitors to the College during the month are George C. Husmain, pomologist in charge of viticultural investigations of the Bureau of Plant Industry, and his assistant, Charles T. Dearing.

Among those connected with the College who were married during the holiday season just passed is Prof. F. J. Crider, of the Department of Horticulture. Professor Crider journeyed to Webster, S. D., where he was married to Miss Katherine Nash on Christmas Day. Professor and Mrs. Crider are stopping with Professor and Mrs. Jeffrey for the present. We are indeed glad to welcome them.

The third College entertainment was given January 13th in the College Auditorium by the Apollo Concert Company. The program consisted of instrumental and vocal selections, readings and bell ringing. The boys enjoyed the program very much.

Mr. Jay F. Robinson, '10, stopped by a few days this month on his way from his home in Hampton, Va., to his work at Florence, S. C., where he is with W. J. Wilkins & Co., architects. Everybody was glad to see "Cap'n Jay."

Two old A. & M. boys here this month were Bill Ross and P. N. Pittenger.

At a recent meeting of the Rural Science Club, Mr. W. H. Eaton, of the '09 Class, now State Dairyman, gave a very interesting talk on his visit to the National Dairy Show in Chicago last November.

Dr. D. H. Hill spoke in Wilmington, January 18th, at the dedication of a new school building. The press reports say that our president made a great speech.

Mr. Edgar Hodson, an agricultural graduate of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, at Auburn, Alabama, last year, has been elected assistant in agronomy and has entered upon his duties. Before entering college, Mr. Hodson was graduated from the North Alabama Agricultural School, at Athens, and has had several years' training in excellent agricultural institutions. He comes with strong endorsements from a number of his former instructors. For the past year and a

half all the instruction in agronomy has been given by one instructor, Professor Newman, and this addition to the department will not only relieve Professor Newman of his too heavy schedule, but will afford a much-needed opportunity for the development of the Department of Agronomy. We welcome Mr. Hodson into our midst, and trust that he will be well pleased with his new home and duties.

EXPERIMENT STATION NOTES

Plans are under consideration for the erection of a small model sanitary hog house on the Experiment Station farm.

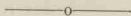
Parties who are interested in the formation of a Pure Bred Sire League for the promotion of the swine industry of the State should communicate with the animal husbandman of the Experiment Station.

The Experiment Station beef cattle will be ready for market about March 1st. It may be of interest to know that lot No. 4 of these cattle is eating nine pounds of cotton-seed meal daily, probably the largest amount of meal ever fed to beef cattle during a continuous period. The result of this one phase of the experiment should interest all who anticipate feeding beef cattle on the farm.

FROM THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

Mr. H. H. Coburn has taken Mr. P. E. Cowgill's place as instructor in this department. He is from Washington, D. C., where he was taught in Tome Institute. He has also been in automobile work, and also a salesman. He was a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

A pleasing incident of the holidays was the marriage of Mr. L. L. Vaughn, a popular instructor of the Mechanical Department, and Miss Lula Brewer, of West Raleigh. It is said that the Mechanical Department presented Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn a "chafing dish," in the making of which Mr. Clay's technical skill played a most important part. The students and faculty wish the young couple much success.



ANIMAL HUSBANDRY NOTES

Work on the new animal husbandry building has been progressing rapidly. The cold weather has stopped the contractor temporarily.

Seven head of pure-bred Ayrshire cattle were recently purchased for the dairy herd by Professor McNutt. The herd has improved considerably lately in educational value.

A pair of three-months-old O. I. C. pigs were also added to the swine department recently.

The following are the officers of the Rural Science Club for this term:

President.....	N. O. Alexander
Vice-President.....	R. T. Melvin
Secretary-Treasurer.....	M. R. Quinerly
Corresponding Secretary.....	J. B. Steele
Critic.....	C. L. Cruse

The following are the officers of the Biological Club:

President.....	S. J. Kirby
Vice-President.....	R. L. Sloan
Secretary.....	E. O. Bowditch
Critic.....	J. M. Smith
Treasurer.....	D. E. Roberts

IN THE SOCIETIES

The literary societies are hard at work again. The Leazar Society reports excellent meetings during the month, and say that more interest is being taken in the work than usual. The burden of the Pullen Society's song is about the same thing, and they report a number of acquisitions to their ranks during the first two meetings. The officers of both societies have been elected for the spring term.

The officers of the Pullen Society follow:

D. W. Seifert	President
C. W. Owens	Vice-President
K. M. Fetzner	Secretary
B. M. Potter	Treasurer
G. R. Trotter	Censor
N. B. Stevens	Critic
W. C. Hopkins	Chaplain

The officers of the Leazar Society are as follows:

A. W. Taylor	President
L. L. Dail	Vice-President
M. R. Quinerly	Secretary
R. D. Goodman	Treasurer
A. H. Bond	Censor
W. H. Graham	Critic
A. Lytch	Sergeant-at-Arms
H. W. Bullard	Chaplain

The societies have also selected their Senior debaters, and they are busily at work selecting a suitable query. The Leazars have elected the following men to represent them, viz.: Mr. A. W. Taylor and Mr. C. L. Cruse, with Mr. H. L. Taylor as alternate. The selection of the Pullen Society is Mr. D. W. Seifert and Mr. T. H. Stafford. The debate will be held some time in April, and it is looked forward to with keenest interest by society men.

ATHLETICS

D. W. SEIFERT, *Editor.*

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. J. H. McGee was elected Manager of the baseball team, on account of Mr. C. M. Taylor resigning. Mr. L. C. Hand was elected Assistant Manager of the track team, on account of Mr. G. L. Bain resigning.

The weather has been too bad for the baseball team to start practice, as yet, but it is hoped that the team can go out for the first practice in the next few days. The pitchers and catchers have however been working out in Pullen Hall, and will continue to do so until the weather moderates.

The baseball schedule is not complete, and we hope to be able to publish the schedule in the next issue of THE RED AND WHITE. Some few of the games that have been arranged are as follows: LaFayette, Pennsylvania State College, University of Vermont, Davidson, Guilford, Wake Forest on Easter Monday, and a great many other games that have not been quite settled. Manager McGee however promises to have the best schedule that this college has ever had.

The track team is now working hard and trying to get in shape for the meets that it is to engage in this coming spring. Captain Trotter says that with Eddie Green as coach that he will have the best track team that ever represented A. & M. College. Manager Caldwell is not yet ready to publish his track schedule, but he hopes to have it ready for publication when the next issue of THE RED AND WHITE goes to press.

The A. & M. College was asked to send a representative from this college to meet representatives from the following colleges and universities: Virginia, Carolina, Georgetown and John Hopkins University, in Baltimore, and discuss plans whereby all of the above-named colleges and universities could have a field day and draw rules and regulations to govern the same. Dr. Ray represented A. & M., and he reports that it is more than probable that a field day will be arranged at some place to be decided later.

Saturday night the A. & M. basket-ball team played the team from Wake Forest in the New Auditorium, and it was a very lively game from start to finish.

Although the A. & M. team has no regular gym to practice in they put up a stellar article of ball, and for the first half held their more experienced opponents to a score of 12 to 8. The Wake Forest men showed the better team work, and were better on passing and shooting goals. The first half was nip and tuck between the two schools, with Hargrove doing the star work for A. & M. and Holding staring for Wake Forest.

In the second half Wake Forest began to gradually draw away from A. & M., owing to their superior passing and shooting, although A. & M. continued to fight gamely until the end. The second half ended with the score of 23 to 14 against A. & M. For A. & M. Hargrove and Chambers did the best work, while for Wake Forest Holding and Beam shared the honors. With a little more practice A. & M. will have a team that can compete favorably with any team in the South.

THE COMING BASEBALL SEASON.

BY AN A. & M. FAN.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To A. & M.'s park, where each shall take
His voice in hand and hurl in bellowed yells
"Rahs" 'and "Rahs" and "Whats" and "Says" and
"Whacks"

Until the silenced walls of Raleigh air
Are shattered into dust and reconstructed
Into shafts by A. & M. and North State tar,
Thou go not like Freshie scourged to his Algebra,
Nor Senior to his make-up work;
But, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approach thy visitors
Like a "Whacker-racker-ree-solarina-tiger."
Take from them the drapery of their hide,
And bear it, with the pomp and songs of victory,
To sweet St. Mary's, sweet Meredith, and sweet Peace.

—*With apologies to Bryant.*

AMONG OURSELVES

S. J. KIRBY, *Editor.*

Prof. McNutt—Mr. Cruse, can you tell me anything about the different grades of wools?

"General Green"—The fine wools bring a higher price than coarse wool, and is used in making silk and satin, while the coarse wool is used for making cotton goods.

Tal Stafford's learned exposition on lime is remarkable. Prof. Newman propounded the following query to that individual: "What is the effect of lime when used in connection with the sweet potato?" Imagine the Professor's amazement when Tal unflinchingly answered:

"Well, it has a good effect on the sweet potato. It decreases (hastens) the maturity and retards (increases) the yield of the crop."

It is said that Major Bell is so ferocious when he is reading his girl's letter that if one interrupts him when so engaged—well, don't do it, that is if you value life and the pursuit of happiness.

Our heartiest sympathy goes to our brother editor who labeled his effusion, "Bell's Happy New Year" and received from the printers the following label over the said effusion: "Hell's Happy New Ear."

"The Man of the Hour" being "Paid in Full" with "Brewster's Millions" spent "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," after which he was "Adrift in New York."

We are not much on military terms, but may we show off a little. For instance we want to show our readers that we know how to use the term "detailed." Here it goes:

"Capt. Curt Lee *detailed* his overcoat at the Country Club while skating."

AT THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

Build her straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly thing,
That shall risk of no disaster.

Humanity with all its fears—
With all the hopes of future years
Is hanging breathless on that Shape.
We know what Master laid the keel—
What workmen wrought those ribs of steel.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears;
What, O what will it be.

With apologies.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

"When you are grown up," queried a student of one of Prof. Wither's hopefuls, "Will you be a great chemist like your father?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" replied the youthful Mr. Withers, "Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit."

The "Below Sixty Club" is making earnest endeavors to cut its membership. Dick Mullen is President and "Dutch" Seifert is Secretary. The fall examinations, it is said, admitted many to that organization.

ABSENT MINDED.

One of our professors was hastening to catch an outbound train that was some minutes past due. He needed his watch pretty badly, but remembered that he left it at home. Consequently he stopped, looked in his pockets for that same identical timepiece to see if he had time to return for said timepiece and get back in time to catch his train.

The snow was beautiful, but it soiled the rear of a man's overcoat too much.

Prof. N—I don't know if there could not be a good many interpretations for many men's minds running in the same channel, and especially if you mean to lay stress upon the *running*.

Tal—Professor, we do emphasize the *running* in one particular instance. That is when one of 'em has a gun.

I have no enmity for those
Who 'gainst me plan and plot;
I'm willing to forgive my foes—
But hope the Lord is not!

WHICH?

Oil went up in West Raleigh recently, and seeking the reason therefor the editor found the cause. "Rip" Shull had laid in a supply of the midnight stuff and was staying up in the wee small hours of the night trying to figure out by the aid of the slide rule which was the saddest expression, "Your grade is 89. You will have to take the examination"; or "Your grade is 49. You are debarred from the examination."

Hardison—Why did you pay \$3.89 for that hat?

Brown—I had to do it to make my check book balance.

"Windy" Hart—In all that wild storm I went out with my throat all bare and exposed.

"Doc" Austin—Rain won't hurt you.

"Windy"—Why?

"Doc"—Well, you have a rubber neck.

And Windy subsided.

"Here is an article in this magazine entitled "How to Meet Trouble," said the Freshman. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No, thank you," replied the Junior who was taking Calculus, "How to Dodge Trouble" is the brand of information I'm looking for.

Lane (on Tactics)—Captain Peace, if a man wears glasses won't he have to pull 'em off when he goes out to target practice?

Which is which, Sam Jones Kirby or "Tige"?

Archie Robertson—I surrender all my privileges to you, as it is Leap Year. So hereafter you have the privilege of making dates whenever you want to.

His Girl—Alright! Good-bye. And, say, come back to see me the second Saturday in May.

Sam Kirby—"Tige" begins to show almost human intelligence.

Robertson—How so?

Sam—He hasn't touched a piece of meat in three days.

NOTE.—He boards in the Mess Hall.

ONE ON YOU

THE REST WAS LAUGHTER.

"O dear!" cried Mrs. Mason, seizing a spoon and bending over a dish on the supper table: "Here's a fly in my preserve."

"I'll bet he never got in a worse jam in his life," hazarded Mr. Mason, with the chuckle of a husband who rejoices in a momentary eminence over his wife.—*Exchange.*

PAVING THE WAY.

Storekeeper—Say, my little man, what can I do for you?

The Kid—Well, when I comes in heah wid a lady and asks for a dollar's wuth of yer bes' chocolate, jes pass me a penny's wuth o' 'em little t'ings in de corner, will yer?

EXPENSIVE.

Seth Dueberry was a tight-fisted, hard-hearted old man. His brother, William, had just died, the neighbors said from improper treatment. Seth hitched up and drove into town to have the obituary notice printed in the weekly paper.

"There ain't no charges, be there?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the editor, "Our price is two dollars an inch."

"Cracky," muttered the old man, "An Bill six foot two!"

—*Exchange.*

A LAW-ABIDING CHILD.

A health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his districts:

"Dear Sir: I beg to inform you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from measles, as required by an act of Parliament."

Tit-Bits.

I often thought it very queer
And stupid altogether,
For stars to keep so very near,
And yet not come together.

THE VEGETABLE TRAGEDY.

A garden I planted, and lo! on my word,
There sprang up some romances rather absurd.

A soft mashed Potato
Of extra large size
Loved Rosy Tomato,
And made such fierce eyes
That frightened to death
Was Miss Rosy from the first,
And when she refused him
He boiled 'till he burst.

Miss Lettuce came next,
With her bright, crinkly head.
Now away until noon
Would she lie in her bed.
Quite hard was her heart—
Perhaps 'twas a blessing—
And none of her family
Were served without dressing.

Young Mr. Q. Cumber
Was wont, so they say,
To gaze at Miss Lettuce
Throughout the whole day.
And times without number—
In fact she was seen
To nod at Q. Cumber,
Her head crimped with green.

A cook minus soul
Prepared to make salad.
She tossed in a bowl
Miss Lettuce so pallid.
Quite cut up and seedy
Lay Q. Cumber near her,
Avowing his love
Nor seeming to fear her.

With Chilly French dressing!
With hearts torn asunder
They welcomed at length
A friend—young Miss Onion—
Who gave them new strength.
“What next?” was their query,
While busily guessing,
Behold they were silenced.

—*Irene Elliott Benson.*

USED TO IT.

After the usual greeting by Mephisto, the couple are ushered to their apartment in Hades.

“I can’t see,” grumbled the husband, “that this place is any cooler than anywhere else we ever spent the summer.”

“Well,” argues the wife, “I suppose you would rather poke off to some mud-hole where there is no society at all.”

—*Life.*

HIS WIFE.

"What do you do for a living, Mose?"

"I'se de manager ob a laundry."

"What's the name of this laundry?"

"Eliza Ann."

ONE BETTER.

"When I was a young girl," titters the first old lady, "one of my beaus hugged me so hard he broke one of my ribs."

"Humph!" replied the second old lady, adjusting her glasses and smoothing back her hair in conscious pride, "when I was a young girl one of my beaus hugged me so hard he broke one of his arms."

—*Life.*

"What is a swimming hole?"

"A body of water entirely surrounded by boys."

—*Exchange.*

A New York poet, at the Author's Club, in Seventh Avenue, told a Conan Doyle story.

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," he said, "sat at a dinner on his last visit here beside a lady, who asked leave to consult him about some thefts.

"My detective powers," he replied, 'are at your service, madam.'

"Well, well," said the lady, 'frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus, there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and half a dozen tin pie-plates.'

"Aha," said the creator of Sherlock Holmes, 'the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat.'

—*New York Times.*

By mistake a farmer got aboard a car reserved for a party of college graduates who were returning to their alma mater for some special event. There was a large quantity of refreshments on the car, and the farmer was allowed to join the others. Finally some one asked him: "Are you an alumnus?"

"No," said the farmer earnestly, "but I believe in it."

—*Exchange.*

Irate Coach—Why didn't you tackle that man?

Player—You see, when he came along, I was standing on my head, and the new rule 16, section XXIII, makes tackling from that position illegal.

MY HOBBLE.

I love my new hobble,
It clings to my form;
And if I am careful
'Twill do me no harm.

It hangs in closet
Stretched over a broom;
For one thing I am thankful:
It takes up no room.

I brush it and press it,
And tend it with love;
And if I grow stouter
'Twill fit like a glove.

I love my new hobble,
Its cling is so warm;
And if I don't wear it,
'Twill do me no harm.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

EXCHANGES

R. L. SLOAN, EDITOR.

The editor finds on his table a great pile of magazines from all over the South awaiting his judgment. Each is covered with lovely Christmas designs, and each bears its message to its readers. He has read most all of them, and they are all good he is sure; but then he can't mention them all, so blame him not for closing his eyes and picking five or six from the pile.

The Isaqueena.

This delightful little magazine from Greenville (S. C.) Female College is one of our new exchanges, and one of the best, too. It is a well balanced magazine, carrying as it does two essays, three stories, four poems, and a serial in addition to several departments. "The Freshman Caucus" tells how some shrewd politics was carried on by a few of the members of a Freshman Class. This is especially interesting to the masculine novice in the game wherein fortunes are made and lost. "Sea Longing" is one of the best poems we have noticed for this month. "The Answer to the Pines," while containing many beautiful sentences, and meritorious thoughts, is not quite long enough to be in keeping with the great thought it intends to portray. "An Appreciation of Michael Angelo" is an excellent biography. "Patience Pennington" is a departure from the ordinary love story, and for that reason it is interesting. "A Glimpse in the History of our Modern Drama" is a short essay. "Dorcas" is a fairly well written poem, the meter being good. "The Daughter of a Pedler" is a serial story. It is not too long for one issue, and we think it would have been more interesting had this course been taken.

The High School Enterprise.

This magazine comes from Raleigh High School, and we do not hesitate to place it first among our high school exchanges. "The Ego and Eclat" is especially good, and it would be a credit to any of the college magazines before us. The scenes were laid in far-away Russia, which was perhaps unfortunate, but the writer handled his plot skilfully. "A Cure for Sorrow" is very short, but is just as interesting as it is brief. "The Third Man" also deserves mention. The departments are well edited, and if we may make a suggestion we will say that a few more poems would brighten the *Enterprise* considerably.

The University of North Carolina Magazine.

Carolina's magazine is one of the best of our exchanges. Its December issue is a very decided improvement over the previous issues. "The Coming Democracy" is a well-written essay, being longer than the ordinary college magazine essay by a number of pages. The criticism, "Henry Jerome Stockard," is interesting to the Southern student of literature. "In the Park" we think is an excellent poem. "The Hidden Light" has an old plot, but the story is interesting in spite of this. Our magazines should carry more articles of the type of "Christian Wolf," for then they would have something to live for. "The Modern Short Story" also deserves its place. The poems of this issue are, with the exception noted, about the average college poem. The editorials should be developed more. "Things Talked About" and "Sketches" are entertaining.

The Acorn.

The Acorn, of Meredith College, comes to us in its January number somewhat thinner than a magazine from Meredith should be. But what material there is unusually good. We heartily agree with the editor when she says that a magazine is to be judged by the *value* of its material rather than by

its *volume*, still we think a few more pages *as valuable* as those given would more correctly represent the status of Meredith among the colleges of the State. The opening story, "Miss Mary Decides," is one of the very best stories we have read recently in a college magazine. We would especially commend it to the timid subjects of Cupid's dominion as a guide to be used freely. "A Comparison of Sir Willoughby and Gwendolen Harleth" more than deserves its space in the issue. "A Misjudged Knight" is a half humorous story of school girl and school boy love, and is admirably told. "The Girls From No. 29" is a deeper story, and is just as entertaining as "A Misjudged Knight." "Sketches" are extremely interesting, and the departments are ably edited. A few essays and poem or so would add much to the *Acorn*.

The University of Virginia Magazine.

The University of Virginia Magazine is a splendid issue and represents Virginia with credit. The first piece is "Poe as a Constructive Force in World Literature," written by Dr. C. Alfonso Smith, President of the University. The *Magazine* gives all the criticism necessary when it says editorially: "It is needless for us to say that this article is of rare value, and that the *Magazine* feels honored to have it among its contents." Of all the stories of the month we really believe that "Who Crosseth a Woman—" possesses more genuine literary merit than any other. It has a new plot which the author skilfully develops, and the story contains many bits of wisdom. "Mr. Steads 'Windflowers'" is a criticism of the works of a former student of Virginia, and of course deserves its place in the *Magazine*. "Some Folks Say" is a "nigger" story well told, and it contains many clever comments. "Joseph Pearson Caldwell" is an able discussion on one of North Carolina's most brilliant editors, and adds much to the value of the *Magazine*. "The Last Ray of the Setting Sun" comes in two sections, and it tells of the ranch and the cowboy of the West. We feel amply repaid

for reading it. The Editorials, the Easy Chair and the Exchange Department are well edited. The poetry of the issue is also a credit to the *Magazine*.

The Lebana.

This is the first issue of the magazine, and we are delighted to exchange with the excellent production from the Georgia State Normal School. Since it invites and yearns for friendly criticism we are tempted to suggest that the Literary part of the issue be kept separate and distinct from the departmental features. We believe that the *Lebana* will have a better appearance if this is done. The opening poem, "A Christmas Greeting," is a good one carrying a world of wisdom with an excellent meter. "When a Girl Goes Out Walking," and "Mrs. Mossopp's Christmas Gifts" are two good short stories—but they are a little *too short*. We think "The Salvation of Georgia" is the best article of the issue, though "A Function of Normal School Work" is very good. If there is a Senior here at A. & M. who has never had the *pleasure* of meeting the faculty in session, and who wants to know the feeling of a Senior when he so meets them, we would commend to them the article, "When the Seniors Meet With the Faculty." The departments are well edited, and if the suggestion given above is adopted, the *Lebana* will be vastly improved. And, altogether, let us add, the magazine and its editors did exceedingly well in their first issue, and we await the second number with interest, and wish for them a long life of usefulness.

The *Blue and White* and the *Pine and Thistle* are also new exchanges.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of our other exchanges, and wish that we could spare the time and space to a few more. But to each and every one of our exchanges the RED AND WHITE sends a Happy New Year Greeting, and awaits the coming issues with keenest delight.

P.