

Mr. A. F. Bowen



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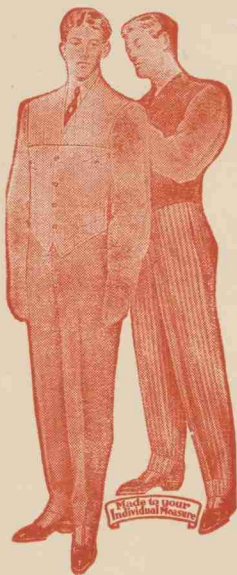
THE RED AND WHITE

NOVEMBER
1912

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THE RED AND WHITE

VOL. XIV. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1912. No. 2

THE FRESHMAN'S START TO COLLEGE.

By T. W. HUNTLEY, '15.

Mother, I am going; give me a kiss;
It won't be long until me you will miss.
Now I am beginning my college life—
Indeed, a hero in the strife.
To think that I am to return
Possessed with knowledge like Robert Burns.

If those little Sophomores bother me,
The bulwark of my strength they'll see.
When they ask me to give 'em a dance,
I'll refuse, with a fierce, stern glance.
Perhaps they will ask me to sing;
Then I will scatter them with a "bing."

Even the President will be at the train,
Insisting that o'er night with him I remain.
All of my ways will be excellent;
No doubt I will be class president.
Christmas, mother, me you will greet,
Prostrate, as others, at my feet.

THE CREMATION OF THE DEAD.

BY K. M. F., '14.

We of this generation believe that we live in an age of progress. We consider ourselves enlightened. We have made great progress along many lines. We boast of many luxuries, novelties, and processes which people in other ages never dreamed of. And perhaps no branch of human endeavor has advanced with greater strides than the science of medicine and hygiene. We have done away with many unsanitary customs, with many ignorant and superstitious ideas which other generations have been slaves to. And yet the people of this enlightened age have one hallowed custom which is founded on gross ignorance, superstition and dogmatism. This custom is the burial of the dead. I shall endeavor to show you what an immense advantage it would be to the people of this age to discard this barbarous and unsanitary custom and adopt the more enlightened one of cremation.

Since the beginning of recorded history, time and experience have tested the works of man, and the highway of progress is covered with the fragments of countless inventions. What is good lives; what is bad dies—this is the general rule. The very antiquity of the custom of burial is offered as a voucher for its wisdom, and the rule that I have stated is rigidly applied. But there are exceptions to all rules. When we study the question of burial with unbiased minds, when we learn how and why it was established, we lose our respect for even its antiquity.

Up to the time of the spread of the Christian religion it was the general practice of the civilized world to cremate, or burn, the dead. There were some exceptions, such as Egypt, China, etc., but the custom of cremation prevailed throughout Greece, Italy, the Carthaginian Empire, Chaldea, all western Europe, parts of eastern Asia, and even in China at one time. When Marco Polo visited China he found a crematory in every town.

The spread of the Christian religion caused the introduction of the custom of burial. The early Christians superstitiously believed that our poor earthly bodies were necessary for a resurrection, and that if one's body were burned he would have to do without a body in the life hereafter. That the trumpet would sound and the dead come forth, was a doctrine literally accepted in a physical as well as a spiritual sense. They stigmatized cremation as a pagan custom. This belief led to the burial of the dead in graves and in niches in abbeys and churches. Many a mouldering monk unintentionally counterbalanced the good deeds of his life by the disease he generated after his death.

Having seen that we cannot respect the custom of burial merely for its antiquity, let us study the question from a scientific and sanitary standpoint. I shall show you that to-day, in our crowded cities especially, earth burial is a serious menace to health, and vault burial is a violation of sanitary laws, which, but for our ignorance and prejudice, we would never suffer to take place. Every one who has studied the question has come to this inevitable conclusion. And how could it be otherwise? The Christian graveyard is often a contracted plot of ground in the midst of human dwellings, literally packed with bodies until it becomes impossible to dig a grave without disturbing human remains. Can we wonder that the earth becomes so saturated with foul fluids and the air full of emanations so noxious that the average churchyard is a very focus of disease?

I shall quote to you only a few instances from among the many that might be cited to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the average churchyard is a very focus of disease. In 1828 the fearful reappearance of the plague in England was caused by excavations made in the ground where, three hundred years previous, the victims of the pestilence had been buried. In 1854 the outbreak of cholera in Derbyshire was caused by excavations made for sewers in soil where in 1665 those dying from the plague had been buried. In 1843, when

the parish church at Minchinhampton was being rebuilt, some of the soil of the graveyard was spread in neighboring gardens. As a result, the town was nearly decimated by disease. Trinity Church yard in New York was an active cause of the yellow fever epidemic in 1822. During the yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans the mortality in the Fourth District was 452 per thousand—more than double that in any other. In this district there were three large cemeteries, in which in the previous year more than three thousand bodies had been interred.

Every doctor who has studied the subject has condemned earth burial as an unsanitary practice. Dr. F. Julius LeMoynes, after fifty years of medical practice, said:

"The interment of human bodies, dead from infectious diseases, results in constantly loading the atmosphere and polluting the waters with not only the germs that arise from simple putrefaction, but also the specific germs of the disease from which death resulted."

Sir Henry Thompson, a famous English physician, says:

"Even by selecting a portion of ground some five or ten miles distant from any very thickly populated neighborhood and sending our dead to be buried there, we are laying by poison for our children's children, who will find our remains polluting their water sources when that now distant plot is covered with human dwellings."

The question of disposing of the dead is not a religious one. It ought not to be a sentimental one. It ought to be and must eventually be settled on a strictly sanitary basis. The question is this: given a dead body, to resolve it into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, rapidly, safely, and not unpleasantly. I have shown you that earth burial is not the proper way. What, then, shall we do? It is *not* a problem for solution. It has already been solved, and the answer is, *cremation*. This answer is nothing new. As I have said, cremation was the general practice of the civilized world up to the time of the spread of the Christian religion. The ancients,

in this respect, were far wiser than we. Modern science has realized this, and acted upon it to some extent—perhaps to a greater extent than most of us are aware of.

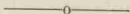
Cremation first began to be agitated in modern times in Italy in 1869. The movement grew rapidly in favor in that country, and to-day there are in Italy twenty-eight crematories, in which thousands of bodies are being cremated every year. In Germany the movement began in 1878, and up to the present time about twenty thousand bodies have been consumed. In France there have been nearly one hundred thousand cremations performed. In England and other European countries the movement has found like favor.

Nor has the United States been backward in this movement. The first American crematory was built at Washington, Pa., in 1876. Since that time the movement has grown rapidly in popular favor in many parts of our country. There are now crematories in thirty-three of our largest cities, in which about fifty thousand bodies have been disposed of.

Modern cremation is, however, an altogether different process from that which existed among the ancients, and which still persists in India and parts of Japan. The slow-burning pile of wood in the open air has been replaced by the rapidly acting closed furnace of high temperature. Two types of furnaces are employed—the reverbatory and the regenerative. In the former a tongue of flame coming directly from the fuel is passed into the body. In the latter, gas is produced from coke and burnt in the chamber containing the body. Both methods are equally effective, but the latter lends itself to a more satisfactory way of collecting the ashes and is perhaps more in keeping with popular sentiment. The gaseous products of combustion pass into another chamber and are completely consumed. No smoke or any gas whatever escapes into the surrounding atmosphere. The process lasts about twenty minutes. All that is left is about a pound of clean white ash, which may be preserved in a suitable urn, if desired.

In the modern crematorium a chapel is provided for funeral services. The coffin rests on a catafalque, which, at the close of the service, passes noiselessly, by means of invisible mechanical arrangements, into the cremating chamber and out of sight of those attending the service. Sometimes the chapel is lined with niches for the reception of ashes in suitable urns.

Why is it that we do not discard this unsanitary practice of burial? It is because we do not know—do not realize—what a serious menace to health it is. We shrink from making a radical change in our method of disposing of anything so dear, so sacred as the remains of our departed loved ones. Yet, if one reflects at all on the subject, nothing could well be more gruesome, when life is departed, than that the body should slowly putrefy in a coffin, tricked out with our poor posthumous vanities, rather than be returned as speedily as possible to the original elements of the dust. When we study the question from a sanitary standpoint, we are bound to see that cremation is the logical method of disposing of the dead, because it transforms a body into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, rapidly, safely, and not unpleasantly.



MY FIREPLACE.

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

Within thy wondrous cavern depths
A friendly fairy folk lie hid,
Who at the magic summons of a spark
Leap from their bed of logs and live
As joyous dancing flames.
By their elfin hands a stage is set,
Builted from the glowing coals;
Then in swift pantomime posture they
Do mirror on this kind stage my dreams.

TOM COLEMAN'S DEBUT AND EXIT.

By J. B. S., '13.

Of all the dwellers in Gloster Township, not one would say a word against T. A. Coleman, more than that he wanted to marry as bad as any old bachelor in the neighborhood. But all agreed that if he ever succeeded, it would have to be leap year, as he was too bashful to ask a woman to marry him.

His farm, which spread out over the broad bottoms of Cedar Creek, was the envy of all the farmers around. The ditch banks and fence corners were always clean, and his cultivation up with the season. It was the opinion of those who lived near him that he kept it in such neat shape with the one hope that it might appeal to some lady as a good thing to "tie to."

Four years ago, when he had built a new house and barn, every one was sure that he intended it for Miss Lucy Byers, though neither she nor any one else had ever heard him mention such a thing. In fact, he had never been seen with her, except at church on the second and fourth Sundays, which were preaching days. On one or two of these occasions he had been seen to sidle up to her between Sunday school and church and make a few remarks about the weather and the crops. On such occasions he always stood looking over her head, with his hands shoved deep into his coat pockets, and wore a grin that threatened to come in contact with his ears. But in spite of several of these near approaches to a proposal, Miss Lucy was married to Bud Wilson one year later.

Mr. Wilson did not live very long. He died just a year ago this fall. So this spring, soon after Mrs. Wilson took off mourning, it was noticed that Coleman had painted his house and barn—painted them both white and trimmed them in blue and green—and it was reported among the neighbors that he had had three men cleaning up around the house for nearly a week.

Last Friday, Coleman was returning from town in high spirits. He had seen a large poster advertising Barnum & Bailey's circus as he was going on that morning, and, after studying about it all the way to town, and most of the time while he was there, he finally determined that, come what would, he was going to ask Mrs. Wilson to go with him to that show. He thought of how nice it would be to have her sitting by him in the buggy. Then he realized that his old buggy was not good enough for her. "I've been figgering on gettin' a new one for a long time, and I might as well get it to-day," he finally told himself.

As he drove home that afternoon with his new buggy and harness, his heart was light. He didn't see how she could refuse to go with him to the show in that seventy-eight-dollar outfit. He hadn't meant to pay but sixty-five, but he couldn't afford to miss the bargain he was offered in this one. With these things in mind, he came to the forks of the road and resolved that he would take the one that led by the widow's place and ask her that very evening and be through with it.

As he was crossing the creek that bordered her place, about half a mile from the house, he was surprised by the number of fish he saw in the clear, cold water. Stopping his horse, he got out of the buggy and leaned over the rail to watch them. The sun was sinking low in the west, and the water reflected its rays back into his face. He was suddenly seized with a desire to sneeze, and, without taking the usual precautions, he let it come. How could pleasant dreams be more suddenly interrupted? For, with that vigorous sneeze, out flew his upper teeth, splashed into the water and settled to the bottom in the deepest part. What was he to do? He couldn't face the widow without his teeth; and then he couldn't afford to lose them any way, because they were good teeth and he had only used them about a year. A little school of fish had gathered around his missing members in the bottom of the stream and were rubbing their noses against them. Imagine how a fellow would feel to have fish bumping against

his teeth when he can't bite them. There was but one thing to do. He looked up the road and then down; no one was in sight. He pulled off one garment after another and laid them in the buggy, so that they would keep clean, because he had worn his best clothes that day, and, besides, he would see "Miss Lucy" in a few minutes. The crisp October air was cool as he went down the bank, but the water would have made his teeth chatter, had it been possible. Every muscle quivered as he waded around in the water up to his arms and felt about with his toes to find his teeth. When he found them, he drew himself under the water with a quick motion, grabbed his teeth and came up, shaking like an aspen..

But what was that? His splashing in the water and the noise of some one approaching down the road had frightened his horse and caused it to start off at a trot, carrying his clothes with him. Putting in his teeth as he climbed the bank, he started down the road after his buggy in full chase. He was sadly out of practice, but his excellent running condition must have made up for that, for he was making good time before he crossed the first twenty-yard line. The buggy had not gone far before his coat fell out. He picked it up and put it on while he ran. Then out came his derby, bounced in the dust, was crushed by the hind wheel and left for him. "You dad-burned old hussy; I'll lamb ye!" he muttered, as he picked up his hat, rammed it into shape with his fist, and pulled it on his head. Old Pepper had slacked his speed now, and Coleman was able to catch hold of the back of the seat and climb in just as they rounded the curve that brought them in full view of the widow's house. He hastily pulled his buffalo robe high up around him and turned up his coat collar. The object of his great fear was coming down the walk. She had not seen him yet, but she would if he attempted to turn around, and he never would be able to explain. But the matter was already decided. His lines were dragging under the buggy and she would be sure to see him before

he could reach out and get them. There was no getting around it. He was going to have to face her in his present condition.

There comes a time in every man's life when all the power of reason leaves him, when it is impossible either to advance or to retreat and there is no ground upon which to stand still. The only thing to do is to cut loose, give a whoop, and just run. But, Tom Coleman being a conservative man and one whose movements were always slow, this stampede did not come on him all at once, but he could surely feel it rising.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Coleman; how do you do? How did you ever happen to come through this way? You look like you were not feeling well."

Large drops of about equal parts of sweat, water from his hair and dust from his hat were racing with each other down across his face. One large, dirty drop poised on the end of his nose.

"I—I came by to see if—if— I wanted to see Mr. Elrod about doing some work."

"Oh, I am so glad! I was just going over there myself, and I know you are going to offer me a ride in your new buggy. It certainly is nice. I am just proud that I am going to be the first one that you let ride in it. Have you been to town to-day?"

When he thought of her getting into that buggy with him, the storm in his breast rose almost beyond his control. How he did wish Pepper would run away—and he didn't care how fast he ran, either. But nothing like that would occur, because he was a well-mannered horse, and the moment his master began talking he stopped. And it would take nothing less than a jerk of the lines to start him.

"Yes, I will be glad to have you ride with me, but—but—" How would he get the lines? "Will you please hand me my lines?" he fairly blurted out.

"Why, certainly. How did they ever get to dragging like this? Have you had a runaway? Oh! Why are you looking so pale? I see you are not well. You must get Mrs. Elrod

to give you a touch of them bitters she has. She gave me some the other day when I was feeling no 'count, and they helped me a lot."

He cautiously turned down one corner of the buffalo robe and allowed her to climb in, without offering to help her.

"We will not need this heavy robe, will we? I think it will be comfortable without it." And with that she made an effort to throw it to their feet.

Mr. Coleman clutched it as if life depended upon it. "No, no; I am—I mean—I—I want it."

"What is that?" exclaimed the widow, as she stuck her toe out from under the bottom of the robe, bearing a bright new necktie on the point of it. "You careless man! Throwing a nice tie into the bottom of the buggy like that. You ought to have some one to look after you."

"I had that on—no—I mean, I bought that in town. It must have come unwrapped."

Things were feeling more and more uncomfortable under the buffalo robe. The widow was moving, first one way and then another, and he was never sure one minute what the next would bring. The panic within him was rising with every wiggle his companion made. He could see that she was getting very curious over his present appearance. It had never occurred to him to explain the whole situation to her. But things moved on without any serious outbreak until they were going down the hill, about half-way to Mr. Elrod's, when the trace came unhitched.

"Oh, that trace is unhitched! What shall I do?"

"Why, get out and hitch it. That's not bad."

"But I can't. I—oh, I'm so sick!"

"I'm awfully sorry. I knew you were. Don't bother. I'll hitch it." And with that she ran her hand down under the robe and threw it across the dashboard before the poor man had time to object.

The widow gave a modest little scream and threw her hands over her face. But in an instant, realizing that things were

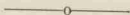
happening around her, she ventured to peep out between her fingers just in time to see Coleman make a discourteous dive into the nearest thicket.

Mrs. Wilson, after considering the matter for a few moments, drove on to Mr. Elrod's and explained the matter the best she could. Mr. Elrod started to drive the horse and buggy home, but he met one of Coleman's men on the way after it.

"When did Mr. Coleman get home?" asked Mr. Elrod.

"I dunno, boss. He didn't come in the front way. The fust thing I knowed, he hollered to me from the house to go after this buggy. I axed him when he got back, and he said 'twan't none o' my business, and for me to do what I was told. Boss, they's sumpin' wrong about this thing."

Mr. Coleman was not at church Sunday, although it was preaching day, and Mrs. Wilson remarked that she was afraid that he had taken cold. But it has been reported since that he was over at Snellville, trying to sell his place.



LOVE IN A TRANCE.

BY C. L. NEWMAN.

A streamer of crepe limp hangs upon the door
That leads to the room of my heart,
Where the corpse of a love that was born for you
Fell dead when you bade it depart.

This death-stricken heart will flash quick into life
The moment you bid it awake;
It sprung into being and lived but for you;
It died and is dead for your sake.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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

Robert Louis Stevenson, the son of Thomas Stevenson, a distinguished Scotch civil engineer, and Margaret Balfour, a woman of intellectual vivacity and love for literature, was born in the middle of the last century, during a period of stolid social respectability and intellectual decadence. It was fortunate, in an age of realism and materialism, that from childhood the great romanticist should be surrounded by an atmosphere stimulative to the imagination. Edinburgh Castle, a treasure house of stirring memories and wondrous legend, overlooked the town where Stevenson spent his childhood, and doubtless it furnished much rich material for the games and stories devised by the boy and his mother to fill the gaping hours illness decreed he should spend abed. His father's work was of a most adventurous nature, providing many a fanciful tale for the son's diversion. Sometimes the engineer enjoyed the companionship of his son upon the trips of inspection to one or another of the structures he had erected, and the child would build numberless games upon the incidents of these journeys.

Many schools played a part in preparing Louis for Edinburgh University, which he entered when about seventeen. Here, as he had been in school, he was, in a narrow sense, an idler and truant, for his time was squandered upon French, English and other literature, the young man becoming the devoted disciple of many masters, among whom were the American poet-prophet, Walt Whitman, and the naturalist, Thoreau. Stevenson's mind at this time was not only broadened and tinged with romance by the frequent change of schools, his life at the University, and his books, but also by the numerous visits to other parts of Scotland, to Germany, Holland and the Riviera, made by his parents in seeking health for themselves as well as for their son.

Stevenson was influenced by his parents to follow the family profession, in which he showed some promise by winning a medal for a slight improvement in lighthouse construction. His feeble constitution caused him to give up his first choice and seek to enter the profession of law. Just after he arrived at this decision his literary work began to provide a means of livelihood, and he determined to devote himself to it.

From now on, he became a sort of Bohemian, traveling over the world in search of health, yet at the same time exulting in the joy of life and testifying in his writing to its livableness. At about the age of thirty he was fortunate in finding a woman for a mate who could take the same sort of interest in living for the joy of living. She was Mrs. Osborne, a woman of like gypsy longings and intellectual tastes. Together they sailed among the Pacific islands, one of which, Valaima, they chose as a home, where Stevenson passed the happiest days of his life, and where he died in 1894.

Stevenson was a sworn romanticist, whose romanticism revealed itself in all forms of literary art, poetry, stories, novels, essays, and travel sketches. He was ever young, ever joyous, his character finding its expression best in these words of his own:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

OBSERVATIONS OF THE NIAGARA FALLS
POWER PLANT.

BY V. C. P.

The essential hydraulic features of any water power development are an upper level of water, falling to a lower level, and suitable means of converting the kinetic energy of the water into a form of power which can be readily controlled and utilized. In a recent visit to the Niagara Falls power plants I saw these conditions admirably fulfilled.

In all three plants of the Niagara Falls Power Company and the Canadian Niagara Power Company the same general design of power development has been followed. The water is drawn in from the level of the upper river through an intake canal and is thence distributed to the inlet chambers at the head of each penstock. These chambers are protected along the front by iron racks or gratings, which remove all floating ice, logs and other debris.

A lower level, for the discharge of the water taken in at the penstock inlets, is obtained by sinking into the earth through solid rock, for a depth corresponding to the height of Niagara Falls, a long, narrow shaft or wheel pit, over which the power house is located. Down this wheel pit passes a series of parallel vertical penstocks, twelve feet in diameter, carrying to the turbines below the water diverted from the river above. From the turbines the water is discharged into the bottom of the wheel pit, and thence finds an outlet to the lower level of the river in the gorge below the falls, through a long tunnel with a horseshoe-shaped cross-section cut through solid rock at an average depth of 200 feet below the surface.

The mechanical power developed in each turbine is transmitted to the electrical generators, located on the power-house floor by means of revolving vertical steel shafts passing up through the wheel pit, there being one generator for each turbine. A governor, located at the side of each generator, ope-

rates valves in the turbine in the wheel pit below, and automatically controls the amount of water flowing through the turbine with any change in the amount of electrical power drawn from its generator. In the two power houses on the American side the capacity of the turbines and generators is 5,000 horse power each; in the Canadian plant, units of 10,000 horse power are installed.

We might notice the design of the turbines, governors and generators more in particular. The turbines are of the single inverted twin type, equipped with draft tubes, a double runner, and so arranged as to discharge the water inward. There is a law which forbids the use of more than 36,000 cubic feet of water per second on the Canadian side and 20,000 cubic feet per second on the American side; hence a highly efficient turbine is necessary. The first turbines installed have been superseded by new designs, and each unit now has a capacity of 10,000 horse power, with the efficiency ratio running towards a maximum.

The total weight of the revolving parts of each turbine and electrical generator, together with the sections of hollow and solid shafting connecting the two, amounts to from 150,000 to 250,000 pounds. This tremendous revolving mass is supported and counterbalanced by the hydrostatic upward pressure of water in a compartment of the turbine wheel case acting upon the lower surface of a disc secured to the shaft. In addition to this balance piston, a thrust bearing is placed in each vertical shaft, just below the power-house floor. The thrust bearing consists of two discs, the lower one stationary and the upper one attached to the revolving shaft. Between these two discs oil is forced under heavy pressure, the weight of the shaft and revolving parts being carried by a film of oil between the two discs.

The flow of water at the turbine wheels is automatically controlled by governors, thus preserving a constant speed at the electrical generators, no matter what change occurs in the

load. These governors are electrically operated, as a rule, but some are operated by oil under high pressure.

The generators are rigidly attached to the top of the shaft, and those on the American side are of the externally revolving field type. Those in the Canadian plant and the ones now being installed in the American plant have internally revolving fields, and each unit has a capacity of 10,000 horse power. These machines are being driven at a speed of 250 revolutions per minute and generate two-phase currents at twenty-five cycles.

From the generators the power, now in the form of electrical energy, is distributed through copper cables to the main copper bus bars, located in a subway below the power-house floor, and from these bus bars is sent out over feeder cables, run in ducts under ground, to the different manufacturing establishments located near by, or is sent to the step-up transformer stations for transmission at higher voltages to Buffalo, N. Y., or to different cities in the Province of Ontario. The whole system of generators and feeders in each power house is controlled and regulated by electro-magnetically operated oil-break switches from a main switchboard gallery in charge of one man.

For long-distance transmission the electrical power delivered by the generators is stepped-up to a higher voltage in order to decrease as much as possible the transmission losses and the cost of transmission lines. This is done by means of transformers located in stations near the different power houses. The step-up transformer plant on the American side contains twenty air-blast transformers, which change the generated current from 2,200 volt two-phase to 22,000 volt three-phase, and fourteen oil-insulated water-cooled transformers which transform the generated current into three-phase current at either 11,000 volts or 22,000 volts, as may be required. On the Canadian side of the river the step-up transformer plant, located on the bluff below the power house, contains

several large transformers, which change the generated current from 11,000 volts three-phase to either 22,000, 33,000, 40,000 or 60,000 volts, three-phase, by slight changes in the connections.

Having mentioned the general construction of parts in this gigantic plant, as grasped from a single inspection, let us now see what this harnessed energy is doing for the commercial life of America. Not only western New York and the Province of Ontario receive benefit by cheap power, but indirectly the whole country gains by the better products and lower prices that follow. Aluminum has been reduced from three dollars to twenty-five cents a pound by use of Niagara Falls power. In consequence, its use has increased more than three hundred per cent within the last five years, with a corresponding conservation of the nation's iron.

The saving of the nation's coal supply is very striking. The work accomplished by this smokeless, noiseless energy sent out from Niagara Falls is calculated as equal to that of 15,000,000 men, or about the total able-bodied male population of the nation. The actual saving of coal amounts to nearly 10,000,000 tons a year, or \$25,000,000. True conservation, therefore, dictates that our water powers should be developed to their utmost commercial possibilities, and that our coal deposits should thus be preserved.

But, in spite of the countless benefits of hydro-electric power, they would be dearly bought if purchased at the expense of the beauty or grandeur of the cataract itself; so both the United States and Great Britain have signed a treaty which forbids the use of more than one-fifth of the actual flow of water. Not only has the flow of water been guaranteed for the future, but American and Canadian authorities, co-operating with the power companies, have lately been working wonders in eliminating unsightliness in the surroundings of Niagara and making the setting of the cataract worthy of the great spectacle of beauty.

The great companies at the falls have created, in good

faith, power plants to lessen the hardships of human labor, to aid transportation, to illuminate the night hours and to add to the wealth of two nations. The power houses, for the most part, are architecturally excellent, harmonizing with the scenic surroundings and the mechanical wonders wrought in solving the engineering problems of the utilization of this great head and volume of water. They rival in a spectacular way the grandeur of the falls, and add to the attractiveness of the region. It therefore appears proper to permit and foster such ultimate developments in addition to those already in force as are compatible with the perpetuation of the scenic grandeur appreciably undiminished.

The dynamos and turbines at Niagara Falls impressed me far more profoundly than the cave of the winds, where the cataract tumbles its waters at your feet and the sun flashing rainbows in the spray, each a perfect circle. They are to my mind more beautiful than the accidental eddying of air beside a wizardly downpour, as seen from the Maid of the Mist. They are well made visible; thought translated into easy and commanding things. They are clean, noiseless and starkly powerful. There is no smoke, no coal grit, no dirt. Here all the clatter and tumult of the early age of machinery is past and gone. The different units running in synchronism quietly transform this hydro energy into electric energy for the driving of machinery and the various forms of illumination.

ON THE FIFTH AVENUE BUS.

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

The Fifth Avenue bus, with a diminishing "chug-chug" of its engine, slowed down to a standstill near the curb, from which a prospective passenger had hailed it. A few men glanced curiously from the top of the vehicle, in the hope that it might be a young woman who was about to mount its steps at the curt command of the conductor to "please hurry, madam," but they buried their noses in their papers, disappointed to find that a plain and plainly dressed matron had drawn their momentary attention. With no other audience than the conductor, who watched her fussy motions impatiently, as she searched in a large shopping bag, extracted a small purse, looked into it for some moments, then dropped a coin into the box placed near the entrance to receive fares, she entered the enclosed lower part of the bus.

She settled herself upon one of the hard seats running the length of the conveyance, and near a middle-aged merchant, who noticed with pleased interest that his new neighbor possessed a friendliness and frankness of expression foreign to the faces of his fellow-townsmen. "A stranger, or perhaps from the suburbs, a woman to whom I would not hesitate to give credit," he mentally catalogued her, after the manner of one whose business requires that he be a good judge of character. As he glanced over the top of his paper he noticed that the object of his gaze became suddenly agitated, searching with alarmed haste through her purse, which she had not replaced in her shopping bag. Then she hurried toward the conductor, who, mistaking her intention, was about to give the signal for the bus to come to a stop, but was restrained by his passenger's gesticulating that she had no such desire. "What is the matter with her?" wondered the occupants of the vehicle, who had observed these strange actions, and now strained their ears to catch the words which she addressed to the conductor.

"Oh, conductor! I have dropped a five-dollar gold piece into the fare box, mistaking the coin for a dime. Couldn't you get it for me? Do hurry, for I must get off in a minute."

"Sorry, lady, but the fare box is opened only at the garage at the end of the run." Then, with suspicion, "Are you sure you made the mistake?"

Yes, I'm quite sure, for the coin was in my purse when I got on the bus, and now I cannot find it."

"Well, you can go to the office to-morrow and claim it."

"Yes, but I am leaving town to-day."

"Then, gimme your name and address, and the office will forward it."

"All right; I wish you would be so kind— But wait; I shall need that money to buy my ticket. Can't you possibly open the box?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then, can't you give me the money yourself?"

"Yes'm; but I'm not sure that you made the mistake."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in hurt surprise, and flushed to the roots of her hair.

Just then the merchant left his seat and came towards the conductor.

"Conductor, here's my card. Can't you do something for this lady?"

"I'm sorry, sir; but the car has to run to the garage before the fare box is opened."

"Very well." Then, turning to the woman, "Madam, if you will allow me, I will give you the five dollars and collect it from the company to-morrow."

"Oh, sir! I cannot let you put yourself to so much trouble for a stranger."

"That's all right. I am merely doing a common courtesy."

"Very well; I will accept your kindness, and I cannot tell how much I appreciate it. Please take my card, in case you should have any trouble in getting the money." Then, as she glanced out of the window, "Will you signal the conductor, for the next corner is mine."

He complied with her request, absentmindedly tucking the bit of white pasteboard she gave him into his waistcoat pocket. When the bus came to a stop, he assisted her in alighting. With a nod of thanks, she disappeared in the crowd as the vehicle resumed its progress up the thoroughfare.

"Well, boss, you took a chance I wouldn't take," observed the conductor, as the merchant reseated himself.

"How so? I have the lady's card." And he pulled it out from his pocket, only to stare blankly, then to exclaim, under his breath, "Well, I'll be confounded! She did me."

"What is it?" questioned a curious neighbor, while a smile appeared upon the faces of the other passengers as they exchanged knowing glances.

"It's the business card of a hair-dressing establishment," he ruefully replied, and hid his burning face behind a newspaper until he left the conveyance.

As the "Lady of the Bus" alighted from the newly arrived train in New London, a somewhat younger woman rushed through the crowd and threw herself into the other's arms, exclaiming, "My dear, I thought your train would never come."

"Yes, we were delayed at Stamford, but I never would have gotten here had it not been for the kindness of a gentleman on the 'Fifth Avenue bus.'" And she related her experience to the other's astounded ear.

"Do you mean to say that a New Yorker would do a thing like that?"

"Yes. Can you believe it?"

"No. But, my dear, are you sure you made the mistake?"

"Positive. Here's my purse. You can see for yourself."

Her friend took the pocketbook, examined it carefully, then said, "Goodness! What are you going to do?"

"What's the matter?"

"Why, here's your gold piece; slipped into this slit in the lining."

"What will that man think? And I gave him my card, too."

"Are you sure of that?" teasingly.

"Why—er—ye'—no. I believe I gave him one of those business cards of Louis', for I recall that I was out of cards and took my plate to the engravers to have some made."

"Well, there's consolation in the thought that he doesn't know your name."

"But he *will* know it, for I must send five dollars to the bus company to be given him. Come, let us go home and do it at once."

Next day the "Lady of the Bus" was standing at her telephone, while her friend, in silent merriment, sat watching her.

"What? You say that the gentleman received the money which I telegraphed to you? Could you tell me what he said when he found that there was no gold piece in the box? Then, after a pause (aside to her companion), "The man says he ought not to repeat it."

"Oh, do ask him! I dare you."

"Very well." Then, into the telephone, "Will you please tell me? I'll promise not to be offended."

After a moment, during which she must have received the reply, she banged the receiver upon the hook and turned a fiery face to her friend.

"Well, what did he say?"

"My dear, that creature swore at me and said, 'I expected to be done some day, but I hoped that it might not be by a — ugly woman!'"

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The sailors have come and gone, and a jollier bunch has never been seen in Raleigh than this crowd of blue-jackets which throngs the streets of our city every fall. They teach us a good lesson in being such good losers. They come all the way from Norfolk down here to a football game, and, although

their team is badly defeated, they go back in the same high spirits in which they came. We know, from our own experience, that this is not an easy thing to do, by any means; for when we go away from home with our team and the game is lost, we are inclined to be despondent on our way back.

The sailors got our pig, but the farmers kept the bacon at home just the same. We hope A. & M. will cultivate the spirit, which was shown in presenting the pig to the sailors, in all of our athletic relations. The mere giving of the pig to the sailors is a very insignificant thing, but the incentive which prompted them to do it is well worth mentioning. It shows the true spirit which should always prevail in our athletics. Let us treat every team which comes to our home grounds as if they were our guests, which they are, and it will not only develop within each one of us a keener sense of fairness in all our dealings, but we will be well repaid in the treatment which our team will receive when it goes away from home to play.

We are now in the midst of the football season, and every one on the campus is imbued with the spirit of the game. We hear it discussed in the mess hall three times a day; we hear it in the dormitories, on the campus, and, in fact, everywhere on the "Hill," the chief topic of conversation is football. At the beginning of the season we watched the daily practice anxiously, because the outlook for a team which could hold up our former reputation was rather gloomy, with so many of last year's stars out of the game; but, after seeing the first two games, we are convinced that we have one of the strongest teams in the South, to say the least.

Now, just a word about rooting. We have had pretty good rooting at the games this fall, but it was not what it should be. We are admitted to the games this year free of charge; so there is no reason why every fellow should not come out and help cheer up the team. Fellows, our team is out on the

field every day, working hard and getting all the knocks and bruises, while we stand on the side lines and look on, and we owe it to these fellows to do all in our power to encourage them.

We are very glad to welcome our sister publication, *The Wau Gau Rac*, which comes to us every week with its beam-
ing face. This paper is quite an infant, in years, but it has already gained a strong foothold in our student body. It fills a place in our college which cannot be filled by a monthly publication, and we should all stand by it and help it to grow and secure the permanent place which it deserves in our institution.

We are very grateful to the city authorities for oiling Hillsboro Street and relieving us of the clouds of dust which have been such an annoyance during Fair Week.

In a recent bulletin issued by the North Carolina State Board of Health it is reported that about one-third of the street cleaners in New York City are infected with tuberculosis. It is claimed that five years' work as a street cleaner in New York makes the average individual a consumptive. If this is true in New York, it is also true to a large extent in all of our cities; so, if we would avoid this dreaded disease, we would do well to keep up this work and lessen the amount of dust as much as possible.

"The A. & M. College has made a glorious record in its management of the hazing evil. The professors simply determined that it must go—and it went. We take off our hats to the faculty of the A. & M. College. Gentlemen, you have shown that it can be done, and one fact like this is worth a thousand theories!"—*Charity and Children*.

We wish to thank the editor of *Charity and Children* for the article quoted above. We feel proud of the fact—and justly so, we hope—that the hazing evil has been abolished in

our institution; but we wish to modify the statement that it was done by the professors. We have no desire to rob our professors of any of the honor, because they certainly did all that was in their power, but when hazing was stopped it was done by the student body. The faculty had tried to stamp out the evil for some time, but had failed, because the sentiment of the student body was in favor of hazing. When the students, as a whole, in the upper classes, realized that hazing is an evil and was injuring our college, they determined to stop it—and they did. In fact, 1911 dormitory was dedicated “to the Class of 1911 in testimony of its loyalty to the college in its Sophomore year.” However, this class does not deserve all the credit, because the movement was strongly supported by the two upper classes, but the 1911 class was the first which did not practice hazing.

We believe that hazing cannot be stopped in any college until the sentiment of a majority of the students is aroused against it, because the very nature of hazing makes it extremely difficult to catch the offenders, unless the faculty is backed by a majority of the students. Even in a military institution like A. & M., where the discipline is stricter than it is in most colleges, it is almost if not impossible to enforce any rule to which practically all the students are opposed.

If the students in all our colleges and universities can be made to realize that hazing is an unnecessary evil, it will not be a difficult matter to abolish it.

As this issue of THE RED AND WHITE goes to press, the State Fair is being held within a stone's throw of our campus. This is the most interesting event of the year to A. & M. students. The Fair is better in most respects than it was last year. There is a great improvement in the exhibits in almost every department. The most marked improvements seem to be in the agricultural exhibits. It is interesting to note the steady improvement in the live-stock exhibit from year to year. This shows that the people of our State are beginning

to realize the importance of raising more and better live stock and are taking more interest in it.

The Fair holidays break into our college work to a considerable extent, but it has an educational value which more than outweighs the class work which we lose, if we only make use of it. The very best agricultural products of every description and the best products of practically every branch of industry in the State are brought together here for our inspection and comparison. The engineering student sees the very best machinery, etc.; the horticulture student sees the best fruit of every variety grown in the State; the student of agronomy sees the best field crops; the animal-husbandry student sees the best live stock; the textile student sees the most improved varieties of cotton, bearing the best quality of staple for manufacturing purposes; and, in fact, every student in college has an opportunity to study the things he is most interested in. Even on the "Midway" the time need not be thrown away entirely, because there is hardly a more favorable place imaginable for the study of human nature than in the midst of this restless mass of human beings of every description.



Y. M. C. A.

BY T. R. PARRISH.

Mr. and Mrs. Bergthold, who have been on a trip to Colony, Oklahoma, returned to West Raleigh September 15th. Mr. Bergthold has taken charge of the Association work and is making plans for the coming year.

Prof. J. A. Bivens, of the State Department of Education, addressed the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday evening, September 18th, on the subject of "Bible Study." Professor Bivens endeavored to show the members of the Association that a systematic study of the Bible would give them a higher culture, as well as do them great spiritual good.

In the past we have been proud of our record in volunteer Bible study. Last year we had more men enlisted in this study than any college in the State. This year John B. Steele, chairman of the Bible Study Committee, and his two associates, D. E. Roberts and L. John, are striving to go above any of our previous records. From present indications, they are a live bunch of workers. Although we have had but two regular meetings, the committee has thirty-three classes, with a total of about 225 men enrolled. Since these classes meet in some member's room, it is not desirable to have more than ten men in a group. But the chairman reports some of these classes have already enlisted fifteen men and will soon have to be divided. The leaders of these classes are divided into three groups—one in the study of the "Lives of Men of the Old Testament," another in the "Life of Christ," and a third in the "Life of St. Paul." Some member of the faculty meets each one of these normal classes every week and discusses the lessons for the coming Sunday with the class leaders. We hope to have at least 400 men enrolled in the study of the Bible before the end of the term. We may have any amount

of funds and new buildings, but our real strength lies in the study of the characters of the Bible.

At a meeting of the cabinet, September 22d, it was decided that each group engaged in Bible study should have the opportunity to attend at least two socials during the year. It was also decided that the Y. M. C. A. should conduct "Student Night Services" in four churches down town during the scholastic year. These meetings are for the benefit of all the students of Raleigh.

Sunday evening, September 22d, Professor Bivens gave the students a second lecture on Bible study. At this lecture Miss Lucile Anderson rendered a solo and the Association was also favored with a selection by a male quartette, consisting of Messrs. Betts, Bergthold, Pritchett and Joslyn.



ATHLETICS

T. R. HART, *Editor.*

During the past month Coach Green has been putting his charges through a rigid course of training in preparation for the important games of the season. The team has been materially strengthened lately by the return of "Piggy" Hargrove to college. Hargrove played an excellent game at full-back on the 1911 team. Another man who has recently entered college is McHenry, and he is proving a star of first magnitude in the line. So far, two games have been played, and Coach Green and Assistant Coach Floyd have been working hard trying to strengthen the weak spots which these games developed.

THE FRANKLIN GAME.

On October 5th the Farmers met the Franklin Sailors on Riddick Athletic Field in the first game of the season. The Sailors came with the reputation of being especially strong this year, and every one expected a hard-fought game. Those who witnessed the game went away impressed with the fact that they had seen a real football game. Five hundred sailors came on a special train, bringing with them a band of fifty pieces to cheer their team. A distinct feature of the game was the playing of the Franklin band and the rooting of both Franklin and A. & M. The A. & M. boys presented their Franklin rivals with a pig during the intermission between halves. It will be remembered that last year we gave them a goat. Page and Osborne starred for A. & M. in this game.

The game opened with Franklin kicking off. A. & M. received the ball and carried it to Franklin's 20-yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. Franklin was unable to gain, and punted, Page receiving the ball and advancing it 25 yards.

On the next play A. & M. was penalized 20 yards for holding. Phillips made 20 yards on a forward pass, and Jaynes went through the line twice, each time for five yards. The ball was on Franklin's 10-yard line at the close of the quarter. Score: A. & M., 0; Franklin, 0.

Second Quarter.—A. & M. is penalized 20 yards, after which Champion received a forward pass and went over the line for a touchdown. Hurtt kicked goal. Franklin kicked off, Page receiving the ball and advancing it 30 yards. Spencer goes through the line for 10 yards, and Page around the left end for 25 more. Osborne replaced Hargrove and gained 10 yards. Franklin intercepted a forward pass and received the ball, but failed to gain. Franklin punted, and A. & M. advanced the ball to Franklin's 30-yard line as the quarter ended. Score: A. & M., 7; Franklin, 0.

Third Quarter.—A. & M. kicked off, and the Franklin man was downed in his tracks. By a series of forward passes, Franklin carried the ball near the A. & M. goal, when they lost it. Osborne gained 10 yards through the line and 45 more on an end run. Spencer, Page and Osborne advanced the ball to Franklin's 3-yard line. Anthony carried the ball over for the second touchdown. Hurtt kicked goal. Score: A. & M., 14; Franklin, 0.

Fourth Quarter.—Franklin kicks off, Page receiving the ball and advancing it 15 yards. Franklin received the ball in a fumble and advanced it 4 yards on a forward pass, after which they punted. Osborne received the ball and advanced it 10 yards. Franklin intercepted a forward pass by A. & M. and gained 10 yards. They tried to duplicate the trick and A. & M. got the ball. On a pretty forward pass, Page to Phillips, A. & M. gained 18 yards. Osborne went through the line for 8 yards and a touchdown. Hurtt again kicked goal. Score: A. & M., 21; Franklin, 0.

LINE-UP.

A. & M.

Champion, Jeffreys	right end
Terry, McHenry	right tackle
Harper	right guard
Morton	center
Sykes	left guard
Hurt	left tackle
Phillips	left end
Page	quarter
Janes, Spencer, Hudson	right halfback
Anthony, Aycock	left halfback
Hargroves, Osborne	fullback

Franklin.

Taylor, Belty
Clemmons
Binat, Brown
Bane
Judawiski
Simmons
Meeham
Lienert
Manning
Panes
Salomie, McLaughlin

VIRGINIA MEDICAL COLLEGE GAME.

On October 12th the Farmers met the Doctors from Virginia Medical College on Riddick Athletic Field. On the Doctors' team were Walker, of Minnesota, All-American tackle in 1911; Hedgepeth, a former star of the University of North Carolina, and other well-known players. Walker and Hedgepeth starred for the Doctors, while Anthony, Page and Osborne starred for A. & M. The brilliant receiving of a forward pass by Champion turned the tide of victory towards A. & M.

Virginia kicked off, and Page advanced the ball 20 yards. Spencer made 20 yards and Osborne 7. A. & M. loses ball on downs. Virginia punted and Page brought the ball back 15 yards. A forward pass, Spencer to Champion, gained 20 yards for A. & M. On a double pass, Anthony scores the only touchdown of the game. Hurtt kicked goal. Score: A. & M., 7; Virginia, 0.

Second Quarter.—Hargrove, Jaynes and Hudson played the back field for A. & M. The Doctors kicked off, Hurtt receiving the ball and advancing it 5 yards. The Farmers

steadily carried the ball up the field and the quarter ended with the ball on Virginia's 15-yard line.

Third Quarter.—Spencer, Anthony and Osborne go in as the A. & M. back field. The Doctors kicked off. A. & M. lost the ball on downs, and when Virginia failed to gain they punted, Page receiving the ball and advancing it several yards. The Farmers had the ball in the middle of the field when the quarter ended.

Fourth Quarter.—Osborne advanced the ball 7 yards. A. & M. failed to gain and punted. Virginia fumbled the ball and Phillips of A. & M. recovered it 7 yards from Virginia's goal. Here the visitors' line proved too strong. A. & M. lost the ball on downs. Virginia punted out of danger. At this stage Page was hurt and Rice relieved him. The game ended with the ball in the middle of the field, in possession of Virginia.

LINE-UP.

<i>A. & M.</i>		<i>Virginia Med.</i>
Phillips	left end	Foster
Hurt	left tackle	Walker
Sykes	left guard	Collier
McHenry	center	Brockwell
Morton	right guard	Roblee
Terry	right tackle	Hedgepeth
Champion, Jeffreys	right end	Arnold
Page, Rice	quarter	Schenk
Osborne, Hudson	right halfback	Elder
Spencer, Jaynes	left halfback	Johns
Anthony, Hargrove	fullback	Hardy

SOCIETY NOTES

BY L. L. DAIL.

The two literary societies of the college have taken up their work this year with interest and enthusiasm, and real progress is being made. The new officers have assumed their respective duties and are working as if they realized that the efficiency of the work done depended to a great extent upon their co-operation.

Quite a number of applications for membership have been considered, but we know that there are others who need the training and would make useful men in the literary societies.

If you expect to join a society at any time, do it now. You may say you haven't time to do society work. You have just as much time to compete with your fellow-students here as you will after you get away. No matter what course you are taking in college, the training received in a literary society will be beneficial if you would compete with other college men.

President Hill has recently visited each of our societies and made short, interesting speeches, in his usual forceful manner, in which he expressed his interest in the work being done. He closed his remarks in each society by making a donation of twenty-five dollars to assist them in equipping their new halls.

In addition to the usual inter-society Senior debate, there will be three other contests between the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen this year. The representatives from the Junior class have been chosen. They are K. M. Fetzner and W. R. Patton from the Pullen, and E. L. Cloyd and M. R. Quinerly from the Leazar.

LOCALS

R. L. SLOAN, *Editor.*

"Major" G. T. Rowland very delightfully entertained a number of his classmates at an informal reception on the night of October 14th. The occasion was in honor of his twenty-first birthday. Before taking their departure, the party presented Mr. Rowland with a very artistically designed numeral and twenty-one emblems of his college colors.

Dr. J. W. Newell, of Johns Hopkins University, has succeeded Dr. Burton J. Ray as Instructor in Chemistry.

J. W. Sexton, of the '10 Class, was a recent visitor. Sexton was one of A. & M.'s greatest baseball pitchers for four years and was captain of the champion 1910 team.

Prof. Daniel T. Gray, of the Alabama Agricultural College, has recently been elected animal husbandman for the Experiment Station here. Professor Gray will begin his new duties January 1, 1913.

At a meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Y. M. C. A., held Monday, October 14th, the chairman of the Building Committee reported most favorably on the progress of the work on our new Y. M. C. A. building. A committee was appointed to make recommendations for furnishing the building. When this is done, orders will be let immediately and the furniture will be placed during the holidays.

As part of the improvements under way by the college, the small church which has been standing just at the main entrance to the college grounds has been removed, and this ground will now become a part of the campus.

The order for our souvenir calendar has been placed, and it will appear soon after Thanksgiving. Only four hundred copies have been ordered.

At the recent adoption of new text-books for the public schools of Texas the Hill readers were adopted for use in all the public schools of that big State. The Hill readers, a series of fine books, were prepared by Doctors Hill, Stevens and Burkett at the time when they were all members of the A. & M. faculty.

Mr. S. W. Foster, '06, has resigned his position with the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture to accept a position as entomologist with the General Chemical Company of California.

The opening of the new Y. M. C. A. building, soon after the Christmas holidays, will be an auspicious occasion. Attractive invitations will be issued to all the contributors to the building fund.

The Y. M. C. A. handbook has been sadly delayed this year in its appearance, but the committee having its publication in charge assures us that it will make up in quality for its delay.

Mr. W. H. Crow, 1910, of Monroe, paid a visit to the college during Fair Week. He is superintendent of the light and water plants of the city of Monroe, his home town.

Mr. Charles E. Clark, 1897, of Charlotte, was here during Fair Week. He is doing a fine work as Mecklenburg County's Commissioner of Agriculture. Under his direction much has been done to save pine timber in Mecklenburg from the ravages of the pine beetle.

Dr. C. B. Williams, 1899, of Elizabeth City, was a guest with his brother, Director Williams, Fair Week, and paid a visit to the college.

EXCHANGES

E. J. JEFFRESS, *Editor.*

THE RED AND WHITE welcomes all college and high-school magazines and will freely criticise the merits and demerits of each one which comes to our table. The object of the exchange department should be not merely to criticise, but also to offer suggestions for the benefit of all parties concerned. We will feel at liberty to suggest any improvement which, in our opinion, might be made in any of the other magazines, and we will fully appreciate it if they will do the same.

Very few magazines have reached us, so far. We presume that the first issue has not been published yet. Our exchanges should endeavor to get down to business and publish their magazines promptly.

The Davidson College Magazine contains four excellent poems. The stories are rather short, but well written, especially "A Man of Mystery." The editorials are very good and show that the writer has put some thought into his work. "Where They Are" is a new department and is a list of the members of the Class of '12, showing where each one is and what he is doing. This is a good idea and is worthy of adoption by other magazines, for we are all interested in what our friends are doing.

The Wake Forest Student is very thin this month for a college of Wake Forest's standing. The departments are well edited. "The Pipe," "The Full-peg Pants" and "The Ghost of Baxter House," short stories, deserve special mention.

The University of Virginia Magazine is the best which we have on our desk, but a comic department would add greatly to the life of the magazine. "John Gaunt" is a story of an actor, and the plot is well developed. In "Two Poems of

Rejected Love" Mr. Morrow skilfully shows how Tennyson and Browning, by different paths, arrive at the same conviction, that life is greater than any single hope of gain, however that hope be cherished. "Sandy" is an excellent western story. "The Sobbing Bell" is also a splendid, well-developed story.

We are always glad to exchange with any college or high school.



AMONG OURSELVES

W. C. HOPKINS, *Editor.*

Charley Hall (passing gas meter in front of Engineering building)—“Say, Gert., here is Kid Taylor’s hitching post.”

“Fido” Smith to “Sis” Gore—“Monday the Grand was fine. They’ve got a boy and girl down there who look just alike. Must be sisters, I reckon.”

“Battalion, attention! One minute, please.” Whereas, “Pie” Arthur and Bart Fearing can’t decide who is the best looking, it is now left to the student body. Which one? Oh, fudge!

“Tub,” said Leland, “I wish to ask you a question of etiquette. If I take a young lady to a good theater and take her afterwards to a restaurant for supper, and then bring her home in a carriage, should I, on leaving her, kiss her?”

“No, Leland,” said Tub, firmly; “you’ve already done quite enough for her.”

Freshman Robinson (to a Sophomore)—“How do you manage to roachadore your hair that way. I have been trying to roachadore mine that way, but it comes back in my eyes every time.”

ONE ON YOU

SHE WAS STILL THERE.

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium. "Where am I?" he said, feebly, as he felt loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I? Am I in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his devoted wife, "I am still with you."

DID HE THEN?

"If I should kiss you, what would happen?" he asked.

"I should call father," she said.

"Then I won't do it," he answered.

"But father's in Europe."



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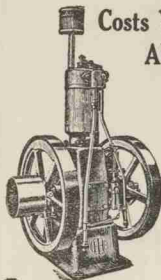
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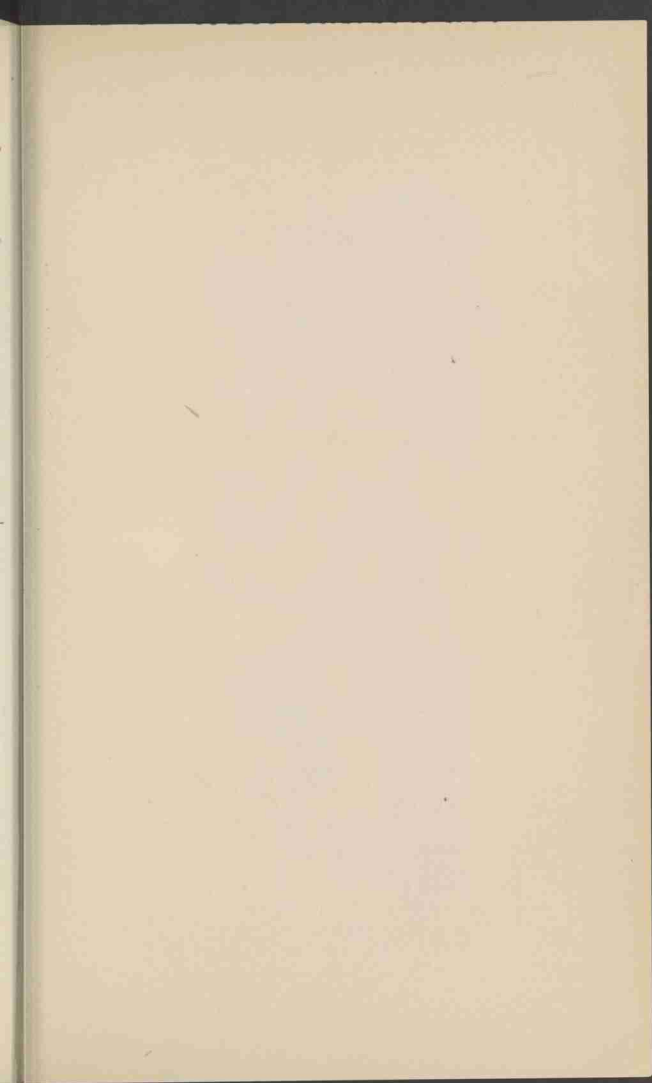
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