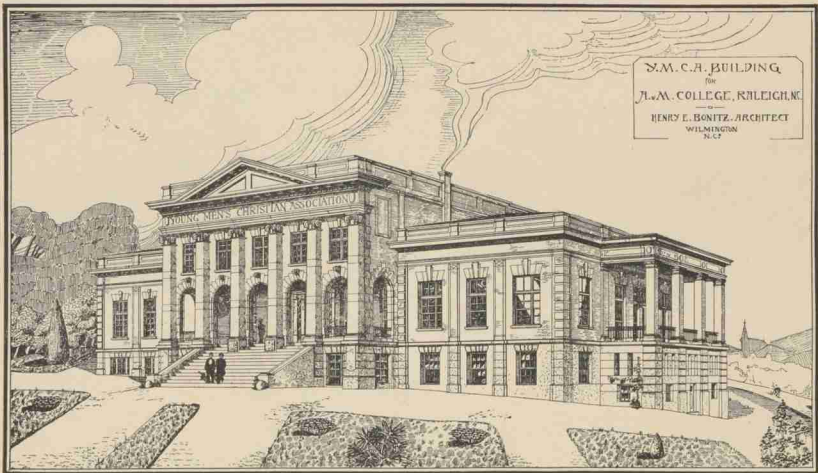


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S.M.C.A. BUILDING
for
J.M. COLLEGE, RALEIGH, N.C.
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HENRY E. BONITZ, ARCHITECT
WILMINGTON
N.C.

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The Red and White

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AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

The world may be filled with music,
With joy and sunshine too;
There's forgiveness and soul-deep sympathy
Which I freely give to you.

For your sorrow is deep and blighting,
Your heart's o'erfilled with pain,
But I trust that the old-time sunshine
Will banish the glooming rain.

Though you told me not your reason,
I know your words are true;
For you vow that a sorrow must part us,
As afflictions sometimes do.

Oh! the thought of the barrier's bitter,
As here our life-roads part,
But the balm of the gentle hand of time
Will soothe the aching heart.

Phil C. Smith, '14.

THE NORTHERN RAVEN.

S. C. BRUNER, '12.

There is probably no State in the Union more interesting to the biologist than North Carolina, because of its very varied nature. The Lower and Upper Austral, the Transition, and the Canadian Zones are all found within its borders. Consequently there are found here many forms of life whose distribution, if governed solely by the latitude of the country, would be found many hundreds of miles from North Carolina. Among these is a very interesting bird, the Northern Raven (*Carvus corax principalis*).

Outside of the higher portions of the Alleghanies, the northern raven is found from central Minnesota and the coast of Maine, north into the arctic regions in Northern Greenland, Northern Ellesmere Land, and Northern Alaska. In this State it now occurs only on a few of the highest mountains. Formerly it was also sometimes seen on the coast, but it has not been recorded from there since 1892.

My first acquaintance with the raven was made at the State Museum in 1907. During that year a live individual of this species was received from Cherokee County in this State. This specimen was obtained after about ten years of continual endeavor on the part of the curator, and was up to January of this year the only example ever acquired by that institution. It was not fully grown when secured and was kept alive for two or three years. The bird became quite tame and was to me, as well as to many others, an object of great interest because of its remarkable intelligence.

During the past season while collecting and studying birds in the western part of the State, I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with the raven as it occurs in nature. I shall never forget my first sight of this rare bird. I was camping at the time on the western side of the famous Grandfather Mountain. In the late afternoon while occupied with

writing up my notes for the day there came to my ears a faint uncanny croak from somewhere high up in the heavens. Instantly I sprang to my feet with the exclamation, "Ravens!" I was not mistaken. Sailing high up straight towards the majestic peaks of the mountain, were two black specks. Then again the weird sound came to my ears as if to obliterate any doubt as to their identity that might exist in my mind.

After that I saw two or three ravens nearly every day while on the mountains. They were usually seen flying to and from the craggy old summit. On one occasion two flew directly over camp, and another one lighted in a dead chestnut within two hundred yards of our tent. These birds possess to a very marked degree the sagacity of the crow, and I was never able to get within gunshot no matter how painstaking my efforts.

Roan Mountain is the only other locality in which I have observed the northern raven. I visited this mountain shortly after leaving the Grandfather. I remained there for about ten days camping at an altitude of over 6,000 feet. A single pair of these strange birds seemed to be residents on the mountain. One of them had several feathers missing from its wings and tail, while the plumage of the other appeared to be perfect. Because of this fact I was enabled to recognize them as the same pair when seeing them at different times. On one occasion while strolling along a mossy old trail that led through the balsams which covered the mountain top, I was startled by the loud croak of a raven near at hand. Looking up I saw a raven (the one with the ragged plumage) flying rapidly away within easy gunshot. It had, however, no real cause for fear, for my gun was at the camp. I had for the first time gone out without it.

In general appearance the raven resembles an extremely large, stout crow. It differs principally, aside from the matter of size, in having gray eyes, a proportionately larger beak, and the feathers of the chin and throat much narrowed and

lengthened. These differences cannot, of course, be noted at a great distance, but the raven's flight will always distinguish it. Unlike the crow, it has the habit of sailing for considerable distances without flapping its wings. It also at times mounts high into the air and soars in great circles like the eagle and other large birds of prey.

The raven is strictly an omnivorous bird, the food it takes depending largely on the nature of the country it inhabits. It seems, however, to prefer carrion when available. In the uplands it is known to feed on field mice, insects, grubs, worms, nuts, grain and berries. The raven shares with the rest of its tribe the deplorable habit of devouring the eggs and nestlings of other birds. It is also said to attack and devour very young lambs when other food is scarce.

On the coast the raven's food is confined largely to dead fish, mollusks, crustaceans and other similar products of the sea.

The nest of the raven is placed high upon some inaccessible cliff or, where such is not available, in the top of a lofty tree. It is similar in general appearance to that of the ordinary crow, but it is more carefully constructed, usually being lined with hair or some other soft material. The same nest is used year after year, being repaired for each season.

The raven lays from five to seven eggs, which are light greenish-blue in color, blotched freely with yellowish-brown spots. The young go through several phases of color before reaching the glossy black of the adult. They attain the solid black color, however, some time before leaving the nest.

It may be interesting to learn that our northern raven is practically the same as the renowned raven of the Old World, being merely an American form of the same species. Also that it is the largest of the known passerine or perching birds, and is the most highly developed bird of its family and possibly of all birds.

In European mythology and tradition the raven plays a very conspicuous part. It is said to have enabled Flokki to

discover Iceland, and was the bird of Odin, the God of the early Scandinavians. The ancients regarded it with superstition, believing it to a bird of ill omen. This character is afterwards attached to it by the early English dramatists, such as Shakespeare and Marlowe. Dickens of a much later period also wrote in this connection.

In some places in our own North Carolina mountains I have noticed that the natives still look upon the ravens very much as did the early Europeans. A mountaineer once told me that he would not even think of killing one nor would he allow any of his children to do so. Although I am not in the least superstitious, yet I always experienced a peculiar sensation whenever the unearthly, half human notes of this grave bird drifted to my ears from somewhere high on a mountain top.



THE GYROSCOPE AND ITS PRINCIPLE.

B. M. POTTER, '12.

Only a few of the recent inventions have attracted as much attention as the gyroscope. It is too young to state what its real value to science will be, for already it has had its share of the wrath of expert mathematicians. But at least in this day of scientific development it is well worth considering.

The properties of a gyroscope are exhibited by any rapidly revolving disk, or wheel-balanced system, turning about an axis, the essential being that this axis may be turned so as to point any direction in space. Only when the axis of rotation is changed do we observe anything that is striking or wonderful. A simple gyroscope, one that can be made in the workshop or bought in any toy store, is simply an axis mounted on pivots carried by a ring, which may be easily carried in the hand, and which projects from a small head supported on a stand. When the disk is at rest it does not stand, but falls quickly. On the other hand when it is set in rapid motion its axis begins to turn around the support in a horizontal plane. At least that is what we see, and we at once pronounce it contrary to the laws of gravity in spite of what we see before us. Of course such is absurd.

However, this is not quite a true description, for it is only what is visible to the eye. But what really happens? No one sees anything wonderful in a top spinning that does not spin with its axis in a vertical position, but usually at an inclination with the perpendicular. It is the same identical principle that governs the behavior of the gyroscope. "In fact," says Prof. Webster, "the gyroscope is simply a top arranged that the inclination of its axis to the vertical may reach a right angle."

A complete explanation of the gyroscopic principle would involve some of the laws of higher mathematics, and, therefore, this article will be content to notice some of its ap-

plications. Its inventor and his friends claim that it has wrought some wonderful results. And, indeed, if we are to judge from the character of the results obtained from experiments in 1908-1909, and later, we will be forced to agree. It was the dream of its inventor to see palace cars swing around troublesome curves, sweep gracefully up and down the steepest of grades, *poised on one single, solitary rail.*

All that is necessary is that the equilibrium be kept under any and all conditions. Mr. Brennan, a British engineer, seems to have met this condition. He has constructed a small car, and to it has attached two gyroscopes mounted upon two horizontal transverse axles. The gyroscopes run in opposite directions at a very high speed, being propelled by a gasolene engine. The gyroscopes are encased so that the air can be very nearly exhausted, and consequently the friction becomes nearly zero. With this arrangement, Mr. Brennan has realized his dream on a small scale. Before the Royal Society he showed that his car could maintain its equilibrium on a gas pipe or a cable with only one row of wheels on. Since 1908 Mr. Brennan has been at work to perfect his arrangement, and the scientific world awaits with interest the outcome. He promises to show to the world that a car 30 feet wide can be successfully run on a single row of wheels.

Should the monorail ever replace the present method, it will be many years hence. A company would hesitate to buy and equip its entire rolling stock anew. It would not try the system until its success had been clearly demonstrated. But whether the gyroscopic principle is ever used in railroad transportation, or whether it will ever be perfected to such a degree that it will be of service, the application presents some interesting facts.

A tremendous factor in determining the cost of transportation in modern times is the construction and maintenance of roadbeds. If a single rail could be used this would be materially lessened. Of course the amount of rail would be at least halved. Then in addition the width of the road bed

might be shortened. Many roads use a roadway 12 feet wide, while under the monorail system it might be cut to say eight feet and still amply serve its purpose. The cross-ties could be shortened in a corresponding ratio, and in view of the rapidly approaching lumber famine, it would appear that the cross-tie is to be a larger factor in determining the cost of transportation than it is now. Certainly, from the side of finance, the monorail is an interesting study, and small wonder it is that the gyroscope, in this connection, has not received more attention than it has.

The best engineers, working with the best contractors, who employ the most skilled workmen and use the best of material under the most favorable of conditions have never been able to lay two exactly parallel lines of iron. It is impossible. Slight deviations from a perfect alignment in one rail are there, probably not visible to the eye, that do not exist in the other. Just as soon as the train passes over the inequality there is a jolt. In like manner a difference in elevation between the two rails on a tangent causes the familiar lurch to the side in a speeding train. If it were possible to eliminate these two factors, comfort in transportation would be immensely increased. The monorail locomotive and cars it is claimed will do this. There being only one row of wheels, these can go up and down, or follow a crooked rail without having to depend upon another set or rails near it.

Thus we see that two tracks are more difficult to keep in repair than one. For according to the sciences, a variation of one must not take place unless one of a similar nature takes place in the other.

In rounding curves there is always a constant danger of spreading the track where two rails are used. But on a monorail if the side thrust should be sufficient to move the rail there would still be no tendency to leave it. In rounding a curve the outer wheel of the locomotive or car is forced to go over a larger distance than the inner. Yet the outer is held rigidly to the inner one and cannot deviate from

that axis. The distance between the two wheels is always constant. But from the theory of the curve it is self-evident that there should be a variable distance between the wheels to secure the passengers from jolts and bumpings and other dangers. The monorail being entirely dependent on itself, can deviate from the true line of curvature, sink into a depression, rise again and still be free from anything near as disagreeable as is ordinarily witnessed when a swiftly moving train swings around the best of curves, however well spiralled they may be.

Thus we have seen that from a financial standpoint the monorail road is an improvement; that under the one-rail system maintenance is kept exceedingly low, while the comfort of the passengers is increased enormously. Whether it can ever be perfected remains only for science to solve. But when science needs anything very much it usually requires only a few decades to produce the thing wanted before a startled world. And there are a great many who still believe that the monorail must of necessity be used altogether in the future.

Having studied the gyroscope on land, let us turn our attention to the water.

Water, we know, was one of the first and most ancient of the modes of traffic. The lashing billows, the foam-capped seas, the howling waves have been sung in song and told in story. They are the cause of the fear of water travel. The old sailor of the fifties or sixties would certainly marvel at a ship traveling in the roughest of sea without any appreciable rolling to the side, just as much as the birds of the air probably wonder at the airship. Yet such is the case. A number of ocean liners are using gyroscopes to overcome the roll of the sea, and their success has so far justified their use. There has not been so much success in overcoming the forward up and down motion nor the vibration caused by the engines, but it is very probable that something will be invented in the near future to overcome these heretofore neglected factors.

With the up and down motion, the rolling, the vibration, all controlled travel by steamer would differ but little from travel by rail, except it would be a great deal more pleasant. It is a significant fact that the gyroscope was first successfully used on the water, which in the ancient days was the only means of carrying on commerce between distant points. With the gyroscope a little more perfected it is believed that the steamer will earn greater revenues for her owner by carrying more freight and by accommodating more and better satisfied passengers.

Further developments of the gyroscopic principle are being awaited with interest by the scientific world.



KISMET.

T. L. BAYNE, JR., '14.

"Jim," called the superintendent of the coal mine, "some of the men have reported that there's bad blood between that big Canadian and his helper, and that they are liable to get into a row some day under the ground and endanger the other men.

"I didn't know that," replied the foreman, arrested in his departure. "Why didn't they report to me?"

"I don't know. It seems that the helper, who calls himself Johnson, has 'cut out' Dupre with that little Lucile Renandel."

"What! Does she like that little rat, Johnson, better than the Canadian?"

"Yes. Johnson's a fairly well educated man gone bad, but in her eyes he's a fine gentlemen 'down on his luck.'"

"Humph!"

"However, I want you to give Dupre a new helper and keep a better watch upon the men hereafter."

"All right, sir, and how—"

His question was drowned in the rush of heavy-shod feet upon the porch outside and the bursting open of the door. Premonition of disaster flashed into the minds of both men before a distracted workman had half crossed the room.

"What's the matter?" they chorused.

"Mr. Jmaison," cried the man to the superintendent, "Jim's just 'phoned that the pump engine cylinder head blew out, an' the water is fillin the mine."

"What's the matter with the—"

"Yes, sir, but the men were fixin' the other pump, and the water chased 'em out before they could fix it."

"Jim, go saddle my horse, while I hear the rest of the report. Hurry! For God's sake!" Then turning to the messenger, "Were all the men out?"

"All but Dupre and his helper, sir."

"Where were they?"

"In the south heading, sir, with one of the new chain cutters."

"The entrance to that heading slopes down. I suppose it filled first, didn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, they have a chance if the water doesn't rise to the higher part of the heading." And speaking these words he went out of the door, and across the yard to meet his horse.

* * * * *

In a gloom so dense that it seemed manifest to senses other than sight, two men were laboring by the flicker of gauze enclosed safety lamps, their panting and curses merged into the grinding chatter of a chain-cutter. One was tending the cutter while the other shoveled away the fragments of coal bitten from the bottom of the black wall.

"Hurry up, you!" shouted the giant with the machine.

The other sullenly quickened the wielding of his shovel, realizing in a glance of loathing the impulse to murder which smouldered in his brain. The hatred demanded to be assuaged; so his mind seized cunningly upon a sure instrument with which to torture his enemy, the Canadian's love for Lucile. Johnson commenced to shout loudly in a harsh attempt at song.

"Au clair de la lune, mon ami, Perrot,

Prete-moi ta plume, our ecrire un mot

Ma———"

Shut up, you. Don't dirty her song with your —— mouth."

"Why not?"

"Ma chandelle est morte."

He was too raging himself to stop before the withering hatred of the huge miner, but he raised his shovel warningly, retreating across the chamber. The Canadian stopped the cutter, picked up an iron bar, and came toward his helper.

Suddenly movement in both men was frozen by horror, for the flames of their lamps lengthened, then dimmed in the grasp of the deadly fire damp. Subconsciously fearing an explosion, they dashed their lamps upon the hard floor, and blackness thrust them apart.

Each waited for the other to betray his presence, but silence weighed down as heavily as the dark. Rage and jealousy warred in the breast of Dupre, the lust to kill blotting out reason. Johnson's mind accused him with sickening persistence with the foolhardiness of his conduct. He should never have seen the girl; he should not have aroused her lover. Meanwhile terror clutched him, his active brain finding in the beating of his heart, the whistle of his breath, and even the slight swaying of his body noises which would betray him to that invisible avenger. His mind so struggled in the grasp of these alarms that it hung poised on the brink of madness, while his cunning sought wildly for a path to safety. The air in the chamber pressed upon the ear drums of both men, bringing new terror. Soon the water began to creep about the feet of Johnson, who was lower down the slope. His first impulse was to call to his companion, and beg him to join in saving themselves from the new peril, but cunning forbade him to stir.

A plan flashed into his brain, bringing a flood of hope. He would throw a piece of coal to one side, then spring from behind upon Dupre, when he rushed toward the sound. But suppose he should make a noise in stooping for the fragment? Every nerve shivered in the dead chill of the thought. Then, with a tremor of his whole being, he forced his tensed muscles to obey, and bent slowly toward the ground. Every force of thought and will was concentrated upon the noiseless performance of this act. His hand chilled suddenly at the contact of forgotten water, overstrained nerve control broke, and he gasped.

A wild shout crashed in his ears from the dark, and a gigantic body hurled itself toward him. Terror thrust him

forward in spite of clutching intangible hands. He floundered into the water.

* * * * *

"Have you started the pump yet, men?" shouted the superintendent as he galloped up.

"Yes, sir."

"Any hope for the two men?"

"No, sir. We found their bodies in the entrance to the heading. *Drowned.*"

"Oh! Why didn't the fools go back to the higher part of the heading?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the same man, "but it looks like they went plumb crazy."

"How so?"

"Stead o' goin' up the headin' they grabbed holt o' each other and went down."



THE RIGHT WAY TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

R. L. SLOAN, '13.

Prior to 1619 the burly form of an insolent Ethiopian servant was unknown to the Western Hemisphere. The aristocratic families sought needed help of the less fortunate individuals of their own race, though but few of the pioneer settlers were too refined to perform their own daily routine of work.

The Dutch trading vessel that in 1619 first landed Africans in Jamestown was the modern Pandora's Box of the New World. On the day this little ship anchored in Jamestown harbor the seeds of insolence, contempt, strife and deadly riots were sown with their train of attendant evils which have enslaved the South to the race problem ever since. When the barbarians overrun Rome only a couple of centuries were required to blend the two races into one. When the Saxons pillaged England the few remaining Englishers were soon absorbed by the stronger race. Not so with the African in America, for whom there is no parallel in history. Just as oil when placed in a container with water will not mix, so the Caucasian race stands aloof from contamination with the blacks.

The advent of the negro into the South was heralded by the blinded whites as the beginning of an era of industrial expansion. Little did they realize the dangers of planting a new and inferior people on the land which they had so earnestly sought out to secure religious freedom for themselves and their posterity.

Like the proverbial imbiber of alcoholic drinks who thought he could refuse the sparkling glass before habit could reach out and grasp him; so these pioneer colonists must have believed they could control the inflow and diffusion of this stupid race without endangering the welfare of the nation about to be established. At that remote period in the history of the colonies society and its demands upon a nation were not even anticipated.

However, the demoralizing effect of mixing an intellectually weaker people with one of stronger faculties became evident when the new generation of whites conceived the idea that manual labor is a humiliating disgrace. Nowhere in the world has this false conception of fancied degradation been so emphasized, or spread to work so much harm as among the youth right here at home. Thousands of honest, virtuous and innocent boys and girls are annually leaving respectable country homes and moving into a city teeming with vice and crime rather than march down life's walk-way alongside of a negro. Southern farms have been entrusted in the hands of the incompetent and stupid negro since the Civil War, until our virgin soils are all exhausted, and nothing remains but the emaciated semblance of days when their fertility was the pride of the slave owner.

The white man is now encouraging the blacks to seek employment in the beds of the new railroads, in the manufacture of brick and other like so-called "Public Works!" This will again leave the handles of the Southern plow in the hands of competent men under whose guidance we may expect soon to see the hilly slopes again covered with clover blossoms, and hear the buzz of myriads of insects as they fly from bloom to bloom.

There was a time when the South was populated with aristocratic families whose children had no other purpose in life than to provide popular amusement not unmingled with dissipation. That period is passed. There is a sentiment now extant favoring industrial education of these same boys and girls, thus preparing them to better adorn the fields, the power-plants or the home. This sentiment is only in its infancy and is destined to increase in population with each succeeding generation.

When our youth have been educated to push forward the industrial activities of our sunny land without the interference of Northern schemers, then will our great South be able to dispense with the services of the erstwhile slave, and to vie with our sister North in industrial expansion and growth.

THE MILITARY LIFE OF SIDNEY LANIER.

V. W. BREEZE, '14.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Sidney Lanier was a tutor at Oglethrope College. He was planning a career of literature and music. He was even then considered the best flute player in the South, and he intended going the next year to Germany to study. From these dreams of studying music and poetry in a German University he was rudely awakened by the war fever that swept over the South.

At the close of his year's work at Oglethrope College, he, as well as almost all of the faculty and students, volunteered for service in the army. Lanier joined the Macon Volunteers, who left Georgia in April, 1861.

This company was for some time stationed at Norfolk, Va., their principal duties being to picket the beach. Here Lanier experienced some of the pleasures of city life, for the war had at this time become little more than a picnic.

In 1862 the company was sent to Wilmington, N. C., where they were engaged in building historic Fort Fisher. From here they went to Drewrys Bluff, and from there to the Chickahominy, where they were engaged in the seven days fighting around Richmond and at the battle of Malvern Hill. These were the most important battles in which Lanier was engaged.

On August 26 the Macon Volunteers were sent to Petersburg to rest. But before the company left Petersburg Lanier was transferred with his brother and two friends to the signal corps. Soon becoming proficient in the system, they attracted the attention of the commanding officer and were formed into a mounted field squad and attached to the staff of Major General French.

In the spring of 1863 Lanier spent a two weeks' vacation at his home in Macon. The effect of the war had not reached them, and meeting Miss Mary Day, who afterwards became

his wife, his vacation was spent in an atmosphere of romance, music and love.

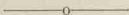
During 1863 and 1864 Lanier and his brother served as scouts in Milligan's corps. The duties of this service were very disagreeable and dangerous, because their movements had to be concealed, and they were in constant danger of being captured. The work required hard riding, energy, prudence, and caution. Lanier displayed all of these, and despite the dangers and hardships, he looked upon this stay at Fort Boykins, their headquarters, as one of the most delicious periods of his life. Writing of this period later he said, "Our life was as full of romance as the heart could desire." They had a flute, a guitar, good horses, good friends who loved them, and plenty of excitement in the spirited brushes with roving bands of the enemy.

In August of 1864 Lanier was transferred to Wilmington, N. C., for service as signal officer on the blockade runners. This service was one of danger and excitement, as well as one requiring a clear head and iron nerves; for Wilmington and its vicinity was the scene of the most strenuous efforts of the blockaders.

On November 2 Lanier was signal officer on board of the *Lucy*, one of the blockade running ships, which made her way out of harbor, but was captured on the open sea fourteen hours later. Lanier was taken to the Federal prison at Point Lookout, where he spent four months of dreary and distressing life. But even under these conditions he read German poetry and translated two or three German poems. He also found comfort for himself, as well as for his fellows, in the flute which he had carried with him through the war.

Lanier secured his release from prison by the aid of a friend, but unfortunately too late for his health. More dead than alive, he started his long trip home and reached Macon on the fifteenth of March. But here, being worn and exhausted by the privations and suffering of prison and wearisome journey home, he fell dangerously sick.

After two months of sickness he recovered to find the war ended and his health permanently broken. This collapse of his health which he attributed to his stay in prison, coupled with the altered circumstances caused by the war, forever crushed his chance of realizing his great ambition, that of studying in the great German universities.



A LOVE-THOUGHT FOR YOU.

Not the set of the sail or speed of the gale
Determines the rocks and the shoal;
By the head and the chart, and the soul of the heart
We are led by love to the goal.

There's a pull that is weak, and a pull that is strong,
The current runs swiftly down the course;
And the lull is of sleep, as down, backward we creep,
Tho' love pulls ahead, just before us.

'Tis the memory of things, a love-thought that springs—
A presence, an influence divine,
That holds to the last; and the heart beating fast
Should not fear, but love for all time.

So, give us the winds and the gales and the sleet!
Give us the bellowing waves!
For, the soul that is true can but love through and through—
Tho' we're lost—'tis love yet that saves.

F. A. O.

GOD AND THE COLLEGE MAN.

J. H. BROWN, '11.

How many men in our college doubt the existence of God? It is a pertinent question to ask, for are few men, at least, who have a very "weak faith" in the Creator. If the truth were known it would probably astound some who had never given the matter any thought. But if we consider for a few moments we will understand that the college man is more prone to disbelief and doubt than any other set of men. What are his peculiar conditions? In the first place, young and buoyant, strong in body and mind, he learns to rely upon himself, and as the budding youth flowers into manhood he feels that he can "conquer the world." With these thoughts he loses sight of the "Source of all Power." In the second place, he has been cast loose from the restraining home influences and the watchful care of parents. A word spoken in doubt will be a gem in his mind which will quickly develop. In the third place, the study of science has caused the youth to think for himself and see things in a new light. He tries to reason out God by science, but "it will not reason." Consequently with these and other tendencies he quickly becomes a young atheist.

But why not turn the question around and ask: "Is a college man's faith in the existence of God weak?" This brings the real condition more clearly to view. His faith is weak. How can a "weak heart get strong?" Undoubtedly the best way is not to try to prove the existence of God. No man can prove it. And when he tries it he loses faith. But there are many reasons why there should be an Eternal Being. As we look about us on animated nature we see the trees filled with singing birds, the seas thick with darting fishes, the dark earth proving a store-house of an inexhaustible food supply for man and beast. The seasons follow one another year in and year out, the tides do not fail the mariner, and

the planets have a definite course. We see perfect harmony and order on every side. All nature is in tune. *Did it just happen?* Did it grow into this condition? No more than a mighty temple just happened to be in a certain place. There was a master mind who directed and saw to its growth. Just so in this wonderful world. Behind it all there is a Master Hand. He builds and directs.

Again, if there is no God—no hereafter—what is our object in life? *What do we live for?* At best this life is one of sorrow and toil. If there is not something to look forward to in the future this life is all folly. Who is the truly happy man? He who sees peace and eternal happiness in the future. An abiding *faith* will bring more happiness than anything else.

Without the belief in God all society would become corrupt and evil finally there would be a discontinuance of the race. Belief in God is the corner stone of government and society. Should not the college man with his enlarged sphere of usefulness be a pillar in supporting society on a stable foundation?



THE TWO HOMES OF THE WORKING MIND*

DR. D. H. HILL.

The working mind has, if we may so call them, two homes: one is in the silent chambers of its own being; the other is in earthly chambers where the mind occupies itself in daily association with its fellow-minds.

In the first home the mind lives whenever it would face the deepest intricacies of life. The stronger the mind the more it dwells apart in this abiding place. There all questions taken in the crude must be analyzed, elaborated, organized; there conceptions too startling for hasty presentation must be re-surveyed; there the imaginative powers, whether engaged on material or literary invention must brood by day and by night; there all plans for self-uplift and for the uplift of humanity must be perfected; there strength of opinion and independence of conclusions are bred into the fibres of our being. The mind of the man who would be truly great must dwell much in this home.

The second home, the community room of congenial spirits, is one to which the mind turns when it would share its silently worked out thoughts; the one to which it turns for correction of error, for enlargement of vision, for partners in daring mental speculation, for changing dreams into realities, for moulding other minds to its own processes, for sharpening its edges by collision with other mentalities, for gratifying its desire for change in point of view. This home is a necessary complement of the other mental residence. To provide this latter material communing place, this beautiful building is to be erected.

Now, acting for the Board of Trustees, and by its authority, I deed this site in perpetuo to the Young Men's Christian Association of the College, and may this college social home be always a place of concord, friendship, happiness and brotherly love.

*Spoken at the Y. M. C. A. celebration.

NOT OVER-CONSERVATIVE, BUT CAREFUL.*

J. W. BERGTHOLD.

This is the realization of one of my ambitions. It seems too good to be true that after so much talk and waiting we are at last actually beginning work on this building. It is the beginning of a new era at A. & M. This is the only project at A. & M. in which practically every man at college has had a part.

I come from a land where things are done by enthusiasm. When I first came to A. & M. it seemed to me it was impossible to create enthusiasm in the Young Men's Christian Association work, and I have had the bluest days of my life since I came to A. & M. Many a night after lights were out during that first year have I walked the campus alone after I had worked hard all day and had seen no results. It had been said of the South that her people were conservative. At that time it seemed to me that this was more than true.

I have changed my mind since that day. I have found that you are not overconservative, but only careful. You look well before you leap, and that is not only safe, but necessary to the highest success. And I am glad to say also that I have had the brightest, most joyful days of my life since I came to A. & M. You have supported the Association work loyally. When you found that it was a work really worth while *you supported it*. Every year about half the students have paid their two dollars to the Association knowing they could get the same privileges without doing so. It was *loyalty* in the highest degree.

When this building is finished it will be the home of all the students. All the college organizations will have definite places in it. It will unite all the students in one great, grand effort to make better men of us all.

*Spoken at the Y. M. C. A. celebration.

A SPLENDID BUILDING.

The building which is now to be constructed will represent, with a very moderate allowance for the value of the site, an investment of about \$50,000, so that it will be, with one exception, the best student Y. M. C. A. building in the South. It will contain, among other things, a reading-room, an auditorium, committee rooms for small student group meetings, a gymnasium, baths, locker room, two literary society halls, rooms for the Association officers, a cabinet room, offices for the *Red and White*, *Agromeck*, *Wau Gau Rac*, the Athletic Association officers and team managers. The Y. M. C. A. building will thus be a center of college life in all its phases, and a home for all the students. The building with its pleasant associations and uplifting influences will be headquarters on the campus.

The first thing which made the Y. M. C. A. building possible was a generous offer of \$20,000 by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, on March 16th, 1911. The conditions have been so far met, and will beyond question be met during the remainder of the time specified. The important conditions of the gift, in addition to those which are usually made in such cases, were (1) that the trustees of the college provide a suitable site for the building; (2) that the Association raise from other sources, "including what they had already secured," not less than \$20,000, at least \$10,000 of which was to come from the city of Raleigh; (3) that satisfactory pledges for the offsetting amounts be secured by July 1, 1911, payable on or before June 1, 1912; (4) that all cash pledges shall be actually collected by June 1, 1912; (5) that the building shall be completed and furnished not later than January, 1913; (6) that the building shall be completed and furnished free of debt, and that the Association shall keep itself free of debt during the canvass for the building and until the building is erected and equipped.

The conditions of the gift require a business-like and care-

ful management of the great Y. M. C. A. building enterprise; but the success of the movement is assured. It remains only for the friends of the Y. M. C. A. to pay what they have subscribed.

On March 29-31, 1911, soon after Mr. Rockfeller made his offer, a whirlwind campaign among the students was carried to a finish a day or two ahead of schedule time, the students pledging the handsome total of \$5,707.

Once the students showed that they meant to have the proposed building and meant to work for it, it remained for them and the Advisory Committee to enlist the aid of Raleigh friends.

Though the Raleigh people were conducting at that time a campaign for a costly city Y. M. C. A. building, a campaign which brought forth unexpectedly liberal pledges, Raleigh and West Raleigh citizens pledged for the A. & M. building first and last the generous sum of \$11,841.

The amount now pledged or in hand is \$30,657—\$11,841 from citizens of Raleigh and West Raleigh, \$18,816 from students, alumni and friends. With Mr. Rockfeller's \$20,000 a splendid Y. M. C. A. home can and will be constructed.

On October 23, 1911, the A. & M. College Y. M. C. A. was incorporated under the laws of North Carolina, the corporate title being, "Trustees of the Young Men's Christian Association of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Incorporated." This corporate form which Mr. Rockfeller named as a condition of his \$20,000 gift, will give the Association permanent and efficient organization. The incorporators are the Advisory Committee of the Association, namely: Prof. W. A. Withers, Chairman, Col. Fred A. Olds, Secretary; Prof. H. E. Satterfield, Treasurer, Mr. John T. Pullen, Prof. Wm. Hand Browne, Jr., Robert N. Simms, Esq., Prof. Zebulon V. Judd, Mr. E. B. Crow, Genl. C. A. Woodruff, Mr. A. K. Robertson, and Mr. W. H. Graham, Jr.

The Building Committee, which has been in charge of ar-

rangements since April 11, 1911, is as follows: Professors H. E. Satterfield, Chairman; W. C. Riddick, Wm. Hand Browne, Jr., and C. B. Park, Mr. John T. Pullen, and Mr. W. H. Graham, Jr. This Committee includes a bank president and a number of engineers, so that both engineering and financial interests will be most intelligently supervised.

Mr. J. W. Bergthold is the General Secretary of the Association and *ex officio* a member of all committees.

On June 7, 1911, a letter was written to Mr. H. E. Bonitz, of Wilmington, N. C., offering him a commission as architect of the building; and his plans were finally accepted on the 7th of February, 1912. Bids were then advertised for.

When the bids were opened February 19th, 1912, the lowest bid was found to be that of Mr. S. S. Toler, of Rocky Mount, for \$32,450. Mr. Toler has begun active work on the Y. M. C. A. building site, and expects to push the work through with all possible expedition.



"THAT NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE."

H. L. TAYLOR.

"It's no use talking, Mr. Norton, you will have to stop working for three months at least, and take a thorough rest."

"But, Doctor, I have contracted for a serial, three short stories, and article on 'Criticism' in the next three months."

"My dear Mr. Norton, would you prefer to write those at the expense of a permanent breakdown, or rest for three months and recover your health and so be able to continue your work?"

"All right, Doctor, if that's the case, I suppose I must follow your instructions. What place would you advise?"

"There is a small resort in the mountains of Western North Carolina where there is the finest climate in the world for recuperation. They have a hotel there and that's all, a very small hotel at that. However, every year the same people come there for a rest and they are delighted with the balmy air of the mountains. I spent a summer there two years ago, and I cannot remember having had a more delightful time. And mind, no work! But don't forget to do a plenty of tramping and fishing."

"As you say, Doctor, I'm off tomorrow."

"Good! Come back here in three months and I'll show you a man in yonder glass."

"Good-bye, Doctor!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Norton!"

The next day a tall, rugged man with the homeliest of faces and kindly eyes, even though just now dimmed by ceaseless work and surrounded by fine wrinkles, the result of tireless mental effort. Such was Jack Norton, the celebrated writer of novels and short stories. He was accounted very eccentric in that he accepted no invitations to anything where ladies would be present, although he was universally popular with men. His reason was not known, and he was thought to be

a misanthrope on this question. But his reason was, to his mind more than sufficient, and was as follows: When he entered the high school he had become struck with the beauty of a girl sitting in a desk in a straight line with his, two rows removed. Instantly he felt the pangs of love surging through his boyhood frame. Never having suffered from ingrowing self-knowledge, he went up and spoke to her, asking something about the lessons for the day following. This served as a basis for further conversation, and pretty soon he found himself walking along the street with her, on the way from school to her home. Jack was happy until his Junior year, and then something happened that turned him sharply against all women.

He was getting the boy's hats from the cloak-room and consequently overheard a conversation in the girls' cloak-room, separated from the other only by a thin board partition extending only two-thirds of the way to the ceiling.

"Rose, what do you go with that ugly Jack Norton for? Will Hinton said the other day he was wild about you, and I would heap rather have a good-looking boy like him than the ugliest boy in school."

Rose was the idol of the youthful Norton's heart.

"You know, Emily," she replied, "he tagged himself at my heel when I first came to school, and I have never been able to get rid of him, except by hurting his feelings, which I would not do for the world."

Now it must be said in justice to Rose that she did not mean what she had said, being afraid to show her real feeling in the matter, for fear of being teased about it. But it sank like gall and wormwood into Jack's heart and completely poisoned the tender part of his being sacred to women.

The next day he left school, going to an adjoining high school. Thus Rose passed completely from his life. 'Tis true she had an inkling of what had happened, and she was half inclined to write a note of explanation. But she felt

that she could not do this for her feelings would be almost sure to come out in the note. She dared not, and the matter dropped. But Jack always nourished his contempt for women, although his characters were the most admirable conceivable, being the ideals of his mind conceived before the unhappy incident just referred to.

To go back, he boarded the train and in time arrived at X—, where in a few days he was snugly ensconced. There were only two other people in the hotel beside himself, these being two ladies, one a charming young lady named Alice Harper. The other person was also a member of the gentler sex, and she was the aunt of Alice. As Jack was a newcomer he naturally excited interest among the two women. They would have probably remained in an unsatisfied state had not the landlady informed them that their guest was the celebrated Jack Norton. They were excited with the thought of seeing an author at work turning out material. Consequently Jack became an object of more than passing interest to the ladies.

So when one day when they were sitting in the small summer house and a piece of paper came fluttering down, they could hardly suppress their excitement. Think of reading part of a story, and then months afterwards recognizing it in a magazine. Thrilling!

"But Alice, should we read it?"

"I know it is not right, Auntie, but this is just like it came of the pen. It just excites me to think of it."

"Well, I guess it is excusable this time. Go ahead."

And Alice read the following, written in a bold, free-flowing style:

" . . . She is tall and well-built. Her beautiful brown eyes are almost divine. She has the most lovable face I ever saw. I am confident that she would be capable in any situation. She has that well-set-up, wide-awake, and yet thoroughly cultured, appearance typical of the best type of American girl. You know, I don't care for them at all, but I must admit she is of an external appearance to justify any prediction as to her mental make-up. She . . ."

And here the page ended.

"Oh, Auntie! Isn't it exciting! How I should like to be the heroine of a story, but there is nothing about me for an author to write about. Oh, dear!"

The next day he was out for a walk and followed a path, hugging the cliff on one side and dropping sheer on the other side to a depth of three hundred feet. It wound around the mountain, and as he turned a sharp corner he came face to face with Alice. For a moment they stood and looked at each other, for the path was just wide enough for one and no more.

"How far is it to the bottom?" he managed to ask finally.

"Just about as far as it is to the top."

"Well, I'll turn around and go back."

"No, I'll go back, as I know more about the way than you do."

"I cannot permit it."

"Neither can I."

He turned around and started back, but hearing no following footsteps, he turned around and looked. She was as far as he was from their meeting place and was looking back too. They both looked and then burst into laughter. He started back, and she came to meet him.

"Please follow me," said the novelist.

"I don't know whether I should do that or not, for I don't know you at all."

Grinning exasperatingly he began again: "Will you do me the kindness of proceeding on your journey if I turn around and go back?"

"Will *you* do me the favor of proceeding on *your* journey, if I turn around and go back?"

Angry at her for playing with him, he smiled anything but sweetly, turned with a muffled exclamation, and started back up the path. But soon he turned around, and not seeing her, raced after her, and finally came up with her.

"Don't you see you are placing me in an embarrassing position with your obst—pardon me—with your refusal to continue your journey.

She smiled sweetly.

"Don't *you* see *you* are placing *me* in an embarrassing position with *your* refusal to continue *your* journey?"

"But I have no particular destination," he almost yelled.

"Neither have I," with an angelic smile of innocence.

He looked at her. She looked at him. They both burst into simultaneous laughter that rang through the mountains.

"Don't, please," she murmured weakly.

He managed to stifle his laughter and asked, "Which way do we go?"

"We?"

"Certainly. Either you go your way and I lead, or I go my way and you lead."

"You wouldn't have me walk all the way up the mountain just to come down again, would you?"

"What were you going up there for?"

She smiled, trapped: "To come down again."

"That's what I thought, so I will tell you what we'll do. I'll throw up a coin; if heads comes up we will go up, and if tails comes we'll go down."

So he flipped it, and tails came.

"Tails it is," he said, "Let's go down."

"You might have done that in the first place and saved me all this trouble."

"There is no use to rub it in, is there?"

"No, I guess not."

And they went down the mountain laughing and talking, she looking over his shoulder in the most alluring manner, and he unconsciously falling under her spell. When they reached the hotel they had become perfectly good friends, and upon arrival he was introduced to her aunt.

The next day they were again seated in the summer house, and again a piece of paper came fluttering down and fell at their feet. They could not withstand the temptation and read:

" . . . is able if anyone is to restore my faith in women, but am afraid that the exterior will be but tinsel, although I am half convinced that beneath her merry smile lies a keen brain and a womanly heart. She fills the atmosphere with joy wherever she goes and even the servants are happy when she speaks to them. Her name is . . ."

"Oh, sugar! Why didn't he crowd it on that page. I did so want to see her name. I wonder what he thinks is a pretty name, and if he thinks mine is one."

Her aunt looked at her quizzically, but said nothing. For any one, but one so modest as Alice, would have seen whom the letter referred to.

They went walking the next day, and gradually Jack thawed out in her gracious presence, and he was soon chattering like the veriest school boy. They started to climb a small hill, and soon reached the summit and started down the other side. Suddenly she stumbled and fell with terrific force toward him. He caught her in his arms and held her until she recovered her breath, and then helped her to her feet. Hardly had she gotten erect than she slipped through his arms like a limp rag and fell to the ground in a dead faint. Horrified and distracted almost out of his senses, he turned this way and that, and finally caught sight of a little stream flowing amongst the rocks. Jack scrambled down and filled his hat with water. Running in such haste that he lost almost half of it, he bathed her forehead and spilled a great deal of it all over her, he was so nervous. After an eternity she opened her eyes and smiled feebly.

"My ankle," she whispered.

He looked at it. It was already beginning to swell and to look bad. He cut away the shoe and stocking and poured the remainder of the water on it. He then thought of the means of getting her back to the hotel. It was late in the afternoon, and by the time he reached the hotel and returned it would be dark. So he reached down and gathered her up tenderly.

"Put your arms around my neck," he commanded.

The girl meekly obeyed, and he staggered along under his

burden. After going a hundred yards or so he stopped, not so much from fatigue as from the wild and unreasonable desire to kiss those lips so near his shoulder.

Again he picked her up, gathering her perhaps a little closer than was absolutely necessary. Slowly her eyes closed as if tired and worn out by the excitement. Surely and slowly they approached the hotel, and as they came up the drive he said, "All right, we're almost there."

Alice did not open her eyes.

Then a wild thought flashed through the novelist's brain. He stooped and brought his head nearer and nearer—and then she opened her eyes and smiled, looking straight at him. Disappointed, he bore her silently up and gave her into her aunt's keeping.

The next day he was on tenter hooks until he received a message from her thanking him for carrying her, and saying she would be out in a few days. And when she was carried out and placed in an invalid chair Jack's joy knew no bounds. He went up diffidently like an embarrassed boy. He managed to get up enough courage to ask her about her ankle.

She smiled gaily at his embarrassment and, as is the way of women, began to torment him.

"I am sorry I gave you so much trouble in carrying me here."

What could he say? He was too immature in the methods of lovemaking to say what he wanted to say, so he could only stammer out that it wasn't trouble, but a delight.

Again: "I kept my eyes closed so long you thought I had fainted again, didn't you? I noticed you were looking at me very closely when I opened them."

Then the sly little minx smiled innocently and demurely.

Jack Norton was frantic, for he did not know what to do, and she was chaffing him unmercifully. So he muttered a good-bye and walked off. She followed with a tantalizing smile, and then it changed to an ineffably tender one.

In about five minutes Jack hove up in the offing and began

to tack towards —— . Pretty soon he came up alongside and docked. He reached out for something to tie to, but it was swiftly withdrawn. Poor Jack! How could he know that this was not the propitious moment, that no girl cares to be in an unadvantageous position when the lover is to propose to her. So perforce he must wait.

All during the time her ankle was healing he was her constant attendant. Finally it healed so that she could walk with the aid of a stick. So he invited her to take a walk with him. She accepted, and pretty soon they were strolling along very slowly, she walking with her cane. Finally he got tired of that and took the cane and told her she would have to lean on him or fall down. Of course she took the arm. As they continued to walk he slyly made a move as if it were done inadvertently and let her almost fall; and, as if to stop her from falling, he put his arm around her waist. She allowed it to remain there for an instant, then: "I'm afraid you will need that arm, Mr. Norton."

"Why?"

"You shouldn't let it go to waste like that."

"Yes, but the waist is so small! I don't think much harm will result."

"Please."

"But, Miss Harper—Alice—don't you see, can't you see, I want to keep it there for ever. Can't you see I have been worshiping you ever since I have caught sight of you; that I love you as I never thought it possible to love any one. Don't you think you could learn to care for me a little, just a little, enough to make me happy for life?"

Alice kept her face turned down and away from him so that he could not see it.

"Turn your head this way, dearest."

Slowly and surely her head came around.

"Open your eyes, sweetheart."

Hesitatingly they opened and then half-closed.

"I'm waiting, Alice."

At last they opened, and in them was a light that was of a radiance far surpassing anything earthly.

And then—and then—but what's the use! If you have been along the same path on life's highway you can guess what happened; if not you have missed the best part of your life.

The next day they were sitting in a rocking chair, and Alice commanded sternly, "Stop it for a minute, Jack, I want to ask you something."

"Well, take your face off my shoulder, then, for I will not answer for consequences if you don't."

"Jack, let me read that short story you wrote when you first came here."

"What short story?"

"Don't play ignorant, you know what I mean; that one in which you described a girl."

"So that's what became of those lost sheets of my letter. Didn't you know who I was talking about?"

"No, who?"

"Didn't you see the name?"

"No."

"It was Alice Harper."

"I!"

"Yes, you."

Blushes, confusion, kisses, and other necessary implements that Cupid uses in assailing the mighty fortress of a lover's heart! But any way in a recent review, just ten years after that summer in the mountains was written:

"He is essentially a family man, being nowhere as happy as in his home, with his charming wife and his two charming children."

The Red and White

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THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

Think of it! The venerable old building, the first erected at the college, "Main Building," we call it now, has been robbed of its undignified name. But in its stead there is placed another more in harmony with its history and more

in keeping with its dignity. Around it the history of A. & M. College has largely centered. The same vines of ivy that now cling to it will still protect and shelter its walls, but its name has been changed. Now it is "Holladay Hall." This is certainly appropriate. Colonel Holladay was the first President of the College. Under his administration the infant A. & M. began to thrive and grow great. As long as the college stands the name Holladay will be forever held in sacred reverence by the rapidly swelling ranks of those that call our common mother, A. & M. their Alma Mater.

But this is not all. Instead of the "Engineering Building" we have with us "Winston Hall," in honor of the second President of the College. This is also quite appropriate, and is indeed a most appreciative honor to the distinguished man who for a number of years presided over the destinies of A. & M.

The "NEW" Dormitory will never again be so cumbersome styled, but it will be called "Nineteen-Eleven Hall" in honor of the Class of 1911. It is right that this class should be so honored, for it has played a large part in the present administration, which has certainly been one of marked progress. Through the efforts of this class and of the President we are indebted for a now strong plank in A. & M.'s platform: "No Hazing."

There is another yet! The magnificent "Agricultural Building" is now "Patterson Hall." In so calling it we honor the Hon. S. L. Patterson, who was some years the Chairman of our Board of Trustees, and later Commissioner of Agriculture. Largely through his efforts is due the magnificent structure that now bears his name. In the history of the college, the name of Patterson figures quite prominently, and is an excellent idea to have some remembrance of this great man in the college he loved so much.

That this action on the part of the faculty was good can hardly be denied. Try as hard as you may, and it is practically impossible to find better names for these buildings.

Holladay, Winston and Patterson are three names that will live in the history of A. & M. long after the present generation has passed away. The editor admires the splendid statesmanship displayed by our conservative faculty in naming these halls. They must have worked overtime in doing it. But anyway they have won the gratitude of the many who have set at their feet in days gone by, and of those who are fortunate enough to now be their disciples.

In the last issue of the RED AND WHITE there was an editorial on the need of changing the name of the Athletic Field. It was suggested that it be named in honor of Prof. Riddick. As we go to press the faculty has not named the park, but it is believed that it is considering doing so, and the chances bid fair to its being called after Prof. Riddick. In this connection, let it be said that of the many students and instructors and professors with whom the editor has spoken concerning this matter there is a unanimous sentiment that it be named after Prof. Riddick. We await the decision of the faculty with interest.

A DECADE OF EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

The RED AND WHITE is in receipt of a bulletin, just issued from the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of this State, under above caption. The facts and statistics set forth are indeed most gratifying to those interested in the advancement of education in North Carolina. We glean from the bulletin some things which are worth noting. The report states that the expenditures for elementary schools has been more than doubled; the average term of the rural white schools has been increased nearly one school month. The value of rural schools has been more than trebled, and new ones are being built at the rate of more than one a day. The expenditures for salaries of white rural schools has nearly doubled. The average salary of the rural teacher has been increased over 60 per cent., and the attendance more than

41 per cent., while the total white school population has not increased more than 11 per cent. The number of rural white teachers has been increased from 5,570 to 7,047. The salaries of the county superintendent has been trebled, and he is able to devote more of his time to the schools. The number of special local tax districts has increased from 18 to 1,167. Rural libraries have been increased over 500 per cent. The report states that a corresponding progress has been made in the city schools along all of these lines. This is certainly a record that any State would be proud of. A child is now most fortunate indeed to live within the borders of the Old North State.



ATHLETICS

D. W. SEIFERT, *Editor.*

Manager McCallum of the foot-ball team announces the following schedule for the season of 1912.

October 5th—U. S. S. Franklin, Raleigh.

October 12th—University College of Medicine, Raleigh.

October 17th—Georgetown (Fair Week), Raleigh.

October 26th—Davidson, Charlotte.

November 2nd—Wake Forest, Raleigh.

November 9th—Open.

November 16th—Navy, Annapolis.

November 28—Washington and Lee, Norfolk.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. W. C. Hopkins, of Newport News, Va., was elected manager of the 1912 basket-ball team. Mr. A. F. Farmer and Mr. R. R. McKeiver were elected assistants.

At this meeting a resolution was adopted whereby a fee of \$6.00 or some fee fixed by the Athletic Council should be paid by each student when he registers with this college. The payment of this fee will entitle each and every student of this college free entrance to all athletic contests in which this college takes part.

This resolution will be brought up before the faculty and also before the Board of Trustees for their approval, and if same is adopted it will go into effect the first of next September.

On March 8th A. & M. ushered in her 1912 base-ball season by defeating the Trinity Park School by a score of 8 to 1. Stafford was on the firing line for A. & M., and established a record that will be hard to beat this year by striking out seventeen of the visitors.

Knight, who did the twirling stunts for the Park lads, was wild at times, while the home boys took kindly to his curves when hits meant runs. The whole A. & M. team fielded in great style, and from present indications we will have one of the best teams in our history.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

A. & M.	2	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	*—8
Trinity Park	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Batteries: Stafford and Seifert; Knight and Lowe.

CATAWBA 1; A. & M. 7.

A. & M. won the second game on her schedule by defeating the Catawba College team to the tune of 7 to 1. At no time during the game did the visitors threaten to make things serious for the farmers.

The visitors were entirely outclassed, and marred the game by costly errors, while the home team played a steady and consistent game all the way through.

Battery for the visitors: Ingram and Adholt; for A. & M., Tucker and Seifert.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

									R.	H.	E.
A. & M.	2	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	*—7	10	3
Catawba	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1	5	8

A. & M. 9; LaFAYETTE 1.

When A. & M. met and defeated LaFayette it was the first real test of her strength. The game was nip and tuck for the first seven innings, with each team having one run each. In the seventh inning however A. & M. scored two runs, and in the eighth the whole LaFayette team went up in the air, and before they could collect themselves A. & M. had made six runs and had cinched the game.

Stafford was at his best for the farmers, and allowed only four hits, also striking out ten men, while Holden for the visitors was very erratic, walking six men and allowing four hits, but these hits came with the bases full.

Batteries: For LaFayette, Holden and Wright; for A. & M., Stafford and Seifert.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

		R.	H.	E.
A. & M.	1 0 0 0 0 0 2 6 *	9	4	4
LaFayette	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0	—1	4	5

Manager Caldwell of the Track Team announces the following schedule:

March 30—Wake Forest at Wake Forest.

April 8—Pending.

April 23—Guilford at Guilford.

April 27—State Meet at Home.

May 4—South Atlantic Meet at Baltimore, Md.



LOCALS

A. K. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

Y. M. C. A. DEDICATION EXERCISES.

Amid the cheers of the entire student body and faculty the first ground for the Y. M. C. A. was broken March 13th. Nearby were scores of their friends from the city, some taking part, but all interested. Prof. Withers, Chairman of Advisory Committee, presided over the exercises in his usual graceful style, and many were the times that his celebrated wit caused the throng to burst into laughter. The students and friends began the exercises by responding to the strains of "America" that was led by the band. Rev. Geo. W. Lay, of St. Mary's School, then led the assembly in prayer. He was followed by Dr. D. H. Hill, who delivered the site to the trustees. Dr. Hill was listened to closely, and his speech, though short, was well admired by those fortunate enough to hear him. Elsewhere in this issue this speech is published in full. Then Prof. Withers accepted the site for the Advisory Committee in one of his little clever speeches. Prof. Z. V. Judd, also a member of the Advisory Committee, made a rousing speech, and at its close he was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. W. H. Graham, Jr., President of the Association, also spoke and his remarks were well received. The concluding speech was made by the General Secretary, Mr. J. W. Bergthold, the man who is largely responsible for the new building. Mr. Bergthold was warmly applauded at the conclusion of his remarks. These are published elsewhere.

"Carolina" was then sung, and the "dirt-breaking" began. Those who handled the shovel were: Dr. Hill, representing the faculty and trustees; Colonel Olds, representing the Advisory Committee; Mr. Bergthold and Mr. Graham, representing the student officers of the Association. The students

who handled the shovel represented the following: Pullen Literary Society, Leazar Literary Society, *Red and White*, *Agromeck*, *Wau Gau Rac*, and each of the academic classes. The exercises concluded with the Association hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and the benediction was pronounced by General Secretary E. M. Hall, of the Raleigh Y. M. C. A.

Mr. L. W. Weaver visited the College on March 20th. He is located at Lexington, N. C.

Mr. C. S. Tate, '09, of Norlina, N. C., was a recent visitor.

Mr. J. W. White, Chemistry, '03, now at the University of Illinois, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Agronomy at Pennsylvania State College.

Mr. S. O. Perkins, '07, has accepted a position with the N. C. Department of Agriculture on the soil survey work now being carried on.

Prof. W. A. Withers, who has been conducting some experiments with sugar beets in co-operation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, is now distributing seeds throughout the mountain section of the State. Last year several counties made good reports of the work with this crop.

Mr. L. Henderson, '09 and '11, and Mr. D. B. Sturgill, ex '12, were here on the 24th. They are with the Norfolk-Southern.

Mr. Chesley McCaskill, of Maxton, N. C., who was a student here with the '05 class, was on the hill the 25th.

His classmates and the students generally extend to Willis Holding, of the '12 class, their deepest sympathy in the loss of his father, which occurred recently. Mr. Holding was well admired and loved by those who knew him. To show their sympathy to Willis, the class had a wreath of roses placed on the grave of the deceased.

Dr. H. R. Fulton, who was recently elected to succeed Dr. Stevens in the Chair of Botany and Plant Pathology, en-

tered on his duties March 18th. Dr. Fulton, it will be remembered, was spoken of in the last issue of the RED AND WHITE.

Mr. James Kerr, of Alamance County, has been engaged to take the teaching in poultry until the end of the year. He will take the work formerly done by Prof. Jeffrey, who has gone into commercial life. Prof. Kerr was educated at Carolina, and was manager of the Poultry Department of the Biltmore estate for ten years. He was also in charge of the Poultry Department of the Mississippi A. & M. He has also given special poultry instruction at the University of Tennessee and of Missouri; and he has had considerable experience as a judge at the various poultry shows.

The College will shortly be visited by Mr. Sayre, of the Carnegie Foundation. Mr. Sayre is expected to spend a day or two examining the inside life of the institution.

Mr. James Madison, of the Freshman Class, who was so badly hurt by a passenger train which struck him on March 2nd, is some better, and hopes to be able to catch up in his work shortly.

The Military Department has just bought some very handsome battalion flags. One of them has the State seal worked into it with capital effect. Notice has been received that inspecting officers for yearly inspection of all the Land Grant Colleges have just been detailed by the U. S. War Department, and they will shortly begin their annual rounds.

The Junior Banquet was held at Giersch's Cafe recently. The fellows were quite enthusiastic over "the spread," and a number of speeches were made by members of the class. They haven't quit talking about it yet.

The Kappa Alpha Fraternity held its annual banquet at the Yarborough on March 16. The Kappa Sigmas held theirs on the 21st of February. A number of speeches were made at each of these affairs by visitors, professors and student members.

The poor old grandstand succumbed to the severe wind storm that struck West Raleigh recently. As we go to press it is still wearing its dilapidated clothing. The storm of March 15 broke several of the windows in Pullen Hall.

Prof. Nelson took the Junior Textiles to Durham March 7th to inspect the cotton mills there.

Mr. C. S. Tate, '09, of Norlina, N. C., was a visitor recently.

Mrs. W. G. Peace has returned from California, where she has been visiting some time.

Mr. R. F. Jones, '10, known to us all as "Strawberry Jones," was here to see the opening baseball game. "Straw" is just as red-headed and as handsome as he ever was. He is located at Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. R. R. Eagle, '08, has been appointed Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Construction for the New Bern street railway.

Mr. W. L. Craven, '01, has a responsible position with the York Bridge Company, York, Pa. Mr. Craven wants an A. & M. graduate for a position with his company.

Mr. K. A. Bryan, '11, has recently accepted a position with the Piedmont Traction Company at Williamston, S. C.

The C. E. Department is testing the cement being used in the construction of the new State Building.

We all enjoyed the holiday we had on Washington's birthday.

On Saturday afternoon, February 24, we enjoyed the Lyceum program given by the Rounds Lady Orchestra Company. This is the best Lyceum entertainment presented so far.

Mr. H. R. Cates, '11, who went to Cornell last fall to take up advanced work in farm crops, has been elected assistant in that department of the University.

Mr. Geo. R. Ross, '11, was a visitor here recently. George believes in the productivity of Tar Heel soil, and has undertaken a tremendous task of making a profitable model farm out of a 2,000 acre tract in Moore County sand hill and creek bottom land. He is located near Jackson Springs.

Mr. H. E. Bonitz, '93, architect for the Y. M. C. A. Building, dropped in from Wilmington on the 9th.

Prof. J. P. Pillsbury made a short business trip to the station test farm near Willard, N. C.

Mr. T. B. Summerlin, '10, was on the campus Sunday, March 17.

Mr. L. A. Higgins, "Lyda," of the '10 class, who has been connected with the State Department since graduation, is now with the U. S. Department at Brookhaven, Miss.

Dr. Hill delightfully entertained the officers of the battalion at his residence on March 1st. The time was very pleasantly spent by those fortunate enough to be present.

The faculty recently changed the names of several of the buildings. Main Building will be known in the future as Holladay Hall in honor of the first President of the College. The recently completed Engineering Building will be called in the future Winston Hall in honor of the second President. The Agricultural Building will be styled Patterson Hall in memory of Hon. S. L. Patterson, for some years Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Under his auspices this magnificent building was erected. The New Dormitory will be called Nineteen-Eleven Hall in honor of the loyalty of that class in suppressing hazing in the College.

The third student meeting was held at the Tabernacle Baptist Church under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The speaker was Dr. S. C. Mitchell, President of the University of South Carolina.

AMONG OURSELVES

S. J. KIRBY, *Editor.*

AT THE JUNIOR BANQUET.

Jim McCallum (giving a toast): "Gentlemen, it is not what we have done in the future, but what we will do in the past."

"Professor, do we deduct or deduce these formulæ?"

Prof. Latane—"It is impossible to have light without the production of heat."

Fresh. Wright—"How about lightning bugs?"

Stevens (on his job)—"Any clothes you care to have dry cleaned, pressed or dyed tonight?"

Short Doc—"I got a blue sweater that I want dyed."

Stevens—"What color?"

S. D.—"White."

Stevens—"We can't dye it white, but we will have it white washed."

An enterprising agent for the *Engineering Record* was dwelling at some length upon the virtues of his magazine before a concourse of Senior Civil Engineers. Said he: "Fellows, this is a great magazine to learn of the latest developments in engineering. It tells the latest! For example they tell us in this issue of dam failure in Pennsylvania."

But at this junction he was interrupted by a pertinent observation that came from the rear of the room, "That's nothing, we have a lot of dam failures right here. There's going to be many a dam failure in May."

After the laughter had subsided the undaunted agent began again: "I tell you fellows," he said, shaking his fingers at the student engineers, "if you take this magazine it may keep you from having a d— failure in after life. Better sign up now."

And with hardly an exception they "signed up."

Student—" 'Fessor, I can't do all these things you say do."

Professor—"Oh, don't say you can't. Long before George Washington was as old as you he cut down a cherry tree, you remember."

Student—"Yes, sir, and when he got a little older, about your age, he was President."

Walter Mann—"Hooray, fellows! Do you know that since the basketball season has closed I have gained ten pounds."

Professor (vainly striving to be humorous)—"Can any member of the class inform me of the time. My watch has been free from ticks now for some time."

Bright Student—"Better quarantine it, then, Professor, and keep it immune."

Short Doc, G. F. Pate—"My girl has gone to the Sanitarium at Durham to graduate in Music."

If Prof. Clay's workshop force continue making chairs will Liferock.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION SOLVED.

Query: If *Riddick* was to push *Tucker* into a *Poole* would he be a *Mann*?

Answer: Depends. But not being a *Newman*, it is certain that he would travel as did *Fulton's* first steamboat and not

as an *Angel*. In running from the *Poole* he would of necessity have to tread on the *Green* grass, climb a steep *Hill*, wade through the *Browne Clay*, run through the *Parks*, and then "*Wheeler*" to College through the *Satterfield* while the sun's *Ray* lasted. But in doing this he would likely stumble over a *Morris* chair, or precipitate a 'Varsity player who was endeavoring to "*Parker*," or knock down a doctor who would his *Pillsbury*, or else disturb *Harrel's son* and *Harry's son*, who were baking sand cakes as if they were of the *Sanborn*, and perhaps he would notice with regret that under such strain he rapidly *Withers*. In short he would be *Owen*. Mr. *Bowen*, and there would be no *Peace* until he paid this little *Summey*. Then he would be a *Mann*.

The following are some of the methods employed by Charlie Jones that work ruin to his would-be delinquents. On huge cardboards one notices on the walls such injunctions as:

"We trust God only; others must pay cash."

"Credit is dead; bad pay killed him."

"I trust, I bust;

No trust, no bust."

"If you didn't bring your ticket, pay cash;

My book-keeper has gone to the North Pole."

Pluggy Mallett changed his course from M. E. to C. E. on account of his mother-in-law's objections to a Mechanical Engineer.

The baseball men tell a hard one on "Hero" Jaynes. It is said that in a practice game last spring "Hero" had reached the second station, and the tension had become great.

"Get on your toes, Jaynes!" yelled "Dutch" from the coacher's box.

And Jaynes rose to his full height upon his tiptoes, wondering at such strange advice.

ONE ON YOU

Stern—"Say, is Brown's credit good?"

Kern—"Good? Why he couldn't even borrow trouble!"

"Are you related to Barry O'Brien?" Thomas O'Brien was once asked.

"Very distantly," replied Thomas. "I was me mother's first child—Barney th' sivinteenth."

A little boy whose journeys had just passed the nurse stage went with his mother to the Episcopal Church one day. His interest in the service was very apparent, and the family awaited anxiously for his criticism, which shows the attention he had given the minister:

"Well, I don't think *much* of Mr. Goodman, mother, for he kep' on saying, 'Grant, O Lord,' and never once mentioned *Lee* or *Jackson*."

THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Mother—"Willie, you're getting so careless that I'm going to charge you a cent for every spot you make on the table cloth."

Willie—"I suppose we can call that ten cents a dozen, can't we, mother."—*Harpers*.

BITTER-SWEET.

Lady—"Do you enjoy your apple, little boy?"

Boy—"No, ma'am; I'm expecting a friend o' mine along in a minute."

TWO WIDDERS.

The pretty little widow was being wheeled about Palm Beach by a colored attendant. Upon asking him if he was married, he replied:

"Well, miss, I was married, but I ain't now. You see my wife hadn't nothin' to do but to cook ma meals and to wash ma clothes. But she thought she could make more by herself, and she lef' me. So, you see, I ain't married no more. Am you married, miss?"

"I'm a widow, Robert."

There was a silence, then:

"Hi! Gi! A widder pushin' a widder!"

A FINANCIER.

"Willie thinks he's awfully smart."

"Why?"

"Coz he got a cent somewhere, and now he asks everybody he meet if they can change one."

Little Johnny (the first time he ever saw a barber pole):
 "O, mamma, see the big stick of candy with an orange on top of it."

INOPPORTUNE.

A naturalist, painfully thin

A snake's hole once tried to go in.

But the angry snake cried:

"Won't you please stay outside
 'Till I get through changing my skin."

Professor Riddick says that it is impossible to find his class when Bob Hardison elevates the soles of his number nines.

WHAT THE PUDDLES SHOW.

This is something that befuddles
All my notions of what's right
When I look 'way down in puddles
There the sky is shining bright.
And the trees are all turned over,
With their roots up towards the top
It's a puzzle how they ever
Hang just there and never drop.
And the birds that are seen sailing
'Way down there across the sky,
Will surely without failing,
Turn upon their backs to fly.
Do we look right through the water,
To that funny other side,
Where they never want a daughter,
And the women always hide!

BOSTON SWEARING.

Occasionally Boston swears—even feminine Boston. Not long since things went wrong with Dorothy, aged 6, and after prolonged self-control she exclaimed, with a voice of one who is going to the bad and knows it.

“Ain't! Got! Kind of! There, that's just the way I feel!”

Connect a foot-log with “Rip” Shull's hurried trip home to recuperate.

Jeannette seems to be an artist in speaking and throwing dirt at the same time. Witness the Y. M. C. A. celebration.

THE LATEST.

The latest joke on a western railroad, according to a traveling man, is that a passenger in the dining-car had ordered ham and fried eggs for breakfast.

"Kaint git y'u th' aigs, 'fessor," said the porter.

"Why, hows that?" demanded the passenger.

"Wall, you see, it's like this. The cook say that the road is so blame ruff that when he try to fry aigs they jes' simply scrambles."

CONQUEST OF THE POLE.

Chapter I.

Great floes of ice.

Vast snow fields.

Chapter II.

Great flows of talk.

Vast lecture fields.

EXCHANGES

R. L. SLOAN, EDITOR.

It has become quite noticeable that the recent magazines are discussing practical problems more than they did at the beginning of the year. For instance, one writer discusses the "Value and Cost of Child Labor"; another, "Conservatism"; another, "Southern Industry and Educational Ideals"; another, "Varieties of Apples Adapted to North Georgia." Somebody has said that college man of to-day is not a practical man; that he does not do enough serious thinking. There may be some truth in the statement, for there are some reasons why a student should not feel capable of expressing himself on momentous questions. He is at the stage of life where his whole object is to take in, to absorb what others have said, rather than to give his own views to print. However, be that as it may, the tendency of the college man is more and more towards the practical views of life, despite the efforts of a few narrow-minded, and perhaps insincere, men who go up and down the land belittling the college man.

The Concept.

The Concept, Converse College, is always pleasing in its mechanical and literary make-up. It is one of that kind that catches the eye in any pile of college magazines. Its editors seem to devote their energies towards making *The Concept* a success. They might be criticised for their tardiness in getting out their magazine, for the February magazine reached our desk about the twentieth of March. Aside from this we have no adverse criticism to make. This issue carries three pieces of verse, one of which is written in dialect. This verse comes up to the general average of the college

magazines. There are three stories, and perhaps the best one is the opening story, "Mr. John Regan's Masquerade," though the others are far better than "space fillers." There are a number of short articles, but they hardly come up to the standard of the longer articles. One other piece deserves special mention, "The Indifference of the College Girl Toward Mathematics." This article perhaps suffers a little from its lengthy title, though it is well worth reading. Another interesting thing about this piece is that it is written by a Freshman. It is so seldom that Freshmen write at all for their magazines, and when they do they hardly ever dare tackle such abstruse propositions. We join our hopes with the writer when she says in closing that let us hope "that the South, as well as the North, may produce enough mathematical women to completely explode the ancient theory that mathematics is for men alone."

The Chisel.

This magazine comes to us for the first time, from the Woman's College at Richmond, and we are glad of the opportunity of exchanging with it. "The Autobiography of a Second-hand Text-book" is well worth its space in the magazine and richly deserves the place of honor it holds. Some people have conceived the idea that it is unnecessary to educate our women, but the writer of "Education of Women" presents some very good reasons to expose this fallacy. "All About the Reception" tells exactly what it intended to tell, *i. e.* "Nothing About the Reception." The verse of this magazine is about the average. The departments are well edited.

The Lumberton High School Magazine.

Among the high school publications we particularly noticed this magazine. Glancing through it we were surprised to find that it is the first time the magazine had appeared. The young writers certainly did themselves credit for an initial appearance before the public. It could hardly be

expected that their efforts should measure with those of our college exchanges, but among the magazines of the high schools it deserves, in our estimation, first place. The magazine does not hesitate to boost its home, Lumberton. In this it shows the characteristics "State of Robeson" spirit. Of the stories we admired most, "Her Decision," though the others did well. In this issue there are articles from writers of nearly every station from the first grade to 1912, and the younger ones give fair signs of becoming pretty good "wielders" of the pen. Our advice to the young editors is that they endeavor to keep their magazine up to the high standard its initial appearance has set for it.

We acknowledge with thanks our usual exchanges.



Mr. College Man:

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WARSAW, N. C.

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