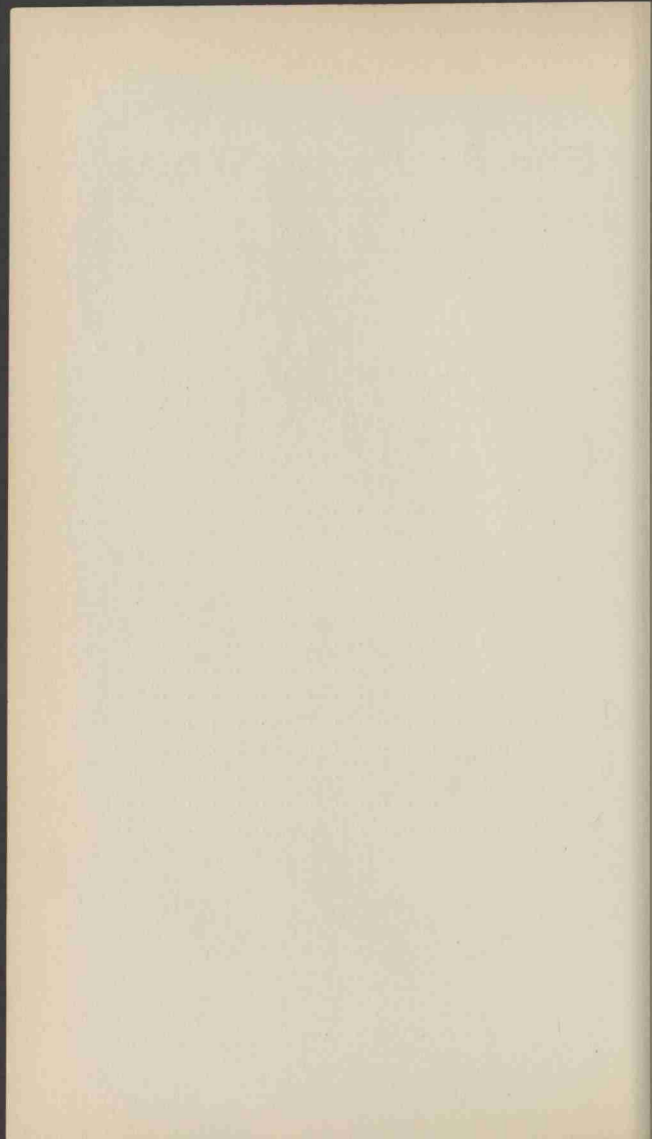


Table of Contents

His Last Game. <i>By S.</i>	313
The Lark Songs. (<i>Verse</i>)	322
Sunrise from Table Rock. <i>By H. T.</i>	323
The Midnight Ride of Paul and the Deer. <i>By T. J.</i> <i>Hewitt</i>	325
Value of a Modern Language. <i>By Dr. A. Rudy</i>	330
Tributes. (<i>Verse</i>)	338
Beside the Still Waters. <i>By W. C. Knox</i>	339
Grit. <i>By T. R. Hart</i>	346
Editorial Columns	349
Literary Society Notes	353
Y. M. C. A.	354
Pull Together. (<i>Song</i>)	356
Locals	359
Athletics	362
Among Ourselves	365
One on You	369
Our Exchanges	374
Advertisements	377



The Red and White

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HIS LAST GAME.

S, '12.

It was a hot, sultry, summer afternoon—to be more specific the twenty-second of August. An ideal day it was, too, for a baseball game. The two towns of M— and R—, two bitter rivals in all forms of athletic sports, were to meet on the diamond that afternoon to settle the amateur championship of Southeastern North Carolina.

Each team had won a game, and the excitement was at fever heat. Many a wager was laid on first one team and then on the other as to who would win the third and final game that would decide the championship. This last game was to be played in M—, as one of the two previous games had been played in R—. A coin was tossed up to see which two should have the last game. M— had won.

The team from R— arrived the night before so that they would have a day's rest before the game, and keep in perfect condition. The morning train from R— brought many hundred loyal fans, with cow bells, horns, and many other noise-making instruments with which they thought they could rattle the other team.

The game was called at half-past three, and long before that time came the park was crowded to its fullest capacity. People had come from many miles around to see this battle royal. Down the first and third base lines were automobiles and buggies galore, all decked out in colors for their favorite teams. The fence was crowded with young urchins who were unable to pay the price of fifteen cents to see the game.

Promptly at 3:30 o'clock the umpire announced the batteries: "For R—— Miller and Jenkins; for M—— McCall and Davis." Then looking around he shouted, "Play ball!"

Immediately the home team trotted out on the field amid the rousing cheers of the home fans, who were pinning all their faith in the home boys to bring home the victory.

The game quickly developed itself into a pitcher's battle, and it could be seen that the team that received the breaks of luck would win the game. Inning after inning went the game without either side scoring. Once M—— managed to get men on second and third bases with no one out, but a lightning double play by R—— nipped their hope in the bud for that inning.

The tension in the grandstand was at the breaking point, and as neither team managed to get a hit or put a man on the bases the supporters went wild, and the noise made by their throats, bells and horns was deafening; but anything to make the other side more nervous was considered perfectly legitimate.

Bruce Davis, doing the "receiving stunts" for M—— knew that pretty Anna Brady was watching the game from the grandstand, and hoped that she was thinking of him instead of his rival Bob Mitchell, who was playing second base for R——. Bruce loved Anna with an undying love, and had asked her to marry him the coming fall. She had promised Bruce that she would let him have her answer that night, and between innings of the game Bruce wondered what that answer would be.

Rob Mitchell, who was the son of a rich merchant of R——, had met Anna at a house party given in her honor just a few miles out in the country from his home. Ever since he had met her he had been deeply in love with her. Knowing that Bruce Davis was in love with her, and also that she favored Bruce, he resolved that he would do all in his power to win her love, by fair means or foul.

Bruce, who was usually the most steady player on the home team, was not playing up to his standard to-day, as every one noticed. His throwing was bad, and several times he had a chance to break up the game with a hit. He was usually a good batter, and many comments were made regarding the fact that he was not playing in his usual form. Bruce had, however, received a foul tip, which had broken one of the fingers of his throwing hand, but he had not let any one know of it. He determined to play the game out, for he knew that M—— had no one to take his place.

On the other hand, Rob Mitchell was playing a brilliant game around second base, making many sensational plays, and he had besides secured two of the three hits that had been made by his team.

The game ended in the thirteenth inning, with a victory of 1 to 0 for R——. In the last inning Rob came to the bat with one man out and secured a two-base hit, but the next man struck out. Hope again revived in the hearts of the home fans. But Rob thought that if he could steal third base that it would probably nettle the home team, and that he would get a chance to score. Fate seemed to play his way, for on the next pitch Rob made a wild dash for third. Bruce made a quick throw to catch the runner, but, owing to his injured finger, he threw the ball high, and it went far into left field, and Rob scored the winning run. The last half of the inning ended with M—— being unable to tie the score; and amid the shouting of hundreds Rob was hoisted to the shoulders of the admiring fans and was thus carried to town in all his glory, while poor Bruce who had lost the game heard many comments on his way home that he had deliberately sold the game. These nearly broke his heart.

To lend strength to these stories some one said that he had seen Bruce come out of the hotel that morning with a man from R——, who had bet heavily that R—— would win. Then, too, some of the members of his team had seen Bruce

in company with this man, and had advised the young catcher to stay clear of the stranger, as he was a crook of much notoriety.

The truth of the story was, however, that Bruce while sitting in his room writing saw the stranger come in and close the door. Bruce, knowing the character he had to deal with, promptly ordered him from the room. But the man started to talking, and Bruce hastily left the room, his visitor following him to the street. Then Bruce saw his team mates coming down the sidewalk, and he started towards them.

"Think over the matter, Mr. Davis," said the pursuing demon. "Let me know your decision as soon as you can." And before Bruce could reply he was gone.

Bruce's team mates could not see what he was doing in such a man's company. The M—— catcher of course told them the true facts of the case, but nevertheless it looked suspicious, and it easily lent strength to the tale that was being circulated about Bruce's selling the game. So far did these reports circulate that the fellows would not have anything to do with their catcher, and they firmly refused to believe his denials. It was not long before the whole town knew of the suspicious circumstances. Some were in favor of running poor Bruce from the town, but calmer heads prevailed.

"We'll ask him to leave as soon as he can," was the final agreement made between the two factions.

Bruce, not knowing what a storm was raging in town on account of his supposed selling of the game, went to see Anna to get her promise. But Rob had done his work well, and had in the meantime called up Anna and told her all of the facts concerning the game. She was in a cold fury when Bruce arrived, and was ready to condemn him unheard.

Anna was sitting on the porch, and in haughty tones she said, "Mr. Davis, I am surprised that after all that has happened to-day you have the nerve to call on me and ask for the promise that I was to give you to-night."

Bruce, not knowing the circumstances, asked for an explanation, but Anna with a haughty bow merely said: "Good evening, Mr. Davis," swept into the house and up the stairs to her room, where in a few minutes she was in heart-breaking tones confiding to her pillow how much she loved Bruce, and asking how he could do such a mean and despicable thing as to turn traitor to his honor and to his sweetheart.

Bruce stood in a dull stupor for a few minutes, not believing that he was in his right senses, and that surely Anna was only playing with him, and would be back in a few minutes; but as the minutes dragged by, and she did not return, Bruce turned away with a drawn face and breaking heart to return to his room at the hotel.

It was here while sitting before his table with his head in his arms and his body shaking with dry sobs, that the manager of the local team found him. He tried to break the news to him gently about the reports told about him.

"Mr. Drew," said Bruce, after hearing the manager through, "do you believe these lying reports? Do you believe that I, after I have been playing here all summer doing my level best for the team and its success, that I would deliberately sell my manhood and my honor for a few paltry dollars? I can only tell you that this is an absolute falsehood, and I only hope that some day I can come back and clear my honor. I hope you believe this statement."

"Bruce, I believe you. I have tried to convince the people that this is a black, hideous lie, and that it's the work of some enemy of yours who is trying to do you some great wrong. I would to God that I could prove it to them! I hope and pray as much as you that some day we will be able to clear up this matter, but, in the meantime, if ever you are in need of a friend, or are in need of a friend, or are in trouble, please call on me, and I will do all in my power to aid you."

Bruce in a breaking voice held out his hand. "Good-bye,

Mr. Drew. I leave on the four o'clock train to-morrow morning. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for believing in me, and I hope to clear myself some day of this damnable lie."

The work of packing was soon over with, and a call put in for the early morning train. Then came the long night of bitter recollections of unjust accusations, and of a breaking heart. Bruce made up his mind to spend a few days at his home in Georgia before he went to accept a position with the M. Y. & P. Railroad of Mexico City, Mexico.

Arriving in Mexico in the middle part of September he was at once sent out as a head of a construction gang. Bruce determined to work hard and try to forget about all of his past troubles, and in the course of a few years when everything had blown over to quietly return to the States and try and clear his name of the dark blot which had been put upon it.

Bruce, who soon became Chief Engineer of the M. Y. & P. R. R., was one day sitting at his desk going through his mail. Suddenly he saw an envelope addressed in a very familiar handwriting that sent back old memories surging through his brain. There he sat musing and thinking, forgetting all about the letter in his hands, when a knock at the door brought him out of his reverie.

"A man to see you, sir."

"Show him in, James."

Bruce, being so absorbed, did not hear the light step across the threshold.

"This is Mr. Davis, I believe," began the visitor. "I guess you know me even if you do not recognize me. I am Robert Mitchell, of R——." Then Bruce recognized the stranger, and his cordial greeting did much to put the latter at his ease. Rob had come to give Bruce some information which he wanted; but still he did not know how Bruce would take it nor what he would think of it.

"Mr. Davis, I will first tell you how I came to call upon

you to-day. I am with the Imperial Mining Company, whose mines are situated in the southern part of this country, as its General Superintendent. Having come to the City of Mexico, and hearing you were here as Chief Engineer of the M. Y. & P., I resolved to call and tell you what a great wrong I had done you when you were playing baseball with the team from M——, and I with the team from R——. I was too young and foolish then to hardly know what disgrace I would bring you. I have now called to do what reparation I can to clear up this wrong. I hope you can forgive me."

Bruce, who had now caught the drift of Rob's words, was sitting with clinched hands and a set face thinking how he had been robbed of his boyhood love and honor. But was not this really a God-send in disguise? Now he held a very responsible position with a large salary, and possibly had all this not happened he would now be working for some company at a very inferior salary.

Looking at Dave with an intent look, he said: "I know to what you are referring, and that you robbed me of honor and of my sweetheart, and that you are also responsible for my leaving M—— in disgrace, but for all of this I freely forgive you, for it was really the making of a man out of me. But will you tell me how you accomplished my downfall, and also some of the news that happened after I left, for I presume that you have been in Mexico for only a short while?"

Bruce, I will start from the beginning and tell you all about it, and how I hoped to gain Anna's love by accomplishing your ruin, for I saw that Anna liked us both, and that you were more to her than I was, but I thought that if ever I could get you out of the way that I could win her love.

"I knew that Bob Keen was a crook and a gambler, and that he would go to any extreme to get a few dollars, was pretty well known. So I thought that I could get him to get you into some public conversation and mention something

about your considering the matter and letting him know later. Then he was to dope you so that you would not play up to your standard that afternoon. Whether he did so or not, I don't know. But anyway fortune played my way, for you had your finger broken early in the game, and tried to keep on playing in spite of this handicap. In the last inning when I was on second base I thought I would break for third, and I knew that there was an even chance for me to make it, for I knew that with your finger like it was you were liable to throw it over the baseman's head. If you remember, it really did happen that way.

"I then spread the report that you had sold the game, and then some of your team mates that had heard the latter part of Keen's speech immediately thought that he had bribed you to sell the game. I knew that you were going to see Anna that night and receive your promise as to whether she would marry you or not. I called her up over the 'phone and told her all about what the people were telling about you on the street, and also about your team mates having seen you in company with Keen. She then declared that she would not see you, and would have nothing further to do with a man that would sell his honor and the honor of his team.

"I then began a determined courtship of Anna, but it seemed that she still held your memory sacred, and at the end of two years when I graduated from the University of N—— in mining engineering, I asked her to be my wife. But she shook her head. 'Rob,' she told me, 'I once loved another, and I still hold his memory sacred. I have determined that I will never marry another.' I then worked for the company with whom I am now connected for four years, and at the end of that time I was sent down here to look after certain of their interests.

"I have already told you how I learned that you were connected with this railroad, and determined to come and tell you about my determined plot to ruin you. I am glad that you are noble enough to forgive me."

While Rob had been talking Bruce still unconsciously held the unopened letter in his hand. But he happened to remember it just after Rob had finished speaking, and hastily tearing it open he read something there that made his heart leap and jump with joy.

“Listen at this Rob, man. Listen:

‘Keen has confessed to his part in the scheme to ruin you. Please forgive me and come at once. Anna.’

“Rob, I thank you for coming here and making a clean breast of the whole thing. I hope you will excuse me now, as I am in a great hurry to put my work in shape so that I can leave on the first train for M——, North Carolina. Good-bye.”



THE LARK SONGS.

It was not thou alone I heard,
 First lark that sang from English skies,
And to mine ears seemed less a bird
 Than a chorister of Paradise:

Full sweet from heaven thy music fell,
 Yet with it came two voices more—
Two songs that blent with thine to tell
 The praise I knew of thee before.

Thy truth to home and heaven sang one—
 And Wordsworth's note serene and strong,
With earth and sky in unison,
 Made of thy flight itself a song.

The other blither strain I caught
 Bore never a message but "Rejoice":
Song of thy very song, methought,
 Exultant with thine own glad voice.

And unto this I knew not how,
 Rose answer from the sons of men:
"The world is listening, Shelley, now,
 As thou didst listen then."

SUNRISE FROM TABLE ROCK.

H. T. S., '12.

For the last two hours we had toiled steadily upward. The path wound alternately through dense, intermingled groves of pine, laurel and chestnut, and over rough, bare rocks where the summer sun beat down unmercifully on the traveler, always upward, though, and nearer and nearer to the perpendicular walls of the table in the blue distance. Just at sunset we reached the foot of these walls and gazed with awe at the narrow, winding path which led to the summit three hundred feet above. Realizing that night would soon be upon us, we boldly commenced the steep ascent. The difficulties of the trail were far less onerous than had been expected, and in less than an hour we reached the broad, flat summit of Table Rock.

It was now almost dark, and hastily gathering a supply of firewood we cooked supper and then rolled up in the blankets, but not to sleep. Who could sleep in such surroundings? In a gorge, half a mile below, Linville River roared onward in its rough precipitous course. Nearer still a wild cat's cry sounded loud and piercing, while from the top of the scraggy pine, at the head of the trail, a lonely screech owl made us miserable with his tale of woe. All around our little world seemed alive with noises peculiar to the night. Overhead the stars shone cold and clear in a black sky; and a light breeze, springing up suddenly, caused the firelight to throw grotesque and life-like figures on the surrounding rocks.

Finally, however, tired nature asserted herself, and the whole camp dozed. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, it seemed, before I was rudely awakened by the summons, "Day's a-breaking, and the coffee's getting cold!" I hurriedly threw off the blankets and sprang up. With a shiver I realized that a change had occurred in the atmosphere. It was bitter cold, and a keen, biting wind swept over the bare surface of

the Rock. Luckily I had brought my sweater and overcoat, and after donning these I joined the group around the fire, where hot coffee and sandwiches furnished a good stimulant against the cold.

It was now day-break, and in the grey, uncertain light we made our way to the east side of the Table. Here a few low bushes of laurel served as a wind-break, and we sat down to wait the sunrise.

Steadily it grew brighter, and all around a mist whirled and eddied like wind-driven rain. Far below, as the wind shifted the veil of mist, could be seen dark masses of pine, which waved like fields of grain. Presently a ruddy glow appeared away off to the eastward. This glow slowly mounted higher and higher, and suddenly a ray of purest gold shot straight towards the spot where we sat. The sun was up! The mists vanished as if by magic, revealing a glorious view beneath us. As far as the eye could see range after range of pine-covered hills succeeded each other until they blended with the distant horizon. The nearer trees sparkled brightly as the sun touched the dewdrop on the branches. To the left the curved summit of Hawk's Bill reared itself straight upward like a sentinel, and far away to the right the undulating slopes of the Short-off lost themselves in the direction leading to town and to civilization. It was beautiful beyond comparison.



THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL AND THE DEER.

T. J. HEWITT, '13.

On the eastern shore of a certain lake in North Carolina there is an ideal spot for a hunter's camp. Facing the west, you have before you a body of water three miles in length, and at some places over a mile in breadth; on the right and in the rear are the happy hunting grounds; to the south stands the old water-mill whose rumbling rocks sound like distant thunder. It was at this particular spot a little more than four years ago in the month of October that I realized I was alone in the heart of nature. I had pitched my camp and prepared my evening meal, so I had nothing to do but wait for darkness to mantle the earth and the cool breeze to suggest the warmth of my bunk.

Reader, have you ever been cooped up in the city for six months without a bit of fresh air to refresh your drowsy spirits? If you have you can easily imagine how much I appreciated the opportunity to stretch out on the breast of old mother earth and gaze up through the boughs of the great whispering pines at the stars so small and yet so large. So exuberant did I feel that I smoked three pipes of my favorite brand, examined carefully my firearms and consigned myself to the dreamy delights of slumber, and I rested undisturbed until the gray dawn of the morning crept through the massive pine forest.

Starting out early that morning I ran across an abundance of game. My luck was splendid! I had not been out more than three hours before I had eight squirrels in my hunting coat and a large turkey across my back. I went back to camp and decided to go down to the old miller's home and chat with him for a few moments. Just as I entered his gate the mail man came, and I received a letter.

Almost tempted to destroy it for fear I was receiving a summons back to my work, I thrust the letter in my pocket.

After taking my customary smoke, I changed my mind, and imagine, if you can, my surprise and delight to find that my old friend and comrade Paul Johns would come in on the next train to join me. Back at college, Paul and I were always dreaming and wondering about camp life; and now we were going to realize it. I hurried back to the camp and made things ready for my approaching friend. At six o'clock I figured that Paul would arrive. At five I therefore cooked a couple of squirrels and heated the coffee.

Yes, the wagon was coming! I could hear the twigs cracking under the pressure of the wheels, and it had been just time enough for the arrival since I heard the whistle of the locomotive as it neared the little village not far distant from where I had pitched my camp.

Paul did not wait for the horses to stop, but jumped out and came to me with outstretched hands. We ate supper and sat down to plan the events of to-morrow. When the moon rose above the tree tops we went inside, and before long we were lost to reality.

Breakfast over, we started out, Paul on the one side and I on the other. The morning was ideal and beautiful. Signs of game were plentiful. The straw had been scratched already by the turkeys in search of a bit of food. It was not long before Paul called me over to his side of the branch.

"What do you suppose has been trying to scrape up everything here?" he inquired, stroking his hair in a puzzled way.

I explained that it was a buck. Just above the scraped place was a projecting limb of a small oak, and it had also been rubbed smooth. No more was said about it, and we proceeded on our way. At noon we were tired, and we had plenty of game, so we journeyed back to camp. That afternoon Paul was wishing for some hounds, so we could chase the old buck that had aroused his curiosity. But while these thoughts were running through my companion's head, I, too, was busy thinking. I was contemplating a scheme by which

I could have some fun, and also to give Paul a shot at the deer. It is an old method of the hunter to "set for the deer." Paul had not heard of this, so I explained:

"Now all we have to do is to get in gun shot of that scrub oak that Mr. Buck tried to uproot last night, and wait until the moon rises. Then you will hear a few twigs crackling, and your nerves will become uncontrollable; and there's your buck right before you."

Paul agreed to go. During the day I had discovered another place where a buck had skinned a scrub oak, so we were rejoicing over our prospects. There was only one thing against us. That was our imagination. Friend, if you are in a wood roamed over by unfriendly bears, wild cats or other wild beasts, don't be surprised to see *things*. And that night the moon was scheduled to rise at midnight.

So, to be on time, we left camp at ten and started for our respective places to await the coming of his majesty, the buck, from the nearby thicket. Paul was to stop at the first place, and I was to go on about a quarter of a mile further; so I told him, in case we had no luck, for him to wait there until I came back, and that I would hal-loo to him before I neared the spot where he was in order that I might not jeopardize my hide. I left him sitting on an old log facing the branch in an attitude of expectancy and within easy shot of the buck's scraping place.

There are different kinds of nerves, but I want to tell you that it takes NERVE to push out into a dark woods. I finally, however, found the place that I had decided upon, and sat down to await events. I looked at my watch. It was 11:40 o'clock. Twenty minutes and the darkness would scatter when the moon rose. I looked in front of me, and there were two balls of something that looked like fire. I thought they were as large as my fist. Calmly and steadily I lifted my gun to fire, but whatever it was had disappeared. Then I heard some sticks popping a little ways off, and I sat

still as a mouse. The moon was rising, and the deer were coming out of the thick. About two hundred yards away I saw them coming towards me, a large buck and a doe.

They glistened in the moonlight, and, aha! they were coming closer and closer. Once they stopped and tried to see if I would move. I still remained motionless, for I knew that they had not "made me out," and would come closer. The old buck shook his head and pawed the ground, then, satisfying his mate and himself that I was harmless, they came on. Nearer and nearer they drew, the leaves cushioning the sounds of their hoofs. I began to raise my gun, and all at once I heard Paul hal-loo, "Hello there!" The woods roared with sounds of departing hoofs. "Cussing" was no satisfaction. And to think that I had almost bagged the "King and Queen" of the forest. I started out with the full intention of braining my old class-mate with the breach of my gun.

I lighted my pipe and started to camp, as all was over for that night. I went by the place where I had left Paul, and found nothing except his gun and hat, but in the direction of camp was an open trail that I had not seen before. I calmed myself as best I could and walked on to our camp. I did not see any light, and I thought probably that Paul had struck out for the miller's home.

But upon reaching our temporary boarding place I found the door barred, and upon knocking I heard a trembling voice inquire, "Who's there?"

"Hell," I said, "if you don't open up and give an account of yourself you won't be there long."

If I have ever seen a scared man, Paul Johns was one. He managed to tell me that he thought he heard me call him and he answered, and when he answered something about the size of a cow jumped clear over him, and of all noises he had ever heard, none could compare with that shrill whistle. Consequently his rapid exit from the thicket.

Of course, I knew exactly what had happened. A large buck was within ten or fifteen feet of the tree and just be-

hind him. In a near tree a lonely old owl called out, "who-are-you," and Paul thought that I called him. His answer scared the buck so badly that he jumped over him and disappeared in the thicket. Another buck not far away gave a warning signal in the form of a whistling snort, and everything that had four legs departed and Paul, with only two, made it for camp at the rate of ten seconds per hundred yards.

Never shall I forget "The Midnight Run of Paul and the Deer."



VALUE OF A MODERN LANGUAGE.

BY DR. A. RUDY.

Whether a student intends to go to a foreign country or not, it is of great value to him to have had at least one year of a modern language.

The importance of knowing something of German or French has of long been recognized in most literary institutions; but in an industrial college like ours it has been thought by many that a modern language has little or no value. People have asked me: "What good can it do a student of agriculture to know German? When he gets through with one or two years of it at the college he will settle on some farm where he will never hear or use a word of it."

It is no surprise to hear such talk from a North Carolinian, for of all the States in the union ours has the smallest percentage of people born in a foreign country. A foreign language is more seldom heard in our State than in any other State of the Union. Nevertheless German or some other modern language is as important to our students as it is to those who live in States where the foreign languages are more often heard, and the German language particularly is almost as important for a student of agriculture as of chemistry. German is a required study for students of chemistry in this college.

Let me tell you in the first place that you never know your own language real well until you have had a good inside look into some other language very much related to it. Old Anglo-Saxon is studied in order to know English better and to get culture value. German and English are sister languages. Other sisters are: Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Flemish; but these are not as important as German, because the latter is one of the leading languages of the world. Germany is more or less near the top of modern civilization. Knowing the language of the German gives a clearer view of

English and adds to one's culture, while at the same time it enables one to see what a competing nation is doing in the many fields of our endeavors.

Just as travel broadens the mind by furnishing interesting points of comparison so does a knowledge of German give additional breadth and culture to an English person by furnishing an opportunity to compare these two mighty good-looking and healthy sister languages with each other. Certain good qualities and availabilities that are never noticed in one are called to one's attention by observing the other wherein they happen to be more pronounced.

As most of the readers of this article do not know a foreign language, I will illustrate my point by something more tangible to them than expressions of the two different languages.

A German had lived in his native city for years, had been drinking his beer regularly, and occasionally drinking his wine. He had the vaguest ideas about prohibition. He thought prohibitionists were a set of foreign cranks invading some unfortunate places in far-away America where there is a very scant population. "In some half deserted villages," he reasoned to himself, "a number of these cranks happened to get the power of government into their hands, and they are now using this power to deprive a few settlers in their midst of their inborn right to eat and drink what they pleased." It never entered this German's mind that prohibitionists had any important argument on their side of the question, nor did he even dream that there was a prohibition society in his own city. The city was so large, the beer and wine-drinking population so overwhelmingly in the majority, so evident on every step, and the prohibitionists so few, and so hid away in some obscure part of the city that he never even dreamed they existed. In fact the whole subject of prohibition was practically never brought to his attention. This German came to America and happened to get into a prohibition State. The liquor question was thoroughly explained to him in his own language, and he saw it in an entirely new

light. Whether he became a prohibitionist himself or not, is immaterial for our illustration. The main thing is that he saw the liquor question in an entirely different light, and when he returned to his city he spoke to all his friends about it. Very soon he found out that a prohibition society had existed in his native city during all the twenty years he had lived there, and was still existing. He had never known it before.

Just as this German saw a new light on prohibition and discovered prohibitionists in his native city by his brief residence in America, so can one get much new light on many English expressions and discover hidden thoughts in English words by living a short while in the German language and literature.

Long years ago, when I was teaching English branches in country public schools, I attended the county institutes for teachers. We used to have some good professors of English among our institute instructors. Whenever questions came up on the clear definition of English words the foreign-born teacher of English made the best showing, regardless of the fact that English was a foreign language to him. Also American teachers who knew more than one language, either Latin, or German, or French, in addition to their English, knew the definition of English words better than those who knew nothing but English.

It is impossible to learn German grammar without reviewing English grammar while doing it, and short literary pieces in German often recall similar literary pieces in English. It is possible, of course, to teach German or Latin in such a way as to spoil one's good English. Too frequent literal translations and a teacher who speaks bad English will spoil a student's English instead of helping it, but where the foreign language is taught by the direct method, and where good English is rendered in to good German, and vice versa, a good study of German can only help the proper use of English.

When a foreign language has once been well started in col-

lege it is easy to take it up again at some future time when needed and perfect oneself as far in it as is desirable. Not only that, but some knowledge of German will help a person later on to take up any other foreign language he may need. It is an established fact that the first foreign language is the hardest to learn, and that each subsequent language comes easier. When a person has once learned to break away for a time from his native tongue he can do it a second time much easier, and he no more meets with such obstacles as stood in his way at his first attempt.

Whether a student will need a foreign language after he leaves college or not, is something he certainly does not know about while he is attending college. Things are rapidly changing in this world now-a-days, and most unexpected and astonishing things happen. The boy or young gentlemen who thinks he is sure that he will never, never have any use for German may find himself some day almost unable to make a respectable living without it. When I was in college I felt certain I would never have any use whatever for Spanish. I did not learn it in college, nor did I know it ten years after I had left college; now I am employed teaching it. Had I known it before the Spanish-American war as well as I know it now, I could have done much better, financially, for myself than teaching in this college. But the fact that I had learned other foreign languages in college enabled me later on to acquire Spanish very easily and most rapidly. Just as I am not in Spain now, and am still deriving profit by my knowledge of Spanish, so can a student of agriculture derive profit of his knowledge of German while living on his farm in North Carolina. For instance, he could get cheap and good German farm labor, not the German laborer who has lived in America long enough to know English and who demands the same pay as an American overseer; but the German who has just arrived from the old country is helpless on account of speaking German only, and who is willing and glad to work very cheap to get a start, and who is anxious to

stay in one place five years until he can become an American citizen. (The naturalization laws require five years of uninterrupted sojourn in America, together with proof of good character by two reputable American witnesses before a foreigner is admitted to citizenship.) The educated, scientific farmer can also benefit by the results of German experiments which he can get at first hand from German periodicals or from German correspondents long before such experiments have been mentioned in English. Not everything in German is translated into English, and often by the time a translation *does* appear, it is no more of such great value as the experiment or knowledge of the results of it was at the time when made and published in the foreign language.

When a student of agriculture wants to go to a higher institution to study some knowledge of German is simply indispensable. Here again it often happens that a student decides to go to such a higher institution many years after he has left the A. & M. College, although he never had any intention of doing so while he was with us. In view of all these facts, it does not surprise me that many A. & M. Colleges not at all higher than ours in their practical or technical courses, give three-year courses in modern languages and make a one-year course in German obligatory for every student.

While modern languages are recommended, one should also bear in mind that a term of two or three months in it is practically of no value. If a student cannot devote to it at least one full college year, and he can not spare at least four hours a week home work for it he had better not begin at all, and had better put his valuable time into his leading subjects. It should also be remembered that, after all, English is more important in this country than German or Spanish. A student who is at all deficient in English as far as the standard requirement for our college is concerned, had better make sure of his English before he undertakes a foreign language. The latter, as stated before, will help to *perfect* and *review* one's knowledge of English, but it will never supply

a glaring deficiency in it. When one has a good college education in English and adds German to it, he will get additional culture value and a clearer knowledge of his English, but mere knowledge of German will, of course, never teach English.

Modern languages are taught in this college as far as possible by the direct or unilingual method. As little English as possible is used during the hour of instruction. There have been good results right along. Many of our students have gone to Mexico and other Spanish countries, and have reported that the knowledge acquired in Spanish while in this college has helped them very much. The department is now finishing its fifth year in this college, and its work has progressed along with the general, most rapid progress of our institution. New students are probably not aware of the fact that the inner management of our college, the system and general efficiency and grade of work accomplished is as much higher than it was five years ago as the number and value of our buildings is greater than those that existed five years ago. In other words, the inner, invisible progress of our college is fully as great as the outer, visible one in the increased number and value of its buildings, which is almost double of what it was before. The numerous, excellent reforms inaugurated during the last four years, such as the daily reports by the professors, the abolition of unnecessary examinations, the improved promptness in registration, the highly improved schedule and various other reforms too numerous to mention, have all had a most salutary effect on the modern language department as well as on the other departments, and have enabled our Juniors of this year to accomplish better work in modern languages in this college than was ever before accomplished by A. & M. Juniors. Not a small part of the credit is of course due to these Juniors themselves and to the assistance which the Seniors and other students have given the faculty, but the mere fact that a good body of students gets attracted to this college is one of

the many agreeable results of the most excellent management we have had. By the end of this college year all Juniors who have continued their modern language course to the end of the college year will have received an excellent start therein.

The value of modern language is of course greatly increased to an American student in an industrial college by the ease with which he can acquire it. In other words, the less time spent in getting a certain amount of knowledge in a foreign language, the greater is the value of it, for it leaves ample time to devote to the other subjects which are the mainstay of the institution. The very fact that our college, after all, cannot possibly devote as much time to languages as other institutions of a more literary character, makes it necessary that only the best students in the college be allowed to take it up, that the best facilities be given and that a sufficient appropriation be made to enable this department to show up at least as well in its facilities for doing work as all the other departments. It should have at least as good quarters as any other department, as good seats, as good a library and as good helps as all other departments in our college are getting. While the help of other departments consists in machinery, tools, illustrations, photo, etc., helps in this department consists of proper bookcases with books, maps, photos, and *special wall pictures* as a basis for graded conversation. With such helps the amount of knowledge acquired in the short time that can be given to modern languages in our college would be most materially increased, and thus the value of a modern language to our students would be greatly enhanced. Increasing somewhat the cost of this department to the college would greatly decrease the time required to get a good knowledge of a modern language selected, and would thus greatly increase its value to the students. With the present excellent management, the earnestness and ability of our student body, confidence in the teachers, and our system of instruction, the modern language department could

accomplish just twice as much as is usually accomplished in the study of a modern language in one year if it only had all the necessary facilities. The chances are that these will be secured during the near future and students who have no conditions and are not deficient in English had better plan at once to take a modern language during their Junior year and not leave it for the last year, when so many responsibilities are diverting their attention and are not allowing them to devote the proper amount of time to the subject.

To guide a student in his choice next fall, let him remember that German and French have more of a culture value than Spanish, while the latter has more of a practical value than German or French. This does not mean that Spanish has no culture value, but only that German and French have more of it than Spanish. The latter is particularly useful to students who are willing to go to Mexico or some other Spanish-speaking country after their graduation to gain valuable experience and to earn more salary while doing it than they possibly could receive in this country.

Students have often asked me which of the three languages is easier to learn, and up to this time it has seemed that Spanish was easier than German; but experience during this college year has disproved it, and so I must now say that with a special system of teaching particularly adapted to the language to be studied one may be made as easy as the other, and the question for the student should only be: "What am I learning the language for? Do I want to learn something from the foreigner, and do I want to employ his laborers who arrive in this country? Or, do I want to go to the foreigner myself and receive a good salary from him?" If you want to learn something from the foreigner, so that you may be more efficient in your profession, or if you want to employ his efficient labor, you should learn German or French. If you want to go to a foreign country yourself in order to receive a good salary, you should learn Spanish. No American can earn more money in Germany than in the United States

except in extraordinary cases. The Germans are coming to this country to earn more money. On the other hand, no American can learn anything worth while from Spain in the line of machinery, agriculture or engineering, etc. In such practical pursuits the Americans are too far ahead of Spain, and not so far ahead of Germany. Besides these considerations, practical experience in this college has led the faculty to recommend a certain language to students of a certain department, and this is more or less indicated in our catalogue.

We are looking forward to most successful work in the department of modern languages, and whichever language a student may elect, he will find it of greater value than is generally acceded to this subject in our State.

TRIBUTES.

Give praise, O fellow man, unto the strong,
But pity to the weak who suffer wrong;
Forget not, while the victors mount the throne,
The vanquished ones who go their way alone.

Give praise, O fellow man, to noble worth,
But prayers for all the blighted souls of earth:
Forget not, while the pure in peace abide,
The banished ones who in dishonor hide.

To these let prayers, or praise, or pity fall,
But give, O fellow man, your love to all:
Forget not that in earth or heaven above
No life can e'er be blest that hath not love.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

W. C. KNOX, '14.

It was the third of August, and the sunset was a typical one of the Carolina coasts. And as the last rays of the dying day shone over the picturesque waters of the historic old river and intermingled with the shadows from the tall pines standing on the bank one sees a scene seldom, if ever, surpassed in beauty. And so one afternoon seated on a small pier were a maiden and her lover watching the dying orb cover the earth with golden splendor. The small boats at the foot of the pier rocked in joy and in perfect rhythm with the incoming tide. Far up the wide, ever-changing river a typical inland steamer was seen coming, plying her way between the stations along the banks of the historic stream. Not very many miles towards the sunrise a little hill, once a mighty fortress of the Confederacy, reared its head to drink the glories of the fading day. The old Atlantic washed and lashed the beach just beyond the further side of the river, and the hum of the pounding, dashing waves floated across the air, blown by gentle breezes from the nearby Gulf Stream to the majestic forests along the banks of the river.

And now with such environments staring them in the face it was no more than natural that this maiden and her lover should keep in perfect harmony with mother nature and sing their own songs of love. Gertrude Harrington was nearing that romantic, that very romantic, age of eighteen smiling summers. She was beautiful, to say the least, and like most of her girl companions on the coast, carried a soft, brown complexion, the product of many days spent in defying the sun. Her great blue eyes were so expressive that they almost melted one's soul, and her flaxen hair hung in little ringlets about her perfect neck and shoulders. So this particular afternoon she had all of these charms, and many more besides. They made a delightful background for the dancing

little sunbeams that persisted in playing around the young couple. Gertrude was an intellectual girl, and had just completed an academic as well as a musical course at one of the leading woman's colleges of the State. Her disposition was lovable at most of the times one was with her, but she was perhaps just a tiny bit too sensitive at certain times. Or as one of her girl companions said, "She expects too much of her friends."

Gertrude's companion, young George Warren, was an easy, indifferent sort of a person, but he was good-hearted and as friendly a person as one would likely meet up with. He was an athlete at college, and his six feet of perpendicular, his broad shoulders squared to the world, made him a very attractive man. His hair was very dark and wavy, and his eyes were of that peculiar shade of brown that seems to sparkle when enthusiasm springs thereto. George had just finished his course as a civil engineer at Tech, and was home for a short time before leaving for Mexico to ply his chosen profession. Like most engineers, George had already acquired that aloofness from society that marks the profession. And it took all the charms of Gertrude Harrington to overcome this salient quality now budding so promiscuously in the young engineer.

The two had since early childhood been fast friends, and age had not mellowed the magnetic attraction one had for the other. But the evil tongue of gossip had told Gertrude that George would never amount to anything, and as a consequence that young man's reception was not quite as cordial as he might have desired. But there was still some interest felt in George by the young lady upon whom he had deigned to cast his love. And so they were seated this lovely afternoon conversing on subjects dangerously near the almost forbidden subject. George grew more and more restless as the day grew darker, and finding that he could hold himself no longer he began:

"Gertrude, I am sure that no one ever loved a girl as I love

you. I love you with a love that is a little bit more than love. Will you marry me and share my life, make my life happy and worth living. Without you, sweetheart, nothing is worth while."

Gertrude did not reply at once. She sought the gathering clouds and her face became a puzzle. Then her determination conquered her passionate desires.

"What have you done to prove your love?" she asked pronouncing her words slowly and distinctly. "When I marry any one, it must be one who is fearless and brave, and you have never done anything to prove that you are any one of these."

George sat still, and the lines of his face became grave and stern. He had never dreamed that Gertrude thought of him in that light. He hardly knew what to say. It was so unreal to him. In a voice husky with emotion, and in words that did not sound like his own, he asked, "Is this final, Gertrude?"

"It is."

"Then staying here won't help the matter any. Let us be going. Here is your cloak."

No more was said on the way home. The air was certainly very chilly. And at the gate it was worse than at first. George tried to appear cheerful, but it was useless for him to try.

"Good-bye, Gertrude. I am sorry that you think so badly of me. Some day I hope that you will understand me better."

The girl tried to say something, but dared not trust her emotions, and with George's words they parted.

A few days passed by in which the usual number of dances, boat rides, picnics and other forms of amusement common in the seaside resort, took place. Often George and Gertrude would meet each other at these functions, and while they would always speak to each other, the people of the resort noticed that there was something wrong with the charming

maiden and her handsome lover. During a picnic one day George met young Mabel Goodman, from Maine, who was by common consent a dangerous flirt. She became at once attached to George, whose good-humored sallies provoked so much laughter among the picnickers. And George, thinking to keep even with Gertrude, who was promiscuously parading that eccentric little Mr. Holt, promptly made Mabel his partner at the games that were to be played that afternoon.

And so the days wore on. At the dances Mabel and George were nearly always partners, and Gertrude and Mr. Holt were situated in a corresponding manner. One day a party were out launch riding, and neither George nor Gertrude happened to be there. But Mabel was, and her questions were extremely annoying to the engineer of the launch, who was a massive man in weight at least, but he was just as humorous and kind-hearted as one meets. Mabel thought that as long as George was not there she might as well make another captive to talk about when she went back home.

"Oh, ain't he grand," she said to her fair neighbor, taking care that "Fatty," as the boys called him, would hear her. Then turning to the confounded engineer she raised her eyebrows ever so little and smiled ever so sweetly.

"Oh! do tell me! What is that little picturesque cottage over yonder?" And "Fatty," following her pointed finger, saw the life-saving station.

"Oh," he answered, suppressing a smile, "that is the Governor's special summer house. He comes down every summer and plays in this here old river just like a kid."

"Oh, how lovely of him! And, oh, please tell me what fine, jitt^{le}, beautiful, darling boat that is yonder, just coming around that bend. See you can just make it out."

"That's the dear old Gov. now," and "Fatty" almost put his fist into his mouth to keep down the rising mirth. He well knew that the thing that Mabel had gone into ecstasies about was George Warren's magnificent motor boat, the *Queen of the River* he called her. But his thoughts were

called elsewhere. A little snap sounded from the engine, and in a second the little motor had stopped running. "Fatty" labored valiantly, despite Mabel's persistent inquiries as to "What is this?" and "What is that?" But his knowledge availed him nothing. So the little boat drifted along with the incoming tide.

Suddenly it stopped. Something had turned it from its course. Before Fatty had time to collect his wits one of the ladies near the center of the boat screamed, "This boat's a-sinking!" "Fatty" quickly saw that this was true. The water had begun to spout into the boat at a considerable velocity, despite the efforts of "Fatty" and his boy friends to keep it bailed out.

Suddenly "Fatty" remembered George's launch. He shot a glance up the river, and there saw the *Queen of the River* one-half mile coming full speed towards the shipwrecked joy riders. It was a magnificent spectacle to see this noble little boat doing its best to make the distance in the shortest possible time. George had seen the plight of the young people, and was coming to their assistance. The *Queen of the River* was doing her best, and her young pilot was bending his efforts to reach the party before it was too late. Nobly did the little launch respond, and these two, George and his *Queen of the River*, working in unison, made the distance seem shorter than it really was. But then a half mile is long ways to people in such a plight as "Fatty" and his companions were.

Deeper and deeper rose the water in "Fatty's" launch. Closer and closer came the *Queen of the River*. Now almost buried in the water by her speed the *Queen* had shortened the distance down to three hundred yards. Nor did she halt or stagger.

"Well, *Queenie*, we must get there, girl. A little faster, *Queenie*, old girl." Thus did George and his launch work together. And like a flash did the *Queen* rush through the water.

Now it was only two hundred yards away. The launch is nearly full. It cannot float any longer. "Jump! My God, Jump!" cried "Fatty" suddenly, and into the water sailed the joy riders to immediately begin to swim towards the on-coming *Queen of the River*. For everybody in that section could swim, even the girls. It was almost a disgrace for a boy to grow up to manhood in that community without learning the art of swimming. And the girls also learned to swim when they were young, and so they had no immediate fear of drowning.

But there was one who could not swim. It was Mabel. In vain did she try to raise her voice for help. But she was too tired. Under she went for the second time, and then to the surface again. George with his launch saw and urged the *Queen* forward. A boat length away. A swerve from the path! Eager hands grasp the sides! All ignorant of the drowning of Mabel! To the bow sprang George, and over he went into the waters just as Mabel went under the last and final time. But ye gods! the current had carried her under the sinking boat that at that moment might go down with the girl and her would-be rescuer, and crush them to the bottom so that all chance of salvation would be forever lost.

But George thought not of that. His whole soul and energy were bent on saving the drowning girl. Down, down under the water he went. Then opening his eyes saw that most ghastly and ghostly thing, a drowning person under the water. Horror filled his soul. Out he reached his hand, and just could grasp the drowning girl's hair. Then the hard task of reaching the surface with the now nearly lifeless form of the girl. But indomitable will power and pure human muscular strength will conquer great odds, and so George and the apparently dead Mabel finally reached the surface, just as the *Queen* skilfully guided by "Fatty" came along aside. And into the boat were pulled the two out of the very jaws of death. And George was bleeding from his side and face where he had struck the boat in rising.

Mabel came to her sense earlier than did George. But good nursing, frequent visits from his friends, among whom was Gertrude, soon brought the hero around. Many were the times he was begged to stay at home, and finally a railroad company just extending their line to George's home town offered him a position as Chief Engineer with his headquarters at this home. Mabel brought the glad tidings to him and begged him to stay.

"Mabel, you are a terrible little flirt, child. If I stay here you will get me sure. Besides you know—well—I don't. Oh, well, Gertrude, you know, is mad with me!"

But Mabel shook her pretty head with a knowing look.

"I know something I'm not going to tell! And as for me being a flirt, why George, son, I've reformed and quit that, for "Fatty" and I are engaged—think of it, engaged!"

Nothing gave George greater joy than to hear this announcement. And he heartily congratulated the mysterious little Mabel on her success. While so engaged Gertrude rushed into the room.

"How are you, my hero?"

"Gertrude, do you want me to stay?"

For answer, she went to the bed, bent over him and kissed his burning lips. And George knew what his answer was, and so did Mabel, for she just insisted in running around the room and yelling and clapping her hands, "Oh, goodie, goodie! They've made up!"

GRIT.

T. R. HART, '13.

Grit makes the man. Perhaps there is nothing that has accomplished so much in the world as that little word, "grit." Human grit has made the United States the great nation that she is to-day. It was *grit* that enabled George Washington to lead an army of gritty men from victory unto victory until he won the freedom of this country at Yorktown, Va., October 19, 1781. It was only his remarkable grit that enabled that man of iron, Otto von Bismark to make a great empire out of the petty German provinces.

It was only by this spirit that that noblest of Southerners, Robert E. Lee, was able to make the stand that he did during the Civil War. Where in the history of America can you find men more loved than Washington and Lee? The United States has produced no men more universally beloved than these two illustrious generals. And what made them great? Simply *grit*, that do or die spirit. When they once espoused a cause they would stick to it and fight for it to the end. It mattered little to them whether they were followed by defeat or victory, they showed their grit by sticking to their convictions.

Now let us look at this remarkable thing in another way. What was it that made Abraham Lincoln one of the foremost statesmen of his time? It was his unconquerable thirst for knowledge—his *grit*. That man would walk twenty miles in order to get a book to read, and after splitting rails all day he would sit by the bad firelight and read until the gray light of morning crept through the doors and windows. Grit has made Thomas A. Edison the genius that he is to-day. Starting from a very ordinary place in life his grit has made him one of the most famous men of the world.

Another case of wonderful courage has just come to light. Boston physicians are astonished at the gameness of a youth

who has undergone thirteen operations, and is now ready for the fourteenth, it being admitted that what has kept him alive, a coordinate part of his nature, is his wonderful will-power—his grit. The operations were necessary, but without the courage to face them and the determination to live, each of which is only a part of the will, the operation would have been of no avail. The internal trouble may conquer the patient soon, and the probabilities are that it will happen; but the youth is going to die “with his boots on,” and he has a fighting chance for his life, which he would not have were it not for that same thing we have been discussing, *grit*. In fact, he would have been dead long ago if he had not fought for his life with his great will-power. Yet people are losing fights every day because they lack *grit*—yea, *backbone*. It costs nothing, yet it means so much. Many a brilliant man has been a failure in life because he lacked grit enough to get out and fight for success. Suppose he does lose at first and loses again, why not take another chance. Edison and Fulton succeeded only after repeated efforts. To give up the battle means inevitable loss of business reputation when to keep on fighting may mean success, honor or even life.

I admire the nerve of William Jennings Bryan, who although being defeated, not once, but twice, had the nerve to come back and try the third time. There is an old saying that reads, “The whole world hates a quitter,” and it is certainly true, too. Granting that the chance is only one out of a hundred, it is better to have ninety-nine chances against you than the solid one hundred, which would be the case if you folded your arms and waited for the blow to fall. But this is the worst view of it.

The best is that the odds are with the man or woman who has the strength of mind, who will grit his or her teeth and I say, “I will do it.” The world admires a gritty man. Suppose you do feel that when you ask for a thing it will be refused, still why not ask for it. You might be surprised and get it. Very little comes to the man who waits. An abrupt,

cold, negative does not carry a brand of infamy to your body, nor does the man hit you in the head with an axe even if he snarls out, "No!" Instead he admires your grit. So keep on pegging away; keep up with your grit; show an invincible spirit. Put on steam with your will-power and burn your bridges behind you. Show that your unyielding courage is going to make you a winner.



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"NEWISM AND OLDISM."

The RED AND WHITE joins the *Wau Gau Rac* in the crusade against so much *Newism* at A. & M. The immediate objects in view are the *New Athletic Field* and the *New Dormitory*. Since the former has been opened Father Time has

completed the cycle of the four seasons a good many times, and from present appearances he is likely to do so many more times before a change occurs. Against such a course it is the purpose of this article to most vigorously protest. As has been mentioned, the athletic field is now nearly hoary with age, and perhaps it would be designated *Old* were it not for its neighbor, the present *Old* Athletic Field. The editor understands that it is proposed to name this field after some one who is not now enjoying the sweets of life. But should not this honor be bestowed on the one that has done most for the advancements of athletics here at A. & M.? But the question may be asked, who is this person? It is just as easily answered as it is asked. Those who have followed the course of athletics at this college will at once recognize that this man is our Professor Riddick, now Vice-President of the college.

To Prof. Riddick more than to any one man in the universe A. & M. owes her present high position in athletics among her sister institutions in the South. He was the first coach an A. & M. team ever had, and into that team he instilled the spirit that has ever since characterized our teams on the diamond and on the gridiron, that spirit that has added victory after victory until now there is a long list that includes most the larger institutions of this section. Why not RIDDICK ATHLETIC FIELD? Put honor where honor is due. For there is no man, dead or alive, who has taken more interest in our athletics than Prof. Riddick has taken, and is taking now, despite the duties that devolve upon him in the class-room and elsewhere. Will not whoever has this important thing in charge let six hundred A. & M. boys give fifteen rahs for RIDDICK ATHLETIC FIELD?

A LITERARY SOCIETY.

Any one who had the fortune to hear the contests for orators and declaimers in the Pullen and Leazar societies this month could not help but notice the great individual good

being accomplished by the members of those societies. One man in particular, whom the editor knows, at the beginning of the year did not have the courage to stand before even a small audience. Yet this man went to work in his society, studied the work assigned him with a vengeance. And when the time came for the contests he went into them and won a place as a speaker in one of the spring inter-society contests. And perhaps he will win a medal. Who knows? But greater than all the medals that could be won is the mastery of the subtle arts of speech that he has partly acquired.

This is only one case. There are numerous other examples that come to light in nearly every society meeting—more this year than ever before. In nearly every instance these men almost invariably said they could not speak before a crowd, and for that reason did not see any cause for their joining a society. It is evident that such students need the training more than any others. The purpose of the societies here at A. & M. is twofold, to help those who *can* speak on their feet, and to learn those who *cannot*. If you were a perfect speaker you would not be benefited by a society. But how about the excuse usually given that "I cannot make a speech." The most concrete example of the good the society training will do one was seen at the Junior banquet last spring. Nearly every society man made a *good* speech, and every one that was not, with a single exception, made a *poor* one.

THE NEW Y. M. C. A.

Just as the RED AND WHITE is going to press the contracts for our handsome new Y. M. C. A. are being let. This event marks the beginning of a bigger, a larger, and a brighter day at A. & M. College. For years a few strong souls have labored day in and day out to see a thriving Y. M. C. A., a credit to the college, proudly resting on the green lawn of the campus, simply hid by green-leaved trees. That it is so,

seems almost too good to be true. How we have waited and wished for it, and now it is here! Secretary Bergthold has done a great thing for the College Y. M. C. A., and largely through his efforts is due the realization of our dreams. It is true that there was a campaign for this building started before he came here, but not until he took hold of the reins did the thing appear to be real. He has sacrificed many hours of pleasure that was rightly his own to the details and plans of this building, and he has borne the major part of the worry and care. Fifteen Raas for Bergthold!

PROFESSOR SHERWIN'S NEW BULLETIN.

Professor Sherwin has another bulletin just off the press of the University of California Publications. It deals with the lima or butter bean industry in a few counties of California which alone produce three-fourths of the world's commercial supply of dry lima beans. While the lima bean is considered a horticultural product in Eastern United States, and is grown as a garden or trucking crop, in the lima bean region of California it is grown as a regular field crop as extensively as cotton in the cotton belt, corn in the corn belt or wheat in the wheat belt. This is well shown by some of the illustrations in this bulletin, one of which is a view of a 1500 acre field of beans and another a view of one of the regular bean threshing outfits which threshes an average of more than 2,000 bushels of beans a day. Some improved strains of beans selected and developed by Prof. Sherwin are now being eagerly sought by the large Southern California growers.

LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES

The month in the societies has been mainly taken up in the oratorical and declamatory contests for speakers for the inter-society series in the spring. It is the general opinion that more interest was taken in these exercises than ever before. It is considered a great honor among society men to get on these contests, and hence the keen rivalry for the position. In the Leazar society the following men won out after a very spirited contest:

Declaimers—H. L. Taylor, M. R. Quinerly, and T. R. Hart, Alternate.

Orators—T. R. Hart, A. H. Bond, and J. B. Steele, Alternate.

Those chosen from the Pullen Society are as follows:

Declaimers—C. F. Gore, W. R. Patton, with L. M. Craig as Alternate.

Orators—R. L. Sloan, K. M. Fetzer, with C. W. Owens as Alternate.

Other officers elected from the Leazar Literary Society are as follows:

Secretary, Senior Debate—R. T. Melvin.

Chief Marshall—J. B. Steele.

Marshall, Senior Debate—R. W. Higgins, W. T. Shaw.

President Oratorical and Declamatory Contests—A. K. Robertson.

Marshals for same contests—J. C. Brantley, E. L. Cloyd.

Similar officers from the Pullen Society have not yet been elected, but they will be elected very shortly.

Messrs. A. W. Taylor and C. L. Cruse, of the Leazar Society, have selected the following query for the Senior debate: Resolved, *That the initiative and referendum is practicable in the State of North Carolina.* Their opponents, Messrs. T. H. Stafford and D. W. Seifert, have chosen the affirmative side of the query. These men are already hard at work on their speeches, and A. & M. is promised in the early spring the liveliest debate it has ever heard.

Y. M. C. A.

By E. B. NICHOLS.

THE FIRST STUDENT MEETING.

The first of a series of student meetings to be held in Raleigh under the auspices of the A. & M. Y. M. C. A. was held in the Presbyterian Church. The church was filled with students representing Peace, Meredith, A. & M., Raleigh High School, the business colleges, and a number of people of the city. The speaker was Mr. DeRoy R. Fonville, of the Charlotte bar. Mr. Fonville made an interesting and impressive address on "The Obligations of Strength." Mr. Fonville said that there were three elements of strength for the young man or woman. First, one must have and maintain a proper physical endowment. The temple of God must be treated well and reverently. In the second place one must need the intellectual endowment—a quick, keen, observant mind adaptable and unshakable. And finally one requires a spiritual strength. The things of the spirit, underrated by many, are not idle dreams. Ideals are behind every great thing, and they are hard to keep up like other things worth while. One must face life in a spirit of gratitude for strength and with a determination to fulfill the obligations which strength entails.

PROF. SATTERFIELD'S TALK.

During the month of January we were very fortunate in securing several excellent speakers for the Y. M. C. A. meetings. One of the first was Prof. H. E. Satterfield, of our faculty. Prof. Satterfield spoke on "Paul's Second Letter to Timothy," and impressed his theme under three topics: First: "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee." Second:

"Study to show thyself approved of man," and the last and most important topic of his talk was, "Remember Jesus Christ." In conclusion the speaker said that the last topic was short enough for a motto, and if remembered it would aid in deciding for the right when temptations arise.

MR. WILCOX TALKS.

Rev. A. D. Wilcox, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, spoke to the Y. M. C. A. on the subject of "Visions." He said that there is room in this world for a man of visions. He cited the case of Samuel, who saw a vision in the temple and pursued it. "Dreams," said the speaker, "are easier to see than to work out. But Samuel followed his dreams, for example, by establishing schools for the Jewish race. Other dreams which were worked out were Cæsar's dream of the Roman Empire, Alexandria's dream of the Grecian Empire, Wesley's dream of Methodism, and Lee's dream of chivalry. Every great movement of reform had its beginning in the dream of some great man or woman. Mr. Wilcox told his hearers that there were a number of reforms yet to take place in which each might take part if properly trained. The men of the Y. M. C. A. should be trained spiritually, as well as in other methods. They must keep themselves apart from the evils of the world and accept the word of God.

MR. HIGHT C. MOORE SPEAKS.

The story of the Son of Man was told in seven chapters by Mr. Hight C. Moore, Editor of the *Biblical Recorder* of Raleigh, in a recent Y. M. C. A. meeting. Mr. Moore divided the life of the Lord into the following sections and treated each division briefly but masterfully: "The Fulness of Time," "The Silent Years," "The Year of Beginnings," "The Year of Tours," "The Year of Withdrawals," "The Crucifixion," and lastly, "The Forty Days." Mr. Moore was given the closest attention, and he impressed his hearers very much with his topic.

The Y. M. C. A. cabinet met at the home of our General Secretary on the 11th. The cabinet decided to send three men besides the Secretary to Charleston, S. C., for the Convention of the Men and Religion Forward Movement in connection with the Interstate Convention of the Y. M. C. A.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. W. Bergthold, the RED AND WHITE is able to publish the following poem. It will be remembered that this song elicited so much applause on "Stunt Night":

"PULL TOGETHER."

(Tune: Casey Jones)

Words by J. W. BERGTHOLD.

I.

Come all you fellows now and listen to our spiel,
For we want to tell you just exactly how we feel;
We know you've been workin' and have little time to play—
One or two of you've been shirkin', too, that goes without
a say.

Now to-night is the night for all of us to have some fun,
And any one that cannot laugh had better hike and run;
So forget about your troubles now and pull out every stop—
Let the nine o'clock inspection go flippety-flop.

CHORUS.

Seniors set the pace, Juniors start the singing;
Sophomores take the chase, Freshmen come out bold;
Short-docks join the race, let's hear your voice ringing.
If the faculty don't join us they'll be left in the cold.

II.

Every fellow in old A. & M. just loves his college home,
And all that is a part of it—we know she's going some.
Just inspect our little president, he's little but he's loud,
And you couldn't find his duplicate in any kind of crowd.

You can tell Professor Riddick by the redness of his hair,
And when our teams are on the field you'll always find him
there.

'Fessor Withers you can recognize just by his rapid walk,
And we judge Professor Nelson hails from England by his
talk.

Chorus.

III.

Doctor Tommy is the Dean, you know; we hate to see him
frown.

If you find your room in darkness go to see Professor Browne,
And by "simul how?" and "taneously" Prof. Yates we know,
But the man who jokes with Sunny Jim is sure to get a blow.
There's another man who works our brains; his name is Sat-
terfield—

There's McNutt experimenting for a larger butter yield.
When it comes to making soldiers we are proud of Captain
Peace—

If 'twere not for 'Fessor Sherwin we could bid our troubles
cease.

Chorus.

IV.

As we look upon this house to-night it makes us mighty proud,
As we realize the strength contained in such a dandy crowd.
If we'll only "Pull Together" for our dear old A. & M.
Not a college in this country could beat any of our teams.
If we'll all become subscribers to the monthly RED AND
WHITE,

And be members of societies, we know that they're all right;
And all support the *Wau Gau Rac* with money and with pen,
Then when college days are over we will all be mighty men.

Chorus.

V.

On next Saturday at twelve o'clock the contract will be let
For a Y. M. C. A. building which will be the finest yet.
It belongs to all the students, as we were about to say,

For of all the men before us *mighty few* that didn't pay.
There will be a dandy place for every college enterprise,
And the Pull-Together Spirit will assume tremendous size.
Then let's work and let us hustle for the college 'till that day,
And let's all "Pull Together" for the Y. M. C. A.

CHORUS (for last verse only).

Literary boys, start the jolly chorus,
Ath-a-letic boys, we will win the day;
Military boys, naught can stand before us
If we all "Pull Together" for the Y. M. C. A.

Repeat.



LOCALS

A. K. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

The Southern Railroad Company is giving one or two scholarships to some worthy young men who live adjacent to the company's line in this State, who will agree to engage in agricultural work at least two years after graduation. This is a fine opportunity for some Tar Heel boy.

Mr. Z. P. Metcalf has been elected Associate Professor of Entomology of the College and Experiment Station. Mr. Metcalf is a graduate of Ohio State University under Prof. Osborne, who is one of the best known entomologist of the country. Mr. Metcalf has been Assistant State Entomologist for a number of years, and is well known in Raleigh. The faculty and students welcome him to the college.

It is of interest to a great many students and friends to mention the marriage of Miss Belva Chamberlain Huntington to Mr. Clyde Raymond Jordan, which took place on Wednesday, February 7, at Conister, N. Y., where the bride lived with her uncle. Miss Huntington was formerly assistant postmistress at West Raleigh, and was well known and admired by the students. Mr. Jordan was cadet major in 1910, and was popular with the students. The many friends of this couple will wish them a happy married life.

Mr. J. L. Drake, a textile graduate of A. & M., was recently appointed Superintendent of the Exposition Mills at Atlanta. This is one of the largest cotton mills of that city.

We are very sorry indeed to note the death of Mr. P. B. Fetzer, of Concord, N. C., the father of Mr. Nevin G. Fetzer, of the Senior Class. Mr. Fetzer's death was almost altogether unexpected, as he was to his post a few days previous. He had been to Philadelphia, where an operation had been

performed, and had almost recovered when a sudden change came, and the death angel carried him away. Mr. Fetzer had a lovable character, and those who knew him will miss him greatly. We extend to "Nick," our friend and class-mate, heart felt sympathy in his bereavement.

Mr. E. B. Owen, the Registrar, took a trip to view his farm at Lexington this month.

Quite a number of former A. & M. students have recently accepted positions with the Norfolk-Southern Railroad. Mr. S. F. Stephens, '09, is now located at Aberdeen, N. C., with this company. J. S. Whitehurst and L. Henderson, '09, are with Norfolk-Southern. Others are Mr. Geo. F. Syme, '98, who is Locating Engineer, and Mr. D. B. Sturgill, who is located near Raleigh, and Mr. P. B. Ferree.

Prof. Riddick is in receipt of a full account of the celebration of the completion of the Florida East Coast Railway, where quite a number of A. & M. men are at work. This was in the form of an illustrated folder that contained a history and description of the work on the Oversea Railroad.

At the meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science held at Columbus, Ohio, our Professor of Chemistry, W. A. Withers, was elected to membership. This is a very honorable distinction, as the Society is limited to only forty members.

Mr. W. B. Dyer, of the National Carbon Company, will address the Electrical, Mechanical and Chemical classes at an early date. He has a large collection of slides which he will use during the lecture.

Mr. T. B. Summerlin, '10, was a visitor on the 4th.

There are being set out in the space between the '11 Dormitory and the Mechanical Building many forest trees. This will in a few years change the appearance of the big open field "lawn" in the sink between those buildings so that the appearance will be more inviting.

We note that Dr. G. S. Fraps, a chemistry graduate of '96, was elected President of the Association of Agricultural Chemists at a recent meeting held in Washington.

"Noodles" Fagan spoke in chapel on the 8th, and his talk will long be remembered by the students who were present.

Dr. Geo. Lay, of St. Mary's School, was another interesting speaker at chapel recently.

"Stunt Night" was a decided success from every standpoint. Pullen Hall was crowded to its limit long before the time to start had arrived. All of these stunts were good, especially "A Parody" by the faculty and "The Real Art-ick-le," by the Pullen Literary Society. Other good stunts were "Humanola," by the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, a "Mess Hall Scene," and the "Debate," by the Leazar Society.

Dr. Van Myers, of the University of Cincinnati, an eminent historian and teacher, addressed the students and citizens of Raleigh in Pullen Hall this month. It's seldom that A. & M. hears such a celebrity as Dr. Myers, and consequently he had a large audience to greet him.

Dr. H. R. Fulton, now of the Pennsylvania State College, has been elected to the chair of Botany and Plant Pathology to succeed Dr. F. S. Stevens, resigned. Dr. Fulton is a native of Missouri, and is a graduate of the University of Mississippi with an A. B. degree. He is a M. S. graduate of the Agricultural College of the University of Missouri, and a Pl. D. graduate of Harvard. He has had several years successful experience at teaching, and is well known in scientific circles. Dr. Fulton will arrive in early March to take up his duties. We gladly welcome him.

Prof. J. P. Pillsbury, of the Station and College, recently visited Elizabeth City, at which place he addressed the farmers of that section on strawberry growing. Prof. Pillsbury was much impressed with the possibilities of this section of our State for the production of this crop.

ATHLETICS

D. W. SEIFERT, *Editor.*

THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

- March 18—Trinity Park at home.
March 20—Catawba College at home.
March 23—Wake Forest at Wake Forest.
March 27—LaFayette at home.
March 29—Swathmore at home.
March 30—University of Vermont at home.
April 1—Amherst at home.
April 4—Eastern College at home.
April 5—Pennsylvania State College at home.
April 8—Wake Forest at home (Easter Monday).
April 10—University of South Carolina at home.
April 13—Davidson at Charlotte.
April 15—Wake Forest at home.
April 16—Davidson at home.
April 18—Guilford at home.
April 22—Guilford at Greensboro.
April 23—Washington and Lee at Lexington, Va.
April 24—Catholic University at Washington, D. C.
April 25—Mt. St. Mary's at Emmetsburg, Md.
April 26—Delaware College at Newark, Delaware.
April 27—Open away from home.
May 2—University of Georgia at home.
May 9—Washington and Lee at home.

The above schedule calls for twenty-three games, fifteen of which will be played at home and eight away from home. Two trips will be taken. One will carry the team to Charlotte to play Davidson. South Carolina is usually played on this trip, but a conflict in their schedule could not allow the

game to be played. They will however play us on their trip through North Carolina. It will be remembered that this was one of the four teams that defeated A. & M. last year. The other trip will lead as far north as Delaware. This trip will differ somewhat from the one usually played. Mt. St. Mary's will be taken on for the first time. A conflict in Georgetown's schedule prevented a game with the Hilltoppers. It is probable that Lehigh will be played on the open date, but Manager McGee has not definitely settled on this game. At home the University of Vermont will be seen for the first time in a number of years, and Pennsylvania State and the University of Georgia will be played for the first time.

The prospects for baseball team this spring are as bright as they have ever been at A. & M. Of the old men who are back we see Capt. Seifert, Stafford, Patton, Hartsell, Speer, Tucker and Page prancing around the diamond just like they did last spring. Robertson, the sensation of the season last spring, is at his home recovering from an illness. He will join his team-mates presently. It is not known as yet whether Farmer will be able to play, as his arm has not fully recovered. Archie is A. & M.'s hard-hitting, run-getting, base-stealing center fielder, and it is hoped that he can play. And in addition to these old men there are a host of new men to pick from. At this early date no prophecy can be made as to who will make the team, but those who know Coach Green know that it will take work, work, work, to get a place on the 'varsity. Anyway we all can rest assured that A. & M. will have a team that will fight to the last ditch for victory, and the team that beats her will have to be a good one.

Since the last issue of the RED AND WHITE there have been played five basketball games. They resulted as follows:

- A. & M. 21; Guilford 24, at home.
- A. & M. 27; Trinity 30, at Trinity.
- A. & M. 9; Guilford 40, at Guilford.

A. & M. 9; Wake Forest 50, at Wake Forest.

A. & M. 9; Wake Forest 28, at home.

While there are some disappointments in the above results, still there are some surprises. At the beginning of the season it was known that our fellows could not stand up with the teams of those colleges that had had several years experience in the game. Still the closeness of some of the scores show that with a place to practice we can make any team in this section take notice.

Although it is a long time before the football season commences the football enthusiasts have begun to figure on the games next fall. Manager McCallum has scheduled games with Georgetown, Wake Forest, and Washington and Lee, and the Naval Academy. These are four strong teams, but Jim has some other surprise up his sleeve, and when his schedule is given out it is believed that he will have the best schedule ever given to an A. & M. team. Washington and Lee will be played at Norfolk Thanksgiving in place of V. P. I., and of course that will be the greatest game of the season.

Coach Green and Capt. Trotter are working the men on the track team as best they can under such provoking weather. It is believed that the team this year will be stronger than it has ever been. Manager Caldwell has not yet announced his schedule.

Say, you! Don't miss the Senior-Faculty basketball game.

AMONG OURSELVES

S. J. KIRBY, *Editor.*

And it came to pass that a certain youth of the Carolinas said, "Go to, let us become educated." And he went unto the college that is called A. & M. that lieth in West Raleigh.

And as he drew nigh unto the campus he heard a sound of great rejoicing. And when he had come unto them they did say: "Behold, a 'rat' in whom there is no guile; come let us buck him." And it was so. And the youth of the Carolinas waxed exceedingly sore, especially in the exposed portions of his anatomy, and cried out with great lamentations, for he wish not how it was.

Now in those days did he eat at the place which is called the Mess Hall. Now there was no fine linen at the Mess Hall, neither was there ought to eat, save holeproof doughnuts and last year's soup bones. And fain would he have filled his stomach with the husks which the swine did eat. But no man did give him to eat.

And he said unto himself, "Behold, at home the hired man hath chicken three times a week, while I perish with hunger. I will arise and go unto my father and say, 'It ain't a bit of use, Dad, not any Shanghai for me.'"

And he arose and lit out on the early morning train, and slipped into the old homestead by the back door. And lo, as he made tracks for the pantry, his father collared him and lambasted him with an exceeding great lambast, and said, "Go to, thou bone-head. Whyfore didst thou beat it from the college?" And he spared not the rod.

Then his father patted him upon the back with a telegraph pole and said, "So from this time forth shalt thou crack stones in the ten-acre lot." And so it was.

Christmas Gift Trust says he sent a post card to Peace under a *consumed* name.

Senor Rudy will give a reward of one "jit" to the person or persons who discovers the student that imitates a railroad locomotive on his Spanish recitations. An excellent opportunity for an enterprising fellow.

Prof. Latane (on physics)—"Why does water always run down hill?"

Sleepy Short Dock—"Cause it can't walk, is the only reason I know, Professor."

AN UNCONSIDERED PETITION.

The faculty on "Stunt Night" failed to consider the petition that "Tige" be allowed to board out despite the fact that the petition was signed by Mr. Hurley, Sam Jones and "Tige" himself—the three most interested persons.

PURE BONEHEADEDNESS.

The Senior rubbed his eyes, and a smile lighted on his countenance. He thought he had solved a problem in Hydraulics, but in reality he had just seen the point to a RED AND WHITE near-joke.

SURE.

Prof. Vaughn—"Mr. Rowland, where is the eccentric situated on an engine?"

"*Major*"—On the boiler, of course."

The Faculty versus the Near Faculty on "Stunt Night!"

Parish—"Prof. Satterfield, is there any steam in the sand dome of a railroad engine?"

THE ETC.

Prof. Riddick—"Put down bolts, screws, etc., as 10 pounds."

Near-Civil Engineer—"But Professor, the bolts and screws will not weigh near that much, will they?"

Prof. R.—"No, sir; no, sir, but the *and so forth* will."

SENSIBLE.

Tommie Tucker—"Private, there is a 'phone call for you at the Y. M. C. A. Hurry, the young lady is waiting for you."

Private Floyd—"Well, but I can't go to the 'phone now, because I haven't combed my hair."

They tell some strange tales on "Skew-foot" Howell's capacity for buckwheat cakes.

MODESTY.

First Student (while the Catholic Orphanage was burning)—"Say, get up! The orphanage is on fire! Let's go and help put it out. Haven't you got your clothes on yet?"

His Room-mate—"Oh, I can't go out this way! I can't find anything to put on but my track suit, and I'm not going to face all that crowd in that!"

Speer (dramatically)—"Oh, I'm tired of life. Have you a gun you could lend me?"

His Girl (obligingly)—"No, but I can let you have a chafing dish."

LEAP YEAR.

The following is an actual copy of a letter received by an A. & M. Sophomore from a young lady in Tennessee. It is pretty well established that a Sophie is a wise fool, but the following is too much for him, so he, recognizing our superior wisdom, referred the matter to us for our advice. It is given at the end of this outburst. The letter follows:

MY DEAR BOY:

Don't be surprised at what you see here,
 For remember, my dearest, 'tis leap year.
 Tell me, dear, that you will be mine
 And that e'en on a cloudy day the sun will shine.
 Oh, Beloved! Life is nothing without *you*.
 Do say you're mine, and don't say "Skidoo."
 My dear, don't say I have loved in vain,
 For thee I would be slain.
 If you will be mine, my own Honey Boy,
 I promise in life that you'll have every joy.
 'Tis January thirty-first, without thee—
 'Tis like heaven when your face I see.
 To Jupiter and Juno I have prayed above
 For your great and everlasting love.
 I know you cannot so hard-hearted be
 As to say the gods have not been good to me.
 Now won't you be my Teddy Bear?
 Then with you my love I'll share.
 When your answer comes I hope you have written there:
 "I accept you, my dear, I am your rag-time millionaire."
 Don't send me a lemon, but a diamond ring,
 For you are more to me than anything.
 Now, dear, write soon, say you are what I asked you to
 be.
 Good-bye, my dearest, I must "23."

YOUR BABY GIRL.

OUR ADVICE: Plap your spade first, Sophie, lay out your diamond, give her your heart, and then use your club.

ONE ON YOU

HYMN BOOK CODE.

Stanly Jordan, the well known Episcopal Minister, having cause to be anxious about his son's college examinations, told him to telegraph the result. The boy sent the following message to his parent: "Hymn 342, fifth verse, last line."

Looking it up, the father found the words: "Sorrow vanished, labor ended, Jordan passed."

A SAFE BET.

Mrs. Twisewed—"My poor, dear first husband never found fault with my cooking."

Twisewed—"No. If he had, he'd be probably alive today."
—*Home Life.*

PRETTY QUICK.

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me some time, Anna?"

She—"I don't think I could, Harry."

He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared—you are too old to learn."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

HIS ANSWER.

"Yu there, in the overalls!" shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling unthuths?"

"Less than you are," retorted the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."

At a recent meeting of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs was thrown into a panic of protest when one of its members insisted upon reading aloud a poetic effusion born of Mayor Gaynor's speech of welcome, in which he blandly asked of the ladies their attitude of their respective husbands on their attendance there. The lady who attempted reading the poem was sharply called to order by the chairman, Miss Mary Garrett Hay. This is the poem:

WELCOME TO OUR CITY."

- "They put him down to make a speech,
 To welcome them to town,
 Forgetting that, what'er he does,
 He's prone to do it brown.
 And when they introduced him
 They hailed him with a shout,
 Until he sadly queried, 'Does
 Your husbands know you're out?'"
- "He spoke of hats, he spoke of law—
 He spoke of many things.
 He spoke of ash can cabbages
 And wise domestic kings;
 He spoke of strikes and Scripture
 In a manner most devout,
 But he ended up by asking, 'Does
 Your husbands know you're out?'"
- "They put him down to welcome them,
 For none of them foresaw
 He'd welcome them with history
 And quote the common law.
 He talked all right, but just the same
 His exit was a rout:
 For he welcomed them as follows: 'Does
 Your husband know you're out?'"

\$100.

"He told me my operation would be absolutely painless."

"And wasn't it?"

"Naw, it cost me \$100!"

IS THE SWORD FISH A CAN OPENER?

Little Elizabeth and her mother were having luncheon together, and the mother, who always tried to impress facts upon her young daughter, said:

"These little sardines, Elizabeth, are sometimes eaten by the larger fish."

Elizabeth gazed at the sardines in wonder, and then asked:

"But, mother, how do large fish get the cans open?"

—*Exchange.*

CRUMPLED THEM.

We observe that the man's fingers are all twisted and bent into the most uncouth shapes.

"Poor Fellow!" we say to our friend. "Evidently he is a victim of rheumatism."

"No," our friend explains. "He is deaf and dumb, and has been trying to talk Scotch dialect on his fingers."

A SURE THING.

Customer—"Are you sure you'll have my taxi at the house on time?"

Garage Owner—"Certainly. Don't you know there's nothing surer than death and taxis."

OUT IN RENO.

Scene—A court room, Judge Blank presiding. Haughty lady on witness stand.

Question. Name and address?

Answer. Mrs. Ira Kissam, Riverside Hotel.

Q. Former residence?

A. New York, Riverside Drive.

Q. Why do you wish to obtain a divorce?

A. One must be in the swim, you know.

Q. Then you wish to further your social ambitions?

A. Why else would one endure the social atmosphere of Reno?

Q. How long have you been here?

A. Six months and ten minutes.

Q. Time enough. What is your grievance against your husband?

A. Grievance! I am not the wife of a laborer, sir!

Q. But you must have some complaint. Does your husband beat you?

A. Frequently—at bridge.

Q. Does he drink?

A. Certainly! He is a gentleman.

Q. Does he use loud and unbecoming language?

A. I could not say.

Q. Surely you must know that?

A. Really, I know very little about him. You see he is not in my set.

Q. Does he support you?

A. I believe so. Some one pays the bills. I never annoy myself with such details.

Q. So far you have given no reasonable ground for divorce. What is your objection to Mr. Kissam?

A. His name annoys me. Could anything be more disgustingly vulgar.

Q. Did you know at the time of your marriage that his name was Kissam?

A. (Sighing) He had money then.

Q. It really does make a difference. Does Mr. Kissam indulge in "affinities"?

A. I really never exerted myself to find out.

Q. Have you any children?

A. (Indignantly) Certainly *not*.

Q. Calm yourself, madam. This is a sad case of neglect and extreme cruelty. How much alimony do you wish?

A. I live simply—\$5,000 a month will do.

Judge: Decree granted. Witness dismissed.

A. (Rising) Very well! You will oblige me by handing me the papers as soon as possible. My fiance is impatient, you know.

Judge: Congratulations. Hope your second plunge will be more successful than the first.

A. Perhaps. One can never tell. Good day. (*Exit.*)

Clerk: Your Honor is wanted at the 'phone.

Judge: Hello! Yes, this is Judge Blank. Mrs. Ura Nagger, Colonial Apartments? What can I do for you? Certainly, what kind do you want? Absolute, \$2.50; limited, \$1.98, marked down from \$2.00. Very well. Do want it sent C. O. D.? All right, it will be there by dinner time. What? Send the license over with it? All right. Going away to-night? Well, congratulations! Good-bye.

Judge: Court is adjourned. (*Exit protesting attorneys and disappointed women.*)

Prof. Newman (on Special Crops)—"There is a section of the country near Raleigh that is so poor, it would take two old women to raise an umbrella."

Stevens—"Fessor, I can beat that. There's a strip of land in Wayne County so poor that it takes a whole pack of fox hounds, crossing it on a moonlight night, to raise a whine."

EXCHANGES

R. L. SLOAN, EDITOR.

There are many—almost all—of the college magazines with whom we exchange that have a habit of commenting on only those periodicals that come up to their own standard. For instance nearly 90 per cent of our exchanges never say a word about their high school magazines. In doing this they are making a mistake. One of the chief functions of an exchange department is to encourage as well as to pick out the better articles of the month. Certainly none need the suggestion and advice of those who are in a higher position than do the high school editors. It is not expected that their productions should equal that of a college magazine, and they are not to be criticised as a college magazine should be. As a general thing all of our exchanges from the high school bear evidences of good, hard work to make the issue a success. This month the *Tileston Topics*, *Black and Gold*, *The Pointer*, *The Athenian* and *The Wahisco* have come to this desk. They are all good, particularly the latter.

The Wahisco.

This little magazine comes from Washington City High School. It has five good poems in one issue. This is certainly doing well for the second issue of a high school publication. "Studying French" is an interesting little soliloquy, and foretells a good editor for some college publication after a few more years of experience. "The Plot" is a little longer story than the first one, and perhaps it is a little more interesting. Its plot is not strong, but the writer easily keeps the reader's attention. The first poem, "Good-night," is the best in the issue, and perhaps the best of the high school poems.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

The Chronicle is one of the most valued of our exchanges. It is always full of bright, attractive stories, well written essays, and few poems. The January issue is no exception to the general run. The first thing in the magazine is a poem, "New Year," written by a Freshman—something that is seldom seen in the magazines of these days. "Rat Smith" is a cleverly written story, and the illustrations accompanying it made the story seem more vivid and real. "Rat Smith" was certainly a green one, and the editor is wondering what process was used in convincing "Rat" of his erroneous ideals. "Trying for the Prize" tells the story of a contest for highest honors, in which the girl incidentally "butts in." Well, we fellows that write for our college magazines just can't get along without *the girl*, and every heroine is the prettiest and best in the world from our viewpoint. "The Winning Streak" is a pretty fair football story, and, like all such, came out "all right in the end." "An Adventure of the War" is longer than the other stories, and is well laid and told. Other good articles are "Neglect" and "The Gypsie Camp."

The Hamden-Sidney Magazine.

This magazine is evenly balanced between the literary department and the different local departments. This issue carries two short poems, and one long one, two stories, and one good essay, "Wealth and Progress." This essay is seven printed pages long, an unusual length for a college essay. The tendency for a two-page essay is growing more and more among the writers of college magazines, and it certainly does make one glad to see some fearless soul every now and then "let out." "The Voyage of the Buxom Sally" is story with an old plot, but well told. "The Sally leaves under full fail," and was "borne out on the morning tide, 'mid the cheers of the crowd on the wharves," and then sails southward. Roving bands of pirates intercept her path. The pirates' ship is wrecked, and the "Sally," not knowing the character of

the shipwrecked, happen to come by and pick them up and sail for Liverpool. But the pirates hold up the crew before getting to land and succeed in making their escape.

The Guilford Collegian.

The Collegian for this month contains a poem, two stories and two essays. What there is given is good reading, but there is so little of it that one feels disappointed when one has finished reading the magazine. "The City by the Sea" is the best article of the issue. It tells of the early history of Charleston, S. C., the military posts around the city, the churches, the navy yards, and a brief description of an old plantation near the city. The inter-class debates are written up well—not merely mentioned, but a synopsis of the points made is given. This would be an excellent thing for many of us to pattern after.

We acknowledge with thanks our usual exchanges.

