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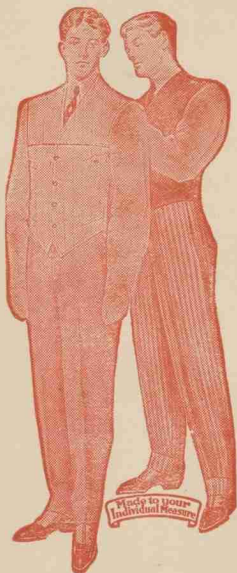
THE RED AND WHITE

DECEMBER
1912

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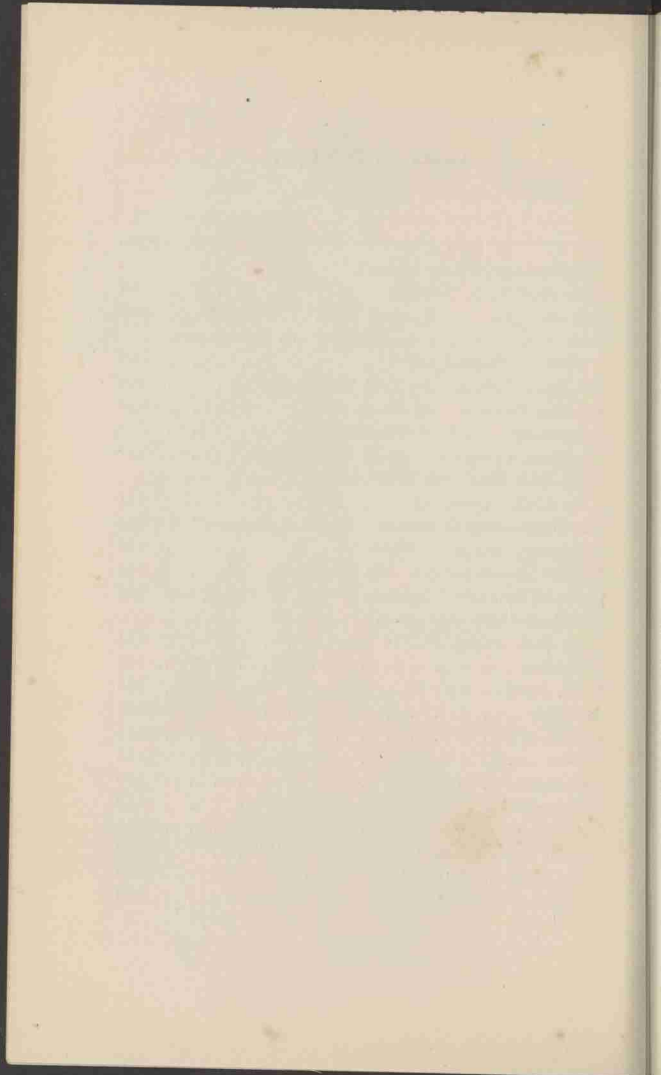
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THE RED AND WHITE

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

THE WITCHERY OF LOVE.

I strolled by a granite monument that reared majestic on
high;

I gazed in the heart of a rosebud that grew on a tree near by;

I gazed on its cream-white loveliness asparkle in bejeweled
dew,

When lo! some magic transformation had changed the rose
to you!

Against its petaled blossom reclining you sweetly smiled
to me;

And, your soft eyes spake their passion as the breezes swayed
the tree.

Your tresses waved a welcome that awakened, gladdened my
heart;

And the rose spread forth its sweetness as if its love to impart.

So I gathered the rose-bud in whose heart you nestled and
smiled,

And brought it triumphant to you, love, spotless, white, and
undefiled.

C. L. N.

November 1, 1912.

HEROISM.

J. S. HOWARD, '15.

The heroic element in man truly consists of all that is great and good. A man, in order to be a hero, does not necessarily have to win distinction on the battlefield, for the man who saves life is to be applauded equally as well as the one who wades through fields of blood and takes the life of his fellow-man.

In order for a man to be a hero, he must be unselfish. Heroism is the predominating element, which causes man to lose sight of self, with high and noble aspirations and instils in his breast the love for his country and humanity. It was heroism that prompted the little Pilgrim band to cross the wintry seas in search of a new world where they might worship the Maker unmolested. It was this element that sustained them through their perils and hardships, their losses and disappointments. Little by little they subdued the wild forest and pushed the savage westward until at last the vast wilderness, which was once the haunt of the wild beast and the red man, was transformed into a beautiful garden blooming with golden grain. It was their love for freedom and an unconquerable desire to form a civilization that would equal any in the old world that led them on until this great American republic, extending from sea to sea, was formed. With the birth of the nation came those grand conceptions of civil and religious liberty, of government and education, of morality and christianity, which have made us what we are, and which, if not departed from, will guide us down the long future. No selfish or speculating mind had anything to do with the architecture of this great national structure. It was built by men who laid their lives, a willing sacrifice, upon the altar, in order that they might transmit to their posterity a civilization founded upon the eternal principles of truth and virtue.

Take the heroic spirit out of man and you take away that element which makes him truly great, and he will soon sink to the level of the commonplace and selfish. The pages of history are illumined with the heroic deeds of man. What would history be if it had no heroes? Eliminate the heroic spirit in man and what would be interesting or worth while in biography? Take this element from science and there would be no advancement in the field of investigation and research. Take it from patriotism and the light would fade from the banners of liberty, and lofty courage and the grand disdain of danger of the death of our Fatherland would become only the remembered virtue of a bygone time. Remove it from benevolence and philanthropy and little would be done for the relief of the suffering, and low would beat the pulses of compassion and pity.

We find heroism in everything that is both great and good. It is the element in man which causes him to lose sight of self entirely, and leads him on with high and noble impulses to serve his God, his country and his fellowman.

The true hero of to-day is not the hero of war, but the hero of peace. An example of true heroism was seen in the Russian-Japanese war, when Theodore Roosevelt commanded the two mighty nations to lay down their arms, and three hundred thousand fighting men turned their backs on the bloody plains of Manchuria and returned to their loved ones at home. We honor the men who sacrificed their lives upon the battlefield in order that we might be a free and independent people. They will ever remain fresh in our memories, and their names will be handed down to posterity as long as history continues to record human deeds. But we should not forget those men, who by their statesmanship are trying to instil into the hearts of men the principles of the universal brotherhood of man.

BACK TO THE PEOPLE: OR THE INITIATIVE
AND REFERENDUM.

By T. H. STAFFORD.

Within the past seventy-five years there has been developed in the United States a system of party conventions, with party machines and bosses, which is extra constitutional and extra legal. Representative government, under party control, is a clumsy and ineffective system. In the party platforms there is no separation of issues, and the party machinery does not always work so that the popular will may be enacted into legislation. In the second place, the system easily adapts itself to corrupt practices. It is a notorious fact that party primaries and conventions are often manipulated by the creatures and agents of corporate interests, and that party machines and party bosses are often owned and controlled by trusts and other private interests who use them to obtain and hold special privileges for which the people are compelled to pay dearly. In this way State legislatures and even courts of justice are converted into instruments of monopoly and extortion.

These conditions call for a remedy. In theory we have the best government in the world. In practice, since the rise of privileged interests operating through money controlled machines, our public servants have frequently defeated the ends of good government and trampled on the rights of the people. The majority of our judges and legislators are personally incorruptible; and yet predatory wealth and corporate greed have usually found a way to gain their end and to maintain their privileges while the people have looked on in dumb amazement and despair.

In recent years there has been a great civic uprising against political corruption and trustocracy, but our legislative bodies, municipal, State, and national, have not readily responded to the popular demand for reform. What is needed is a system

which will restore genuine representative government by making our legislative bodies directly responsive to the will of the majority.

The only system which meets this requirement is the initiative and referendum. The referendum is a submission of a measure by the legislature or other representative body, to the voters for approval or rejection. It is compulsory when all but emergency measures must be submitted; optional, when submission may be demanded by a certain percentage of the voters. The initiative provides that a certain percentage of the voters may propose measures which are afterwards submitted to a direct ballot of the people. The referendum gives the people the veto power only. The initiative gives them the complete and direct legislative power so far as they choose to exercise it. The object in view is not to abolish representative system, but to substitute a guarded representative system for an irresponsible one.

Although direct legislation is a comparatively new feature in American legislative machinery, it is the outgrowth of an institution which has existed for generations. Little Switzerland, penned in between mighty monarchies whose population is a hundred times larger, has, notwithstanding all pernicious monarchical influences, notwithstanding the miasma of the theory of divine right, still preserved to herself during the centuries the old Teutonic health, the ever true principles of those Germans before whom Rome, the enslaver of nations, trembled. Since time immemorial, the voters of the Swiss Canton of Uri have been accustomed to meet in popular assembly once each year to elect officers and to pass laws and resolutions for the government of the Canton. Gradually the idea of direct legislation spread until now it has been incorporated into the Federal constitution. During the last twenty-five years, then, Switzerland has undergone a political and economic revolution, a revolution that has been peaceful in its processes, unprecedented in its methods, and radical in all its tendencies. Prior to the institution of the Initiative and

Referendum, the country was going through an era of political villany quite similar to that which the American people know so well. A complete remedy was found in the adoption of the system we have just considered and the nation was rescued from evils that now threaten the life of other democracies.

The experience of Switzerland has abundantly shown that the people are safer than their rulers, but this is not the only foreign country where the Initiative and Referendum has been inaugurated with the greatest success. New Zealand, New South Wales, and Australia now have laws embodying the principles of direct legislation.

Passing on to our country we find that the Initiative and Referendum has struck root and expanded wherever it has been introduced. It is now in force in two hundred and nine cities in twenty-five states, and is a part of the fundamental law for state purposes in eleven commonwealths. These eleven are: Maine, Missouri, South Dakota, Arkansas, Oklahoma, California, Colorado, Arizona, Montana, Nevada, and Oregon. The legislatures that adjourned this spring submitted it to the people of eight other states: Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, North Dakota, Nebraska, Florida, Wisconsin, and Indiana where it is incorporated into the new constitution. In Ohio it was presented to all cities. The urban population forms a major part of the people of that State; and, moreover, to prevent in the future another occurrence similar to that of the Adams County vote scandal, a working majority of the delegates to the constitutional convention are pledged publicly in writing to put the Initiative and Referendum in the new Ohio constitution. Here are, all told, twenty-five American states where the fundamental relation of the people to the state government is being changed. If, during the next decade direct legislation gains as rapidly as it has since 1908, three-fourths of the American states will be made over.

Direct legislation means simply an actual instead of mere

theoretic sovereignty of the people. We are governed to-day not by a democracy, but by an elective aristocracy, holding for a term. The people are sovereigns only at the moment of election. The men they elect become their masters for one, two, four, or six years, as the case may be. Self-government is one thing—choosing the men who are to serve you is a very different thing. A child may choose its guardian, a slave might be given a voice in the selection of his master, and yet be absolutely subject to his domination after the choice was made.

According to the Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Oregon has the best system of popular government in the world to-day. That State adopted the initiative and referendum amendment to the constitution in 1902. Since that amendment was adopted the people have voted upon twenty-three measures submitted to them under the initiative, five submitted under the Referendum, and four referred to the people by the legislature. That the people have acted intelligently is evident from the fact that in no instance has there been general dissatisfaction with the result of the vote. The measures submitted presented almost every phase of legislation, and some of them were bills of considerable length.

Results attained under direct legislation in Oregon compare so favorably with the work a legislative assembly would do, that any effort to repeal the initiative and referendum would be overwhelmingly defeated. However, no such effort has ever been made.

It has been asserted that the people will not study a large number of measures, but will vote in the affirmative regardless of the merits of the measures submitted. Experience in Oregon has disproved this, for the results show that the people have exercised a discriminating judgment. They have enacted laws and adopted those of which they did not approve.

Opponents of the initiative and referendum have endeavored to show that it tends towards a wide and headlong radi-

calism; that the legislative machinery of the State would be swamped beneath a mass of measures which were merely the outgrowth of individual whims. North Carolina in 1901 passed 1,265 laws, or an average of one every fifteen minutes of the session. Bolton Hall, a member of the New York bar, makes the astounding statement that the citizens of Greater New York live under 50,000 national and State laws, and this number does not include ordinances of the Boards of Health, Education, etc. These instances show conclusively that even our legislators are rather liberal with their law-making. The experience abroad and here in the United States has been that the people move very slowly in the exercise of their direct legislative power, and that contrary to belief, the initiative and referendum make for a progressive conservatism.

Direct legislation is no longer merely desirable. It has become essential to the safety, if not to the continued existence of the Republic. A few years ago the representative system was in decay. Now it is dead. Then we had many bad representatives; now we have substantially no representatives at all. This is literally true of all State legislatures and city councils, and it is becoming increasingly true of Congress. The former congeries of representatives, some honest and some corrupt, each acting from his individual motives, has given way to the boss who owns the legislative power in bulk, and takes contracts to "jam through" any measures whose sponsors are willing to pay the price. The people, enraged by successive betrayals and realizing the hopeless folly of turning out one boss to make room for another, are in a dangerous mood. The only way to keep their rising indignation within the bounds of order is to give them some peaceful method of controlling their own affairs. That is what the initiative and referendum would do.

If there is one thing beyond discussion in this country, which was established by the tears and agony of the Revolution, was cemented by the blood of the North and South in

their great struggle, it is as Jefferson has said, "That all power comes from the people"; as Lincoln has said, "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people must not perish from the face of the earth." Direct legislation is the last step in political equality. We have done away with kings and peers in our politics, but their places have been filled by bosses and corrupt representatives. We need no finer statement of the principle in direct legislation than that in our Declaration of Independence that the government shall be "by the consent of the governed."

But the people are at last aroused over the destinies of their government. A better day is dawning—a day when those certain inalienable rights will be given back to the people. In the words of our beloved Chas. Brantley Aycock, "We stand tiptoe on the misty mountain heights and see the morning sun make purple the glories of the east. We are entering upon a new day, the day of equality of opportunity, the hour when every man shall be free to work mightily for himself until his soul, filled to satisfaction, shall overflow with a common benefit to mankind, owing no tribute to any one, and bound only to love his fellow man and serve his God as to him may seem best."

THE TESLA TURBINE.

T. L. B., JR., '14.

The time has passed when a man must employ the muscular forces of his body alone to build anything he may desire; instead, he takes a flight of imagination into the land of thought, and from the same material out of which air castles are created, constructs ships, engines—anything. A man of this sort is Nilsola Tesla, fifty-four years young, not old, an engineer of the New York Edison Co., and the inventor of the alternating current motor, and who materialized into a perfect reality the dream of a 30,000 H. P. turbine. But it is not only upon these achievements that his claim to greatness rests, but rather upon the fact that he is the inventor of the Tesla turbine.

Our powers of amazement have been so stunned in recent years by the successive discoveries or inventions of wireless telegraphy, the aeroplane and other marvels that we do not comprehend the vastness of even these strides of progress; and there is small wonder that the sight of a modern steam turbine, the Knight gas engine, and the other wonderful transformers of latent power receive but scant attention or interest from the average person. Tesla's turbine, if we regard it casually, cannot fail to hold our passing thought, for from a machine scarcely larger than a "top" this modern Aladdin summons 110 H. P. But in marveling at the giant strength of this dwarf turbine let us not overlook the fact that the strength is produced with an expenditure of only eight pounds of saturated steam per horse power against thirty-eight pounds required by the most efficient modern turbines. Added to its compactness and efficiency is the long-sought ability of the turbine to reverse with full power and its extreme simplicity of construction. The machine, in main, consists of a series of thin metal discs, mounted with very small spaces between them upon a common axle or shaft and

covered with a casing, provided with valve inlets and outlets for the steam.

The explanation of the manner in which the force of the steam is transformed so efficiently into power by passage through the turbine, is that the particles of steam tend to adhere to the discs; but they are pulled along partly by their own momentum and mainly by the attachment between them and their fellows in such a manner that in their flight their united efforts tend to revolve the discs and so the shaft with great speed and force.



TWO-TEN TIMESON.

BY DR. A. RUDY.

Alongside of another student of his college he was walking home after the last hour's lecture. A group of students in front of him were in a most animated conversation.

"I wonder what these people are talking about so lively," said Two-Ten Timeson to his comrade.

"Girls, of course," answered the comrade, "what else do you suppose young fellows would be most interested in?"

"I can't get very enthusiastic over a girl," answered Two-Ten. She never does anything important in the world till she gets married and becomes a mother, and then she is no girl any more. Young men often accomplish great things in the world whether they marry or not, but a mere girl has never created any great epochs in history; has never made any startling inventions nor blazed the way for a new and great civilization. As a mother she may be more important to the world than the greatest of men; but a girl—a mere girl! I do not see what promising and ambitious young students can find to get so enthused over girls."

"Oh," answered the comrade, "we know that you are peculiar in the make-up of your mind, and very different from the rest of us. There is only one thing that interests *you*, and that is your Two-Ten Language. That's why we call you Two-Ten. Few students have heard your lecture on it, and fewer still care to hear it. But I am glad I came, and I just grabbed your new system of numerals. I have sent this particular part of your language plan to my father, who leads a great commercial concern, and the firm saved thousands of dollars using it as code words for cablegrams. Tell me how did you get such an original idea in your head? What led you to attempt inventing a language, and what is the exact purpose of your Two-Ten or Formula Language? I was so busy copying the most practical parts of your proposition that I did not follow all of your explanations closely. Besides,

you spoke only half an hour, and really most of your talk sounded like a poet's dream and not at all like science."

"Both an art and a science," answered Two-Ten, "have put thoughts of a formula language into my head. When I was about fourteen years of age I learned shorthand, and at the same time I was introduced to chemical formulas by my elementary course in chemistry. After I had finished my shorthand course and begun using it for my high school notes, I felt that I could improve the system; could make it much easier to learn and shorter. I began to make system after system, and while doing it and fitting the new shorthand system to the language it struck me that I could do still better if I had to build a new language and shorthand system at the same time. If I made a new language I would be guided by the chemical formulas. Instead of having thousands of arbitrary nouns for compounds, I would have my shortest words for the real elements and for elementary ideas, and would form other words out of them. For instance, H_2O means "water" in chemistry, and this, in turn, tells us that water consists of two parts of hydrogen and one part oxygen. Why not call the number "2" "i" instead of "two," and then say "hio" for "water." This would be shorter than the word "water" or the expression "Ehtch two oh," and would easily pronounce the chemical formula H_2O , telling us that water consists of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen? Why not go a step further and make the nouns, if necessary, a trifle longer than in ordinary language, and at the same time impart valuable facts through the letters of the word. When one learns now Spanish and learns that "agua" means "water," he has nothing more than an arbitrary Spanish equivalent of the English word "water," and the latter is nothing more than an arbitrary symbol for the chemical compound " H_2O ." No letter in the English word "water" or the Spanish word "agua," when taken by itself, has any meaning in any way related to the chemical compound " H_2O ." Why not have, for instance, a word "ehios" in a formula language

where "e" means "element of the atomic weight one, and "h" means "part or parts," "i" means "2," and "os" means "element of the atomic weight "16." Then the letters of the word "ehios" would express that water consists of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen; that hydrogen has an atomic weight of "1" and oxygen an atomic weight of "16." The word "ehios" would thus be not only a word in a new language for the English word "water," but would impart important scientific facts. The letters and sounds of this word taken by themselves would have meanings related to the word in an important and valuable way.

Why not have all words, particularly nouns, by the very letters which they contain, impart a knowledge of facts otherwise almost impossible to remember? Why not have a word for "iron," for instance, which would tell us by the very letters of which it is composed, that the atomic weight of "iron" is "56," or a word for "nitrogen" which would tell us that its atomic weight is "14," etc.?

The first requisite of such a language is an extremely short and pronounceable method of expressing numerals. So I invented the two-ten system of numerals which you have copied and which your father is now using as codes for cablegrams. It is called the "two-ten" system because it is based on "2" as well as "10." Each digit in the decimal system is expressed by two characters—a consonant and a vowel. For instance: "1" equals "s" or "e" (long sound of 'e'), "2" equals "t" or "i" (long sound of 'i'), "3" equals "m" or "a" (long), "4" equals "r" or "u" (short), "5" equals "n" or "ah" (vowel 'a' as in arm), "6" equals "f" or "o" (long sound of 'o'), "7" equals "l" or "u" (long sound of 'u'), "8" equals "p" or "oi," "9" equals "z" or "oo," and "0" equals "k" or "a" (short sound of 'a').

Some of these digits have to be expressed by a diphthong or a two-vowel sound, which in practical talk is pronounced as one sound, and in shorthand written or expressed by one character.

To express any number by this method one should write and pronounce it in Arabic notation from right to left, beginning with the units and alternating consonants with vowels. For instance: To express 89326 in the two-ten system begin with the units "6." If you use for "6" a consonant, then use for the next digit "2" a vowel, for the next 3 a consonant, for 9 a vowel, for 8 a consonant, etc., always alternating consonant with vowel.

Thus there are two ways of expressing a number by the two-ten system. For instance: (1) Beginning with a consonant, 89326 would be in the two-ten system "fimoop"; but (2) beginning with a vowel, 89326 would be "otazoi." As a number must be either positive or negative, I put up the short "o" for positive and the short "e" for negative. Real numbers then begin with "o" or "e" (short sounds of 'o' and 'e'), and then counting positive numbers from one to twenty would be: os, ot, om, or, on, of, ol, op, oz, oke (short sounds of 'o' and long sound of 'e'), ose, (long sound of 'e'), ote, ome, ore, one, ofe, ole, ope, oze (in all these there should be the short sound of 'o' and the long sound of 'e'), oki (short sound of 'o' and long sound of 'i').

Negative numbers would begin with the short sound of "e," minus 1, minus 2, etc., up to minus twenty would be: es, et, em, er, en, ef, el, ep, ez (in all these the short sound of 'e') eke (short sound of first 'e' and long sound of last 'e'), etc.

When a two-ten number does not begin with "o" or "e" (short sounds of 'o' and 'e'), and the unit or units are expressed by a vowel it means a chemical element of the atomic weight of the element for which it stands. Thus "os" means number "1," but "e" (long sound of 'e') means hydrogen, because "e" means "1" and hydrogen is the element of the atomic weight of "1." Again "ofah" (short sound of 'o') means positive number 56; but "on" (long sound of 'o'), which also means 56, is the element of an atomic weight of 56, which is "iron."

"The new language is to have a strictly phonetic and shorthand-like alphabet alike for script and print. This was my beginning. I put up my new names for the elements in chemistry. They were all pronounceable—shorter than the Latin words now used, and every one of them expressing the atomic weight of the element based on the meanings given to consonants and vowels for the ten digits.

"This gave me many other new ideas. I soon saw how I could simplify musical notation and the acquisition of sciences by this language so that merely learning this one language would store a person's mind with facts otherwise almost impossible to remember. Merely learning new, short and pronounceable names for nouns representing chemical materials would at once give the exact chemical composition of such materials. Even in astronomy the mere name of a star, while pronounceable and about as short as its present name, would, at the same time, by its letters, express whether the star is a sun, a planet, a comet or a satellite, how long its radius is, how far its distance from its centre in the universe or from our sun and how compact its mass or with what speed it revolves.

"All this could and should be clearly and easily seen and known at a glance by the meaning of the letters and sounds contained in the name for the star. So the aim and purpose of the formula language is to make each word of the new language, all by itself, an important part of a most condensed modern cyclopedia imparting through its sounds and letters such facts as are most important to know and are otherwise too difficult, almost impossible, to remember—facts that are like valuable keys, serving to unlock other facts and are impossible to remember because otherwise expressed by dry figures. It is to be:

"An artificial tongue to concentrate all forms of human knowledge into one single aim."

"What an immense undertaking!" exclaimed the comrade. "You certainly have hitched on to that star in the universe

around which our whole solar system is said to revolve. No wonder you have neither time nor enthusiasm for the average girl who merely looks pretty in her maidenly youth. A young man who will carry such ideas in his head is a big distance away off of the solid ground. To enable him to use his ideas and carry out his plans he needs to live a few hundred years and have all the means and facilities of our civilization at his command."

"It would be good if I could live a few hundred years," answered Two-Ten, "but I can do the next best thing and try to live a hundred years. With intelligent efforts, begun while one is young and under favorable circumstances, an average person could reach the age of 120 years and be in possession of his good faculties."

"And are you sure of your favorable circumstances? Has the world much room for dreamers like you? Will it encourage you?"

"I am afraid it will not. Also, the kind of training and experience I need for my invention is not what would best prepare one to succeed in life. I need a little more than an average knowledge of most sciences and arts, while the world requires only specialists—persons who know all about one little phase of human activity. There is plenty of room and a good salary for the specialist, and apparently no room at all for him who just wants a respectable living with ample time to dabble in everything. I realize my difficulties. I am not a millionaire, and my aim is such as can not easily attract the donations of millionaires. The subject appears too visionary and its practical value too far-fetched and problematical. Not one man in a thousand could get interested in it, and as for women, not one in ten thousand would even sympathize with anything like it, let alone help it along in some way."

"And still you will have to find some woman to sympathize with your aim in life, unless you intend to remain a bachelor. Do you ever expect to get married?"

"I hold on to the law of Israel, as laid down by the ortho-

dox rabbis, that it is a man's duty to marry, support a wife and try to raise at least two children. This duty devolves not upon the woman, but upon the man. No sparks of genius, no great deeds whatsoever can excuse or atone a man's intentional failure to propagate his kind. The average poor mortal who has brought up a good, moral, God-fearing offspring has done more for his race than the greatest bachelor genius ever did or could do. Intentional failure to produce offspring is like suicide as far as the race is concerned. I should certainly make strenuous efforts to find the woman best fit for me, but, in case misfortune overtook me and I failed, and had waited reasonably long enough, I should marry the first woman I just liked and who wanted to take me."

"Do you ever expect to write a complete book on your formula language?"

"Books are very poor substitutes for deeds or live teachers. But they are substitutes and lacking live teachers good books may do. As the completion of my ideal plan is very problematical and as life is always uncertain, I shall do all I can to avoid a total loss of my invention. That was the reason why I gave my lecture on my ideal. The next step will be using the theme for a thesis for the doctorate and thus depositing the thesis in well-known universities where it could be looked into by somebody of some future generation. Then I shall watch my chances to carry out the proposition while I am alive. As soon as I find a few people sufficiently interested in my plan I shall organize them, and with united efforts we shall get into our organization all persons who care and are able to help carry out the plan."

"Are you trying to establish a universal or international language out of the two-ten tongue?"

"The formula language has an entirely different aim from an international language, and must be built on an entirely different basis. An international language must be based on an alphabet and root words already internationally known,

must be extremely easy to learn, and must breathe the spirit of an ordinary language; but the formula language must be based on a strictly phonetic shorthand alphabet and on fundamental scientific facts that are in themselves instruments for producing other facts and that need new facilities to be remembered. The formula language need not and cannot be easier to learn than any other language; but, after one has learned it he should find himself in possession of many important facts, the knowledge of which would save such an enormous amount of time as to make the time spent in learning the language insignificant when compared with it. The formula language would breathe the spirit of science and of chemical formulas rather than of an ordinary language. The knowledge of a language proposed for an international language is of value only in case the language be adopted by common consent as an international language; but the formula language would not be looking for such adoption. If one person only knew it, that one person would save time in the acquisition of all valuable scientific information just as a man can save time in writing notes by shorthand. As long as *he* can read it, it is immaterial whether any one else can or not, for the notes are later to be translated into long hand by the writer himself. So the facts to be acquired rapidly by the formula language are to be used later in ordinary language anyhow, and the formula language is to be, like shorthand, and logarithms only for the purpose of saving time and doing what otherwise could not be done at all."

"But, is it not a rather expensive use of time to learn an unnatural artificial tongue just to save time?"

"Not more expensive, for instance, than to dig an unnatural, artificial roadbed and lay steel rails a distance of many thousand miles in order to travel by railroad in a day as far as would otherwise require a month. It would seem more natural and much less expensive to find some river, get on a raft and float down all the numerous natural windings of the river until one reaches his goal. If the river happened, in a

general way, to flow in the direction required, one might, in the right course of time, really arrive at his distant goal, provided he lived long enough and his rations and clothes held out."

"What is your opinion of the proposition for a world's language, Volapuk or an international language like Esperanto?"

"The adoption of some particular language to be taught in all the schools of the world is certainly a most desirable thing. It would save an enormous amount of time and prevent the loss of many good, useful ideas. Such a language must not be one of the present or past natural languages, but must be based on them and breathe their spirit. It should be slightly artificial, just enough to make it a real, neutral language, so as to avoid the jealousies different nations would experience if the language of some rival nation were adopted for international use. It should be easier to learn than any present or past natural language, and should be able to express as much as any of them. It need not at all be a perfect language. As long as it can express what any natural language expresses, is easier to learn than any of them and is neutral, it fully answers the purpose and nothing more than united effort is needed to make it a success and benefit mankind thereby. Such a language was Valapuk, and it could have been used by this time if its numerous adherents had held together. Esperanto, the international tongue that succeeded it, is not a reformed Valapuk such as was proposed by the seceding adherents of the latter, but an independent proposition which was produced practically at the same time with Valapuk. Seceders also appeared in Esperanto, but they failed in their efforts to stop the spread of it. The language has lived through a whole generation of growth, and there are now many young men and women in Europe over eighteen years old who were born right into the language, their parents having used it before these children were born. The language is on a firm foundation. I am in full sympathy with it, and have not the slightest intention to supplant it. My proposition has an entirely different aim and purpose.

"Have any attempts ever been made to invent a language similar to your proposition?"

"There are attempts that look similar, but they are different propositions. I have mentioned all of them under the heading of "philosophic languages" in my history of artificial tongues. Some of them have almost complete grammars and text-books and original writing systems. That of Bishop Wycliffe, of London, produced over two hundred years ago, may be seen in the libraries of great universities. Just as you have used part of my proposition for practical purposes as code words for cablegrams, so a certain lexicographer has used part of Bishop Wycliffe's proposition for a most original dictionary. The general dictionary tells the meaning of a word. All words are arranged alphabetically. A word heard or read whose meaning is not known can easily be found in its alphabetical place in the dictionary and the meaning learned from it. But it occasionally happens that one has a clear idea in his head and lacks the proper word to express it. For this need an entirely different dictionary is wanted—something like an alphabet of ideas. Such a clear classification of fundamental ideas was given by the Bishop, and the dictionary based thereon is called "Thesaurus," a very good book found in leading libraries and frequently used by scholars."

"Did Bishop Wycliffe use the English alphabet for his proposed language?"

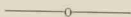
"He used the English alphabet and language only for the text-book teaching his philosophic language. But the latter had an entirely different script and print alphabet called a "universal character." It is based on ideas instead of an alphabet, and looks entirely different from anything used by the leading modern nations."

"And is the formula language to have written characters like those of the Bishop's philosophic language?"

"The written or printed character of the formula language will be based on a single alphabet, the same for print, script

and music. It will be strictly phonetic and a complete alphabet of all human sounds as contained in the various human languages. It will approach a shorthand alphabet in brevity, and will be made to fit the formula language, and the latter will be made to fit its writing system, so that the two-ten writing system will be shorter than any present shorthand system, and still be based on a simple phonetic alphabet."

"Here we must part," said the comrade. "Good luck to you!"



A PLEA FOR THE HOBBLE SKIRT.

Variety is the spice of life. In fashion, especially, there has always been a tendency to go from one extreme to the opposite. Not so many years ago we had the hoop skirt. This voluminous article of wearing apparel resembled a circus tent more closely than anything else. Extending far beyond the reach of the wearer's arms, it had the effect of isolating her from all contact with the rest of the world, except through the wireless telegraphy of human speech. When the young man of that day went strolling with his beloved, he must needs walk in the gutter, as her skirt took up the whole sidewalk. Now compare this bulky old juggernaut with its simple and compact successor, the modern hobble skirt. While the former required at least twenty-seven yards of cloth, the latter comes easily within the limit of two yards. This has a most salutary effect on the husband's pocket book. Besides, it helps to make the destruction wrought by the cotton boll weevil easier to bear, and is thereby a benefit to the whole nation. I have seen many an old grayhaired gentleman looking with reminiscent eyes at the young couple of the present, no doubt thinking regretfully of the disadvantageous conditions prevailing when he was a youth.

A. JUNIOR.

COMPETENCY.

E. B. BOWDITCH, '13.

The word competency means ability. If we would stop to consider and really and earnestly think about this word, most of us would hasten to change our way of studying and doing things. We would change our ideas about what the college is for and we would not consider it a place just to pass away four or more years' time; we would not let the desire to have a good time be the ruling motive in our college life; we would not study just enough to "pass," neither would we study only to make grades. But our one aim would be to become prepared to meet difficulties, problems, hardships, or anything that might be on the road of life—in other words to become competent.

Then we might ask how this competency is secured. By glancing at those examples of men who are recognized as competent we can easily see. Lincoln made himself competent by applying himself diligently to his hand work in daylight, and then by earnest studying at night. Mr. Roosevelt gives as the secret of his success the diligent application of his mind and body to the task before him, and by throwing himself into the struggle with his whole energy. This is why he was able to make a strong body from a weak, frail one; why he was the hero of San Juan Hill; why he succeeded in getting into the White House, and why he is making such a strong fight for the presidency to-day. Here at college, who are the competent ones on the football team? Are they the ones who go out to practice only when disposed to do so, and even then practice in a half-hearted way? Or are they the ones who, even though lacking in speed or weight, put their whole energy of body and soul into the practice as well as the games? Last year there was a man in the squad who weighed about 190 pounds and was built like a giant—all bone and muscle. This fellow had gone out for two years and had not made the team, when he could have made it the first year if

he had only tried. The same is true in baseball, track and every other branch of athletics. Ty. Cobb, the king of baseball to-day, threw himself into the game with all the zeal and energy which he possessed from the time when he was a small tot.

This principle applies here again in college. The man who studies and learns things is the man who is able to "do the job" later. And the man who takes an active part in literary societies or clubs is the one who will be able to appear before people and tell the thing he wants to tell in a clear and forcible manner.

For the competent there is always room. The great cry today is, are you able? Can you do it? There is always room at the top—room for the man who can—room for the competent.



THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

M. LIFEROCK, '13.

The progress of mankind may be defined as its moving or going forward toward ideal perfection in respect to moral, economical and political conditions.

The moral advancement of the human race is to be judged by its modern religion, literature, and by relation of one nation to another and of man to man.

The time of worshipping idols or brute creatures and sacrificing to them human lives has almost passed away. The majority of people believe, at present, in a kind and merciful God, who does not demand human flesh to be sacrificed. Buddhists, Christians, Hebrews and Mahommedans, all believe that one of the principal attributes of God is love.

Modern literature is broad, humanitarian and philanthropic. Dickens, Longfellow, Whittier and Leo Tolstoi appeal to the best in man and inspire us to act nobly.

The progress mankind has made in the brotherly relations of one individual to another and the better understanding among nations is indeed remarkable. Nations are becoming more and more interdependent, and hence more intimate, internationally. The inventions of the Americans, Morse and Edison, are made use of in Germany and Italy; the medical discoveries of the Frenchman, Pasteur, and of the German, Koch, are annually saving millions of lives in America, Austria, Russia and Turkey.

The feelings and sentiments of the individuals are also becoming more altruistic. The earthquake in San Francisco brought forth the commiseration of the entire country, and everybody was willing to aid the unfortunate ones in the hour of need. A famine in China has made the American Red Cross Association send a large sum of money over there to relieve the sufferings of the hungry Chinamen and to save them from starvation.

The economical progress of the people all over the world is a matter of fact. Many a ruler of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries would envy even the most modest dwellings of the common people of our time. The enjoyment of steam heat and electric lights, in those days, was beyond even a king's imagination. At present, machines do most of our work, saving human labor. Steam and electricity are becoming more and more the servants of man; the people live more sanitary lives than they ever lived before, and the advancement of the medical science makes life more pleasant, comfortable and secure.

Last, but not least, striking is the political progress. Looking backward into the history of the past, we read with horror of the oppressions of the people by tyrannical despots, whose whimsical ideas were often the sole supreme law of the country. Only about two centuries ago, Louis XIV of France boasted: "*L'état c'est moi*," i. e., "the government—that's I." At present, the time of absolutism is about gone. Most of the European nations have constitutions that limit the power of the kings, while France, Switzerland and Portugal have a republican form of government. The great American republic has been for over a century the noble inspirer of all liberty-loving people all over the world, and an asylum for those political refugees.

Finally, after the first decade of the twentieth century in our own time, we have witnessed one of the most impressive events in history. A great nation of four hundred million Chinamen, after centuries of despotic rule under foreign usurpers, have declared themselves free and independent, and have established a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

A. W. T., '12.

She was undeniably pretty. In fact she was bound to be. There's not a bit of use trying to write a story about a heroine with a plain face—for an amateur anyway. Some popular authors have done it, but even they, generally by a most wonderful transformation, change the homely maiden into a ravishing beauty by the time the last chapter is reached. But being entirely ignorant of the processes by which a lady beautifies herself, and seeing no advantage in starting with an uncomely heroine, we will make her just as beautiful as possible to begin with.

Also, she was alone. Considering her attractiveness, this fact is more remarkable than the first. Especially so, as she was traveling, for most men regard a girl riding unattended in a passenger coach as fair sport. There was an indescribable something about this girl, however, that warned off all would-be flirts, although many admiring glances were sent in her direction. It was a clear, sweet day in early June, and although she had been traveling all day, she looked as neat and trim as if she had just stepped out of a band box. Upon the left lapel of her coat was a knot of baby blue ribbon. As the train passed through the suburbs of the town which was to be her destination, her manner became slightly nervous, and she constantly fingered this little knot of ribbon as if to reassure herself that it was in place. When the train finally pulled into the station, however, all traces of nervousness departed, and, seizing her traveling bag, she made her way to the end of the coach and descended to the station platform.

The young man nervously striding up and down the station platform was undeniably handsome. In fact he was bound to be. For if we are going to have a pretty heroine to please our masculine friends it would be unfair to foist an ugly hero upon our feminine readers. Consequently, behold a young Adonis, dressed right up to the minute, and—wait a

second. Yes, it is—with a knot of baby blue ribbon on the left lapel of his coat. Ha! We begin to have suspicions of a deeply laid plot! Young lady on a train—young man at a station—both caressing knots of baby blue ribbon fastened upon the left lapel of their respective coats. Our hearts began to thump violently within our bosoms at what might take place. Hist!

For the fifth time in the last fifteen minutes the young man consulted the station schedule board and found that 41 was still on time. He glanced at his watch. Ah! but one minute more. There was the train blowing in the distance. Now it rounded the curve, stopped, and then backed rapidly into the station.

The train stopped and a beautiful young girl descended from one of the coaches. The moment that each one spied the knot of blue ribbon upon the other, each started forward with a glad smile.

"Robert!" cried the girl.

"Emily!" said the young man.

We blush to tell what then ensued. Our worst surmises could not even touch what actually happened. For the young man put his arm around the girl, put his free hand beneath her chin, gently raised it, and kissed her squarely on the lips. Talk about your soul kiss, but if that one did not reach clear down to her soles, we give it up. But stop! The longer we look the worse it gets, for the girl has her arms around the young man's neck and is handing back just as good a kiss as she is receiving, and they both look as though they are having the time of their lives. The two broke away from each other as reluctantly as a couple of spent boxers. The young man tucked the girl's arm within his own, led her to the front of the station, placed her in a hack, followed suit, and they drove away.

Now we know that such behavior on the part of our hero and heroine must be explained, but we could'nt attempt such a long-winded explanation until they were comfortably seated in a carriage and had driven away. Now for the explanation:

Isaac Cohen and Moses Golden were lifelong friends. They were born in the same village, went to the same school, and came to the big city at the same time. But the thing that welled the bond of friendship so closely was their common aim in life, for Cohen and Golden were pursuers of the almighty dollar. Nay "pursuers" is too mild. Cohen and Golden chased it, trapped it, stalked it, hunted it and hid around the corner to nab it as it passed by. And once they had that dollar in their claws it was never seen again by the public eye. It was sent to increase the pile of shekels that already lay in the bank to the credit of Cohen and Golden.

By this method, aided by frugal habits and a pleasureless life, Cohen and Golden, while still in their early thirties, had amassed the tidy little sum of \$100,000 apiece. Just about this time Cohen and Golden met the Misses Harris and White. Both were smitten as deeply as their shallow natures permitted. They even almost began to think about not seeking the root of all evil unremittingly. But, alas, they could not bring about such a radical change. If they had, this story would not have been written. For despite the fact that the suitors gave evidence of being very tight and close-fisted, the good ladies favored the court of Cohen and Golden, laboring under the delusion that they would speedily cure them of this failing after the knot was securely tied. Although it is an established fact that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, what good woman does not believe that she can rid a man of all his bad habits after she has married him? But we digress.

The Misses Harris and White were bosom friends. One was a stenographer and the other a teacher. Both were of good family, but had fallen upon hard times. It was because of the dearth of filthy lucre that these friends suffered the attentions of Cohen and Golden. But they did not intend to give up their freedom and then have to pinch and economize because of stingy though wealthy husbands. Therefore, when Cohen and Golden broke an engagement on Wednesday night

on account of some trifling matter concerning bonds, did the same on Friday night in order to water some stock, and again on Saturday to attend to the foreclosing of a mortgage, the Misses Harris and White kicked Cohen and Golden and kicked them good and hard. Whereupon this queer "four-in-hand" sort of courtship came to an abrupt close. But its effects were far-reaching.

Cohen and Golden recovered from the shock more quickly than expected and plunged with renewed energy into the pleasant pastime of gathering in the coin and stowing it away. But to their other principles they added a deep and abiding hatred for women. All through their life this hate slumbered. When Golden, who was the junior by two years, reached his sixtieth year, the two retired from active life the possessors of more millions than they could count on the fingers of their two hands. Then it was that hate for women sprang into active life, for Cohen and Golden had nothing to occupy their minds, and their thoughts turned to the wrong done them by the Misses Harris and White.

Nothing would satisfy them now but a neat little revenge—something to make the aforesaid ladies squirm with agony and suffering. Consequently, Cohen and Golden started a quiet search for the one time objects of their affections. Much inquiry elicited the following information: The Misses Harris and White had married and moved to another city. When Robert, the son of the former Miss Harris, was six years old, and Emily, the daughter of the former Miss White, was three, an epidemic of yellow fever broke out. The city was almost depopulated, and among the many victims were the parents of Robert and Emily. Robert was taken into the home of his uncle and Emily was removed to another city, where she was taken care of by some distant relatives. Consequently, the two grew up in entire ignorance of the other's existence. At the time of the inquiry Robert was just beginning his senior year at college, through which he had worked his way. Emily had been teaching music for two years.

Cohen and Golden were very much disappointed that the ladies were beyond their reach, but consoled themselves with the fact that they could visit the iniquity of the mothers upon the children of the first generation. Therefore they began to plan a way to reach the children.

It did not take the agile minds of these gents long to figure out a very unique plan. Golden was to transfer all of his wealth to Cohen, excepting a trifle of ten millions, which he was to keep for his own use. Cohen was to lay aside a like amount for himself. Then Cohen was to make a will leaving the remainder, some \$16,000,000 to Robert and Emily. This sounds more like the noblest philanthropy than like revenge. But wait. The method of procedure was to be like this: Cohen was to disappear. Golden would report his death in such a manner as to leave no doubt. Robert and Emily would be notified of their good fortune and of the conditions of the will. Oh, yes, there were some conditions attached to the will. In fact, that will had more conditions hung to it than an irregular sophomore. The two were to be apprised of the amount which they would inherit if they complied with all of the conditions. Then each was to be presented with the sum of \$100,000, all of which was to be spent within six months. If this were done they would then be informed of other conditions. And if these were fulfilled, then the inheritance would be theirs.

Now Cohen and Golden did not intend for the two legatees to get much benefit from this wealth. Oh, no! This \$100,000 had to be spent down to the last cent within six months. None of it could be given away or disposed of to any charity organization. To a person accustomed to living on about \$600 per year, this amount seemed fabulous. Cohen and Golden were well aware of this. And they supplied the money that Robert and Emily might get a taste of wealth, and such a taste that they would swallow many conditions to get more—conditions which under other circumstances they would refuse. These were really preposterous, and half of Cohen's

and Golden's enjoyment would be in seeing that the two did comply. After they had received the entire amount they would be allowed to touch nothing but the interest. But think of the interest on sixteen millions! Then, right when they were at the height of their enjoyment a will would be discovered bearing a later date and leaving everything to Golden. For Robert and Emily the bottom would fall out with a thud. Rather tame? Don't you really believe it. It is better never to have possessed wealth at all than suddenly to become rich and then as suddenly lose everything. After everything was settled Cohen would reappear, and he and Golden would gloat over the unfortunate two. They rather hoped that Robert would commit suicide. Many a rich man has done it rather than face poverty. And maybe Emily would go crazy. Anyway, whatever happened, it would be a glorious revenge. Everything went off smoothly for Cohen and Golden. Cohen suddenly disappeared. Golden raised the cry of foul play. The river was dragged and a body found which Golden positively identified as his former partner. The will was duly executed, and Robert and Emily each received his and her \$100,000. And then what a time they did have. Although the two were unusually level-headed, the sudden rise from poverty to affluence rather dazzled them. Besides the \$100,000 must be entirely spent in six months. Consequently they cut up some peculiar didos and had a rather big time. Meanwhile Cohen and Golden lay low and gloated some most self-satisfied gloats. The six months were up on the first of May. On that date each of the legatees turned in to the solicitor an itemized account showing how and when every cent had been spent. Then they waited anxiously for the other conditions to be named. But when they heard them there were two young people who were decidedly cut up. Emily received a statement from the solicitor saying that in order to receive her legacy she must fulfill the following conditions:

Firstly, she must be married by the first day of July.

"Married! married! the very idea! And boiling with indignation, Emily read the next item.

Secondly, she must be married to Mr. Robert Hill.

"Indeed! and who the Sam Hill was Mr. Robert Hill?"

Thirdly, the two must meet in some city where neither was known on the first day of June.

Fourthly, at the meeting in the station each was to give the other a good hug and a hearty kiss.

At this point Emily threw the notice upon the floor and for a half hour gave way to her rage and disappointment. She might have known the whole thing was a hoax anyway. And by accepting the money advanced she had laid herself open to these insults. Who was Robert Hill? She didn't know that such a person was in existence. Marry him—she would not. Back would she go to her music lessons. But the thought struck her that it would be very disagreeable to go back to scrimping and saving. Her anger cooled somewhat, and finally she picked up the paper again.

Fifthly, the two were to live in the same house under the protection of a couple of reliable chaperones until the day of the wedding.

Sixthly, whichever one refused to comply with the conditions, the other legatee would receive the entire amount bequeathed.

Seventhly, if both refused the money would go to charity.

Emily read the entire list through again and then gave herself up to serious thought.

Robert received a note which was a replica of the above, the name of Emily Carter appearing where the other mentioned Robert Hill. His anger knew no bounds. What right did any one have to pick out a wife for him? Who was Emily Carter anyway? He'd starve before he would comply with such conditions. But the thought of starving struck him so unpleasantly that his rage subsided, and he gave himself up to sober meditation.

Now Cohen and Golden prided themselves on the items

sixthly and seventhly. They expected these to bring home the bacon, as it were. For who, argued they, would let another person get everything and himself nothing because of his own foolhardiness. And as for both letting it go entirely, tush, tush!

In fact, these articles did have great weight in the matter, but in another way. Each obtained the other's address from the lawyer and began a long correspondence in which each tried to persuade the other to take the entire amount. But both flatly refused to allow the other to make such a sacrifice. And they hated to see the money slip away entirely. They argued and pleaded with each other through almost the entire month of May, and, as neither would give in, they resolved to give the thing a trial. They reported this fact to the solicitor, who in turn reported it to Cohen and Golden, and these two human beings were beside themselves with a most unholy glee.

Therefore, on the first of June—but that reminds us that we started out to tell of a young girl on a train and a young man at a station. Neither of the two had ever seen the other, so the knot of baby blue ribbon was a means of identification.

But listen to my tale of woe! On this selfsame first of June Golden was seized with a brilliant idea. He was looking up some of the State laws to see just how far he could go in a certain deal, when he came across an obscure law of which he had never heard, but which made him sit up with joy. For by this law, he could eventually land Robert and Emily in the State's prison. Golden fairly jumped with joy. He hurried out to find Cohen. He would not give Cohen the full details, but told him that he had a plan that beat the other a country mile. And they would not need the second will. So the first thing to do was to do away with this will. There was but one will, and that was in Golden's strong box at the bank. Hither they made their way, secured the will, and boarded a surface car for home. What the exact plan was will never be known. Golden could not wait until he reached his

home, but tore the will into tiny bits and let them flutter out the window. Cohen, the more cautious, grew anxious at this. "That leaves us helpless," he said. "Suppose something happens before you can prepare your second plan."

"What could happen?" chortled Golden.

He received his answer immediately. An overloaded beer truck became unmanageable, ran amuck, crashed into the street car killing a score of people. When the mess was cleared away, among the defunct were the bodies of our very good friends, Cohen and Golden.

Now here were Cohen and Golden giving to the two people whom they most hated the magnificent sum of \$16,000,000. Fate plays some queer tricks. All the legatees had to do was to fulfill the conditions of the will and the world was theirs. Of course they imagined everything to be all right before, but now it really was so. And from the earnest way in which our hero and heroine exchanged saliva and microbes in the railroad station, everything is all to the merry. But wait!

Robert had a very rich, very intimate and very obliging friend named Harry Vann. Now Robert had an inspiration. He would send Harry to meet Emily. Harry would masquerade as Robert. After they were established under the wings of the chaperones furnished by the lawyer, Harry would invite Robert to the house as his friend, Harry Vann. Then if the joint heirs fell in love, all would be well. If not, Robert would refuse to comply and Emily would get all the money. Very self-sacrificing of Robert.

In the meantime, Harry and Emily have been riding towards the chaperones' house. They have become fast friends by the time their destination is reached and the world wears a very roseate hue. They ride and row together for the next few days, and then Harry announces that his friend, Harry Vann, is going to visit him. Emily thinks that is fine, and says she will invite Alice Mayne, a very rich and attractive friend of hers. The two visitors soon arrive, and a queer state of affairs sets in. For the two visitors fall violently in

love in spite of the fact that Robert knows that he should court Emily. Harry knows that he should avoid Emily in order to let Robert get in his work, but cannot, for he is deeply smitten. Emily thinks Harry likes Alice, and Robert thinks Alice thinks Robert likes Emily. And so the tangle increases. Days pass, some miserably, but for the most part filled with many happy hours. As the month draws to a close Robert is much perplexed, but after much deliberation decides to forfeit his right and let Emily have the money.

On the last day of June Harry and Emily went for a canoe ride. They spent a happy morning, but as they started for home, the canoe struck a sunken snag and quickly upset. Harry speedily fought his way to the surface of the water and looked anxiously around. Ah, there was a glimmer of white. Long strokes took him to the spot, but Emily had gone down again. Harry dived deeply. His hand struck her arm, and he seized it. It was a hard struggle to get to land with his burden, but he finally made it. But the sight of her lying so white and still in his arms maddened him. He threw prudence to the winds, and like most men did not try to revive her, but spent his time calling her endearing names and kissing her upon the eyes, the cheeks and the mouth.

"My darling, my darling, open your eyes," he exclaimed. "Speak to me, my wife."

Of course she came to then. If she hadn't we certainly would have handed her the pink slip.

"Wife?" she whispered, with a glad light in her eyes.

"Yes. For I love you better than the whole world. I would have told you before, but I could not. I did not mean to let it slip out."

"Why?"

"Because I am not Robert Hill. I am Harry Vann."

"What!" She half started up.

"It is true" (sadly).

She lay back in his arms again and closed her eyes and heaved a sigh of supreme satisfaction. "Then it is all right," she said, "for I am Alice Mayne."

Meanwhile, in the rose-covered arbor in the garden Robert was laying his heart at the feet of Alice Mayne. Very manfully he declared his love and swore that though poor he would work hard to make her a living. Alice confessed a kindred feeling for Robert, and they sealed their troth with a long kiss.

"But I must confess one thing, dearest," said Robert. "My real name is not Harry Vann, but Robert Hill."

"Robert Hill!"

"Yes."

"Then kiss me again, Robert," said his fair sweetheart, "for I am Emily Carter."

Of course you knew it all the time, dear reader, but so did we, so you haven't a thing on us.

The four met later and congratulated one another and discussed the queer coincidence of each heir hitting upon the same plan.

"And you'll get your fortune," said the real Alice, happily.

Robert was struck with a sudden thought.

"But what about item number four?" he said.

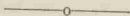
"Oh, that was filled by proxy," said Emily, while Alice blushed deeply.

The next day a double wedding was pulled off. Although it was very quiet and simple, you could search the world over and not find two fairer brides or two happier grooms.

Robert and Emily got their fortune, so everything came all right in the end.

Now of course no one is expected to believe this. We know that the whole thing is improbable on the very face of it. In the first place two tight-fisted gentlemen would never risk one cent, not to mention an enormous fortune, in order to avenge a wrong done them in their youth. In the second place, if they had, Robert would have been bowlegged and Emily would have had a hooked nose. In the third place, you would have had to pry the two apart with a crowbar if getting together would have gotten them the coin, even though both were ugly as sin. But we just had to have an explanation for that kiss

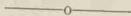
which the young maiden handed the young Adonis in the railroad station, and we did our best. So please be charitable and overlook all discrepancies in our little narrative. Any one, however, trying to find any semblance of sense or reason in the above, owes us an abject apology.



GOOD-BYE.

C. H. HOUGHTON, '16.

I know the dream is over;
Carolyn, you cannot be,
In all the time to come, the same
That you have been to me.
The smile is still upon your face,
The lustre in your eye;
But, oh! the time has come too soon,
When I must say good-bye.
Not that I love you less,
For oh! my heart is sore—
Not that the lips that breathe your name
Are less fond than of yore.
But now, although your voice rings sweet,
And clear thy dear eyes shine,
I know no part of all their wealth
Could ever have been mine.



A THOUGHT.

L. P. DENMARK, '15.

The sun had just dropped from the evening sky
And settled itself for another night's rest;
But some of its grandeur it left on high
In the glorious tints of the west.

THE ENGINEERING PROFESSION.

S. E. MENZIES, '14.

Engineering has been defined as "the art directing great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man." This excellent definition of Tredgold's, which is both general and comprehensive, can hardly be improved. Some one has modified it by saying that "modern engineering is a combination of science and art, by which all strictly material productions that involve construction, either directly or indirectly, and which are serviceable to mankind, are evolved, designed and materialized."

Formerly, there were only two divisions of engineering—civil and military. The former has since been divided into four main branches of modern engineering, viz.: civil engineering, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering and mining engineering. Neither of these classes is totally distinct or separate from the others, for almost any given case in practice involves two or three, and sometimes all of them, and so closely are they connected that it is impossible to disassociate them.

Up until fifty years ago engineering was not a profession, only a trade. It was not until then that the engineer's operations began to be based on sound philosophical principles, and it is even later than this that his calling has assumed full-fledged standing among modern professions. But in the past few decades engineering has made such rapid advances and extended so broadly that the corresponding educational demands of those about to enter it as a profession have not, till this day, been fully met. Our many splendid engineering schools, however, have done and are doing excellent work, preparing thousands of young men for creditable performance of their duties as engineers.

Engineering differs from the other professions in that it deals almost entirely with inanimate nature—with its materials, its laws, its forces, and scarcely to any extent with its

life. It has been called the profession of progress in that all the wonderful progress of the world during the last one hundred years has been effected mainly through the energy and ability of engineers. Where would civilization stand to-day without electric power, telephones, telegraphs, railroads, steam engines, water supply, bridges and many other necessities and luxuries? All these have been evolved in the brain of the engineer, and developed his untiring energy. While engineering is really so young, it essentially is the oldest of all the professions, and when we contrast the conditions of civilization to-day with those existing in England in 1685—conditions so well described by Macaulay in a famous passage—and attempt to award credit for the present comforts and conveniences, the major part, it seems to me, must be given to the profession of engineering.

A consideration of the wide field of engineering ought to convince any one of its vastness, grandeur and importance. It is a profession that has so recently risen from the trades that often it is not duly esteemed, and yet, if the importance of a profession is to be judged by the number of those engaged in or preparing for it, by the number of institutions offering courses leading to it, by the increase in the facilities and equipment needed for giving these courses, and by the degree of scholarship necessary for its successful prosecution, it may be said that engineering, in its several branches, has lately assumed and now holds the first rank among the learned professions in this country.

PATRIOTISM.

A. C. FLUCK, '15.

Patriotism—love of country, devotion to the land that bore us—is a paramount duty which ought to sweep every other emotion out of the way. The thought cannot be expressed in loftier words than in those of Cicero, when he said, "Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relatives, but all affection to all men is embraced in country alone."

How can we best help the cause of liberty in America? This is the question to which the future lends its ear. Then let us look at the tie which binds us to America and consider the nature, responsibility of patriotism.

Patriotism, or the peculiar relation of an individual to his country, is like a family instinct. In a child it is blind devotion; in man it is intelligent love. The characteristics of a good citizen are personal integrity, intelligence, knowledge of human nature (through literature, history and political economy) and breadth of mind. A country has a claim upon a man, and if he is patriotic he will acknowledge the claim and help his country whenever the opportunity presents itself. And there are many opportunities every day. To a patriot, his country's honor is dear and he will stand by her at all times.

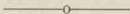
It was not for their apple orchards or potato fields that the farmers of New England and New York left their ploughs in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill and to Saratoga. They were patriotic and went to help a cause which they knew was right and would triumph some day if not just then. They were devoting themselves to the welfare of their country. Patriotism in America is simply fidelity to the American idea. Our government was established in obedience to this sentiment of human liberty.

Our duty is to clearly understand that our country is consecrated to the cause of freedom. We should have the most

independent government on the face of the earth, because many of the men who settled this country were exiled because of their loyalty to human liberty. It separated from England because this principle was assailed. Then it began its peculiar existence by proclaiming its faith in human freedom. Whatever in the policy of our government tends to limit or destroy that freedom is unpatriotic because America and liberty are inseparable.

Peace and order and liberty are safe so long as love for our country burns in the hearts of the people. Our republic is secure as long as we continue to honor the memory of the men who died by the tens of thousands to preserve it. The dissolution is impossible if we continue to inculcate lessons of unity and patriotism.

Let us use our opportunities as God inspires us. Be faithful, be brave, be bold and never disheartened by the long delay. But be cheered by the great aim and by the great spirit in which we strive for that aim. Love your country, honor her, live for her, and if necessary, die for her.



WASSAIL.

T. L. B., JR., '14.

Come, haste, let's fill a brimming bowl
With best October brew.
Add then a measure of good spice
And ruddy apples not a few.

Then, in sooth, will dismal care
And all her crew, I vow,
Fall from us as the autumn leaves
Swirl down from oaken bough.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

KARL SLOAN, '16.

The day was nearly spent. Only an orange glow lingered in the western sky. A lone horseman leading a pack horse drew rein by a water hole in the Arizona desert, and tethering his horses, set about making camp. A few sticks left by some other traveler were soon kindled into a cheery camp fire, and the man put a pan of bacon and a rusted coffee pot over the blaze. Soon these gave forth a delicious aroma that would have aggravated the appetite of a king. He had gotten some hard bread from a bag and had settled himself by the fire to eat, when his ear caught the sound of footsteps crunching in the sands. Presently into the light of his fire rode a stranger.

"I am a friend," declared the newcomer, holding up his hands, while the man by the fire held his gun ready for action. "Let me make camp with you. I can get no farther for the night."

Looking the stranger over with a critical eye, our man decided from his general honest appearance to keep him over night.

"Make yourself at home, stranger. This desert ain't belongin' to any except the Maker. Come help me eat this little supper. P'rhaps it'll stay your stomach 'til morning."

Night had already fallen thickly about them, and the stars and moon were shining. After supper the two sat down by the fire and lighting their pipes began to tell a little about themselves.

"What's your name, stranger?" inquired the first.

"Henry Roig. What is yours?"

The other jumped in surprise at the name, but recovered in time to reply:

"Dave Briggs, sir."

The two puffed their pipes in silence for a while. It seemed impossible to question a stranger further.

Roig broke the silence.

"I've been prospecting along the coast. I am returning home now to complete my happiness."

"Where do you live, Mr. Roig?"

"In Kentucky, sir. I have a sweetheart back there. It has been nearly ten years since I saw her last. I came away to seek a fortune. I have had good success, and now I am returning to claim her hand. Sometimes my happiness is disturbed by the thought that maybe she has forgotten. Perhaps some man has already taken her."

"What was her name?" asked Briggs in a rather faltering voice.

"Helen Moffit. Look at this picture, friend. Did you ever see a gentler face?"

Briggs took the picture in his hands. They trembled slightly.

"What if some one has taken her?" he asked.

"I am ruined. My hopes will be blasted. Still I shall not grieve so sorely if her husband is all right."

"What if he is not?"

Roig's features hardened, his hands clenched, one involuntarily sought the revolver at his side.

"Shoot him," he hissed in reply.

The conversation turned to other subjects, and finally Roig took his blanket and lay down to sleep.

Briggs remained by the fire smoking. He was buried in thought. Something was troubling him. Then there crept into his face a sinister expression. He turned to the sleeper and began to unsheath an ugly knife. He raised his hand to strike. The man had plenty of gold. Then his features relaxed and the hand fell to his side.

"I cannot, I will not," he moaned, and took his own blanket and fell into a fitful sleep. He was up early when the grey dawn was just beginning to glow. He woke the other.

"Say, Roig, I—I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"I—a—married Helen Moffit!"

"You did? Have you been good to her?"

"God have mercy! I have not seen her in five years. I left her with two children. I am an outlawed bandit. Hurry and shoot me! Shoot me—put an end to my misery. I am sorry I wronged her.

Roig was standing over the crouching Briggs, with his revolver drawn. Something pathetic in the kneeling figure warmed his heart and restrained his hand.

"Man, I can't shoot anybody like that. Take your own gun and step off ten yards. The first to do it is the luckier. Where did you say you were from in case any ill luck befalls you?"

"Never mind!"

Then ten paces—one, two, three!—two pistol shots. The sun peeping over the horizon saw Briggs fall. Roig walked over to the prostrate form. The wound was not serious, but the man was unconscious. Roig felt in his pockets for letters by which he could identify him. His search revealed an old envelope tattered and torn. It contained a photograph. Roig recognized it—an old tin type of his mother. Then the truth rushed upon him and staggered him.

"He's my brother! Oh, why did he not tell me?" he cried in the anguish of a broken heart. Then Briggs opened his eyes in a dazed sort of way.

"David, why didn't you tell me? Forgive and be forgiven." He fell upon his brother and wept for joy.

"Thank God, we both have another chance!"

UNKIND VIEWS OF A VIRGINIAN.

COLONEL BYRD'S IMPRESSIONS OF NORTH CAROLINA IN 1728.

(Written by K. M. Fetzer, of the 1914 class, for the *North Carolina Review*.)

We North Carolinians are sometimes inclined to be boastful. We are proud of our State—we are proud of her history, her people, and her institutions. But above all we are proud of her democracy. We claim that North Carolina is the most Democratic State in the Union. Perhaps it will be interesting to see our democracy as William Byrd saw it in the old colonial days.

William Byrd was one of the most noted, as well as one of the most versatile, of the early Virginia aristocrats. He was born at Westover, a magnificent ancestral estate on the James River, in 1674. He died there at the age of seventy. He traveled extensively in Europe, and received most of his education abroad. He was admitted to the bar in London, and also became a member of the King's Council and of the Royal Society. He returned to Virginia, however, at an early age, and became very active as a public man there. He is famous now as the founder of Richmond. He was well known in his own time as a surveyor, an explorer, and as a literary man. He was perhaps the most highly cultured American of his time.

We are chiefly concerned with what Byrd saw in 1728 when he helped to run the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. He kept a daily journal of his impressions, which was afterwards published as "The History of the Dividing Line."

Byrd evidently received a very unfavorable impression of the industry of the North Carolina farmers. He says he saw very few cornfields in his walks, and those were very small.

He found out on inquiry that the people made corn for themselves and not for their stock, as cattle and hogs of those days knew very well how to take care of themselves. He makes the following comment:

"They allow their stock to ramble into the neighboring marshes and swamps, where they maintain themselves the whole winter long, and are not fetched home till the spring. Thus these indolent wretches, during one-half of the year, lose the advantage of the milk of their cattle, and many of the poor creatures perish in the mire into the bargain. Some who pique themselves more upon their industry than their neighbors, will, now and then, in compliment to their cattle, cut down a tree whose limbs are covered with moss. The trouble would be too great to climb the tree in order to gather this provender, but the shortest way (which in this country is always counted the best) is to fell it, just like the lazy Indians."

Nor did his comparison of our worthy progenitors to the Indians cease here. In another place he makes the following rather adverse comment:

"Surely there is no place in the world where the inhabitants live with less labor than in North Carolina. It approaches nearer to the description of Lubberland than any other. The men, for their parts, impose all the work upon the poor women. They make their wives rise out of their beds early in the morning, at the same time they lie and snore, till the sun has run one-third of his course and dispersed all the unwholesome damps. Then, after yawning and stretching for half an hour, they light their pipes, and, under the protection of a cloud of smoke, venture out into the open air. When the weather is mild they stand leaning with both arms upon the cornfield fence, and gravely consider whether they had best go and take a small heat with the hoe; but they generally find reasons to put it off till another time."

Edenton was, apparently, the only town visited by Byrd. He seems to have had but small admiration for that historic little city. He says there were plenty of mosquitoes there, but

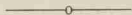
very few people. He numbers the houses at about forty or fifty, most of them small. He says that a citizen was counted unwarrantably extravagant if he had ambition enough to aspire to a brick chimney. "Justice herself was but indifferently lodged," he says, "the courthouse having much the appearance of a common tobacco barn." Edenton had but one distinguishing feature, according to Byrd. He said it was the only metropolis in the Christian or Mohammedan world, so far as he knew, where there was neither church, chapel, mosque, synagogue or any place of public worship of any sect or religion whatever.

Religion in North Carolina was, according to Byrd, something very, very scarce. There was not a parson to be found anywhere. The people counted it among their greatest advantages that they were not priest-ridden. The justices of the peace did the marrying, and the children were allowed to go unchristened, unless a stray parson happened along. They did not know Sunday from any other day of the week, any more than Robinson Crusoe did. This, as Byrd expressed it, would have given them some advantage if they had been inclined to be industrious. But they kept so many Sabbaths every week, so far as work was concerned, that their disregard of the seventh day had no manner of cruelty in it, either to servants or to cattle.

Byrd thinks it a wonder that no popish missionaries were sent out from Maryland to labor in this neglected vineyard, for people uninstructed in any religion are ready to embrace the first that offers. "It is natural," says he, "for helpless man to adore his Maker in some form or other, and were there any exception to this rule, I should suspect it to be among the Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope and of North Carolina."

Byrd seems to like nothing he saw in North Carolina. He even goes so far as to make fun of the liquor our people drank. He described it as a bad, unwholesome mixture of rum, called "kill-devil," and molasses, called "long sugar." But he does not fail to record numerous occasions when he

was royally entertained with "Bombo," as the mixture was called. "As good humor begins to flow," he says, "and the bowl to ebb, they always take care to replenish it with cheer rum, of which there is always a reserve under the table."



DAWN.

L. P. DENMARK, '15.

A silver tinge is on the east;
The whole begins to turn slight grey.
Just now a cock from his resting place
Announces coming day.

The stars have faded, one by one,
Until e'en the brightest are gone from view.
And now the objects round me drop
That monochrome of blue.

The whole world seems to awake;
Each creature shows this in his way,
As slowly and grandly slips into view
The sun—and it is day.

THE FAIRY GODFATHER.

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

Jim Alvin good naturedly elbowed his way through the cheerful, hurrying crowd flowing down the wide street, which seemed to glow with the Christmas spirit as well as with the radiance of electricity. "I must not forget those brass candlesticks for the little Curtis girl," he mused, as he strode along; then reaching a familiar corner, he paused, then plunged purposely into the semi-gloom of a narrow side street, and stopped in front of the small shop of an art dealer. Before he could place his hands upon the latch, the door was opened by the stout proprietor, whose eyes and lips smiled a welcome before his voice rumbled a "Good evening, Mr. Alvin, have you come for your candlesticks?"

"Yes. But tell me first, how is your wife and the children?"

"Oh, sir, they are all well. The children are half crazy with delight and are scarcely able to contain their curiosity as to what tomorrow will bring them."

"That's only natural. By the way, here are a few things I brought for their tree."

"Ah, you are too good. Won't you come and take a look at the Christmas tree? The children have not yet come back from Jansen's, the baker, where they are having a party."

"Surely," the other replied.

The art dealer led his customer and friend through the tiny shop to a door which gave entrance into a small, dark alcove, opening, in turn, into a homelike sitting room, warmed by a glowing round bellied, German stove, near which stood a Christmas tree.

A motherly looking woman started upon seeing a visitor, laid aside the gaily wrapped packages which filled her lap, and rose to welcome him.

"Good evening, Mr. Alvin. How well you are looking! The children will be heartbroken at missing you. They still

talk of the wonderful party in your studio and the visit to the Hippodrome."

"Ah, Mrs. Miller, you yourself are a sight to gladden the eyes. I believe your cheeks rival the holly berries for color. As to the children, the debt of gratitude is all on my side for your lending them to me." Then after a pause: "Your tree is wonderful. Did you decorate it yourself?"

"No, sir. A young lady who came into the store to buy some andirons helped me. It was this way. She came into the store and said she wanted to buy the andirons, because they reminded her of home. I asked her a few questions, and she told me a great deal about her home. Just then the children came in, and she seemed so interested in them and their plans for Christmas that I told her to come back this evening, when William should have had time to polish her andirons, and she could take a look at the tree. She came, and seemed to be so interested—and lonesome, poor girl—that I asked her to help me. She left just before you came, taking her andirons in a cab with her."

"Did she tell you her name?"

"Yes. Before she decided to come for her andirons, she left her name and address to have them sent. Here it is," and taking a small piece of tightly folded paper from her apron pocket, she spread it out upon her knee and read, "Miss Josephine Hanson, 37 Washington Square."

"Josephine Hanson! Well, I'll bet that's "Jo" Hanson from home! Was she a slender, dark-haired girl with grey eyes?"

"Yes."

"Then it *was* 'Jo.' Well I never knew that kid would find her way to New York, though she did have a great love for music. Why, she wore her hair in braids when I saw her last, and that was only ten—no, eleven years ago. * * * I must go at once and look her up, for that house must be near the studio. Poor little girl, she'll be glad to see a familiar face. * * * Mr. Miller, please send the candlesticks

to the address on this card—no, I'll take them with me. Mrs. Miller, give my love to the children, and wish them a merry Christmas for me in the morning."

* * * * *

"Miss Hanson's apartment is to the right at the end of the hall," directed the elevator boy, as he stopped the cage at the third floor; then murmured "Thank you, sir," as Alvin dropped a generous tip into his ready palm. Jim turned from the elevator as the car noiselessly disappeared down the shaft, walked to the door pointed out by the boy, read the card, fastened to it with a thumb tack, and rang the bell. A maid neatly uniformed in black and white opened the door, and was listening respectfully to his request to see Miss Hanson, when a young girl rushed into the tiny ante-chamber, and with a happy cry grasped both of his hands and dragged him into a small living room.

"Dear Uncle Jim, where did you drop from? Why you popped up just like the fairy godmother in Cinderella. Now you must summon the coach with your magic wand and take me out for a drive."

"I'll do anything, little girl; for your swollen eyes, which you cannot hide by standing in the shadow, betray Cinderella's loneliness."

She laughed merrily, though there was a catch in her voice.

"Ah! you are the same old Uncle Jim. But why not take tea with *me* if my eyes are swollen? I *know* my nose must be red; and I can't go *anywhere* with a red nose. Please stay, Uncle Jim, until my face cheers up, and you may not be ashamed of me."

"Why, Jo, you are ridiculous. Your nose is all right. Besides I must go at once to a 'studio party' at 'Bud' Kelly's, and I want you to come along."

"Is that the great Kelly?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Uncle Jim! you are too good to be true."

Run along now and fix yourself in a hurry, for we must leave in about half an hour."

When the girl, followed by her maid, had disappeared down the short hall, he strolled about the living room, noting with pleased interest the simplicity of its furniture, the well chosen and well hung pictures, the open fireplace with its gleaming brass andirons, and the 'baby grand' filling all of one corner. He stood for a moment before the cheerful fire, then walked to the piano, spread upon the rack some music he had carried, and began to sing softly in a clear, rounded baritone. After he had sung one or two songs, he arose to examine a water color sketch which had attracted his attention by the softness and beauty of its coloring. "Billy Cowles did that, I'll bet my last cent," he said under his breath. Yes, here are his initials. I wonder if he and 'Jo' still care about each other. She'll be pleased to learn that he is coming to New York to consult with me about those panels in that new library, in Brookline. But surely she knows he will be in New York. Perhaps not, though. By Jove! I know what I'll do. I'll not tell 'Jo' that he is to be at Kelly's as soon as he can come up from his train."

While his mind still followed this train of thought, 'Jo' reappeared in the doorway, all trace of loneliness erased from her face, which glowed with youth and friendliness. "Oh, Uncle Jim, where did you find those old songs you were singing. They made me so weepily happy!"

"They are some I promised to sing to the fellows this evening. By the way, 'Jo,' this picture by Billy Cowles is unusually good. When did he give it to you?"

"On my last birthday," she replied, indifferently.

"Is he still your devoted slave?" teasingly.

"Uncle Jim," commanded the girl with a little angry blush, "please stop speaking of Billy Cowles."

"Why?" he blundered on.

"Because."

"'Because!' That's no answer, 'Jo.' Surely you can tell one of your best and oldest friends."

"Well, Billy Cowles got an idea that because I *liked* him, he was responsible for my conduct, and one day, in a most fatherly way, he told me I ought not to go out with Gordon McConnell. Well, it made me mad, and we had a fuss." Then she added in a tragic voice, "We have not even written to each other for two weeks."

"Why don't you write to him now?"

"Never! Uncle Jim, please let's talk of something pleasant."

"Very well." Then upon glancing at his watch, "Lordy! 'Jo' we are late for our party now. Luckily my trusty taxicab is below, impatiently ticking away fortunes."

* * * * *

As they mounted the steps of the old studio building, the hum of the merry-makers floated down to them, causing both Alvin and the young girl to glow with pleasureable anticipation. As they reached the door of the studio, they could distinguish above the happy murmur within individual voices and hear hearty bursts of laughter. Alvin raised the handle of the old brass knocker which studded the oaken door, and gave a few short raps, which were followed by a momentary lull in the hub-bub inside, and the sound of some one coming to answer his knock.

It was the host himself who appeared at the door, and, with the light of true friendliness in his eyes, said, "Hello, Jim! What fair maid have you taken captive this time?"

"'Bud,' this is little 'Jo' Hanson from my home town, come to New York for music. You must be good to her, all of you, as she has been cast away upon the desolate shores of New York and has just been rescued."

"By my fairy godfather," put in 'Jo.'

"Surely we must be good to her, not only for your sake, Jim, but for her's, for I perceive her to be a most delightful castaway."

He led them into the room, which had by popular consent stolen the name "studio" from the big bare work room above. Through a haze of tobacco smoke shone a score of friendly faces lighted by the soft flickering glow from a huge fireplace. As Alvin came into the circle of light they shouted a glad, clamorous welcome. He responded in kind, and introduced "Jo" to the general company. The girl with a composure and friendliness that delighted him, put herself and her new friends instantly at ease, joining readily in the rapid fire conversation.

Soon the musically gifted members of the company were called upon to give pleasure to their friends, and during the lull in the din "Jo" had an opportunity to look about her. The severely straight lines of the tall oak paneling, the soft green of the wall, and the narrow windows gave height and distance to the room, and formed a pleasing contrast to the profusion of oriental rugs strewn on the floor and over divans, not taking from, but rather intensifying the note of simplicity, further carried out in the well designed furniture, the wall decorations of silver candelabra and the absence of the usual clutter of curio. "Jo" had just completed the survey of her surroundings when Alvin walked over from a jolly group of young art students to beg her to play his accompaniments.

"I know its selfish, Uncle Jim, but please let me sit here by the fire and listen."

"Certainly, 'Jo,'" and he walked across the room to the piano.

"Hurrah! shouted a boisterous voice, "Jim Alvin is going to sing," and every one was still as he began playing the introduction to a song, which brought a tender smile to "Jo's" lips as she sat gazing into the fire.

As the last note faded away, the door of the studio noiselessly opened and Billy Cowles, as if the magic of the music had materialized him from the image which "Jo" saw in the flames, stepped quietly into the room. No one saw him. His

eyes wandered over the silent audience, resting finally in joyous recognition upon the girl half kneeling before the chimney place. She felt his gaze, and turned with a little startled cry to rise. Billy, forgetting to greet the people about him, came swiftly forward, all his elaborate explanations and apologies fused by the tenderness that radiated from his heart into a simple "Why, 'Jo!'"

"Billy," she exclaimed, with a soft laugh, giving him both of her hands. He was oblivious to everything but the girl, and started to take her in his arms, when Alvin, standing near them, and smiling amusedly though a bit wistfully, said "Well, Billy, are you going to cut your best friends?"

The boy turned dazedly, and with some resentment that vanished before the sympathy in Alvin's eyes.

"Why, Billy," laughingly reproved his sweetheart, "you must not forget that Uncle Jim is the fairy godfather who summoned you by his magic."



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E. B. NICHOLS, '13, L. L. S. } *Scientific*
M. L. LIVERMAN, '14, P. L. S. }
W. C. HOPKINS, '13, P. L. S. *Comics*
E. J. JEFFRESS, '13, L. L. S. *Exchanges*
T. L. BAYNE, JR., '14, P. L. S. } *Literary*
L. L. DAIL, '13, L. L. S. }
T. R. PARRISH, '13 *Y. M. C. A.*

As this issue of the RED AND WHITE is put into the hands of its readers, we are about to finish our work for the first term of the present college year, and the paramount thought in the mind of every fellow is of the Christmas holidays and home. Every one is counting the days until he will have the

pleasure of being with his loved ones, whether, in each individual case, the term includes only relatives at home or also those other members of the female sex toward whom a considerable number of our gallant youths seem to have developed such a tenderness of feeling.

But the Christmas holidays mean a great deal more to us than merely a short vacation and the pleasures which are associated with it. Whether we realize it or not, it means to each one of us that we, as individuals, are just completing the first half of the great game of acquiring knowledge. Have we or have we not scored as many points as we should during the first half of the game? The number of points is not determined altogether by the grades which we have made, as many suppose, but they are determined by the actual amount of knowledge which we have acquired that will give us the best training for the harder game of life which we will enter as soon as we have finished the last of our four years' series of games here in college. In this game, the odds are against us in that we have to advance the ball uphill all the time, but this disadvantage is more than offset by the fact that we are given possession of the ball during the whole game, so that our work is altogether offensive, and we can keep the ball in the territory of the opposing side all the time, if we wish to do so. If we have not made as good gains as we should have made, the intermission between halves afforded by the Christmas holidays gives us an excellent opportunity to review the work done during the first half and see what our weakest points and our greatest obstacles were so that we may profit by this knowledge and make greater gains during the last half. If, on the other hand, we have played a good game during the first half, the intermission gives us an opportunity to recuperate and, encouraged by our bright prospects of winning, to enter the last half with greater zeal and determination to win than ever before. Our best friends are watching the game from the sidelines more closely perhaps than we suspect, and they will judge our ability to make good in the

great game of life to a great extent by the gains which we make while in college, so it is up to every man to throw every ounce of his strength into the game.

At the suggestion of the senior class, the freshman and short-course classes recently held a joint meeting and adopted a standard cap to be worn at all times by the members of these two classes while on the campus or in Raleigh. They are to be of the class colors with the darker color predominating. This is a good move and there are many advantages to be gained by it. There is probably no other one thing that will do more to make each individual member take more pride in upholding the honor of his class. We hope that this plan will work so well that by next year the other classes will follow suit and adopt the same plan. This would develop a friendly rivalry between classes which would inspire each class to strive to make better records.

The News and Observer published an article in regard to the matter which is very misleading. The writer, instead of giving a correct view of what really was done, attempts to make a joke out of what ought to be treated seriously. The article is full of sarcasm from beginning to end and, in our opinion, isn't fair to the students at all.

Among the exchanges which come to our desk is *Southern Farming*, an agricultural weekly published at Atlanta, Ga. This is a very creditable publication of its kind and contains a considerable amount of reading matter which is of interest to the public in general, as well as to the agriculturist. The editor of this paper, Mr. L. A. Niven, is a graduate of A. & M., and we are glad to see him succeeding so well in his work.

"That North Carolina is a leader in health work is demonstrated by the part taken by her representatives in the recent meeting of the American Public Health Association. The

Secretary of the N. C. State Board of Health was elected Chairman of the Section on Sanitary Engineering, and Dr. John A. Ferrell read a paper on the eradication of hookworm disease before the Association. A hearty support of public health work by every citizen of the State would soon place North Carolina among the States most attractive to homeseekers because of the appreciation shown of the value of human lives."

The above clipping is taken from the press service bulletin of the State Board of Health. Our Board of Health is doing a great work, and it is coming to be appreciated more and more as the people become better educated to the necessity of observing health laws.

One of the most important reforms which is being advocated by the Board at present is the need of a vital statistics law. Such a law would require that every death occurring in the State be registered on a standard form certificate on which is given the color, sex, age, diseases causing death and several other minor items about the decedent. It would also require that all births occurring in the State be registered in the same manner. Our State Board of Health can never work to the best advantage until it gets this information. The next session of our General Assembly could take a long step toward decreasing the death rate in the State by enacting such a law.

Y. M. C. A.

By T. R. PARRISH.

Mrs. J. W. Bergthold, wife of our General Secretary, underwent a successful operation at Rex Hospital a few days ago, and is getting along nicely. Her present condition warrants that she will improve enough, before this goes to press, to be brought home. We all sympathize with Mr. Bergthold, and hope his loved one will be out in a few days.

At a business meeting of the cabinet, October 20th, it was decided that the cabinet should have some set and regular time for its meetings. It was finally decided that it should meet every first and third Sunday morning immediately after breakfast in the Y. M. C. A. room. Mr. Bergthold urged every chairman of committees to adopt some plan for regular meetings and reports. The Association is growing rapidly now, and if it expects to continue to do so its work must be conducted in a business-like manner. If we wish to accomplish much this year every member of the different committees should render all the assistance possible to their chairman. Fellows, let's get to work, and when we move into our new buildings, let's go in as a well-drilled and compact unit.

Rev. W. C. McWhite, pastor of the Presbyterian Church down town, addressed the Association Sunday night, October 27th, upon the subject of "Missions." Mr. Bergthold read several short extracts from the lives of missionaries who had gone to the foreign fields showing what kind of people they were and the difficulties that they had to overcome. Before the meeting was dismissed cards were passed around giving those who desired an opportunity to enroll in the study of "Servants of the King," which will be the only course offered

before Christmas. Mr. E. B. Nichols, chairman of the mission study committee, reports that a canvas was made the night following the lecture and the enrollment was increased to about 125 men. The men were divided into classes of eight or ten, and are conducted in the same manner as the Bible study classes. So far fourteen classes have been organized, and considering the fact that they have been organized only two weeks, they are making splendid headway.

Prof. J. C. McNutt, of the Agricultural Department, gave us a short talk in Pullen Hall Sunday night, November 10th. We were scheduled to have a speaker from down town, but he was called away, and Professor McNutt kindly consented to come to us on an hour's notice. Although he did not have a set speech, he knew exactly how to reach the students and give them the benefit of his experience as a student and as a teacher. Professor McNutt said that some college men had an idea that they came to college to get what they could out of text-books and let everything else take care of itself.

But devoting one's time solely to self-interest and not getting in touch with all college affairs would make a man narrow, and in order to really broaden out we must get into the affairs of the college, and by putting most into the college we will get the most out of it.

The scaffold around the Y. M. C. A. building has been torn down, the outside walls cleaned and the pillars and trimmings cleaned and painted. It is the handsomest building on the campus, and one that means much to us and of which we are justly proud.

The Y. M. C. A. hand-books have arrived. They are later than usual in coming out, but are the neatest and most attractive that the Association has ever published. Any one desiring a copy may get same by calling at the General Secretary's office.

ATHLETICS

T. R. HART, *Editor.*

HILLTOPPERS WIN.

On Thursday of Fair Week the Blue and Grey of Georgetown University met the Red and White of A. & M. on Rid-dick Athletic Field. Georgetown came with the reputation of being unusually strong this year, and they sustained their reputation. They played one of the best games ever seen in Raleigh. The Farmers fought hard, and at the end of the first half the score was only 14 to 0. However, in the second half, with several scrubs in the game, A. & M. weakened, and Georgetown piled the score up to 48 to 0. The features of the game were the splendid interference of the Georgetown backs, the sensational work of Costello, and the consistent work of White and Fury. Captain Cool and McHenry played star ball for A. & M.

LINE-UP.

A. & M.

Phillips	L. E.
Hurt	L. T.
McHenry, Harper	L. G.
Sykes, Morton	C.
Morton, Knox	R. G.
Terry, Cook	R. T.
Champion, Davis, Jeffrey	R. E.
Cool	R. H. B.
Jaynes, Hargrove	L. H. B.
Hudson, Anthony, Spencer	F. B.
Page, Rice	Q. B.

Georgetown.

Derby
Reinschild
Moriarity
Rich
Barron, Mullaney
Hegarty
Donnelly, Martin
Dunn, Fury
Murray, Calnan
White, Dunn
Costello

RED MACHINE LOST.

October 26th, on Wearn's Field, in Charlotte, A. & M. defeated Davidson in a closely contested game of football by the small score of 7 to 0. This was the first football game between the two colleges since 1908, when the Farmers were victorious by the overwhelming score of 22 to 0. The newspapers criticised our team rather severely, but every man did the best he could. It was simply an off day with our team; otherwise the score would have been larger. Captain Cool's sensational run for a touchdown won the game. Spencer also starred for A. & M.

LINE-UP.

<i>A. & M.</i>		<i>Davidson.</i>
Phillips, Jeffrey	L. E.	Crosby
McHenry	L. T.	Howell, N.
Cook	L. G.	Wolfe
Sykes	C.	Peters
Harper	R. G.	Phipps
Hurt, Morton	R. T.	McQueen
Davis	R. E.	Morrow
Rice, Page	Q. B.	Graham
Cool, Spencer	L. H. B.	Todd
Jaynes, Hudson	R. H. B.	Howell, G.
Anthony, Hargrove	F. B.	Yates

SCRUBS DEFEAT HORNER.

On October 26th the scrubs played Horner Military School at Oxford. Notwithstanding the fact that Horner had Stafford, captain and quarterback at A. & M. last year; Gattis, an old A. & M. guard; English, a former V. M. I. star; and Boyd, a fast Davidson end, the game was won by the wearers of the Red and White by the close score of 6 to 0.

The game was fast and hard fought from beginning to end,

and looked as if it would be a tie until Aycock made a spectacular 80-yard run for the only touchdown of the game, in the second quarter. The whole scrub played good ball, while English starred for Horner. Assistant Coach Floyd and Assistant Manager Shaw had charge of the team.

The following men made the trip: Aycock, Anthony, Atkinson, Brickhouse, Corbett, Hill, Huntley, Lane, Nichols, Plyler, Porter, Rawlings, Russell and Seifert.

FARMERS LICK BAPTISTS.

On November 2, at Wake Forest, the Farmers defeated the Baptists in a hard-fought, well-played game by the decisive score of 12 to 0. A. & M. had the ball on Wake Forest's five-yard line when the whistle sounded the end of the first half. This prevented the Farmers from making another touchdown. The only time that Wake Forest had a chance to score was when they tried for a field goal from the twenty-five yard line. The ball was in Baptist territory during the greater part of the game. Wake Forest fought hard, but A. & M. had them completely outclassed. A. & M. scored touchdowns in the first and third quarters. Time after time the Farmer backs went through large holes, opened by the line men, for consistent gains until they crossed the goal line. The whole A. & M. team played good ball, but Jeffrey, Cool, McHenry and Hargrove deserve special mention. W. Riddick and Daniels starred for Wake Forest. The broken field running of "Dug" Jeffrey made every one sit up and take notice.

LINE-UP.

<i>A. & M.</i>		<i>Wake Forest.</i>
Patton	R. E.	Faucette, Whitted
McHenry	R. T.	Holding
Morton	R. G.	Moore, Camp
Plyler	C.	Carter

A. & M.

Sykes	L. G.
Hurt	L. T.
Phillipps, Davis	L. E.
Rice	Q. B.
Jeffrey, Spencer, Aycock	R. H. B.
Cool	L. H. B.
Anthony, Hargrove, Hudson	F. B.

Wake Forest.

Williams
Britton
Daniels
Stringfield, White
A. Riddick, Faucette
Utley
W. Riddick

 SCRUBS TIE NEW BERN.

The scrubs second and last game of the season was with New Bern October 31st, at New Bern. The game was played poorly by both teams. Each team made a touchdown and failed to kick goal.

Had it not been for the condition of the field, which had been plowed several inches deep a few days before the game, the scrubs would have had a walkover. Notwithstanding the fact that New Bern was playing several of the Eastern Carolina's former college stars, the scrubs had them outclassed in team work.

The scrubs scored a touchdown in the first ten minutes of the game by repeated line plunges, two nicely accepted forward passes by Seifert, and a quarterback run through the line by "Costello" Lane.

New Bern made her touchdown in the last quarter. Lewis O. accepted a forward pass and ran for twenty yards. New Bern also failed to kick goal, leaving the score 6 to 6.

LINE-UP.

New Bern.

Terry	C.
Tucker	R. G.
Abley	L. G.
Lewis, L.	R. T.

Scrubs.

Russell, Huntley
Hill
Kernodle
Rawlings

New Bern.

Harper	L. T.
Lewis, O.	R. E.
Weston	L. E.
Tolson	R. H. B.
Smith	L. H. B.
Hardison	F. B.
Shipp	Q.

Scrubs.

McLeod
Nichols
Seifert
Jaynes
Corbett
Atkinson
Lane

TRACK EVENTS.

CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

The annual cross country run was held November 9th over a course on Hillsboro Street extending from the Capitol to the Textile Building in West Raleigh. The distance was three miles, and "Fido" Smith, the winner, covered it in the remarkable time of 16 min. 45 sec., beating last year's time by twenty-six seconds. Others in the race were Harris, second; Roberts, D. E., third; Haughton, fourth; and Johnson, Moore, Hinds and Bowditch.

NOTICE FROM MANAGER HAND.

On December 14th a cross country run will be held at Chapel Hill, N. C., between the University of N. C., A. & M., and probably one or two other North Carolina institutions. The distance will cover four miles, and A. & M. will enter five or six men in the contest. A preliminary contest will be held in order to decide who will represent A. & M. It therefore behooves every man who intends to enter the preliminary contest to begin training at once, so as to be able to make a creditable showing.

L. C. HAND,

Manager A. & M. Track Team.

LOCALS

R. L. SLOAN, *Editor.*

Mr. W. S. Dean, of the class of 1909, who has been engaged in the Locke Erwin Mills at Concord, has just been appointed assistant technologist for the United States Government. He will take up his new work at once.

Mr. J. M. Johnson, formerly instructor in agronomy in this college, has been transferred from Texas to North Carolina. He will, in his work as farm management specialist for the national department of agriculture, make Raleigh his headquarters.

Dr. J. E. Turlington, assistant professor of agronomy in the University of Georgia, spent the day at A. & M. on Thursday, October 24th. Dr. Turlington was graduated at A. & M. in 1907, and then spent four years in special study at Cornell University. He was instructor at Cornell during the last two years of his stay there.

It is worthy of note that the only three textile papers in North Carolina are all edited by A. & M. graduates. The *Textile Bulletin* is owned and edited by David Clark, of the class of 1895. D. H. Hill, Jr., of the 1909 class, is assistant editor of the *Bulletin*. A. E. Escott, 1906, is editor of the *Mill News*, and G. G. Simpson, of the same class, has charge of the editorial work on the *Textile Manufacturer*.

Captain H. P. Whitted, '12, the initial editor of the *Wau Gau Rac*, was on the campus Sunday, November 3rd. He is now in the lumber business at Mount Olive.

Among the other old A. & M. men who recently visited the college might be mentioned C. W. Lee, J. M. Smith, Johnny Thompson, H. M. Walton, R. J. Powell and J. E. Elliot.

A. K. Robertson is now assisting Prof. I. O. Schaub with the boys' corn club work in this State.

Dr. F. L. Stevens, who for a number of years was one of the most popular members of our faculty as well as one of the foremost plant pathologists of the time, but recently Dean of the Agricultural College of Porto Rico, was a visitor November 9th.

J. O. Bethea, assistant to Prof. Newman 1909-'10, was a recent visitor at the college. He has gone to Cornell to take advanced work.

Harry Hartsell, '12, is with us for a short time helping coach the football squad. Hartsell will be remembered as one of the best all-round athletes A. & M. has ever owned.

Mr. E. L. Worthen has resigned his position with the State Department of Agriculture to accept a position with the Pennsylvania State College, both as teacher and experiment station worker, effective January 1st.

After several delays the Y. M. C. A. handbooks are out for distribution. These booklets are attractive, useful, and full of information. Call at the General Secretary's office for yours.

F. N. McDowell, '10, has accepted a position with the State Department of Agriculture as assistant in soil investigations.

Mr. W. W. Rankin, "1904," for several years Professor of Mathematics at the Fredericksburg College, Va., was one of our recent visitors. Just now he is doing advanced work in mathematics at the State University, having recently taken his M. A. degree there.

Mr. L. A. Niven, editor of *Southern Farming*, spent part of Fair Week in Raleigh and paid a visit to his Alma Mater. He is very much encouraged with the prospects for his paper, which is published in Atlanta. We were glad to see him among us again during the Conference of Agricultural Workers.

News was received here a few days ago of the death of Mr. T. F. Haywood, of the class of 1909. Mr. Haywood was employed by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and was killed by a train. News of his death will be received with sorrow by all who were in college during his stay here. He was a quiet, industrious and lovable young man, before whom there seemed to be a bright and useful career.

L. R. Tillett, of the class of 1907, now engaged in civil engineering in the Philippine Islands, on a recent visit to the college, speaks glowingly of the development of these islands. He is arranging to return after a three-year term of service in the lower islands.

Among the welcome and most interested visitors during the past month was President Charles W. Dabney, Jr., of the University of Cincinnati. Dr. Dabney, in his younger days, was State Chemist of North Carolina. During the time he lived in Raleigh, he, as a member of the Watauga Club, was an active worker for the establishment of this college. Perhaps no one man in the State was more instrumental in its foundation. President Dabney expressed very markedly his delight at the progress of the institution and its high rank among agricultural and mechanical colleges. He spent the entire morning inspecting the various departments.

COMICS

W. C. HOPKINS, *Editor.*

Prof. Yates (after an elaborate discussion of analytics)—
“Thus by virtue of this identity we get, X equals zero and Y equals affinity.”

Watts—“Well, I swear.”

Dr. Harrison (on Junior English)—Mr. Taylor, will you give me a definition of utilitarian?”

Zeb—“Doctor, it means one who takes the place of another.”

Dr. Harrison—“Oh, no! you are thinking of the world's series of baseball games.”

Captain Peace (inspecting rooms)—“Cigarette butt in slop jar?”

Fresh. Tommie Ingram—“No, sir, Captain, just a little young cigar.”

“Cupid” Sykes—“I wish you to know that I don't stand on trifles.”

She (glancing at his feet)—“No, dear, I see you don't.”

Some time ago Ammon had occasion to be at the dairy barn just as Dr. Tucker and President Hill were ready to leave in an automobile. Dr. Tucker, thinking he would get some assistance in starting the machine, said, “Ammon, give me a crank there, will you?”

Ammon, failing to understand, said: “I haven't got one that will fit it.” So Dr. Tucker had to crank the machine himself, and Ammon was left wondering why they laughed.

"Well, you got your husband to go to church with you instead of the theatre, eh?"

"Yes, but he disgraced me. The parson read four chapters from "Acts," and he insisted on going out between them."

She—"Didn't you say you would go through fire and water for me?"

He—Yes, but I'm blowed if I'm going through bankruptcy for you."

"Gert" Bain, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed in the utmost surprise: "Oh, my! Is it possible that coffin can be intended for any living creature!"

THE PARTING.

Aunt (to engaged niece)—"So Henry went away yesterday, I hear. Parting is very painful, isn't it?"

Niece—"I should say so; every rib in my body is aching to-day."

THE POST OF DUTY.

The traveling salesman had just four minutes in which to catch his train.

"Can't you go faster than this?" he asked the street car conductor.

"Yes," answered the bell ringer, "but I have to stay with my car."

"Dail is quite regular in his habits, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. He drinks a quart of whiskey a day, smokes eighteen cigars, regularly, and has a regular habit of never going to bed before 2 P. M."

Minister—"Young man, do you know how to dance?"

"Runt" Roth—"Well, parson, I know the *holds*, but I don't know the step."

HE QUIT TALKING.

A doctor who had a custom of cultivating the lawn and walk in front of his house every spring, engaged O'Brien to do the job. He went away for the day, and when he returned found O'Brien waiting for his money. The doctor was not satisfied with his work and said: "O'Brien, the walk is covered with gravel and dirt and, in my estimation, it's a bad job."

O'Brien looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, Doc., but there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."

"Shortie" Brothers says he is going to deposit \$10 in the bayer's (bursar's) office.

Fresh. Ferebee (to postmistress)—"Please see if there is any mail for Ferebee."

Fresh Flora—"While looking through Ferebee, please see if you can find Flora."

Leland Craig—"Gee! but I'd like to be the census!"

"Babe" Quickel—"Why?"

Leland—"Because it embraces eighteen million women."

Love may be blind, but marriage is often an eye opener.

"John Schenck is in favor of suffrage for women."

"Oh, that's because he thinks they'll do the proposing."

"Shortie" Brothers says that Captain Peace gave him a bad banquet (bayonet).

"Pretty" Gill—"What makes a bank note so attractive?"

"Tick" Hales—"It's figure, probably."

He was trying to kiss her. "What do you take me for," she exclaimed.

"For better or for worse," he replied, realizing that he was caught.

"Gert" Bain—"Isn't it a most unfortunate thing?"

"Fido" Smith—"What?"

"Gert"—"That people can't read the kisses that have been printed upon a girl's lips."

"Why should I marry you?" she asked superciliously.

"Well, of course," Charlie Hall replied viciously, "you can die an old maid if you want to."

"Bill" Simpson—"Do you know what "Kid" Taylor is specializing in?"

"Louie" Merritt—"Judging from his appearance, it is gastronomy."

EXCHANGES

E. J. JEFFRESS, *Editor.*

The November numbers of our exchanges show a marked improvement over the October numbers, but there is room for improvement yet. Some cartoons and cuts would enliven and add greatly to the attractiveness of our magazines.

The Tattler.—The November Tattler comes to us in a very attractive cover. It has the appearance of a real magazine, at first glance, and does not deceive its looks when examined more closely. The stories are unusually good. "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home" is a love story deserving special mention. "The Rural Call to the College Girl" is a thoroughly developed essay on rural school teaching, and is well worth reading. The poems and sonnets are good.

The University of North Carolina Magazine.—The October number is far below the standard of the magazine. The mechanical makeup is very good, but there is not enough space given to stories. "Evolution" is an excellent essay on the education of a man from the cradle through college. "One of the Sixteen Hundred" is the story of a man down and out, who went down with the Titanic while drunk. A great disaster is made ludicrous in a way that weakened the story. It would have been very good with a different setting. The editorials and sketches are good.

The Trinity Archive contains two stories, "A Gleam Through the Darkness" and "Echo Reincarnated," which deserve special mention. An exchange department would add greatly to the magazine. The editorials are well written.

The College Reflector comes to us under a very attractive cover. The arrangement of the material shows care and thought, but a great mistake is made in carrying the story, "The Lone Prep's Game," as a continued one. You have the

space and a good plot, so don't spoil it by dividing it. The poem, "Our Farewell," is especially good.

The State Normal Magazine contains some excellent matter. Every article shows careful preparation, and the language is well chosen. "Over the Back Fence" and "The Junior Partner" are worthy of special comment, and well worth reading. "Points of View" contains some very valuable suggestions, which should be put into practice. One attractive feature of the magazine is its fine line of advertisements. Some cartoons and cuts would enliven the magazine.

The Student comes to us from Portsmouth High School. It is without doubt the best high school magazine we have received this year. "David Osborne's Trial" and "Pumpkins" are excellent short stories. All of the departments show care and thought.

In addition to the above we acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Mercurian*, *The Acorn*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *The Concept*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Isaqueena*, *The Palmetto*, *The Emery and Henry Era*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The Lenoirian*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Chronicle*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *The Black and Gold*, *Messenger*, *The Penn. State Farmer*, *The Southern Collegian*, *Georgetown College Journal*, and *Tattler*, from North Division High School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



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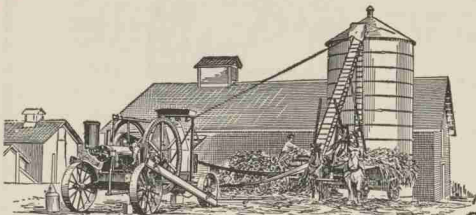
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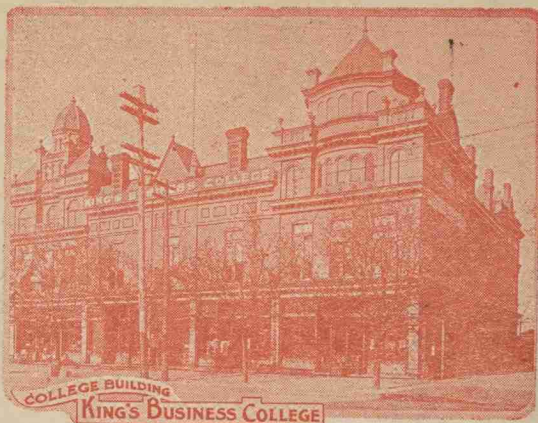
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