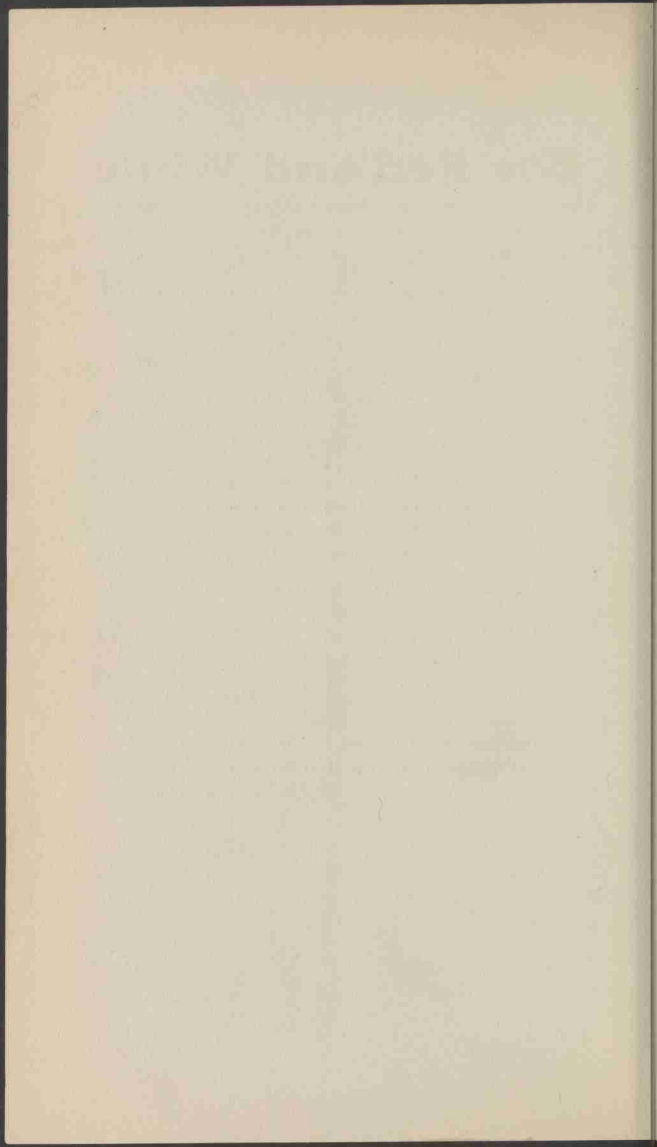


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The Red and White

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No. 7.

AT EDENTON STREET.

When all is hushed in my rosewood church,
And the throng is kneeling in prayer,
And the last stray notes of the organ reeds
Have stirred in the low hushed air,

My inner self slowly within me moves
All my love for beauty in life,
And my soul slips forth in a cloud of dreams,
With a sigh for our ceaseless strife.

And beyond the church, in the evening's hush
And the gold of the candle glow,
The days that have died are the days that I live,
And their dreams are the days I know.

—*Phil C. Smith, '14.*

WHAT THE 1912 MAN TOLD HIS CLASSMATES.

B. M. POTTER, '12.

FELLOW CLASSMATES:

Our President has asked me to be present at this Decennial of our class' graduation and tell you what has been the biggest bit of success that I have enjoyed. It has been ten years now since we quit running around the campus at A. & M., but how vivid seem the pictures of college life that have been painted for us by the fellows who have preceded me! How well do we recall the reminiscences of the last speaker! But I am about to forget. I was to tell you of my great fortune. I'll tell it in the form of a story, and I hope that those who are contemplating taking the great step I have taken will be benefited by my experiences.

Now, fellows, if you will give another "Wau-gau-rac" and then fifteen rahs for 1912, I will introduce you to the finest lady in all the land. There, that's great! Let me present Miss Ruth Windall, of Chicago, Illinois. "Where is she?" you ask. Why, bless my soul, she is at home, with some other women whose husbands I see before me, planning how best she can fix the supper that we will enjoy to-morrow night. There, now; don't lift the roof with your cheering; be sensible about it, anyway.

Go with me back to the summer of 1918. See, there she is over there. She can entertain you for hours talking about the commercial interests of Chicago; she can tell you all you care to know about the social happenings of that city, and particularly of those of "our set." How well I remember the Ruth of 1918! Yes, of course, she was a beauty, a very handsome beauty. Her great blue eyes could look smiles or daggers, just as her majesty's caprices dictated. She could turn her dainty little nose up in such a manner that made one extremely sensitive of a feeling of uncomfortableness; but when it remained its normal self, it had not a rival on the

beach. Her deep forehead proved the old fireside axiom, for she possessed one of the highest-developed intellects I have ever seen. And she could worry the life out of you by asking questions concerning your work—questions which showed a surprising amount of brain matter for a woman. Her curly locks constituted the finest hair I have seen, and when it fell over her shoulders it made her look—oh, well! She was neat and simple in dress, though she tried to keep as near the marks Fashion made as she could, without giving up her simple dressing. Well, I will give it up. I can't half-way give you an idea of her beauty. You'll just have to take my word for it.

I met the young lady I am speaking of at the beach in 1918. I could not help but notice the manner in which the languishing summer sports looked on the "new find, don't you know." I have seen them actually compare notes and come to fisticuffs over it. But they were made for such as that, and I pass on. These young men soon made a goddess of Ruth. I, too, began to think so, and whenever Miss Ruth pouted and said she wanted something, I would quote, significantly, "Great is Dianna of the Ephesians." Dianna has ever since been her name, and I say now: "Long live Dianna."

Whenever I quoted the famous sentence about the greatness of Dianna, she would tap me in the face with her little jeweled fan and say that I was a big bear. Perhaps it was a book, an ice, or the mail that she wanted; but, whichever it was, the same course was pursued as outlined above; and then I would hasten to do her majesty's bidding.

Dianna, as I said before, had many suitors, and I threw in my own humble efforts to make it unanimous. To be sure, there were a number of dark and flashy jealous glances shot at the little goddess and her companion—whoever that fortunate one happened to be, for Ruth took turns with them all—by the other beauties of the season and their matronly mothers who came to the coast "to look after my dear daughter's health, you know." I took my share with the rest, not

without some compunction, be it said, for I knew not what would become of me should Dianna suddenly eject me from her presence. I was sure that the coy maidens whom I came in contact with would aim a little higher than a "little upstart of a lady's man," as they were pleased to call me to my back. But sometimes they would catch me hanging around the hotel or around the little cottage on the hill, and then I would know my time had come.

"Oh, my dear sir," they would expostulate; "how cool and oh, how comfortable you look in those white clothes! You know"—confidently—"it is a fine day to go out in the *Lucile* for a nice little spin and, say, fish a little. Oh, let's do something to while away the time! Are you a Sir Gallant?"

Suddenly I would contract the most violent headache imaginable. Whereupon I would receive the condolences of my friends, who would tell me all the remedies, from A to Z, for a violent headache. They were so sorry that I could not carry them out for the spin in that dear little *Lucile*.

"But never mind," they would graciously add; "we will go as soon as that mean headache leaves you."

I would look the picture of despair, and death, too, if necessary, until my besiegers would reach the crest of the hill away to the right. Then I would breathe a sigh of relief and run immediately to Dianna to tell her manfully the truth and become absolved. Usually Dianna would descend from her throne and obligingly consent to honor me with her presence on a little ride around the beach. What matters it if I did pass those who had petitioned me but an hour ago to go with them on the same mission? What did it amount to? Only a few angry glances and a few high heads! I might, now, have taken it seriously had it not been for Dianna. She was vastly amused and seemed to enjoy immensely the discomfiture of her sister beauties. So I would enjoy it, too, and I would receive my reward when Dianna would perhaps say, "You are a good boy to-day. If you keep on, I will let you get my mail for me, instead of Mr. Randell."

"That odious little—

But Dianna's jeweled fan would close my mouth; but I would murmur under my breath—and I hoped the Chicago goddess would hear me—"Little cuss!"

Then she would explode with laughter, and I, of course, would follow suit, saying that "Great is Dianna of the Ephesians," just to receive another tap from the fan.

Thus passed day after day at the beach, until the clouds of July were dispelled by the sunshine of August. The suitors to the great goddess, one by one, gave up hope when they received no encouragement from Dianna, and finally drifted away. I alone remained and received (let me say it as modestly as I can) some encouragement from the goddess—which conclusively shows, I think, that right will triumph over wrong, whatever the odds.

So the gallant little *Lucile* was compelled to do extra duty; and, be it said to her credit, she bore her share gracefully.

"A whole field to myself," I mused, with boyish eagerness, late one afternoon. I was seated directly in front of Dianna's hotel, watching the late bathers and waiting, of course, for the goddess. We always spent the twilight here, listening to the music at the dance; and now and then we would join the merry throng on the floor; but it was seldom, as Dianna, strange to say, cared little for this form of amusement. At least, that was what she said. She enjoyed dancing with Lord B——, plus a hundred or so titles and a long-tail coat. I guess the goddess did not admire old Uncle Ben's manipulation of the family violin. But be that as it may.

I thought that Dianna was keeping me waiting a little too long, and I had arisen to search for her and scold her for her tardiness. But my steps were arrested. She was running—actually running—towards me. I had never seen or heard of my Dianna doing that thing before. Her dignity forbade it. Yet it was so. I knew something had clicked somewhere.

"That hateful old Randall is down there on his knees, still proposing to me," she said, pointing scornfully towards the

hotel. Dianna was ruffled. "Come, let's run," she said, reaching for my hand. "Come on and let's get away from the vile creature."

But I stood firm, although it required all of my manly reserve to do it.

"Proposing to Dianna, and she a goddess!" I ejaculated, as the humor of the thing struck me. Then, noticing that my companion's eyes belched fire at my sally, I rallied.

"By gums, Miss Ruth"—I only called her "Miss Ruth" when she was mad—"I'll kill that thing deader than a door-nail next time I see him. By George, Miss Ruth, I'll go do it now, and get it off my mind."

But, sad to relate, at this juncture the portly form of Mr. Randall stood in the doorway of the little hotel and began to slowly walk towards us.

"Come!" I was commanded.

I remained firm and took an aggressive position.

"Come on, dear," and I felt a gentle tugging at my hand. I could resist no longer, and down the beach we flew.

Nor did we slacken our pace until we were out of sight of the hotel. Then the little goddess sat down and arranged her hair as easily and as deftly as you please. I suggested that we walk down to the lighthouse, which was only a few hundred yards away, and engage old Bill Hines into a conversation. The goddess assented, and, placing her little arm through mine, she smiled me to heaven.

On our way down we divided our attention between the ocean on our left and the woods on our right. It was not such a wide strip of woods, but it stretched all along that part of the coast for many miles. It was mostly scrubs and palms, but every now and then one might notice a pine towering above the other trees and standing in grim defiance of the onward and steady though slow and sure march of the ocean.

"There's a story about those woods," I told Dianna. "I will make old Bill tell it to you. But we had better hurry, as it is growing darker.

And bye and bye the lighthouse was neared.

"Bill! Hello, Bill! Come here," I called to him.

A loud yawn, a louder noise that sounded as if his feet had been suddenly recalled to the floor, answered me. By and by, an angry voice demanded, in a no uncertain way:—

"What in tarnation y' mean by gwine around here disturbin' dacent people at this time o' night? Who in th' deuce air ye?"

"Come down, Bill, and be sociable," I advised.

"I'm workin' for the guv'ment o' Uncle Sammie, and I ain't gwine to take his good money for foolin' 'round wid you darn young uns."

"Better come down, Bill. There's a lady with me who is dead stuck on you." This I said in spite of a tugging at my sleeve.

"Oh, wall, dot's different, you blithering idiot. Why in the—I begs your pardon, Miss—didn't y' say so at fust? Dose plagit young uns ain't got a grain o' sense! Least-aways, not wuth speaking of."

And in a moment he was down with us. After the introduction and Bill's "Powerful-glad-to-know-ye, Miss," had been said, I seated myself by the lighthouse door, and my companions followed my example. Bill could not be stopped until he had explained all about his duties, his habits, etc.

"And now, Miss, I trusts ye won't feel no offense by me smokin' a leetle," he finally came to say; and, suiting the actions to the words, he drew with a grand flourish from his pockets the necessary implements—a pipe, a match and a can of tobacco.

"Me constant companion, ma'am," he said, holding up an old corn-cob pipe. "But if ye objects, say so, so as I kin be comfortable."

"Oh, my dear me, no! Smoke as much as you will." I was proud of my Dianna. "Lord B—— likes to—"

"Hang Lord B—— and all the other lords!" I exclaimed, doing my best to ward off an often-heard story.

"Amen!" reinforced Bill, who hastened to add, slowly, "That is—that is, all 'cept the Lord Jesus Christ."

This last was so sincere that even Dianna felt no offense, but seemed to be amused at the way Bill had taken my suggestion.

"Tell us a story, Bill. Tell us about a pirate—something on the order of *Treasure Land*," I begged.

Bill shook his head.

"Please do," came Dianna to my rescue.

And with a courtesy he began, "Once upon a time—" and then he proceeded to tell the time-worn tale about a certain pirate who used to ply along those shores, engaging in his dirty work. During his time he had acquired much notoriety and was as much feared by the people of that section as by the small vessels at sea. The legend goes that the pirate and his crew had amassed a considerable fortune and had buried it on an open space in the woods at The Beach. They then took a long trip, supposedly to the South Sea Islands, and since then they have never been heard of. The old people of the region still speak of their daring, desperate raids on the high seas. They stoutly maintain that the crew will come back some day and uncover their wealth. It has been told that many had undertaken to definitely locate the wealth, but had never made any success of their schemes. And, of course, there were many tales of the gruesome horrors that had overtaken the money seekers. These Bill told with many embellishments, probably drawing on his imagination for the facts he did not have in his possession.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," Bill concluded in a grandiloquent air and with a deep bow, "I hopes ye will excuse me, as a feller hain't got the slightes' hankerin' about the time 'ese air guv-ment inspectors 'll drap in an' put him outen commission."

The measured tread of Bill's steps upon the stairway died away, leaving us to our thoughts. So absorbed were we in the yarn he had told us that we dared not break the silence

that hovered over us. Still we stayed, all record of time being lost to us. Soon the moon rose over the ocean, and then a little path of dancing moonbeams came across the blue waters to our feet. Have you ever seen the moon rise over the ocean? If you have, you have seen the grandest scene God has ever permitted you to view. If you have not, you still have something to look forward to. Beside the beauties and greatness of mountain scenery a moonrise on the sea towers as high as does Mount McKinley above the sea level. It is indescribable. Artists can give an idea of the picturesque scenery of the sloping hills and dales, but their powers fail when they attempt to put on canvas the moonlit waters. Literature, poetry and song fails when it attempts it. There is only one thing that is more beautiful, more divine, more elevating, more noble and good—that is the beauty, the greatness and the goodness of a merciful God in heaven.

There we sat, enshrouded in the majestic silence. The tender beauty, the peace, the loneliness, too, came stealing in upon us as we watched the lithe little motorboats play in the dancing moonbeams. Now and then the sweet, tinkling, laughing voice of a young lover would steal through the silent air and fill our souls with music. The little moonbeams filled the beach with a mellow light. Under the magic of the ascending orb the little wooded patch, the home of the treasures of the pirates, softened their harsh lines and stood silently, as if in breathless adoration of the scene God had permitted them to see. The bright moonlight lay like a garment over the waters and the sands, and it crowned the antiquated old lighthouse with a quaint-shaped night-cap. And, high over all, the deep blue night sky, with its star jewels, sprang like the roof of a great cathedral from woods to ocean, covering us in kindly shelter. How homelike and safe seemed the beach, with the silent ocean at its foot, with its sentinel trees and the arching roof of a jeweled sky! How kindly and friendly seemed the stars!

So engrossed had we become in the magnificent, dazzling beauty that we forgot each other and even our own existence. Then the tired forces of nature asserted themselves, and I fell into a dreamy sleep. The story of the pirates flitted before me. I was in an open space, surrounded by little scrubby trees and covered with the same moonlight that I had seen a minute or so before at the beach. Something mysterious was in the air. My heart gave a thump as I noticed the place coincided with Bill's description of the place where the money was buried. I had no time for thoughts, however, for at this juncture there entered from the other side of the opening five grizzled, silent, grave old men. In a column of singles they silently came towards me. I wanted to run, but I was glued to the ground. I could not move. Closer and closer they came toward me. Yet closer and closer. "The pirates," I thought within me. I dared not stir. Now they are upon me. What must—

Suddenly my heart stood still and my mind became clouded. There was a distinct movement from my side, and Dianna, emerging from the stillness, ran into the moonlight towards the bearded pirates. She did not seem aware of their presence. But quickly the pirates saw her, and with a quick bound the one nearest her had her in his power. A long, keen, shining dagger rose in the air, paused a moment, and—

I gave a cry of horror, and jumped up. I rubbed my eyes and looked about me. There was Dianna, and she was rubbing her eyes, too. Where was the open space? Why, this is the beach, and here is the lighthouse. Then I recalled myself, remembered Bill's story, and knew that I had been asleep.

"Where am I?" said Dianna's voice at my side.

"Here on the beach," said I, amused.

"Where's the pirates?"

"What pirates?"

"The pirates that stabbed me."

"Why, dearie, you are not stabbed. You are alive, like the rest of humanity." I wanted to laugh.

"I know better."

"Here. Do you feel that?" said I, pressing her little hand.

"Yes."

"Well, a dead woman can't feel."

"Well, I have had the strangest dream I ever heard of. I dreamed that in some way we had become separated and I was lost in a woods. I called to you, but you did not answer. I saw an opening in front and ran towards it, hoping to there find the beach and you. I did not see any men until I had got into the opening—"

"What opening?" I asked, trying to reconcile things.

"The opening where the pirates hid their money. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Go ahead."

"Well, as I said, I came into the opening, running my hardest—harder than I ran from old Randall," she added, shaking her head at me. "Suddenly some one grabbed me roughly and told me to prepare to die. Imagine my amazement to find that I was in the power of the pirates."

"What pirates? There's no pirates hereabout."

"Bill's pirates, silly."

"Ma'am?"

"Certainly. You act like you're crazy."

"Go ahead."

"Then the one that grabbed me drew from his breast a bright, long dagger and raised it to strike me. Just as he went to stab, somebody cried out, and—and—I woke up," concluded Dianna. "But it is a funny thing."

Then I told her my dream, and her astonishment was even more than mine had been. She thought at first that I was playing with her, and she proceeded to give me a lecture on the deceitfulness of the masculine world in general, and your humble servant in particular; but finally my earnestness convinced her, and she accepted it. You can readily imagine the laughter we had at the similar dreams, but that, I expect, will not be very entertaining to you.

And now, fellow students, I have about finished. That walk to the hotel that night was the turning point of my life. All the events previous to then led to that point, and all the time since has been measured from that moment. Yes, it's a fact that when I heard the faint, whispering "Yes," I passed the greatest mark of my life—greater even than the time we gathered around the little bandstand at West Raleigh and gave our last yell, as students, for 1912 and A. & M.

Let me add that I would be glad to have you all come to see us whenever you can. Forget engineering, railroads, and your landed estates and come to the beach this summer. Yes, Dianna will be there. And remember, fellows, that the latch-string hangs on the outside. Dianna's most prized gift is not the diamonds on her little fingers, not her new silk dress, but a 1912 pennant that hangs above the parlor door. Yes, come to see us. Perhaps I will not be there, but Dianna can be hospitable enough for us both. Walk right up to the door and open it. *Don't knock!* Just walk right in! Dianna will greet you. Tell her you are an A. & M. man from top to bottom, and a 1912 man to boot, and she'll welcome you as you have never been welcomed before!

THE RENUNCIATION.

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

The noises of the Fair ground were borne up to them only as a drowsy, indistinct murmur, broken now and then by the rattle of an empty wagon, bouncing along the rough road. So peaceful and pleasant was the cool shade of the rustling elm that both the old man and his son fell under the noonday spell, and lay dozing, with their big straw hats over their eyes. Suddenly the boy's sharp ears caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and he quickly arose, calling excitedly to his father:

"Pap, John Trentham and them fellers air comin'."

"Whar?" questioned the old man, peering sleepily about.

"Cain't you see 'em? Over thar by them waggins. John's in front, carrying his gun. Do you reckon he'll beat Bert Knife a-shootin' this time?"

His father made no reply, but looked around and saw a young man striding up the hill in advance of the approaching marksmen.

He was a slim, loosely-made man; his face, burnt a dark brick color by "corn licker" and exposure to the sun, clean shaven, with pale blue eyes, shaded by a disreputable black felt hat which fittingly crowned a costume of blue homespun overalls and a black cotton shirt. Over one shoulder he carried a heavy muzzle-loading rifle with a long barrel, the sights of which were shaded by pieces of tin, bent to form little tunnels.

"Howdy, John. How's yo' ma and pa?"

"Tolerable, thank ye."

"Howdy, Bert. Howdy, Charley," continued the old man, addressing two of John's companions.

"Bert, you an' Charley an' these other gents air a bit early, as the shootin' match don't begin till three o'clock; but I see some of ye want to eat yo' dinners, an' the rest kin be fixin' yo' guns."

"John, I heerd yo' pa was goin' to send you by old man Couch's place to-day. How was it you didn't go?"

"John don't go to the Gap sence that new depot agent started a-boardin' with the Doughertys," answered a tall mountaineer.

John's face turned a deeper red, and he faced angrily about; but the old man, not perceiving this danger signal, questioned the speaker:

"How's that, Bert?"

"Why, the agent air goin' 'roun' wi' Ella Dougherty, an' John don't like hit. I heerd at the box supper up at the schoolhouse that Ella put a bit o' ribbon on the basket with her name in it, so the agent could know which un to bid fer."

John turned white, but he could not speak.

"Shet yo' mouth, Bert. Hit ain't none o' yo' business," said the speaker's brother, grasping him by the arm.

"I don't keer. Hit's the truth. What air you doin' talkin' agin yo' own kin fer the Trenthams?"

The threatening quarrel was averted by one of the marksmen exclaiming, "Here comes the Doughertys!"

All eyes were fixed on the gate which had just been opened to admit a big farm wagon, filled with wooden chairs, on which were seated several women and innumerable children. The male portion of the family followed on horseback, yelling and whooping as they galloped along. Two of the horsemen dismounted, handed their bridles to their companions, and came rapidly toward the group on the hill.

"Who's coming, Bert?" asked Mr. Deaver.

Bert's brother answered for him. "Hit's Jim Dougherty and the agent.

Some of the men glanced involuntarily at John Trentham, but he seemed to be busily engaged in cutting some bullet patches from an old piece of linen.

"Howdy, Mr. Deaver," said Jim Dougherty, as he reached the hilltop. "Howdy, Bert. Howdy, Charley."

"Howdy," they all echoed.

"Mr. Deaver," continued Jim, "I want ye to know Mr. Tervy. He's the new depot agent at Bull's Gap."

"Glad to know ye, Mr. Tervy," responded the old man. "How do ye like the Gap, after bein' up at Knoxville so long? I don't reckon there's much to see, after bein' in a city."

"Why, no. The Gap is the prettiest place I've been in for a long time."

"Are you goin' to be there long?"

"I'm afraid not, for I was transferred only on account of my health, and the change has almost cured me already. The only trouble is that the mountain air makes me so sleepy I can hardly keep awake for the late trains."

"Yes; but you ought to be used to that, for you have the mountains down at Knoxville."

"It's different up at Bull's Gap. Why, I can go to sleep on that hard stool at the depot."

"You're like the nigger who was so tired he could sleep on a clothesline and kiver with a ladder."

"Ha! ha! Yes."

Tervy's appreciation of his joke pleased the old mountaineer mightily.

"Air you goin' to shoot to-day, Mr. Tervy?" he continued. "I see you ha' a gun."

"I'm going to try. How do you like my rifle? I had it made in New York."

John Trentham and the other mountaineers turned to regard the stranger as he removed the rifle from its case.

"That's a mighty fine gun he's got there!" exclaimed some one in the crowd. "Hit's mighty leetle, though. I wonder kin he shoot."

"How do ye reckon he kin shoot with that air high collar of his?" growled John Trentham. "Hit's so high, I bet a dollar he has to stan' on a step to spit over hit."

The loud laugh which followed his sally rang pleasantly in its author's ears, and his hatred for the interloper changed to a scorn, which grew as he mentally catalogued the young

man's costume as "sto' clothes" and described him physically as a "kinny dude."

The majority of the mountaineers had been busied in attaching to fire-blackened boards bits of paper of uniform size, but cut into shapes which each marksman considered most likely to attract his bullets. They left their tasks, however, and crowded around the stranger when he began to explain the mechanism of his rifle to Mr. Deaver. Even the circle of admiring henchmen about John Trentham deserted their hero to partake of the general curiosity. John did not enjoy this desertion, and he moodily drew apart from the laughing group. Tervy reddened slightly under the steady scrutiny of the men towering over him, but he finally finished his recital. Then he pulled out his watch and glanced at it.

"It's three o'clock, Mr. Deaver. What time does the shooting match begin? I have to get back to Bull's Gap before the 'eight-thirty' comes in."

"Hit'll start as soon as we kin git ready. Bert, tell the rest o' the men we air goin' to start shootin' an' for them to quit practicin'."

As soon as the men had gathered around him, he mounted a small log and addressed them.

"Gentlemen, this shootin' match is for the championship o' the county. You kin use any gun you have a mind to, but closed sights air barred from the contest. The shootin' will be at sixty yards, the marksmen having the pick o' shootin' offhand or lyin' down with his gun restin' on this heah log. The entrance fee's one dollar, and the prizes air fifteen and five dollars."

The men laughed good-naturedly as he stepped down, and pressed forward to surrender their dollars and to draw for the numbers which indicated the order in which they were to fire.

"Bert shoots first!" shouted a lusty voice.

"Who's Bert?" asked Tervy, turning to Jim Dougherty.

"Hain't you never heerd o' him? He's Bert Knife, the best shot in the county. There he is, gettin' ready to shoot now."

Tervy saw a fat, black-haired man, who stretched himself leisurely upon the grass, rested his rifle upon a log, and pressed the stock against his cheek. Suddenly his muscles stiffened, his finger pulled steadily upon the trigger of his weapon. Only a sharp click repaid the effort.

"Hell! The cap ain't no good," he cried, disgustedly.

He replaced the primer and aimed steadily. There was a whiplike crack and a cloud of blue smoke rolled back from the rifle muzzle.

"Plumb in the middle!" shouted the scorer.

Bert's target was replaced by John Trentham's, and the latter took up his position. As he passed Bert he heard his enemy say, tauntingly, in an undertone:

"I heerd the agent cut you out, John. Who air ye goin' to court next?"

"Shet yo' mouth, you feist."

His anger caused him to miss the paper by several inches, and he boiled with hatred when he saw Bert smile at Tervy, who grinned obligingly in response, though ignorant of the cause of the big mountaineer's mirth.

"Go ahead, Tervy," said Bert. "Hit's yo' turn to shoot."

"All right. I'm afraid I haven't got much of a show against you fellows."

"Take yo' time," cautioned some one.

Tervy started to fire offhand, but his hand trembled, and he stretched himself upon the ground, amid some laughter from John and his friends. After a hasty aim to offset his fear of loss of pride, he fired. A shout of applause arose when the target was exhibited with a bullet just within the bull's eye.

"I'll be d—, Tervy! I didn't think you could shoot," Bert delightedly cried. "Why, you kin beat John!"

John's rage changed to a longing to crush the agent like a noxious reptile when Bert's statement received endorsement in the smiles of some of the men.

As the shooting match drew to a close, Bert Knife still maintained his reputation as a champion shot, while the contest for second place narrowed down to John Trentham and Tervy, Jim Dougherty, and the owner of a flint-rock rifle.

"Oh, Mr. Tervy!" called out Mr. Deaver. "Will you stan' by the target an' shade it from the sun till hit's yo' turn to shoot?"

"Isn't that dangerous?" questioned Tervy, involuntarily.

"He's skeered," sneered John to the man with the flint lock.

"No," replied a bystander. "There hain't a feller hyer who could miss that plank the targit air on."

Tervy, with some misgivings, relieved Jim Dougherty, who had been placed to shield the target from the slanting sunbeams.

"Be careful, Jim, will you? And tell the other men to be sure that their rifles rest firmly on the log. I don't want to be—to act as a human target."

"That's all right, Tervy. Don't stan' so near the target, and spread yo' coat out mo'. I want to make this last shot a good un."

"Hurry up, Jim!" shouted some one, impatiently. "Come on. Yo' shot! We kain't stay all night."

Nervous chills chased each other down Tervy's spine, and he felt as if the bottom was about to drop out of his stomach when he saw the muzzle of Jim's rifle pointed in his direction. The thud of the bullet against the target made him drop the ends of his coat, and he quickly pretended to bend over the target to conceal this expression of fear. The bullet in the center of the target confirmed the sureness of his friend's aim, and he felt vastly relieved.

"John Trentham!" called out the scorer.

"Be careful, John," warned Jim Dougherty, as the marksman rested his rifle upon the little log.

The voice grated harshly upon his tensed nerves, for the marksman's whole being was concentrated upon the target. Jim's warning attracted his attention to the man shading the target, and he saw his rival over the sights of his rifle. The imagined joy of having his enemy at his mercy became a reality. The devil which tempts us to walk near the edge of a precipice prompted him to train the rifle muzzle for an instant upon the young agent. Resolve and terror, fascination and physical revulsion struggled within him, and his throat choked with a murderous lust. Then he turned sick at the thought of the deed. This revulsion of feeling left him giddy for an instant; his gun slipped, and the report crashed in his ears. Tervy spun about, swayed drunkenly, and fell. John, his hatred dissolved in a sickening dread, was on his feet and running towards the stricken man. Anxiety for his victim struggled in his brain with a fierce desire to still the terrifying voice of conscience which cried "Murder" instead of "Accident."

"Fore God, I didn't mean to hit him!" he almost sobbed, as he bent over the crumpled figure. "Cain't you speak, Tervy? Bert, run git Doc Pangle. Maybe he ain't dead. I swear I didn't go to do it. I kin prove it."

"I guess he's done for," said some one.

The words sounded like a sentence of banishment from all joy of living, and in his terror he grasped the body and shook it roughly. A faint groan seemed to come from Tervy, and John waited with tense nerves for his hopes to be confirmed.

"You'll kill him, if he ain't already dead," said Jim Dougherty, angrily. "Let him alone."

John did not seem to hear him, and poured a gourdful of water which some one had handed him upon the victim's forehead.

"Ella!" murmured Tervy.

This assurance that the agent was alive seemed to be a personal ministration to his agony of remorse, and John could withhold nothing. "D— Ella! Ye kin have her."

GRADUATE SHOTS.

DR. A. RUDY.

This college will soon mature its annual crop of graduates. The professors are in a questioning frame of mind, and the students are loaded or getting ready to be so. All that worries an average Senior now is how to get over the examinations, or, better, still, get out of having to stand any examination. If he only could get through with that, everything else in the world would be easy. Surely *he* could set a crooked world straight; and if something *did* crop out that was hard, he need only call on his girl graduate and she will triumphantly point out the road for her hero to travel.

It is quite a while now since I graduated; and, having taught in this college for five years, and it being so close to the final of finals, I am very much in a questioning and not in an answering mood. I therefore feel like suggesting questions and thoughts that experience, observation or present needs have brought to me. It is not obligatory for any student to think of these thoughts or answer these questions before he gets his sheepskin. Let him first get that, by all means, and, after he has it sure and tight, and feels like it, let him tackle these thoughts and questions. Never mind if the answers fit the sheepskin.

Observe that the earth is nearly round, and so is man's head; but not so the head of a horse or cow. Why?

We know that an egg comes from the chicken, and the chicken from the egg. Now, which came first, the chicken or the egg?

We know the earth is mostly water, and so is the human body. Also, the fertility of the earth is in the upper layer of its crust; and man's mental activity is in the cortex, the upper layer of the brain crust. Also, the Bible says: "Before God created heaven and earth, His spirit floated upon the water." And scientists say water is a great conductor of electricity. Some scientists further say that the main char-

acteristics of life are electro-chemical cell explosions. Again, water is a most powerful fluid and will expand instead of contracting in heat, and by this peculiarity it saves living things that are found in it. What thoughts do such facts bring to your mind?

We notice that eyes, ears and nose are all rather near to the mouth. Why?

Is infinity of space or time and magnitude any easier to understand than the infinity and goodness of a personal, triunal God?

When the Bible says that God created man in his image, does that mean that God has two eyes, a nose, a mouth, two hands and two legs, like a human being?

What kind of organic and inorganic matter, and how much of each, must the most fertile soil contain in one cubic inch for a given seed?

What is the highest a five-year-old peach tree could produce, and how many cubic feet of the most fertile soil specially prepared for it does it need to do so?

What is the highest a seed of corn could produce, and how many cubic inches or cubic feet of the most fertile soil, especially prepared for it, is required to accomplish that? The same question I would like to ask of various other seeds that can germinate and grow in this climate and on our own soil.

The sun appears first in the east and seems to move towards the west. It seems to go under there and to reappear in the east. Has this anything to do with the movement of civilization on the globe? The latter seems to go from east to west. We are told that it began in antiquity in countries now known as the Far East. It went from there west toward Europe, and from Europe westwardly over the ocean to America, and from America it is now going west and is meeting the Far East in China. Has civilization circulated that way one time only, or has it done so many times before? Are some countries destined to be the storehouses of civilization on our globe, and are other countries more or less man-

kind's camping-grounds in the march of civilization around the world?

Will China, with its teeming hundreds of millions of people, be capable of taking care of the billions to come? Will mankind continue to congregate in certain cities of a country and certain countries on our globe? Is it true that man's natural increased possibility of the land on earth to support him, or has God arranged things so that man's increasing intelligence, together with the intrinsic productive possibility of an increasing soil, are ample to continually further man's natural increase on the globe?

Are not many initial failures a prerequisite necessity for final success? If so, is it right to look with contempt on a man who failed when he honestly tried to succeed, and keeps on trying to the best of his ability? Does not civilization owe all of its comforts and pleasantries to inventors? If so, should not inventors be well taken care of? Should not the public at large, in justice and fairness, foot the bill for losses an inventor has while experimenting? Would it not be to the interest of civilization if governments would appropriate certain sums to pay for desirable experiments to persons who have demonstrated an ability to invent? Would it not be to the interest of civilization if the government carefully examined a meritorious invention and if it freely announced its value, so that the public be benefited and protected and the poor inventor be saved from the necessity of offering his patent for sale in order to be able to market the invention?

These and many other thoughts and questions are thrown out to our young brains who will soon take our places. Let them in their leisure time consider such things and prepare to think right and interestingly. This is the first step towards acting right. Some philosophical questions appear useless in a material age; but as a people philosophizes, so it acts. The question of the chicken and the egg is the old, old question of God or no God. It is not a question really, for there always was, now and always will be a God of the universe. But

there are godless people in the world, who are continually trying to make it appear to be a question. The young college man must be armed against them. The fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom. Without it no civilization could exist. We should stand on a solid foundation with regard to our practical questions relating to our fundamental support, the soil, and we should not forget that things on earth are transient and that God has planned and is maintaining things so as to take good care of our eternal welfare. With God in our hearts, good attention to the soil, and with an eye to the right future, mankind, with God's help, will solve all problems for its continuous, glorious development. Good luck to our future leaders, the present graduates. We confidently expect them to lift civilization a good step higher than we have.

IN SPRING.

I.

Witch, through gentle magic, sweet,
Hast thou chained my thoughts to thee?
For once they roamed on joyous feet
With springtime's daughters, unbound and free.

II.

Now do they seek no dearer friend
Than thou, their sovereign queen,
Whose radiance doth to old playmates lend
Beauty seldom by mortal eyes seen.

—*T. L. Bayne, Jr., '14.*

POE'S EDITORIAL CAREER.

S. E. MENZIES.

In the midsummer of 1835, Poe became assistant editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond, Va. His contributions to this magazine consisted mainly of reviews and criticisms. The chief service that *The Messenger* did for Poe in his development was, that in his work on it he discovered his critical capacity. His critical writings attracted wide attention, and during his brief connection with *The Messenger* he increased its circulation from five hundred to thirty-five hundred, placing the little Southern monthly beside *The Knickerbocker* and *The New Englander* as a national magazine. In spite of his popularity, however, Poe was unable to maintain his position, owing to pernicious habits of indulgence he had entered into. He lost his position on the paper in January, 1837.

During the next two years Poe did various kinds of literary hackwork for magazines. In 1839 he became associate editor of *Burton's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia by William E. Burton. To this magazine he contributed "The Fall of the House of Usher" and several minor productions. His tales were regarded by contemporaries as works of undoubted genius, but lacking in that happy moral tone which was deemed an essential qualification in works of universal permanence.

Before the close of 1840, Poe quarreled with his principal, and was discharged. The quarrel seems to have been a serious one. Poe asserted that Burton had acted dishonorably in advertising prices for contributions, which he never intended to pay, and he offered this as the ground for his resignation. Burton, on his side, circulated scandalous reports about Poe's habits and actions, and described these as the cause of the trouble.

Soon afterwards Poe obtained a position on *Graham's Magazine*, quite as important and as successful a periodical

as *Burton's*. He again lost his position, owing to some irregularity, the nature of which is unknown. Perhaps his inability to retain business associations was due not so much to his intemperate habits as to his eccentric temperament. He was irregular, self-willed, and as audacious in his treatment of others as he was sensitive to their treatment of him.

Poe moved in 1844 to New York, where he made the acquaintance of Willis, one of the most important members of the Knickerbocker group, and obtained a place on Willis' paper, *The Evening Mirror*. In this paper he published his famous poem, "The Raven," perhaps the most widely known of all American poems. It was immediately copied by almost every newspaper in the country. In 1845, Poe became editor and proprietor of *The Broadway Journal*, but this enterprise proved a failure, and Poe was left with a considerable debt.

A great part of Poe's editorial work was criticism. It is an evidence of his intellectual versatility that he stands as one of our foremost American critics. In his critiques contributed to *The Messenger*, heartless and severe as they seemed at the time, all his adverse decisions, except one (that on "Sartor Resartus"), have been sustained. The whole mass of this criticism—but a small portion of which deals with imaginative work—is particularly characterized by a minuteness of treatment which springs from a keen, artistic sensibility and by that constant regard to the originality of the writer which is so frequently an element in the jealousy of genius.

AS A WOMAN LOVES.

P. C. SMITH, 14.

The buzz of conversation that arose from the surrounding tables somehow oppressed Grace Burt, sitting there, alone, in the big restaurant, idly fingering a menu card. As Addie Williams, leading lady in a successful current play, she was a reigning beauty. Even now, devoid of the fascination of the stage, she presented a charming picture. Her gaze took in aimlessly a man approaching her table. It was not until he spoke that she recognized Jack Westbrook.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, half rising and grasping his extended hand. "You! What a surprise!"

The man sank into a chair opposite her.

"I was just entering when I noticed you," he replied. "I came in on the A. & D. from Liverpool yesterday morning. To find you so soon, and here, of all places! How you have changed! Ten years since we last saw each other, isn't it? Ten years," he continued, reminiscently, leaning across the table and gazing intently at her. "You are looking better than ever, Grace. What on earth have you been doing all the time?"

The other flushed with pleasure, and then almost instantly recalled with a wince of pain the struggle and final triumph of the last ten years. Her thoughts went back before that, to a time prior to his departure, when she was working in a great down-town office, and he had just been graduated from college. He had loved her—loved her with the mad, impetuous love of youth, and she had returned his affections. In the face of disinheritance and disownment by his outraged family, he would have married her. But she had gently told him that it could not be so; for the wiser woman, in her great love, and thinking only of the man's advancement, knew that such a course by his family meant, at such a critical time in his chosen career, failure. They had parted—he, abroad to study painting; she, to plod daily to her monotonous work.

She had heard, from time to time, in the last three years, of his success in Paris. She was sure now, as she smiled joyfully into his clean, manly face, that he knew nothing of her success.

"Me?" she queried. "But wait; tell me yours first."

"There's little to tell," he answered. "Of course, you have heard of my good luck in Paris?" He glanced up, his voice still holding something of that boyish assuredness which he had been wont to display.

The woman nodded. "Yes, I have heard, and been glad of it."

"I came because mother wished to see me, poor dear. She wants me to marry before I go back to my studies. Marie Gates—you remember her?"

Again the woman nodded, while something seemed to stab her heart—a pang of jealousy and a sense of impending loss.

"It's one of the few things she has ever asked me to do. She's my mother, you know, Grace, after all," he said, half apologetically. "She's all that's left now, since pap died last year. Besides, I can't afford to be cut off. I need the money to study, to learn to paint. It's my ambition, my ambition!" he exclaimed, as he twisted the table cover nervously.

"Yes," she said, quietly; "your ambition."

The man looked at her. A sense of his own great selfishness spread over him and burned into his brain.

"My God! Forgive me, Grace. I was thinking only of myself. I forgot. It isn't too late, is it, Grace, for us to begin?"

She paused for a moment before she answered. She was not thinking of his selfishness. Her greater love still thought only of the fulfillment of the man's ambition. It was best, she knew, both for him and the rankling pride within herself, that she should never marry him. She must disillusion him. Surely she, a finished actress, could accomplish that.

"Oh, drop that," she laughed, languidly. "I'd forgotten all about it. Marriage has ceased to be such a novelty."

"A novelty!" Westbrook exclaimed. "Forgotten?"

"Of course, of course. You don't think I have time for such foolishness, do you?"

"Why, what on earth do you mean?" he asked, his brow furrowing.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," she responded, airily. "Only let's cut out the baby talk. I'm a little wiser now, you know."

"Grace!" he exclaimed, "explain yourself! What has come over you?"

"Oh, nothing," she laughed, leering at him in a manner that he had come to associate with the women of the Paris cafes. "Don't I look all right? Don't I seem well fed and well dressed? What's that they say about a 'mess of pot-tage'?"

"Great God!" he ejaculated, staring at her. "Do you mean—"

"Oh, take it easy," she yawned, leaning back in her chair and smiling at him. "I had to live, you know."

Without another word, Westbrook arose, flung his chair to one side, and passed out into the street.

Grace remained seated. Two great tears filled her wide-opened eyes and rolled down her crimsoned cheeks.

"And he believed it," she sobbed, quietly. "Ah, Father in heaven; he believed it!"

Westbrook paused on the curb and signaled a taxicab. His mind was too full of the shock of discovery to think of anything. As he sat down upon the cushioned seats he buried his face in his hand and sobbed in broken, manlike sobs.

"You are to blame! You are to blame!" he railed against himself. "Grace, my Grace, a woman of the streets!"

He caught himself abruptly, startled by the very mention of evil in connection with her name. He raised his head and looked out upon the moving throng, as the taxi threaded its slow path down Broadway. Myriads of electric lights were beginning to twinkle from every building; the excitement of

the coming night, with its usual and yet strange round of gaieties, seemed to permeate all. Men arrayed in evening dress commenced to appear; gorgeously gowned women leaned closer on the arms of their escorts; and among them ran the newsies, disposing of their latest editions. Westbrook marveled at the sight, and sighed as he thought of the thin veneer it furnished to our subtler natures.

"And so you got her, too!" he said, bitterly, to the unhearing maze of pleasure-seekers. "Even her, the pure, the spotless."

The taxi turned a corner and stopped in front of the white marble palace of the Cafe de Mont, where he had an appointment to meet a friend. The latter had already had a table reserved for himself and for Westbrook, and rose to greet his friend as he entered.

Westbrook had no appetite for anything, and his manner soon became tiresome.

"Cheer up," his companion said. "I've secured a couple of seats for a box at the Grand Olympic to-morrow night. Alcott's great success, 'As Woman Loves,' is playing there. You've heard of Addie Williams?"

"Of course," replied Westbrook. "They say she's mighty fine."

"Right you are. And the straightest, best woman that ever played to a New York audience. Her acting's so natural, and she's just chock-full of talent. You'll go, won't you?"

"Yes, willingly."

"Well, to-morrow night, then, in the Grand Olympic lobby."

Westbrook rose, bid his friend good-bye, and departed. At eight o'clock the following evening he walked into the marble-walled lobby of the Grand Olympic Theater and met his friend, Strong.

When the curtain rose and Addie Williams appeared as Marjorie Fulton, Westbrook gave a gasp of astonishment.

Surely—no, it could not be Grace! What a resemblance! But when she spoke he recognized her. He sank quickly into the shadow of the box and gazed at her, astonishment holding him mute. He continued to stare, but if she was conscious of his presence she gave no outward manifestation. The secret of Addie Williams' success, all great dramatic critics have agreed, lay in her total absorption in her part and in her disregard of the audience.

The first two acts were over. The third and final act was in progress before Westbrook had recovered from his surprise and ceased trying to connect past events so as to reconcile them with the present. Intensely interested, he leaned his elbows upon the enclosing rail and sat motionless. He recalled Strong's words, "The straightest and best woman that ever played to a New York audience," and marveled at her conduct in the restaurant.

When they came to that famous concluding scene, wherein Marjorie Fulton displays her love for Captain Byrd, whether or not she saw Westbrook bending over the rail and staring fixedly towards her, is uncertain; but certain it is, she was looking at him as she raised her tear-bedimmed eyes and said, quietly:

"As a woman loves! As a woman loves. Ah, my friend, a man has his other ambitions, his business interests, his schemes; but to a woman—a true woman—after all, love is the *one* and only *one* thing she finds worth striving for."

The curtain fell. Gradually the applause died down and the audience filed out.

Westbrook handed a hurriedly scribbled note to an usher. "Here," he said, slipping a bill into the boy's hand; "take this note to Miss Williams. I will wait here."

"Well," laughed Strong; "you're kind o' rushing things, aren't you? It won't be any use, though, old man. She'll never answer it."

"She's a personal friend of mine," said Westbrook, reddening.

"Oh! I beg your pardon."

The usher soon returned with a reply. Westbrook unfolded it and read:

*"You may come now, if you wish. The boy will
bring you back.* GRACE."

"Strong," he said, "if you will excuse me now, I'll leave. A thousand thanks for your kindness. I've enjoyed the play so much."

"Don't mention it. Gee! but you're a lucky dog," he jokingly growled as he went out.

Westbrook followed his guide behind the scenes to a door to which the latter pointed.

"Right in there, sir."

"Come in," called a voice in response to his knock, and Westbrook entered the room.

Before him Grace stood, smilingly. She had hastily thrown on a wrap of some filmy rose-colored fabric. Her beautiful black hair fell down in one long, lustrous braid. The charming simplicity of her costume made her seem more bewitching than ever.

"Grace!" Westbrook exclaimed. "I don't know what this means—the stage, the play, and all this; but I hope you will forget that for a moment I ever dreamed of believing you were as you represented yourself yesterday. Tell me why did you do it?"

The color rose and fell in her cheeks as she leaned against the dressing table and looked straight at him.

"Jack," she said, "ten years ago I told you why we could never marry. Certainly you know it was not because I did not love you. How can you ask why I took such a course? How can you ask?"

"I know! I know!" he cried out, huskily. "God only knows how you could have ever come to love such a selfish brute as I have been. But can't you let me make amends?"

He started forward and caught her in his arms. She could

not have repulsed him if she should have desired to. The surging flood spread into her cheeks as she turned her head slightly away. A sob shook her as she spoke.

"No, Jack; I cannot. I know what it would mean. Your family, your mother, money—" She paused.

He had seen her in such a time once before. He swore that he would not take such a course as he had taken then.

"Oh, let them be, Grace! I don't want them any more! I want you, you, *you!*" he fiercely cried, kissing her again and again. "Don't let's spoil both of our lives forever. Don't you remember what you said to-night in the play—'For a true woman love is the one thing she finds worth striving for'? Grace, dearest, you are going to marry me, aren't you?"

For a moment she remained silent, her form shaken by sobs; then the woman within her emerged triumphant. Her arms stole silently about his neck; then she raised her head and looked at him, a joyous light within her dark, beautiful eyes.

"Yes, dear," she sobbed, quietly; "yes, dear; I am going to marry you."

TO A SMILE.

I.

When my lady smiles, Cupid from his sleep doth rise,
Fills full his quiver with golden darts,
And hastes to dwell eternal in her eyes.

II.

Should her sweet glance by gracious favor rest on me,
Springtime in my heart doth live again,
And my soul is joyous eternally.

—T. L. Bayme, Jr., '14.

THE FASCINATION OF A TECHNICAL PROFESSION.

BY T. J. HEWITT, '13.

A young man's choice of a profession sometimes grieves his parents and causes his friends to wonder. "Oh, why couldn't he have studied this or that?" is the question so often asked. Stranger, or friend, whichever you are, remember that the day of parents choosing their sons' profession is far back in the past. The present calls upon the man himself for a decision. So, if the son decides to be an engineer, a doctor, a lawyer, or whatever he desires, be not troubled; for who knows what motives prompt him? Who knows why he decided to be a greasy machinist or a mud-spattered civil engineer in preference to the fascination of the society that law or medicine offers him? *Fascination*. That answers the question.

Probably there are those who cannot for any reason see what there is so fascinating about a locomotive. It is a good thing that they do not, for all of us cannot be locomotive engineers. Have you ever ridden on an engine and felt the thrill that went over you as you rapidly sped over a trestle or across a river? There is something fascinating about it. As the old driver leans out of his cab window and sees the mighty drivers speeding over the rails; when he hears the puffs, the snorts, the groans of his trained old iron horse, he is filled with pride; and when the grade is ascended and the next curve is rounded, he oils the cogs with the tenderness that one carries a pet horse. It is *fascinating*. Why? Only the engineer knows.

The same way with the electrician. The numerous new discoveries in electricity make it more easily understood why a young man should desire to be an electrical engineer. No one knows what electricity is, but they do know it is dangerous; it kills. And yet we say that electrical work is fascinating. Thousands of lives have been lost by experimenting

and by careless fooling with switchboards. Indeed, it is so fascinating that some people cannot keep their hands off the wires. Not long ago a party of visitors was expected in a power-house, and, knowing that accidents might occur by some one touching a wire, the superintendent placed a grinning skeleton upon the switchboard. This shows the danger of the profession; and yet it is fascinating—not to every one, but to many—to help the old mother speed more rapidly on into the bright future.

So it is with the farmer. Everybody cannot see what is so fascinating about taking agriculture at college. But there are those among us who have heard the silent call, "Back to the farm." There are those here who have, while sitting on the plow in the shade of an old persimmon tree, heard the call for scientific men to revolutionize the old system of farming and bring into existence the more modern improvements. It is fascinating to some, yes, to be near to nature. When one can stretch out, after the night shades have fallen, and listen to the cry of the whippoorwills as they send forth their call into the darkness, it causes some to want to live over again their days on the farm; while to others it is one of the many pleasant memories of the past.

The textile man is appealed to in like manner. He looks into the future, and on yonder hill sees his great factory making the cloth that clothes the world. Inside that mill he stands by the complicated machines; and, as the bobbins dart back and forth, placing each thread in its respective place, he is filled with a pride that only the textile man can feel. *Fascinating?* Yes, to those to whom this kind of work appeals. It is interesting to all to just see the cotton taken in its crude state and watch the process gone through, from one machine to another, until it is wound upon a cylinder in the form of a bolt of cloth.

The young chemist sees himself in a magnificent laboratory, making new discoveries that will put his name on the list of honored scientists. He will give to the world new formulæ

that will introduce new industries. Who has saved more lives than the chemist? Why, they have discovered the bacteria that work disaster to the human race, and at the same time have made possible the means by which the same can be destroyed. It is fascinating to those who wish to search for something new, and to those who wish to make known the secrets that have been hidden in nature from the beginning of the world.

Probably civil engineering is more fascinating to many than any of the other technical professions. It is true that many of the boys have waded in mud and water and that most all of them have become bronzed by the sun. The free, open, outdoor life is *fascinating*. No doubt that many an engineer has walked back and forth under the stars, fearing that at any moment a certain dam would break and thus destroy both lives and property. But on the morrow, when the floods cease and the clouds fade away, he again sees the beauty of his profession. Many late hours have been spent in figuring and estimating contracts, but when the job is completed the engineer's time is his own.

To those who desire to travel, no other profession offers so much. One month he is in Canada; probably the next in Mexico. What can broaden a man more than travel? But even the actual work of a civil engineer is fascinating work. No work can be more beautiful than a series of gracefully winding curves, as they gradually ascend a steep mountain slope. To do this requires the engineer and his ever faithful transit. Some of those who have gone before us are envied because they have left behind such monuments to their memory. It is a well-known fact that it takes an old-experienced engineer to master the big jobs, but the small ones have their inducements, too. The beginner longs to see the time come when, at night, after having shouldered an instrument for two miles, he can stretch out by the camp fire, smoke his peaceful pipe, and listen to the notes of the shivering owl as they drift down the mountain side.

So we see that the technical professions have their own attractions. The engineers and scientists are rapidly approaching their own in the realm of society, and before long the time will be here when all the world will understand that *they are not day laborers, but men with a profession*, chosen because the fascinations of it appealed to the inner man.



SOME WORDS FOR THE SENIOR.

By ? ? ?

The greatest care of a man's life ought to be in the choice of a wife. The only danger therein is beauty, by which all men in all ages, wise and foolish, have been betrayed. Though I know it vain to use reasons or arguments to dissuade you from being captivated therewith, there being few or none that ever resisted that witchery, yet I cannot omit to warn you. For the present time, it is true that man prefers his fancy in that appetite before all other worldly desires, leaving the care of honor, credit, and safety in respect thereof. But remember that, though these affections do not last, yet the bond of marriage lasts to the end of your life; and, therefore, better to be borne withal in a mistress than in a wife. For when your humor shall change, you are yet free to choose again.

Remember, that if you marry for beauty, you bind yourself all of your life for that which perchance will never last nor please you one year; and when you have it, it will be to you of no price at all; for the desire will die when it is attained, and the affection will perish when it is satisfied. Remember, when you were a small child, how you loved your nurse. You were fond of her. But after a while that fondness died, and you ceased to love her. So will it be with you in your elder years if you marry for beauty.

And, therefore, you cannot forbear love, yet forbear to link; for after a while you will find an alteration in yourself and see another far more pleasing than the first, second, or third. Yet I advise you, above all the rest, have a care you do not marry an uncomely woman for any respect; for comeliness in children is riches, if nothing else is left them. Have care, therefore, both together; for if you have a fair wife and a poor one, if your own estate be not great, assure yourself that Love does not abide with want, for she is the

companion of Plenty and Honor. I never knew a poor woman exceedingly fair that was not made dishonest by one or the other in the end. This Bethesba taught her son, Solomon: "Favor is deceitful and Beauty is vanity." Again, she says: "A wise woman overseeth the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

Have, therefore, evermore care that you be beloved by your wife, rather than yourself besotted on her; and you may judge of her love by these two observations: First, see if she has a care of your estate and exercises herself therein. Secondly, note whether she studies to please you and be sweet to you in conversation without your instruction. For love needs no teaching nor precept. Be not sour or stern to your wife; for cruelty produces hatred. Let her have equal parts of your estate while you live; but what you give to her at your death, remember that you give to a stranger, and most times to an enemy. For he who shall marry your wife will despise you, and will possess the fruit which you have planted, enjoy your love and spend with joy and ease what you have accumulated with care and travail.

Let your time of marriage be in your young and strong years; for, believe me, the young wife will betray the old husband; and if she does not have you in the spring of life, she will despise you in the fall, and you will be to her but a captivity and sorrow. Your best time will be between the time you are twenty-five and thirty years of age; for the younger times are unfit, either to choose or to govern a wife and family. If you stay long, you will hardly see the education of your children, which, being left to strangers, are in effect lost. Better were it to be not born than ill-bred.

Furthermore, if it is late when you take unto yourself a wife, your younger life, the summer and spring, will be spent in darkness and your estate wasted. Your life might be endangered and your health destroyed. Be sure of this, that as many mistresses you have, so many enemies have you pur-

chased, for there never was any such affection that ended not in disdain. Remember the saying of Solomon: "There is a way which seemeth right to a man, but the issues thereof are life and death." In your springtime, which will too soon depart, plant and sow and make all provisions for a long and happy life.



The Red and White

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Advertising rates are furnished on application. Advertisers may feel sure that, through the columns of this magazine, they will reach many of the best people of Raleigh and a portion of those throughout the State.

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THE CURTAIN FALLS.

There are two separate, distinct, marked periods in the career of a college magazine editor. The first of these is the celebrated act of "taking up his pen"; this the present editor did in September. He has now come to the time when he

is to do the no less celebrated act of "laying down his pen." The first constituted the initial bow to the public; the second is the final bow in which he is graciously allowed by the customs of his predecessors to say a few words for himself. On each of these periods he is supposed to "rise to the occasion" and write a stirring editorial, though this is hardly within the powers of the present editor.

There is a mixed feeling of sadness and joy as these last few words are penned. There is the pain of knowing we have left undone those things we ought to have done, and that of doing those things that we ought not to have done. That the magazine has not been raised to the standards set for it, is too well realized; and the editor is sorry that it could not have been. But then the pleasant comradeship of his associate editors, their support, and the praise given to us, and the interest shown in the RED AND WHITE by its readers leaves only joy in his heart. There is an understanding among the students that the labors of a magazine editor are irksome tasks; but such has not been the experience of the editor; rather the reverse is true. During his connection with the RED AND WHITE some of the most delightful experiences of his college life have happened, and it is with a saddened spirit that he gives up his duties to other hands.

When the RED AND WHITE was given into the hands of the present board, we determined to rescue it from the chaotic state into which it had sunk. How well we succeeded is left to our readers to say. We recognized the odds we had to strive against; but our motto in the sanctum has been the same as that we preached from the bleachers, viz.:

"A. & M. College," is our cry,
"V-I-C-T-O-R-Y."

If we have failed it is not because we have not done our duty, for that peace of conscience that comes to those who have done their best is ours. And if we have advanced the interests of A. & M. even the slightest, or made for her more friends, we feel that our labors have not been in vain.

First, let us thank who so kindly advertised their goods through our columns. Without their aid we could not have published our magazine, and we earnestly hope that the returns have justified the expenditures they have made, and that we can count on them next time. We are glad to notice that there has grown at A. & M. a spirit that refuses to patronize those who do not advertise with our publications.

To the non-contributors we have naught to say, save that if they had aided us we might have given the public a better magazine than we have done. But we believe that the reason of their non-support was their timidity, and we do not condemn them. We hope that they will support our successors better than they have us. To those who have from time to time written articles for us we return thanks. Through their efforts we have been enabled to do as well as we have.

To only one class will we speak words of condemnation. That class is the non-subscribers. If the magazine is not what its friends think it ought to be, then this class is partly responsible. The most serious trouble we have found has not been lack of articles, but lack of funds to print them. If we had secured a subscription from every man in this college the RED AND WHITE would have been the best college magazine south of the Mason and Dixon line. It requires no great power of deductive reasoning to see that a non-subscriber injures himself, his college, and that he robs his fellow students of what they have paid for and of what is justly theirs. Be it said that this paragraph does not apply to those who have not had an opportunity to subscribe, for there are a few such; but it rigorously applies to every man we gave an opportunity to subscribe and who refused.

We have noticed this class of men—these non-subscribers. With hardly an exception one will find that they read the other fellow's RED AND WHITE, the other fellow's *Wau Gau Rac*, and then turn around and "cuss out" both publications. If they go to the ball games, they refuse to root for the team; they scorn the rooters' meetings; they knock the team from

A to Z when it loses; they manage to find some fault when it wins; they laugh when somebody says, "College Spirit"; they think themselves too good to go into a literary society or to join the Y. M. C. A.; they are for self, and nothing but self. Such men are not worthy of being called A. & M. men, and the sooner they can be disposed of the better will be the fraternal feeling among the students. We are glad to say that such men are in the minority here (which is different in some colleges). They are not confined to any one sect or to either of the four classes. There are a few among the Seniors, some among the Juniors, some among the Sophomores, some among the Freshmen, some among the Specials; there are some in the fraternities, and there are some among the non-fraternity men. They are scattered all through the college.

We are grateful to our subscribers who, next to the advertisers, have done more to make the magazine what it is than any other class. We hope that they will be content with what we have offered them. We have not turned the magazine into a collecting agency; and, if we do not misjudge the temper of A. & M. students, that was the right step. The opposite of what has been said of the non-subscriber is true of the subscriber. No college in this section has men more loyal to their college than the subscribers of the RED AND WHITE are to A. & M.

We, too, thank our printers, who have felt an interest in the welfare of the magazine that has nearly equaled our own. No board of editors has ever had a more obliging set of men to work for them. Their suggestions have been numerous and kind. Knowing that the character of their work is seldom, if ever, surpassed in this section (and we judge by the quality of printing given to our exchanges), we gladly recommend the new board to let them print the future RED AND WHITE.

To our exchanges and friends who have suggested improvements, criticised our defects, and praised our merits, we are grateful. Some of their suggestions could not be adopted

for reason of their impracticability, but we have profited by the greater majority of them. Towards us our exchanges have always been kind and courteous, and we trust that we have to some extent repaid them.

To each and all who have in any way contributed to the success of, or felt an interest in, the RED AND WHITE we are profoundly grateful.

THE AGROMECK.

The *Agromeck* is coming. The signs of it are in the air. Its Editor is beginning to pick up, while the Business Manager is falling off. This is a sure sign. It never fails. Yes, sir, the *Agromeck* will soon be here. Don't forget to get you one. It is the best investment you can make with your money, and you'll never regret the step you have taken. Ten or twenty years from now when May comes round and you begin to think of the old boys that used to be your chums at West Raleigh, go into your little library, raise the front window, let the pure sunshine into the room, take from the shelves your *Agromeck*, dust its covers, open it, and live again the days of your college life. Fellows, take our advice, and don't leave the hill without an *Agromeck* safely packed away in your trunk.

IT'S NAMED!

Ray! ray! Rah, rah!
Riddick Athletic Field!

Y. M. C. A.

By T. R. PARRISH.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

The annual election of officers took place in Pullen Hall Wednesday evening, March 27th. There were so many good men from which to make a selection that the nominating committee had quite a little difficulty in choosing the best men for the respective places. But after careful consideration of the fitness of the men they finally presented the names of the following men, to be voted upon, to the Association: President, H. L. Joslyn; Vice-President, E. L. Cloyd; Corresponding Secretary, T. R. Parrish; Recording Secretary, S. B. Sykes; Treasurer, R. L. Sloan. These men were all elected.

The chairmen of various committees have been recently appointed by the President of the Association. J. B. Steele was appointed chairman of Bible Study; E. B. Nichols, Chairman of Mission Study; G. L. Bain, Social; R. L. Sloan, Finance; L. L. Dail, Chairman of Devotional Meetings; E. L. Cloyd, Publication Committee. We should stand by our new officers and endeavor to make the coming year the most successful the Association has ever known.

A series of lectures, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. were given in Pullen Hall from April 11th to 14th. These meetings were not restricted to the members of the Association, but were made a college affair. Some of the meetings were presided over by "Dutchie" Seifert, Harry Hartsell and "Woodie" Graham. The speakers were Mr. E. C. Mercer, of New York, and Mr. W. D. Weatherford, of Nashville, Tenn. The subjects of these lectures were "The Sins of College Men." Mr. Mercer was a former student of the University of Virginia, and treated the themes of his lectures from a

student's point of view. The lectures were very well attended, and apparently much good was done.

Sunday evening, April 21st, an illustrated lecture was given in Pullen Hall by Mr. Johnson, Student Secretary of the Carolinas. The purpose of this lecture was to induce more men to go to the Students' Conference, which is held near Montreat, N. C., every June. Mr. Johnson showed pictures of the new building, which is being erected, and will be completed by June 1st, and also showed pictures of the athletic grounds and some of the speakers who will be there this summer. Last summer Davidson sent twenty-three men to the conference. We should not only strive to equal this, but do our best to have more men than any other college in the State.

The new officers were installed Wednesday evening, April 24th. Some of the members wished to postpone the meeting until the installation could be more thoroughly advertised and try and get more men to attend the ceremony; but, as it had been announced that they were to be installed several times before, the Association voted to have them installed at this meeting. Mr. Graham, the retiring President, gave a report of the work that had been done under his administration. Although the report did not show up as well numerically as it did the preceding year, it compensated for lack of numbers with thoroughness, which after all is more desirable. Mr. Joslyn gave a brief outline of the work for next year. Mr. Joslyn said that the new Y. M. C. A. building would attract many men into the Association from a desire to improve the body, and that now is the critical time. We should lay more stress than ever on the spirit and mind side of the triangle, or the Y. M. C. A. will fail to accomplish the great purpose for which it is intended.

IN THE SOCIETIES

The Leazar Society held its annual banquet at Hotel Giersch on March 22nd. There were seventy-five members present at this social affair, and much enthusiasm was aroused. Hon. R. N. Simms, of the city, was the invited guest of honor. He gave them a fine talk on the value of society work while at college.

On Saturday, April 20th, the inter-society declamatory contest took place. Messrs. H. L. Taylor and M. R. Quinerly, of the Leazar Society, and C. F. Gore and W. R. Patton, of the Pullen Society, were the contestants for the Hill medal. Mr. Patton won out, but all of the speakers did well. Mr. Patton did himself and his society credit. The judges for this contest were Mr. Stone, of St. Mary's School, Mr. J. C. Little, and Mr. C. G. Keeble, of Raleigh. Mr. A. K. Robertson, of the Leazar Society, presided over the contest.

Attractive invitations have been issued for the Senior Debate. The query for this debate is: "Resolved, That the Initiative and Referendum is practicable in North Carolina." The Pullen Society, with Messrs. Stafford and Seifert as the battery has the affirmative. The Pullen men say that this is as good a speaking battery as it is a baseball battery. The Leazars stoutly maintain that their representatives, Messrs. Taylor and Cruse, can steal on them easy. It will be a great debate. Mr. B. M. Potter, in the President's chair, will be umpire, and Secretary R. T. Melvin will keep the score. The grand stand will be Pullen Hall. The marshal will be: Messrs. J. B. Steele, Chief; R. W. Higgins, W. T. Shaw, W. C. Hopkins, W. C. Knox.

The Leazar Literary Society has elected for its officers next fall the following men: J. B. Steele, President; E. L. Cloyd, Vice-President; B. W. Setzer, Secretary; M. R. Quinerly, Treasurer; L. L. Dail, Critic; R. D. Goodman, Censor; G. L. Jeffries, Sergeant-at-Arms; E. B. Nichols, Chaplain.

On May 3 the second of the inter-society contests was heard in Pullen Hall. Mr. Bond was the first speaker, and his topic was Physical Education in Our Colleges." His speech attracted the audience fine, and he received his share of the applause. Mr. Fetzer, of the Pullen Society, followed with a subject that was novel, interesting and entertaining: "The Cremation of the Dead." He was earnest, sincere and careful, and he showed that he had spent some time on his piece. Mr. T. R. Hart, for the Leazars, spoke next on "Scientific Management." His speech was deep and full of life and vim. His delivery was good. Mr. R. L. Sloan, of the Pullen Society, closed with a speech on the progress of education in the Old North State. He also did well, supported his assertions by facts. He was earnest and thoughtful in the presentation of his speech. The judges finally decided on Mr. Fetzer, but they said that all of the speeches were of a high order.



LOCALS

A. K. ROBERTSON, *Editor.*

Mr. J. S. Cates, '02, who has been Assistant Agriculturist with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has recently accepted the editorship of *The Southern Planter*, of Richmond, Va. This is one of the oldest and most influential of the agricultural journals of the country. Mr. Cates' training and experience insures the continued success of that journal.

L. P. McLendon, '10, was here March 30th. "Mac" has obtained his license to practice law, but is still at the University. He expects to locate in some live North Carolina town this summer for the practice of his profession.

Mr. R. L. Morrison, '11, is now located with the Norfolk Southern Railway Company near Raleigh.

Mr. W. B. Truitt, Major of the '07 battallion and instructor in Physics, '08-'09, was here on April 5th and May 2nd, and greeted his many friends warmly. He is in the steel and iron business with headquarters at Greensboro.

Mr. L. J. Herring, '07, who is now meat and milk inspector of the city of Wilson, was here on April 5th.

Dr. R. R. Rheinhardt, '09, was here on the 16th of April on his way home from the Kansas City Veterinary College, where he recently received his D. V. S. degree. He expects to locate in some North Carolina city to practice his profession.

Mr. T. B. Stansel, '10, of the Experiment Station force, was a representative from the Edenton Street Baraca Class at the Baraca-Philathea Convention held in Salisbury April 13-15.

One of the oldest in length of service and most faithful of our janitors, Walter Mitchell by name, died on the fifteenth. All of the Mechanical Engineering Faculty, whom Walter served, attended his funeral.

Wm. D. Upshaw, the editor of the *Golden Age*, Atlanta, was a recent chapel speaker. The boys will remember him for a long time.

Dr. D. H. Hill and Prof. I. O. Schaub attended the Southern Educational Conference held at Nashville, Tenn, April 1st. They report a pleasant and profitable trip.

Mr. J. P. Quinerly, valedictorian of the '11 class, stopped by on the 24th to see his brother, who is in the '15 class, his friends, and his Alma Mater. Mr. Quinerly is now traveling throughout the South with the dairy demonstration department of the Southern Railway.

On May 6th the Dupont Powder Company demonstrated soil-breaking with dynamite on the college farm.

The May School for teachers will open May 14th and continue two weeks. From correspondence to date the largest enrollment yet will be here for practical instruction in Agriculture. Most of those who have written for information are ladies.

Dr. W. H. Beal, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, was here on the 29th inspecting the work of the experiment station during the past year.

Prof. Thos. R. Foust, County Superintendent of Guilford County, was here on the 26th. He is seeking two agricultural graduates to teach in the Guilford Agricultural High Schools.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Williamson, our respected librarian, is able to again be in the library after a severe illness of several weeks.

The State Farmers' Convention will meet at the college in August. A number of prominent speakers have consented to address the Convention.

At the last meeting of the Biological Club Mr. M. R. Quinerly won the Dr. Stevens prize of \$5.00 for the highest score of points during the year.

Hon. Morris Egan, Minister to the United States from Denmark, spoke to the students Tuesday night, May 7th.

Prof. I. O. Schaub was with the dairy instruction car for two weeks while it was in this State. Prof. Schaub states that so far the enrollment in the boy's corn clubs is 3,408 in excess of last year's brilliant total. In the near future Prof. Schaub will cover the entire area traversed by the A. C. L. in this State giving lectures and demonstrations of various kinds to those interested. Although Prof. Schaub's duties call him from the college, still his influence is widely felt, both here and throughout the State.

Senator O. Max Gardner, '03, of Shelby was here April 5th.

Mr. J. Lonnie Dunn, '10, was here on the 27th to witness the track meet. Lonnie, it will be remembered, was one of A. & M.'s quintet of giants. He was a great tackle on the 'Varsity, and could throw the weights as far as the next one.

Mr. J. I. Eason ("Happy"), '11, A. & M.'s former long-winded champion two-miler, was here to see the track meet on the 27th.

Mr. R. W. Graeber ("Bull") was here on the 28th. His headquarters are at Raleigh, but he has so many calls throughout the State that he does not have much time here. He is doing dairy demonstration work for the Department of Agriculture.

Prof. R. S. Curtis, of the Animal Husbandry Department, recently attended the meeting of the Southern Commercial Congress at Nashville. He addressed that body on the "Economic Production of Swine in the South."

A bulletin on the sheep industry of the State has been prepared by the Animal Husbandry Department, and will soon be placed in the hands of the printer. This will be of interest to many throughout the State.

Mr. G. R. Lowe, who left A. & M. ten years ago, was on the hill recently. He is with the Norfolk-Southern survey south of Raleigh. He was delighted with the many improvements at the old place made since he was a student.

Mr. Owen and Dr. Hill are looking over the proof of the new catalog. The catalog will soon be ready for distribution.

ATHLETICS

D. W. SEIFERT, *Editor.*

LOST TO SWATHMORE.

On March 29 the team lost its first game, Swathmore winning a good game by the score of two to one. Jaynes, for A. & M. pitched his first college game, and fanned 16, walked none, and allowed only four hits, but these coming in one inning, coupled with a poor relay from right field, lost the game. Farmer got four hits in four times up. Score:

R. H. E.

A. & M.010	000	000	—1	8	2
Swathmore002	000	000	—2	4	2

Batteries: Jaynes and Seifert; R. Tarble and G. Tarble.

TIED VERMONT.

A. & M. and Vermont played to a scoreless eleven inning tie on the local grounds March 30th. The features of the game were the great pitching of Stafford and Winkler, each allowing 4 hits, Stafford fanning 11, and his opponent 8. This game was the prettiest seen in some time. Score:

R. H. E.

A. & M.000	000	000	—0	4	3
Vermont000	000	000	—0	4	1

Stafford and Seifert; Winkler and Mayforth.

Rain prevented the game with Amherst on April 1st.

EASTERN 6, A. & M. 2.

After A. & M. had sewed the game up Tucker, who had been pitching brilliant ball, weakened, and the team went up in the air, Eastern finally winning 6 to 3. Score:

	R. H. E.					
A. & M.	200	000	100	—3	7	6
Eastern	000	000	051	—6	10	5

Tucker and Seifert; White and Russell.

LOST ANOTHER.

Heavy hitting enabled Penn State to beat the locals on April 5th. Other than the visitors' hitting, the features were a three-baser by Speer and a homer by Robertson to the bleachers. Jaynes was on the mound for A. & M., and did not show up as strongly as he did in the Swathmore game. Score:

	R. H. E.					
A. & M.	001	001	000	—2	8	3
Penn. State	200	003	002	—7	12	2

Batteries: Jaynes and Seifert; Henderson and Wardwell.

TOOK THE EASTER MONDAY GAME.

On Easter Monday A. & M. defeated Wake Forest on the local grounds. The victory came as a surprise to many of the Baptist supporters who had prophesied W. F. would win. Over 2,500 people saw the contest. The home boys drove Cates from the box in the third inning, and he was replaced by Smith, who pitched in good form. Stafford pitched his usual strong game, and was accorded strong support in the pinches. Score:

	R. H. E.					
A. & M.	201	000	000	—3	5	3
W. F. C.	010	000	000	—1	3	2

Stafford and Seifert; Cates, Smith and Turner.

A. & M. 10, U. S. C. 2.

In a six-inning contest A. & M. batted South Carolina's three pitchers all over the lot, and easily won 10 to 2. Robertson pitching his first game for A. & M. this season, was a little wild, but he was never in serious danger. Score:

		R. H. E.
A. & M.064 000—	10 8 1
U. S. C.000 200—	2 4 5

Robertson and Seifert; McGowan, Gage, Dubose and Owens.

STAFFORD STARS AGAINST DAVIDSON.

At Charlotte April 13th the home boys won from the strong Davidson nine by a score of three to one. Stafford in the box for the A. & M. boys, pitched a brilliant game, fanning 14, and allowing only three scattered hits. The Presbyterians' sole run was due to errors in the eighth inning. The fleetness of our fellows on bases aided by opportune hitting, won for us. Score:

		R. H. E.
A. & M.200 001 000—	3 7 3
Davidson000 000 010—	1 3 2

Stafford and Seifert; Osteen, Siler, Huey and Morris.

WAKE FOREST IS STILL HAPPY.

Robertson's wildness lost the second game with Wake Forest College. The big fellow had not entirely gained his usual form, and he lost the game in the opening spasm. The features were the defensive work of the Baptist nine, Robertson's home run over the right field fence, and Hartsell's ditto to center field immediately following. Score:

R. H. E.

W. F. C.	100	002	100	—4	9	1
A. & M.	000	000	020	—2	7	0

Robertson, Jaynes and Seifert; Underwood, Cates and Turner.

BEAT DAVIDSON AGAIN.

On April 16th Davidson tried conclusions with the A. & M. nine on the home grounds, and lost 11 to 4. The heavy hitting of the home boys featured the contest, and the three Davidson pitchers were batted freely. Farmer and Jaynes, of the local nine, each made a home run, the former putting the ball over the right field fence, and the latter through the football bleachers. Score:

R. H. E.

Davidson	101	020	000	—4	7	6
A. & M.	220	020	320	—11	10	3

Siler, Osteen, Huey and Elliott and Morris; Stafford and Seifert.

Guilford 0, A. & M. 2.

Robertson twirled in good form, and Guilford bit the dust by a score of two to nothing. The home team had an off day in the error column, but they were not erratic at a critical point in the game. The home team had no difficulty in hitting Fike. Score:

R. H. E.

Guilford	000	000	000	—0	1	1
A. & M.	100	000	01x	—2	10	9

Fike and Mooresfield; Robertson and Seifert.

THE NORTHERN CONQUEST.

On April 22 the team left for a series of games throughout the North. Rain saved Guilford at Greensboro the 22nd.

LED BY ROBERTSON, A. & M. DEFEATED W. & L. UNDER MORAN.

On the first game of the trip Robertson was pitted against the mighty Moran, who struck out 27 men here two years ago in a nothing to nothing fray, and the A. & M. twirler had the best of the argument, allowing two hits, but he walked five. The A. & M. men hit Moran hard at opportune times, and this aided by errors gave A. & M. the game. Hartsell's home run scoring Seifert from first ahead of himself was a feature. When the good news reached West Raleigh that A. & M. had won everybody went out to town celebrating the great victory. Score:

		R. H. E.
Washington and Lee	.014 000 0—5	2 6
A. & M.	.202 011 1—7	4 4
Robertson and Seifert; Moran and Stewart.		

STAFFORD TRIUMPHED OVER "CHIEF" GREENE.

With Greene and Stafford as opposing twirlers, A. & M. took the big end of the score in a good game at Washington from Catholic University. The features other than the pitching was the hitting of Robertson and the three-base hit of Page bringing in Patton from first and winning the game. Though the boys were far from home, they did not want for supporters, Representatives Doughton, Page, Webb, and Faison being present to encourage them. Score:

		R. H. E.
A. & M.	.000 020 000—2	3 0
C. U.	.000 010 000—1	3 2
Stafford and Seifert; Greene and McDonell.		

WIPED MT. ST. MARY'S FROM THE MAP.

By hitting the ball all over the lot, A. & M. won the next game by a score of 14 to 6. Robertson pitched for A. & M., and took things easy. Robertson and Patton each made a home run. Score:

R. H. E.

A. & M.	310	016	120—14	12	3
Mt. St. Mary.....	201	102	000—	6	10 5

TRAMPLED DELAWARE IN THE MUD.

In a free for all batting contest A. & M. again was victorious over Delaware by a score of 11 to 7. Robertson in right field threw out three Delawareians at home plate, Jaynes knocked a homer, and the entire team totaled the sum of 19 hits that netted 26 bases. Score:

R. H. E.

A. & M.	401	021	030—11	19	5
Delaware	100	201	030—	7	7 6

Jaynes, Tucker and Seifert; Geo'han and Huston.

"WE HIT THAT BALL, WE DO."

By defeating Lehigh at South Bethlehem the home team captured the entire Northern series. Stafford let down the Lehigh team with only three hits, and his teammates backed him superbly. Every man in the first inning got a two-base hit or better except one and he hit a single. These hits drove in seven runs and won the game. The features were Capt. Seifert's two two-base hits in the opening inning, the defensive work of the A. & M. nine, and the fine twirling of Stafford. Score:

R. H. E.

A. & M.	700	000	001—8	12	1
Lehigh	000	001	000—	1	3 5

Stafford and Seifert; Dickel, Muthart and Bell.

On the Northern trip the boys made 42 runs, 51 hits, 13 errors. Their opponents' record is 20 runs, 25 hits, 28 errors. To celebrate the five victories over their Northern opponents the entire college assembled on the campus and marched to town, stopping now and then to give a yell, but always full of enthusiasm. After a big reception at St. Mary's rain broke up the festivities somewhat, but some of the boys reached Meredith and Peace later.

TRACK.

At Wake Forest the track team was beaten 62 to 49 in a good meet. On the local ground A. & M. won from the same opponents 59 to 58 Easter Monday. Hurtt, Robertson, Smith, Floyd, and Trotter were good men for A. & M. Hurtt winning the meet by clearing the bars in the pole vault at ten feet after his opponent had failed. In the State Meet A. & M. team, minus Robertson, was able to win third place with $24\frac{1}{2}$ points. Carolina made $67\frac{1}{2}$, Wake Forest 33, Davidson 12, Trinity 4, Guilford 2. Floyd and Hurtt were the two bright A. & M. stars.

A GREAT GAME.

In the best game of the season the University of Georgia defeated A. & M. by the score of two to naught. The teams were evenly matched, and both deserved to win, but luck broke with the Georgia boys and they won, though neither of their two runs were earned. Robertson and Thompson opposed each other for the first time. Robertson struck out eight, walked three and allowed five scattered hits. Thompson fanned eight, walked none, but allowed eight hits. Robertson accepted four chances and made no errors. He made two hits, and run bases like a deer. Thompson made one error in four chances and got one hit. Other features were the classy work of Speer on third. He accepted thirteen chances without an error, many of which looked like clean hits.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE 1912 TEAM.

Mr. Editor:—One of the things one most notices about A. & M. teams is their wonderful batteries. There is little doubt but what the A. & M. team has the strongest battery in this section, and the teams here about are particularly strong in this direction.

There is Stafford with his wonderful record. In the four years he has pitched for A. & M. he has lost only one game. He broke into prominence by defeating Georgetown in his freshman year, the opinion being that A. & M. would be badly beaten. Since then he has been there with the goods, and when one sees him go into the box one rests easy knowing full well that A. & M. is going to win. It is not saying too much to say that Stafford's record has not been equaled in this section and perhaps not in the country. "Tal" has offers from the big leagues, but it is not known whether he will accept any of them.

Robertson is also there when it comes to pitching. He is particularly strong when the weather is warm. Though he was not in good shape the first part of the season, he has come out strong during the latter part. Some of his feats this season are a victory over W. & L. with Moran in the box, allowing only two scattered hits. Another was a one-hit game against Guilford. Last year he made a most enviable record, losing only two games, one of which was lost by a fluke decision of the umpire. In the game against Guilford he struck out twenty-three men. This record has never been equaled in a nine-inning game. Robertson goes to McGraw, of the New York Nationals, and his friends expect that he will make good.

A tower of strength on the A. & M. team this season is the plucky little Captain, "Dutchie" Seifert, at the receiving end. He is at present, and has been for the last three years, the best college catcher in the Carolinas. He has not a peer in getting fowls back of the plate. He is exceedingly fast,

and when his arm is in good condition it is nearly impossible to steal on him. It is worth many times the price of admission to see either Stafford or Robertson in the box and Seifert behind the bat. Seifert's equal in all-around playing has not been met on the local diamond by any catcher in the last two years.

Page at first is a hard worker, and is playing there for the first time, making good by a healthy margin. Much is expected of him next season. Patton at second is at times erratic, but usually he plays the second base well. He is a good hitter, and can be depended on in a crisis.

Hartsell at short is exceedingly fast. He has well won his title, "Home Run Harry," during this season. Harry is the fastest and best short stop that I have seen on an A. & M. team. He has a fine head on him, and is right there when a hit means runs. His mate at third is fast also. There is no doubt that Speer would be one of the best third basemen in the South if he could hit half as well as he fields. He is always enthusiastic over the game, and puts a lot of ginger into his team mates.

Farmer in center field is always level headed, and seldom makes a miscue. He always hits the ball pretty close around the 400 mark, and this season will be no exception. Archie is one of the best outfielders A. & M. has ever had, and he can hardly be surpassed in this section. Jaynes in right field is a slugger of some note. He is also a good fielder, and has not been seen making an error on the local grounds this year. This is his first try out on the 'varsity, and he has made good in a walk. He can pitch when called on, as was shown in the Swarthmore game when he made his debut. Robertson and Stafford alternate in left, and either of them make as good fielders as they do pitchers. Both are good batters, Robertson hitting 350 and Stafford about 250.

Tucker is the utility man for this nine. He can play any position on the diamond, and he is a fair hitter. He won title to fame by defeating the Philadelphia Nationals last season to the wonderment of all.

A RALEIGH FAN.

AMONG OURSELVES

S. J. KIRBY, *Editor.*

Prof. Vaughn—"Mr. Taylor, give the different types of engines."

Kid—"Single, double, triplicate, and quadruped."

The serious trouble about that April Fool stunt was that it worked the wrong way. We have not quit making up work yet.

Driver (at serenade at St. Mary's)—"Fo' Gaud, white folks, it wuz the most rambuncious sight dis nigger eber seed. 'Em 'ere gals looked like angels, and yinner boys wid de white breeches looked like you wanted to gobble 'em up, or else go to heaven an' be done wid it."

Prof. Kerr on Poultry Class, discussing the different breeds of chickens, said the Leghorns were too industrious to stay at home and keep house and tend to the little chicks.

Sam Kirby—" 'Fessor, they must be suffragettes."

Tim Mackie and *Fenner Gibson*, two of a kind, noticed a girl passing with a Y on a sweater she wore.

Fenner—"Does that stand for *Yale* or for the *Yarborough House*?"

Tim—"Oh, I don't know. They give monograms for every little thing these days, and I wouldn't be surprised if they did not give that Y for stopping at the *Yarborough*."

Dr. Harrison (discussing Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*): "And now, Mr. Bowler, who was King Arthur?"

Dixie (after a pause): "Queen Victoria's husband."

In the A. & M. Scrubs—Trinity Scrubs game Trust was coaching on the first base line, and there was a man on first base. A run was needed badly.

"Hey there!" cried Trust to the Trinity twirler. "Let's see that ball."

And the scrub pitcher innocently and without hesitation threw it, but Trust moved to one side, and the ball traveled to the bleachers, while the man on first hiked it to second, leaving the pitcher dumfounded.

"Hero" Jaynes, report has it, suffered a similar fate in a practice game from the hands of his peerless leader, "Dutchie" Seifert.

You ought to get Tommie Tucker to tell you the way he spelled his name in Charlotte.

As the finals are nearing we have decided to dig up the old adage:

Lives of Seniors oft remind us
 We should never make a flunk;
 Nor depart and leave behind us,
 Reports on the Conduct Book.

What is so rare as a day in June at A. & M.?
 Several things. For example:
 Prof. Riddick and Neil McQueen without the weed.
 A baseball player that never makes an error.
 "Kid" Taylor in a crowd with nothing to say.
 "Tal" Stafford losing a baseball game.
 The Taylor brothers on time for *Hydraulics*?
 The man that don't want to get out of his exams.
 The man that don't read the RED AND WHITE.
 A conduct page and not a line on it.

Why the increased attendance of the Seniors at chapel?

GOTTER QUIT WASHIN' MY LAND AROUN'.

C. L. NEWMAN.

Every time the rain comes down
 It keeps 'er washing my land aroun'.
 Don't keer is it is poor groun',
 Gotter quit washing my land aroun'.

Skooter point and Dixie plow
 Run down hill or any how
 A measly mule no bigger'n a hown
 Help to wash my lan' aroun'.

Pulling fodder, plant in moon;
 Kitch the possum, tree the coon—
 Plant all cotton, grow no vittles—
 Just sit on fence and whittles and whittles.

I gotter lay that scooter plow down.
 It ain't no good on any groun'.
 It wastes guano by the poun',
 And help keep washing my land aroun'.

Every time I travel to town
 Store man want me pay him down;
 Had planted all cotton on my groun'
 And keep washing my land aroun'.

Gotter quit washing my land aroun'
 Every time the rain comes down.
 Don't keer if it is poor groun',
 Gotter quit washing my land aroun'.

—*With apologies to Champ Clark.*

When the students celebrated the victorious return of the baseball team from the North, they marched to town by classes, the Seniors leading, Juniors following, etc. It is said that "Togo" Owens, a Senior of much dignity, marched with the Short Docks, serenely unconscious of the division into classes. On the way several accused him of being the greenest thing in the procession, and "Togo" couldn't see the point.

ONE ON YOU

THE DECISION.

"Well, has your college daughter decided upon her career?"

"Yes; he has blue eyes, brown hair, and he works in a hardware store."—*Exchange.*

"Something wrong with this item."

"How, now?"

"Says the bridegroom took his place beneath the floral bell, and 2,000 volts were immediately shot through his quivering frame."—*Exchange.*

NOT UNLESS.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"I don't has to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."—*Yonker's Statesman.*

IN MAY.

All the gloom of winter's done,
Now's the time to have some fun.
Now's the time to work and play,
May's the time to be jolly and gay.

Tommy—"I could learn to love you when you smile."

Geraldine—"You haven't money enough to pay for your education."

CERTAINLY.

Teacher—"What was the condition of the patriarch Job at the end of his career?"

Student—"He was dead."—*Exchange.*

HIS MISSION.

"My mission," explained the pious minister, "is to save men."

Whereupon the old maid burst out: "Save one for me, please."—*Exchange.*

THE SAME, YET DIFFERENT.

About two years had passed away
 Since Nell and I had met;
 So 'twas not strange that I should say,
 When I again chanced her way:
 "Nell, are you married yet?"

She glanced at me in mild surprise—
 I would have made a bet
 That there was sadness in her eyes
 As she replied, between two sighs,
 "Yes, I am married—yet!"

TOO MUCH FOR HER.

A new baby arrived at a house. A little girl—now fifteen—had been the pet of the family. Every one made much of her, but when there was a new baby she felt rather neglected.

"How are you, Mary?" a visitor asked of her one afternoon.

"Oh, I'm all right," was the reply, "except that I think there is too much competition in this world."

A Nebraska cyclone carried a school-house one-half a mile. A little education goes a long way in the wild and woolly West.

"She's an economical little woman!"

"Which means, I suppose, that every time her husband has his suit of clothes pressed she tells him that it looks just as good as new."—*Sel.*

YES, INDEED!

"Did your wife turn out to be all that expected her to be?"

"More. When I married she was a slim young gazelle. Now she weighs 250 pounds."—*Exchange.*

MODEST MODESTIES.

Dick—"Why do all these dressmakers have signs saying they are modest?"

Jack—"They want folks to know it isn't their fault that the dresses are cut so low."—*Exchange.*

"AIN'T IT GRAN'."

Th' worl' about wuz great an' green!
 No greener worl' they never seen!
 An' walkin' by this scrumptuous scene,
 She said she wuz a perfect fiend
 About th' fields, an' other things
 What grows; the bubblin' springs;
 Th' rocks; an' trees; th' bug what sings!
 An' as they passed a house, my lan',
 An' odor, too, wuz passin', an
 "Whoops!" she cried, an' clasped his han',
 "They're cookin' cabbage! Ain't it gran'!"

NEED NO JIM CROW AIRSHIPS.

Sandy Hoyle, a negro janitor of the *Advocate*, listened to a discussion by the foreman, and the intelligent compositor on the commercial possibilities of the aeroplane. Sandy seemed deeply interested, but at the close of the conversation he shook his head solemnly and said:

"White folks may do great things wid them flyin' machines, but one thing I knows fo' suttin—they won't never need no Jim Crow cars on 'em.—*Greenfield Advocate*.

WHO STARTED IT?

A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper turned to his mother for consolation.

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa thrash father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother, impressively.

"And did his father thrash him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father thrash him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, who started the thing, anyway?"—*McCalls Magazine*.

Dude—"Say, Hayseed, what makes your nose so red this morning?"

Countryman—"It glows with pride at not poking itself into other people's business."

Instead of being rained out at Meredith, the 'varsity were rained in.

NEVERMORE.

(Parody on "Poe's Raven.")

Once upon a midnight dreary, as he sat and called her
 "Deery,"

On a sofa built for one, but holding more,
 Suddenly there came a rapping, as if some one gently tapping,
 Tapping at the parlor door.

"'Tis my father, sir," she murmured,
 Only this and nothing more.

What cared he for her relations, he was full of exclamations,
 Such as "Lovey, does oo love oo deary more?"

When father tired of waiting, waiting being aggravating,
 Opened wide the parlor door.

Only this, but wait, there's more.

Ah, distinctly he'll remember that cold night in bleak De-
 cember,

For in places best unmentioned he's still sore.

When father's foot had landed, this young man for life was
 branded.

As he flew out twenty paces, he did roar:

"Your old man has hurt my feelings,

With you I will have my dealings nevermore!"

Doc Hurt (watching Senior Civils taking observations on
 the North Star)—"What are you fellows doing?"

Mercer (frantically)—"Something wrong with the North
 Star. We are trying to fix it before it becomes serious."

EXCHANGES

R. L. SLOAN, EDITOR.

We thank those who have so kindly given us suggestions during the year. They have been of an immense benefit to us, and if we had to judge from our own experiences we would unhesitatingly say that the Exchange is a very important part of a magazine's make-up. Only one editor that we have seen maintains that an exchange department is merely for the purpose of filling up space. That might be true in his own particular magazine, but we believe it is not so with all. We are tempted to add that if his magazine would have adopted some of the changes that were suggested to it might have been improved wonderfully.

We shall certainly miss the delightful monthly visits of our exchanges, for it is a pleasure to read them. During the year we have tried to say something about each of the magazines with whom we exchange. Let us hope that we have said some things that have stirred sluggish editors to do their duties, or help those who have honestly striven to do their best.

St. Mary's Muse.

This magazine is always interesting to A. & M. boys. The local happenings are well written up, as is what little there is of the literary department. The magazine is thin, terribly thin. A table of contents and an Exchange are conspicuous by their absence.

The Pine and Thistle.

This is a big magazine coming from a little college, the Southern Presbyterian College at Red Springs. It is a quarterly magazine, and if we may make a suggestion, we would like to say to the students of S. P. C. that, if they can get as

many articles of as good a quality as the February-March issue contains, they should make it a monthly next year. Among the articles we enjoyed most is "Poetry as an Expression of National Life," a fourteen page essay. A serious criticism should be made of "The Best Lesson I Learned at College." Nearly all of the quotation marks in this story are omitted. It evidently suffered in the print shop. But, as a whole, the *Pine and Thistle* is a good magazine, and is a credit to its editors.

The State Normal Magazine.

This is one of the first magazines that we pick up to read each month. Such a magazine is a credit to the Normal from cover to cover. One of the best stories we read in a college magazine was found in the February issue of this magazine. It was "A Different Point of View." The essay, "Religion of the Negro," in the same issue was also good.

The Yellow Jacket.

This magazine holds a double interest to us, coming as it does from a college similar to A. & M., Georgia Tech. We think we can appreciate the editor's appeal for help, as we have been dangerously near the brink ourselves. The Engineering Department is an interesting feature of this magazine, and is very appropriate for a college like Tech. The athletics are well written up.

The High School Magazines.

Among the more interesting magazines from the high schools we noticed *The Park School Gazette*, Trinity Park; *The Athenian*, Newbern; *The Black and Gold*, Winston-Salem; and also *The Black and Gold* from the Hawaiian Islands; *The Sage*, Greensboro; *Tileston Topics*, Wilmington; *High School Enterprise*, Raleigh; *Boononian*, *The Messenger*, Durham. These are all good and well worth reading,

though many of them are dependent on teachers for their articles. We hope to see their editors on the staffs of some of our college magazines in the future.

In addition to the above, we acknowledge with thanks the following magazines: *Clemson Chronicle*, *Dahlonaga Collegian*, *U. N. C. Magazine*, *The Concept*, *The Autocrat*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Acorn*, *The Augustinian*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Journal*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The Palmetto*, *The Ivy*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *The Criterion*, *The Isaqueena*, *The Radiant*, *Penn State Farmer*, *U. of Va. Magazine*, *The Lebana*, *The Aesculpan*, *The Georgetown College Journal*, *The Blue and White*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *Transylvanian*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *The Tatler*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Crimson-White*, *The Harvester World*, *The Bulletin*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Georgia Agricultural Quarterly*, *The Cornell Countryman*, *Wisconsin Country Magazine*, *The Chisel*, *The Lenorian*, *The Mercerian*.



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