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THE RED AND WHITE

FEBRUARY
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WEST RALEIGH, N. C.

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VOL. XIV. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1913. No. 4

LIGHT'OOD FIAHS.

You say dat de folks in cities
  Has deir houses all het up
Wid steam from away off yonder.
  Now, honey chile, shet up.

Why, you know dat ain't so, nigger.
  Shucks! dat don't stand ter reasin;
Fo' lawdy, man, when wintah comes,
  How does dey keep from freezin'?

Dey do say, dough, dat some folks has
  A grate fo' bu'nin' coal;
But when I tries ter warm dat way
  De good Lawd he'p my soul.

Why, man, you know de only way
  Ter meet de wintah season,
Fo' to keep yo' wife and chillun
  An' yourself frum natchly freezin',

Is ter hab a gre't big fiahplace,
  Wid a pile ob oak logs on,
Den light'ood knots all under dem.
  Dat's a fiah, man, sho's yo're bo'n.

Oh, de spa'ks fly up de chimbly,
  And de blaze sen' out hits heat;
De fiah made outen light'ood knots,
  Dey ain't nuffin' else kin beat.

You can set an' toast yo' shin-bones,
Den tu'n 'roun' an' roast yo' back,
An' de rheumatiz will leab you,
Dat it will, suh, fo' a fac'.

Oh, bury some taters on de hearth,
Fetch de 'simmon beer up nighah,
Fer I gits ter wantin' sump'in' good
When I set by a light'ood fiah.

When de win' howls fru de knot holes
An' de snow blows fru de chinks,
I jes' punch up de oak logs,
Den I spits, kerchew, an' winks.

Ol' wintah time kin r'ar 'roun'
An' try ter skeer dis niggah,
But when I'se got my light'ood in,
He sho' don't cut no figgah.

—K. M.

Science and engineering cannot be picked up from popular expressions or the rambling through attractive descriptions of novelties, but only from the study of the fundamental principles. Therefore read books. Study principles, not novelties. Think theory and work practice. Turn to real sources, not to the tricks of words and platitudes which so often catch one's fancy and in a superficial way lead to notions rather than to logic.—*Kerr.*

The refinement of thought which is apt to follow high training often leads the mind to overlook simplicity and even to seek complexity. The wealth of modern appliances tends likewise; and it is thus easy to acquire that over-refinement, often termed theoretical, as against the simplicity which is called practical—*Kerr.*

THE STORY OF PERSEUS.

[A DECLAMATION.]

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

From every side of the fairylike island of Scyros stretched the calm sea, gleaming like a burnished sheet of living gold under the red rays of the setting sun. In the dim distance islands here and there could be seen, floating like purple clouds above the livelier lights of the brilliant scene. A huge mountain towered on one side like a giant sentinel to this enchanted land; on the other lay the level and fertile plains of Scyros, covered with nodding plumes of ripening grain. In the shadow of a gray boulder on the narrow beach of white sand a sturdy youth was tossing in a troubled sleep. A cool evening breeze stirred in gentle caress the dark locks around his brow, and whispered these words in his ear:

"Be of good cheer, Perseus. You shall slay the Medusa and fulfil to King Polydectes' utmost satisfaction your rash promise."

Suddenly, beyond the tall treetops, the feather-footed god, Mercury, appeared, and in less time than shoots the slanting hailstorm, down he dropped towards the ground. Perseus, unclosing his eyes, saw before him the god, and would have thrown himself upon his face in awe, but Mercury gently raised him to his feet.

"Perseus," said he, "I have come to aid you in your quest. Place upon your feet these winged sandals and upon your head this helmet, which was so cunningly contrived by the master smith, Vulcan, that it renders the wearer invisible.

Perseus, having fastened to his feet the magic sandals, sprang lightly into the air and sped after the god.

On, on, they flew, rising higher and higher in the dim twilight. Below them gleamed the silver courses of the river; here and there rose the ghostlike snow-crowned mountains. After a short space of time, the moon rose; and when Per-

seus, gazing upward, saw the round, silvery orb, he thought he would desire nothing better than to fly to it and dwell upon it forever.

The cocks were noisily heralding the sun god's approach when the travelers caught their first glimpse of the monster they were seeking. At the foot of a precipice of black rocks lay the Gorgons, lulled to sleep by the roar of the breakers. They were huge, golden-winged monsters, with brass talons and covered with scales that would turn any weapon except the short, crooked sword that Perseus wore at his side. Their faces were those of weird yet beautiful women, but so terrible in aspect that one look into their eyes would change any mortal beholder into stone.

"Which shall I strike at?" questioned Perseus. "Which is Medusa?"

"One of the Gorgons is stirring. That is Medusa. Do not look at her. Look at the reflection in the bright surface of your shield."

Perseus flew close down beside the monster, on whose face there was an unquiet expression. It seemed as if she were troubled with some ugly dream. She uttered hoarse cries and dug her brazen claws into the sand. As Perseus raised his sword to strike, each snake that coiled and hissed about the head of Medusa stretched threateningly upward, and the monster awoke. But too late she unclosed her eyes, for the stroke fell like a lightning flash, and her head rolled on the sand. Perseus, keeping his gaze averted, put the ghastly trophy into his wallet, and, pursued by the two sisters of the Gorgon, fled toward the distant mountains of Attica.

As Perseus was flying high above the sea, a strange spectacle greeted his eyes. Chained fast to a rock, so near the water that foam-crowned waves dashed spray over her fair limbs, was the most beautiful maiden Perseus had ever beheld. She was Princess Andromeda, who, to atone for her mother's vanity, was exposed as prey for a terrible dragon. So struck was Perseus by her beauty that he forgot Polydec-

tes, to whom he must bring Medusa's head, and determined to enter upon this new quest.

Perseus drew his sword, and, swooping down, struck at the dragon. For a long time the conflict raged, until all the rocks were red with blood and slime. Suddenly a mighty shout arose from the shore, for the monster lay dead, while Perseus, unwounded, was cutting the chains that bound the maiden to the rock.

On some clear night, if you are so fortunate as to have for a friend one of those wise men who chart the heavens, ask him to point out to you Perseus and Andromeda, who are still secure in the love of the gods, who placed them among the stars many years ago, when they quit the earth after a long and happy reign in Mycene.

One of the things that students, to their disadvantage, commonly fail to keep constantly in mind is the fact that a man of ability and courage can usually make of himself that which his ambitions dictate. If you set your ambitions right, there need be no fear of your reasonable success. Failure by a man of ability and courage, who also has the advantage of education, is scarcely to be condoned. The only sufficient excuse is an inadequate physique or ill health, caused through no fault of the individual. In engineering, nothing is ordinarily sufficient to excuse failure.—*Jackson.*

You must assure yourself of reasonable quiet and freedom from interruption if you would study effectively. Form the habit of absolute attention to the task in hand. Keep parallel all the forces of your mind in the direction toward which your work tends. Be master of your study hours, and do not permit any one to interrupt you.—*Shenehon.*

WITH HIS OWN AT LAST.

By KARL SLOAN, '16.

Mount Pisgah was the family burying ground of the Moores. In former days the fields and woods for miles around had belonged to the good family, and the beautiful knoll in the grove was selected for the graves of their dead. It was a beautiful spot. In springtime the roses and violets decked the place, and birds reared their young among the silent trees; and in winter the scattered evergreens and the blanket of white snow still preserved the beauty.

Aged Peter Moore was the last of the good family, except his sister's child, who had been reared by distant foster parents. Peter had never seen or heard of him since the mother's death. So it behooved Peter to make an annual pilgrimage to Mount Pisgah and keep the place in order, that his own body might have its rest among his loved ones.

It was upon one of these trips that he came one beautiful summer Sunday, and discovered that inroads were being made upon his sacred grounds. Freshly driven stakes, inscribed with queer signs and numbers, told him that the new railroad which was being built was attempting a route through the family cemetery. It pierced his old heart like a dagger, and tears of wrath burst from his eyes, which he dashed away with his hands. He must prevent the desecration of the place, or else the sepulchres of his people would be uprooted and the knoll destroyed. As fast as his feeble old legs would carry him, he hobbled down the hill and mounted his old horse.

Just as he started off, he saw two strangers approaching. From the instruments they carried, he knew they must be the railroad engineers.

"Are ye men a-layin' out the new railroad?" he asked, reining in his beast and addressing the strangers.

"Yes, old man," they answered, scarcely slacking their step.

"Well, ye ain't a-goin' to tear up the hallowed spot on the hill, are ye? My folks is buried there."

"Well, old fellow," they answered, over their shoulders, "the world is not run upon sentiment these days. Your burying ground is already condemned property."

"Well," cried old Peter, "ye shall not touch it. I'll hunt up Martha's orphant, William. He'll stop ye."

The men laughed, and Peter dug his heels into the flanks of old Betsy and sped away up the dusty road.

At 'Squire Pierce's place he paused, and the 'Squire, who was perusing an almanac upon his front porch, came to the gate.

"Well, well, now, Mr. Moore, I dunno's I ever see a man your age so excited. What's the trouble?"

" 'Squire, them Yankees is a goin' to tear up the old place over on Pisgah. I want you to write at once for Martha's William to come and fight them. Tell him that me, his old uncle, is not bound for to live much longer, and that I don't want the place where his mother lies to be destroyed. I ain't seed the lad in fo'ty year, but you know the folks that took him. They live in the city. Please, 'Squire, get him here soon, because they's a-goin' to wuk on the old place in a little while."

"Well, suh!" commented 'Squire Pierce, and he squinted after Peter as he gallopped off up the road at a furious rate. "Hit will kill the old man if I do."

'Squire Pierce's letters were all in vain. No word of William came. The grading crew of the railroad were nearing the old cemetery and would soon commence tearing it away. Old Peter Moore spent the days in anxiety and tears. Folks said that he would worry himself down; and others, that he would die if the old place were torn away. He rode over to the knoll every day and watched with dread the nearing of the railroad forces.

Then came the day when he got a letter—not from William. The president of the road was sending a man to settle.

"I'll not take all the money in the world for the graves of my people!" he cried to the representative when he did come. "O, that William were here! He'd stop them."

"Who is the person called William?" asked the man, trying to humor old Peter.

"It's my sister's orphant, who was raised up North with some Yankee folks. He was took away when he was a wee baby, forty years ago. O, God! why didn't he come." The old man assumed a strange look, as one who is beginning to see the dawn of eternity; then he fell from his chair in a faint.

With a cry of anguish, the big man picked up the frail old form and laid him on a bed. The doctors came. They shook their heads.

"The poor old fellow has been through a terrible strain. He may not recover."

"How long, at most?" cried the big man, with tears in his eyes. "Will he regain consciousness?"

"For a short time only."

"O, God! let him know that his family burying ground is safe," moaned the big fellow.

Then old Peter opened his eyes.

"Is William come? Have they destroyed Pisgah?" he called, faintly.

Before he could be answered, his eyes closed again, and in his delirium he kept crying: "O, William! keep the old place safe."

That night, near morning, the eyes of the sufferer opened again. The big man was at his side.

"Uncle Peter, this is William," he called.

"'Tis? Praise God!" And a gentle pallor overspread the old man's wrinkled face, and he closed his eyes in peace. The Silent One had come.

Next day old Peter slept upon Pisgah with his people, and the big railroad man stood over the freshly moulded grave and wept.

SOME NOTES ON A TRIP TO CHICAGO.

BY J. B. STEELE AND R. L. SLOAN.

Through the kindness of Prof. J. C. McNutt, of the animal husbandry department, a party of A. & M. students are given the opportunity each year of visiting the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago. One has to take this trip before he can appreciate the advantages that it offers for students of agriculture. It is one of those things which it is impossible to give an idea of in words that will do it justice. But there are a few things which might be of interest to those who expect to go later, or even those who never expect to make the trip.

The 1912 party left Raleigh Saturday, November 30th, reaching Harrisburg, Pa., about noon the next day, with no experiences of more than ordinary interest. We were very favorably impressed with the general neat appearance of Pennsylvania's capital city, but most of all with the beauty and grandeur of the capitol building itself, which is said to be the most beautiful of all the State buildings in the Union. Leaving this majestic Quaker town, we had an opportunity to see about two hundred and fifty miles of Pennsylvania country along the Susquehanna River and across the mountains before dark. As one looks at the farms in this country and sees its general air of prosperity, he is impressed with the fact that they are doing things. The most striking feature of the afternoon was the crossing of the Alleghanies. The natural scenery was great, but it was added to by artificial lakes and grass-covered mountain sides. This fine exhibit of engineering, together with the foundries for making railroad rails, the numerous coke furnaces and various other manufacturing establishments which we could see from the car windows, would have done the heart of an engineering student good.

After making a brief stop in the big smoky city of Pittsburgh, Pa., we arrived in Chicago early Monday morning.

As to the live-stock show, it is useless to attempt to describe what we saw there. All that we can do is to say that there were seven thousand head of live stock on exhibit there, representing the very best heavy horses, beef cattle, sheep and swine in the world. We would not attempt to describe our emotions as we sat in that immense amphitheatre and looked down into the arena, literally filled with hundreds of pure-bred stallions, all competing for the world's championship.

Among the other places which we visited were the Union Stock Yards, where they handle more than a million dollars' worth of stock daily, and the packing houses of Swift, Armour and Libby, in which thirty thousand employees were at work. The skill of many of these employees was equal to that of the circus performers.

After spending more than two days at the Live Stock Show, we decided to see some of the other attractions offered by the city of Chicago at this time. Of more than ordinary interest was the National Land Show, then being held in the Coliseum, the building in which the Republican National Convention was held last summer.

The Coliseum was decorated for the occasion with flags and with *red and white* bunting, and the immense floor space was divided into booths, which were adorned with the products of the soil from the different States and from sections of Canada, all impressively and attractively arranged. Perhaps it would be of interest to Southerners to know that California was exhibiting along with cotton a one-thousand-dollar loving cup, won in 1911 for the best short staple cotton grown in the United States.

Our Southern States were not without representation in this show. While the "Tar Heel" State was conspicuous for its absence, practically all of the other South Atlantic and Gulf States were very much in evidence. Our sister State, South Carolina, had one of the most creditable exhibits to be seen. The show being held in the corn belt, it did the heart of a Southerner good to see South Carolina boasting of the

world's record in corn production per acre—the enormous crop of two hundred and fifty-five bushels per acre.

Other specially interesting features of the Land Show were exhibits of agricultural implements, old Indian relics and an improvised miniature mountain scene, enclosed with wire and filled with deer and birds of various kinds, from partridges to swans.

Leaving the Land Show, the next place of interest visited was Jackson Park, the grounds used for the Columbian Exposition and later retained and developed as one great park to serve as a resting place for the physically tired and mentally oppressed populace of a city throbbing with industrial turmoil. Going from the city bustling with activity into this park, containing hundreds of acres of green grass, shrubbery and trees, where everything is so quiet, makes a contrast so marked as to give one a higher appreciation of the beauties of nature. The lake front, parallel for miles with a beautiful walkway, with here and there a bench in some secluded turn of the path almost concealed by shrubbery, where for hours one might rest in sweet meditation to the music of the low murmur of the lake, is a scene which will not easily pass from mind. Just a few of the old buildings erected for the exposition remain standing. Most imposing of these is the one erected by the German government and now used as a museum.

Going about twenty miles northwest from Jackson Park, we came to Lincoln Park. Though possessing all that goes to make a public park popular, Lincoln Park lacks that air of seclusion which makes Jackson so alluring to the overworked mind. For attraction it contains seventeen hundred animals, including a dozen of the very few buffaloes now remaining in the United States. In fact, nearly every genus of animals, from the lion—the king of the forest—to the innocent little squirrels playing in the branches of the trees; from the eagle—the king of birds—to the smallest sparrow, had representatives in this park.

The grandeur of floriculture in winter was exemplified almost to perfection in a greenhouse filled with green and flowering plants found in this park. While all around was clothed in the grey of the wintry season, no sign of even declining vigor was to be detected in the whole of the massive structure protecting these bright flowering children of summer from the biting frosts of relentless winter's grip.

Chicago is twenty-six miles long by about twelve miles wide, covering twice as much ground as New York City, but containing only about half as many people. Chicago is the greatest live-stock, grain and lumber market in the world, as well as the greatest railway and packing center.

Arriving at Columbus, Ohio, Friday morning on our way home, we spent two days visiting Ohio State University, the Hartman Stock Farm and other places of interest about the city. The University is a great and well-equipped institution, with about five thousand students, including a few negroes. We are very much indebted to the students of the University who took so much pains to make our stay pleasant in Columbus. While in the city, we visited the State Fair grounds, being sent out in two large automobiles by Mr. Sandals, Commissioner of Agriculture. These grounds are well worth seeing and they make ours look common, indeed. Their buildings have an air of permanence about them which bespeaks the pride which they have in their progress. There is no provision for a midway, but there is ample provision to show the products of the State.

Saturday night we left for home, coming by way of Washington, D. C., where part of the company spent Sunday.

A trip like this has an educational value that is worth as much perhaps as a half-year in college to a student of animal husbandry. Professor McNutt, who is familiar with the ground covered, is ideal as a director of such a project, adding both to its instructiveness and value.

ENGINEERING OR "MECHANICAL" DRAWING.

BY H. H. COBURN, *Instructor of Drawing, A. & M. College.*

By the term "engineering drawing" is meant drawing as used in the industrial world by engineers and designers, as the language in which is expressed and recorded the ideas and information necessary for the building of machines and structures, as distinguished from drawing as a fine art, as practiced by artists in pictorial representation.

The artist strives to produce, either from the model or landscape before him, or through his creative imagination, a picture which will impart to the observer something as nearly as may be of the same mental impression as that produced by the object itself, or as that in the artist's mind. As there are no lines in nature, if he is limited in his medium instead of color and light and shade, he is able only to suggest his meaning, and must depend on the observer's imagination to supply the lack.

The engineering draftsman has a greater task. Limited to outline alone, he may not simply suggest his meaning, but must give exact and positive information regarding every detail of the machine or structure existing in his imagination. Thus, drawing to him is more than pictorial representation; it is a complete graphical language, by whose aid he may describe minutely every operation necessary, and may keep a complete record of the work for duplication or repairs.

In the artist's case the result can be understood, in greater or less degree, by anyone. The draftsman's result does not show the object as it would appear to the eye when finished; consequently his drawing can be read and understood only by one trained in the language.

Thus, as the foundation upon which all designing is based, engineering drawing becomes, with perhaps the exception of mathematics, the most important single branch of study in a technical school.

When the language is written exactly and accurately, it is done with the aid of mathematical instruments, and is called "mechanical drawing." It should be noted here that the term "mechanical drawing" is often applied to all instructive graphics, and, although an unfortunate misnomer, has the sanction of long usage. When done with the unaided hand, without the assistance of instruments or appliances, it is known as freehand drawing, or "technical sketching." Training in both of these methods is necessary for the engineer—the first to develop accuracy of measurement and manual dexterity; the second to train in comprehensive observation and to give control and mastery of form and proportion.

The object when studying this language is to be able to write it, to express one's self clearly to one familiar with it, and to read it readily when written by another. To do this, one must know the alphabet, the grammar and the composition, and be familiar with the idioms, the accepted conventions and the abbreviations.

This new language is entirely a graphical or written one. It cannot be read aloud, but is interpreted by forming a mental picture of the subject represented; and the student's success in it will be indicated not alone by his skill in execution, but by his ability to interpret his impressions, to visualize clearly in space. It is not a language to be learned only by a comparatively few draftsmen, who will be professional writers of it, but should be understood by all connected with or interested in technical industries, and the training its study gives in quick, accurate observation and the power of reading description from lines is of a value quite unappreciated by those not familiar with it.

In this study, one must first of all become familiar with the technique of expression; and, as instruments are used for accurate work, the first requirement is the ability to use these instruments correctly.

With continued practice will come a facility in their use which will free the mind from any thought of the means of

expression, and allow one's whole energy to be directed towards training in constructive imagination, the perceptive ability which enables one to think in these dimensions, to visualize quickly and accurately, and to build up a clear mental image, a requirement necessary for the designer or architect who is to represent his thoughts on paper.

It was then upon this plan, regarding drawing as a language, the universal graphical language of the industrial world, with its varied forms of expression, its grammar and its style, that engineering drawing was conceived.

We hear much about opportunities. They are everywhere plentiful. Remember that your opportunity is the little one that lies squarely in front of you, not the large one which you hope to find further along. Many a man is surrounded with opportunities who never seizes one.—*Kerr.*

THE "MOVIE" QUEEN.

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

"Romance, as far as I am concerned, travels in deepest disguise," mused John Ainsley to himself, as he sat in the semi-gloom of one of lower Broadway's "movie" shows. "I never see her face to face, though I am familiar, through fiction, with her description, and see her picture flicker on the screen of every "movie" show. The closest I ever came to her in person was when the lady in the flat below rushed to me in deepest distress, only to ask me to rescue the eldest of her six brats from the dumb waiter."

"I wish I were a cowboy," he sighed, as a Western drama was thrown on the screen. "Gee!" he continued, as the plot unfolded, or rather unrolled; "there is that little 'flaxen-haired queen' that plays in nearly all these pictures. She's some kid and she sure can ride. Now, why can't I save such a girl from the Indians, or something, like that mutt in the picture is doing?" He ended this musing with a snort of disgust, for the "flaxen-haired queen" and the cowboy hero were locked in the rib-cracking embrace which ends the majority of picture plays.

He rose from his seat, groped his way up the aisle and into the blinding glare of the "White Way." He dodged in and out of the hurrying throng with a rapid, nervous tread, disdaining to gaze into the wonderful shop windows unless drawn sheep-like to where some crowd had gathered to watch with the gravest interest and most superior tolerance the antics of a toy acrobat or some like trifling novelty. After several such interruptions of his swift progress, he passed steadily on his way, then plunged, like a rabbit into its burrow, down the entrance to the subway. He detached a single ticket from a string of five or six, as he hurried to the train platform, cast it into the mouth of the ballot-box-like "hopper," which was placed near the gate in the iron fence enclosing the platform, ran to the train and hurled himself toward

its closing steel door. With a mighty shove, a burly guard sent him with several others spinning through the door, to narrowly escape having its slide shut upon them.

Ainsley glanced idly about the car with the disinterested glance peculiar to New Yorkers who see the myriads of fellow-beings about them only as shadows or automatons. At various intervals the madly speeding train slowed to a quieter pace, the guards shouted a gibberish intelligible only to accustomed ears as the name of the next station, the cars drew up beside the brightly lighted platform, and the doors clanged open for a few impatient passengers who rushed out, to have their places taken by double their numbers.

When the train reached Grand Central Station, Ainsley struggled through the door onto the platform, bounded up the exit stairs two at a time, and walked toward the railroad depot. As he hurried along, he glanced at his watch and reflected that he would have just time to catch the 6:54 for Stamford, where he was to visit a friend.

He purchased his ticket and was sprinting, as he thought, down the suburban train level, when he stopped short and gasped, for just before him, dressed in a dark blue traveling suit, was the "flaxen-haired queen" of the Western "movie" dramas.

"At last," he thought (only he didn't think it in these exact words) "romance in her stealthy passage through the world has brushed against me." Romance seemed not only to have brushed against him, but also to have run into him with considerable force, for his heroine had dropped her purse, and there was no one near enough to forestall him in returning it to her with the hope of receiving at least the reward of a smile. He stopped and picked it up, then sought with eager glances for the purse's owner. To his chagrin, she had passed on to the gate leading to the Chicago Express, and, having spoken a few words to the gateman, was graciously waved onward. Romance had kindled such a fire of determination in Ainsley's breast that he did not hesitate, but rushed after her, past the

enraged gateman, who had not been given time to demand a ticket, and down the long concrete walk between the tracks. The "flaxen-haired queen" had disappeared into one of the Pullmans making up the long train, and Ainsley halted for a moment. As he paused, he glanced at the purse and noticed for the first time her name, "Helen McDonald," stamped upon it in small gilt letters. The name was undoubtedly hers, for had he not been given the delightful knowledge by a friend who worked in a "movie" show?

It must be true that the mind creates images with lightning-like rapidity, for in a few moments as he stood mooning over the purse Ainsley had visualized: his restoring to the girl her property, the forming of an acquaintanceship, the ripening of that acquaintanceship into friendship, deep friendship and then love, and was just enjoying a honeymoon in the West which belonged by rights to her, when a porter touched him respectfully on the arm and asked him if he was trying to locate his berth in the Pullman.

"No, I—er—am seeing someone off."

"All right, boss."

Ainsley swung himself to the vestibule, opened the door of the Pullman, passed through the short, narrow passageway into the car proper, and looked down its length for the Lady of Romance.

There she was, seated at the far end of the car, chatting with a somewhat older and, to Ainsley's mind, plainer woman. In a moment he was near their section, and, forgetting his carefully planned sentences, had mumbled some words in explanation of his mission. Under the calm, amused glance of the girl and the inquiring stare of her companion, he searched nervously, and with considerable consciousness of his clumsiness, in his pockets for the purse. At last he drew it forth with triumph, saying, "There it is."

"Thank you," replied the girl, "and to whom am I indebted for this kindness?"

"John Ainsley."

"Never mind your card, for I have an excellent memory for names." Then, turning to her friend, "Grace, it was indeed lucky that Mr. Ainsley brought me my purse at once, for I put those buttons you wanted to take Kate in it."

"Yes, it was fortunate," answered the other.

The Lady of Romance took up the conversation by introducing Ainsley to her friend, Grace Anderson, whom she said was leaving for Chicago.

"But aren't you going out West, too?" queried Ainsley. "I thought that your company posed for new films at this time of the year."

"No; I am on a vacation and making the most of it. But how did you know that I was playing with the 'movies'?"

"Oh, I have seen you in the 'movies' lots of times, and a friend told me your name. I recognized you at once in the depot."

"How interesting!" chorused the "flaxen-haired queen" and her friend.

Suddenly the conductor outside shouted, "All aboard!"

Ainsley patiently witnessed the flurried but long-drawn-out parting of the two women, then followed his Lady of Romance down the car and assisted her down the steps.

As they walked down the train shed, through the waiting room to one of the side entrances, where a taxi waited, the girl chatted gaily about her life as a moving-picture actress. Taking advantage of one of her pauses for breath, Ainsley asked her how she liked the wonderful West, the land of his dreams.

"The West? Why, I have never been farther west than Buffalo."

"But where did you get all of that Western scenery in your plays?"

"Oh, that! Why, most of those pictures were taken in this State, and some of the scenery is that about Paterson, New Jersey, where I live."

"Oh!" feebly exclaimed Ainsley.

As she mounted into the taxi which had drawn up to the curb, Helen turned to the young man and said, "Mr. Ainsley, you must visit me soon at Paterson. My husband, Jim Davis, manager of our company, will be glad to meet you."

"Are you married?"

"Yes. Isn't it funny that you should know me only by my 'movie' name of 'Helen McDonald,' when it is 'Helen Davis'?"

Ainsley could not trust himself to speak, but fortunately Mrs. Davis renewed her expressions of gratitude in such a flood of words that he was spared further conversational effort.

Her smiling countenance finally disappeared from the taxi window and the vehicle rolled away. Across the street a blazing electric sign proclaimed that the Gem Motion Picture Theatre presented as a "four-reel special" the "Romance of the Prisoner of Zenda."

"Romance, h—l!" muttered Ainsley, as the glittering letters mocked him.

WHY PHYSICAL EXERCISE IS NECESSARY FOR A COLLEGE MAN.

BY G. L. JEFFERS, '15.

It is of very great importance that a man in college should devote at least a reasonable part of his time to physical exercise.

In the beginning he should start taking outdoor bodily exercise when he first enters college, especially if he has never done so before. It is often the case that a man enters college in imperfect health. He may be a sickly youth of a large family, and, being unable to do hard manual labor, is given the chance by his more healthy brothers of training his mind. He may possibly be a man who has overworked himself to a great extent in preparing to enter college, having to work for most of his college expenses, as well as to study hard in order that he may be able to pass the entrance examinations. Again, he may be a boy brought up "tied to his mother's apron strings," or perhaps "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," so to speak, who never has undergone much strenuous work. In all of these cases he will find his work difficult unless he takes the necessary bodily exercise.

Physical exercise is necessary to a man in college, in that it helps him to enjoy college life. When he takes exercise of the right sort, he finds that he can eat, digest his food and sleep better, and he can apply his mind to his studies. He improves his physical appearance. He is less apt to worry over trivial things, because he is nearly always cheerful. He has a greater kindness of heart than he would have otherwise. He is less apt to lead an impure life, and as a consequence he will seek society which tends to elevate him. If he has these qualifications he is very apt to have friends who will help and encourage him in many ways. Although it is possible for a man to attain high marks in his class without taking much exercise, his education will not be of much use to him, for such a man is likely to die at an early age.

A college man should develop a good, healthy physique, because it helps him in after life. Whatever success he makes in life will depend upon the impression he makes on the people with whom he comes in contact. It is a fact, which cannot be denied, that a well-built man or woman will attract attention on the streets or wherever he or she may go. It will have to be admitted that those speakers who have the most manly appearance are the ones who impress their hearers most. It is said that "the great Cæsar won more by activity and giant determination than by military skill," and Napoleon himself said, "The first requisite of good generalship is good health."

The great problems of the future will rest with the college-trained man. To handle them, he will need confidence in himself as well as courage; he will need a clear mind, that is able to read into the future; he will need a good physique, that is able to stand immense strains; he will need good health to see his work well done. To attain this it is necessary that he should take plenty of physical exercise. College education should build up his body as well as his mind.

NEED OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS TO STUDY MAN.

The Editor.

MY DEAR SIR: If I were able, I should be glad to write to every University student who is interested in the scientific and sociologic study of man, especially criminal, pauper and defective men. I trust, therefore, you will publish this letter, and I request each student to regard it as a personal letter to himself, whom I shall be pleased to help all I can, should he desire to devote his life to the fundamental study of social pathology.

I appeal to University students to direct their attention more to the scientific study of humanity. It is a cry to "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Let the University encourage students more to take up these subjects, which have been so long neglected and in which there are great opportunities to aid humanity, directly, by scientific investigation of the causes of crime, pauperism, and defectiveness, in order to prevent and lessen them through knowledge gained by first-hand study of the individuals themselves.

When a student chooses for his life work a subject in the older branches of knowledge, as physics, philosophy, philology, Greek, Latin, and natural history, he finds the field somewhat well developed; but not so in more recent sociological lines of research, as criminal anthropology (criminology, shorter term) and other cognate subjects, in which there is full opportunity for mental acumen and scientific ability of the highest character to carry out most lofty purposes.

The question may arise as to what course of study will prepare one best for such work. I would suggest the following:

1st. A two-years course in psychology, especially laboratory work.

2d. Medical studies to the extent of anatomy, physiology, general pathology, nervous diseases and insanity (especially clinical studies).

3d. A practical course in craniology in the laboratory.

4th. Facility in reading modern languages, especially German and French.

Thus, social pathology, especially criminal anthropology, one of its branches, requires more extensive preliminary training than most subjects, for it involves the investigation of man, both mentally and physically. Such training is synthetic, which in this age of specialism is much needed. As such education is relatively new, and experience in it is yet limited, it is difficult to designate a preparatory course. I have myself followed the course of study just indicated, but more extensively, especially in medical lines, but such additional preparation might not be practicable for most students.

The enclosed leaflet, entitled "Study of Man," explains the work more fully, and I shall be glad to mail it to any student, *gratis,* who will send me his address. As I have said in this leaflet, "Criminals, paupers, mattoids, and other defectives are social bacilli, which require as thorough scientific investigation as the bacilli of physical diseases."

I beg leave to remain,

Most faithfully,

ARTHUR MACDUMER.

"The Congressional," Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1913.

Remember that often a strong constitution and vigorous brain will cause you to win where others have failed. Bear in mind that booze and business do not mix, and that the demand for sober, steady men grows stronger. In men, as in machinery, what is most wanted is reliability.—*Kennedy.*

A SOUTHERN NEGRO.

BY J. B. STEELE.

It was growing dark. A northern train was speeding towards the south. A bunch of young college men in the smoker were singing, "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie," "Down in the Corn Field," "Old Black Joe" and a few others of like sentiment. The negro porter was standing by, with his head down, listening. Finally he asked, very politely, " 'Scure me, boss, but where is you gemmen from?"

"North Carolina."

"I thought so, white folks, and you have started back home now, too. I kin tell by de way you sings dem songs. Boss, I sho' wish I wuz goin' wid you. Dat's my home, and dis country up here don't suit me a bit. Dem songs made me forget where I was."

"You don't like this country, then, George?"

"Not a bit, boss. You know, sometimes when I gets in a big crowd up here, where everybody's in a hurry and don't pay no 'tention to you, I gets so lonesome till I can just see old mammy an' daddy down there on the old place. I can see 'em now; I can smell dat smoked ham, dem baked beans an' bacon, an', laws a massa, boss, dat cracklin' cohn bread. It's 'bout 'lasses-makin' time now, too. I kin hear 'em singin' 'roun' de boiler as dey takes off de skimmin's, or makin' 'lasses candy down in front of de furnace."

"Don't they treat you good up here, George?"

"Yes, sir, boss ;just as long as I'se got money—they'll do anything for money—but if I wus to go broke, they wouldn't do a thing for me just 'cause I was human, but dem Southern white folks would feed a nigger when he's hungry. Yes, sir, I was born an' raised down there, an' if they'll gimme a little notice, dat's where I'se goin' to die. Boss, I sho' do wish I could go home with you now."

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MUSIC.

BY R. BLINN OWEN.

Music is what the name implies—the work of the muses. It is *the* art, a broad statement, but true, because it speaks to our feelings, affections and to the passions of the heart. Browning says, "To match and mate feeling with knowledge—show how we feel, hard and fast as what we know—this were the prize and is the puzzle which music essays to solve."

The cultivation of modern music as an art was begun by the mediaeval priests of the Roman Catholic Church, who were trying to arrange music for their public service, and it is due to this fact that for several centuries the only artistic music was that of the church. In the beginning the chants of the Christian Church, from which the mediaeval chant was developed, were without system. They were a heterogeneous mass of music, derived wholly from sources which lay at hand. It is on record that Christians as early as 180 A. D. repeated the chant of the Last Supper with an accompaniment of flutes, which at that time were called by the name of "tibia" ("shin bone"), Latin for flute, which was originally made from the bone, the name of which it bears.

The Psalms in the early church were chanted antiphonally; that is, one verse was sung by one part of the congregation and the next verse by the other part, or by the priest and congregation, as is done now in the Catholic Church, except that it is priest and choir, or divided choir, one side being called "Cantores" and the other "Decani."

Of course, the music could not have been very artistic under the direction of musicians whose capacity was limited. But from 306 A. D. music began to improve. First, Pope Sylvester started singing schools at Rome, 314 A. D. Second, antiphonal chanting was made a part of the church service at Antioch, 350 A. D. Third, seventeen years later, congregational singing was forbidden, and only a trained choir sang the service. St. Ambrose worked out a method on four

ancient Greek scales. It is not necessary to go into a long discussion of Greek music, but it is necessary to say something, as Greek music influenced modern music for several centuries. It might be well to explain the scales here. All modern major scales are formed in the following way: two whole intervals, then a half interval (or semitone), three whole intervals, followed by a half. Take the scales of C and G. C^1 D^2 $E^{½}$ F^1 G^2 A^2 $B^{½}$ C. G^1 A^2 $B^{½}$ C^1 D^2 E^2 F sharp ^{½} G. The Greek scales were formed entirely different. The foundation was the tetrachord, which means four notes—|$E^{½}$ F G A| |$B^{½}$ C D E|. Every scale was divided into two tetrachords, each having its semitone in the same place.

From the Ambrosian chant was quickly formed what is now known as the Gregorian chant, used in both Catholic and Roman Church. Pope Gregory did a great deal to improve the music of the church at this time, and arranged the mass in the form that it is now. A monk, named Nokter Balbulus, is said to be the successor of Gregory. About 604 A. D., singers from Rome were sent to England, and some years later monks were sent to Brittany to teach the Gregorian chant. So, you see, the Gregorian chant was the means of establishing the melodic music. It will be well to say here that the three main points in music are melody, harmony and rhythm. Melody is produced by sounding several notes of different pitch, one after the other. Harmony is the sounding of notes of different pitch together. When they are put together by a given rule it is called a chord. Rhythm is the regular pulsation of long and short beats.

Now, one can readily see that the Roman chant had only one element, melody. There was no harmony; everything was sung in one part. Even when the organ was first introduced, it played the same notes the voices sang. So, in the beginning we had only melody. There was no rhythm in the Ambrosian or Gregorian chant, because the text was prose. All that existed in the beginning of music was the raising and lowering the voice through a number of notes. Harmony and rhythm came later.

THE RED AND WHITE

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Students, Professors, Alumni and friends of the college are each and all invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief, and all subscriptions to the Business Manager.

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

Charges for advertising are payable after first insertion.

At this late date THE RED AND WHITE is making its first appearance since the Christmas holidays. When the editors returned for the winter term they were not surprised to find no material waiting for the first issue; but after soliciting articles among the students, with apparently very little suc-

cess, until time for the first number to be sent to press, it began to look very discouraging, to say the least. Fellows, this is your magazine, and its success or failure depends upon whether you support it or not. The editors cannot get out a creditable magazine without your help, any more than our coach can get out a baseball team without players. Is it possible that all of the literary ability in the college has been spent, or can it be that we don't consider our magazine worth while? It is quite certain that the former is not the case, and we hope that the latter is as far from being true. If we've got any college spirit, let's get behind our magazine and give it the same support which we give to our other college activities.

Our new Y. M. C. A. building has at last been finished and is now ready for use. One cannot help being impressed by the homelike appearance of this building since it has been furnished. It is the one building on the campus which seems to belong to us, as students, more than any other building, because we have all had a hand in its construction. THE RED AND WHITE hardly knows how to express its gratitude for its new office in this building. Our next issue will probably be a special Y. M. C. A. number; so we will have more to say about the building next month.

There has for some time been a growing sentiment throughout the State for better public schools and a longer school term, and it is practically certain that some definite step will be taken in this direction during the present session of the General Assembly. This means a great deal to the children who are destined to manage the affairs of our "Old North State" in the future. Let us have a six-months public-school term to begin with, and then see that the children of our State take advantage of it. It is useless to have good schools if our children are kept away from school, at work, in order to provide more bodily luxuries, while their minds are being dwarfed by the lack of proper mental training. We need and must have

a longer school term, but we also need a compulsory attendance law in connection with it.

But while our attention is being devoted so largely to improving our secondary schools, let us not neglect our colleges, for it is from them that the teachers for our secondary schools must come. As the public schools and high schools are made more efficient, and greater interest is stimulated in education, a much larger per cent of the boys and girls of our State will seek to get a college education; and if our colleges don't keep pace with our secondary schools in development, they will not be able to provide room for the increased number of students. What we need is a steady and uniform development in all of our schools, both primary and secondary. The objection has been offered that the State is too deeply in debt already to take on an additional debt. Ex-Governor Jarvis said, in a speech a few days ago, that North Carolina practically doesn't owe anything. Nominally, we owe about seven million dollars, but we have dividend-paying assets which we could sell if we desired to do so, for enough to pay off this debt entirely. If this is true, let us issue bonds sufficient to provide funds, so that North Carolina can occupy the place which she ought to hold as an educational State.

Your first duty is always to that which lies across your path. The only step which you can take in advance is the next one. This leads to a simplicity of action which is commendable. Don't ramble.—*Kerr.*

EXCHANGES

E. J. JEFFRESS, *Editor.*

The editors of our magazines are not paying as much attention as they should to the construction of articles. Apparently, they are putting in the material very nearly as it comes to them, and in many cases retaining superfluous material at the beginning and end of articles which ought to be eliminated. The adage, "A good beginning is half the battle," is as true in story writing as in any other connection. The beginning and ending are the two most important places in a written discourse; so care should be taken not to allow the story to be destroyed by a superabundance of words in these parts.

Isaqueena is gotton up in tasteful style and is wealthy in short stories and poems. "The English Judicial System—Origin and Development," shows a great deal of study and care in preparation, but is uninteresting to the average reader of college magazines. "Suggestions to the Short Story Writer" contains many valuable points. "Concerning the Romance of Mr. Binks" is interesting and very attractively worked out. "Memory," "Miss Jennie and the Pets," and "How Betty Kept Her Promise," all deserve special mention.

The Clemson College *Chronicle* contains an excellent article on "The Mountaineer," which shows careful study and personal knowledge of the mountain people. It gives a true representation of their life and eagerness to learn. This article would to a great extent correct some of the wrong and unjust ideas now held by many city people in regard to the mountaineer. "Won by the Knife" has a splendid plot, but is very poorly worked out. The movement is too rapid, and the last two lines are superfluous. "A Christmas Adventurer" is very good. "Jimmie's Essay on Horses," and "Drill," are both very cleverly written.

Lebana. This magazine comes from the State Normal of Georgia. It is very thin, but contains some excellent matter. "Tim's New Year" is a splendid and interesting story. The author shows great skill in the use of conversation, which is so vital to story writing. Miss Hodgson gives a good account of the splendid practical educational system of the *George Junior Republic* in Freeville, New York. The first paragraph, however, is superfluous and detracts instead of adding to the article. "The Chapel Bell" and "Mary's New Year Resolution" deserve special attention.

Y. M. C. A.

By T. R. Parrish.

The contractor has formally turned the new Y. M. C. A. building over to the advisory committee. As this goes to press, the steamfitters are finishing up their work, and the building is ready for the equipment, which is expected every day.

The gymnasium is already doing good service to the college. The basket-ball squad has been practicing in it since the first Monday after the opening of the year.

The office furniture for the publication offices and the Y. M. C. A. offices has arrived. The telephone and the bookcases and desks from Primrose Hall have been transferred to the new Y. M. C. A. offices, and the building is already taking on a homelike appearance. All of the furniture in the offices is finished in early English, while the other furniture will be fumed oak. The auditorium seats have been installed, and the light fixtures have arrived, and meetings will have been held in the new auditorium before this goes to press.

Rev. F. H. Wright, the Indian evangelist and gospel singer, held two meetings in the college chapel on the nights of Thursday and Friday, January 16th and 17th, both of which were largely attended and much interest was shown. Many men signified their desire to reconsecrate their lives to God's service, and several men for the first time decided to live Christian lives. Mr. Wright sang at both meetings.

Sunday night, January 12th, Mr. Pardeu, Mr. Wright's assistant, addressed the Y. M. C. A. in Pullen Hall and rendered two very beautiful solos. Mr. Pardeu has a splendid tenor voice, and the Association was very grateful indeed to have him come out and sing.

The dedication exercises will be held January 31st, at 3:30 o'clock P. M., at which time a prominent speaker will make an address, and there will be greetings from all the colleges

of the State. At night, from 8 to 10 o'clock, will be a grand reception, to which all the school girls and friends of the college will be invited. At this time the building will be entirely completed and equipped.

With the opening of the new building, the Bible and Missionary committees, as well as the Religious Meeting Committee, expect to change their policies somewhat, in order to make their departments more effective. The committees are as yet, however, not ready to announce the change.

A beautiful picture of the building has been made and will be published on post cards and will be for sale in the new building.

The Association voted unanimously to allow Mr. and Mrs. Bergthold to live in the building. It was thought by some that this would be an objectionable feature, as it had not been tried elsewhere. But, due to the financial condition of the Association, it would be impossible to employ an assistant secretary. There isn't a house convenient to the college that Mr. Bergthold could secure, and if he had to go a half-mile or more to his meals he would necessarily have to close the building at the time when most of the boys want to use the telephone or read the daily papers. If the building were closed right after meals it would be imposing an unjust hardship upon the students.

By an examination of the floor plan of the building, it can be seen the rooms which Mr. and Mrs. Bergthold will occupy are secluded, and their presence will in no way interfere with the general liberty of the building. Then there are two great advantages in having Mrs. Bergthold in the building: first, the presence of a lady in the building will give a more refined atmosphere; second, we will have some place to take our mothers and sisters when they come out to see us. The library will be used as a receiving room for visitors, and we can leave our lady folks in Mrs. Bergthold's care while they are paying us a visit.

ATHLETICS

T. R. Hart, *Editor.*

When college opened after the holidays the attention of every one was turned to basket-ball. In answer to Captain Hargrove's call for candidates, thirty-five men reported for practice at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium on January 7th. Among the men to report were Phillips, Sumner, Huntley, Jeffries and Austin, of last year's varsity squad. The new material seems to be of a high class, and the authorities tell us that we will have a good team this year. The varsity squad as picked for the first game is as follows: Hargrove, Sumner and Gill, forwards; Phillips, Mason, Jeffries and Austin, guards; Terry and Huntley, centers. These men are all experienced players and should prove a winning combination. Other men who are showing up well are "Punky" Smith, Osborne, Morrison, Russo, Rochelle and Correll. Manager Hopkins has announced the following schedule for the following season:

January 18—Elon College, at Raleigh.
January 24—Washington and Lee, at Lexington, Va.
January 25—Virginia Military Inst., at Lexington, Va.
January 27—Univ. of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Va.
February 1—Davidson, at Raleigh.
February 6—Emory and Henry, at Raleigh.
February 8—Wake Forest, at Raleigh.
February 12—Wake Forest, at Wake Forest.
February 15—Trinity, at Raleigh.
February 22—University of North Carolina, at Raleigh.
February 26—Trinity, at Durham.
February 27—Elon College, at Elon.

To the friends of the two State institutions, A. & M. and Carolina, we believe this schedule will give a great deal of

pleasure. Every man here—and, we believe, the people of the State in general—are glad that athletic relations have been resumed between the two schools, and some exciting contests are promised. Within the next twelve months Carolina will meet A. & M. in every branch of college athletics.

On January 18th, the Farmers played the Elon College basket-ball team in the Raleigh Auditorium. It was the first game of the season for our team, and, considering the fact that they had had only a week's practice, every one was highly pleased with the game they played. Elon fought hard, but found it difficult to locate the baskets, and so they succumbed to the deadly shots of the Farmers by a score of 25 to 20. Mason, Hargrove and Sumner starred for A. & M., while Atkinson did the best work for Elon. A. & M. lined up as follows:

Hargrove, Sumner (Gill), forwards.

Mason, Phillips (Austin), guards.

Terry (Huntley), center.

The team is now on a trip to Virginia, where they will play the basket-ball teams of the leading colleges.

LOCALS

R. L. Sloan, *Editor.*

Dr. J. E. Turlington, a 1907 graduate of this college, who was recently elected principal of the farm-life school now in course of development in Craven County, was a visitor on January 2d. Dr. Turlington was in search of a man to be associated in the work of the first farm-life school of the State.

The representatives of the two literary societies for the Senior debate recently agreed upon a query for this annual event. Question: "Resolved, That all United States vessels should be allowed free tollage through the Panama Canal." Affirmative: C. F. Gore and R. L. Sloan, for the Pullen. Negative: L. L. Dail and J. B. Steele, for the Leazar.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class the commencement marshals were elected, viz.: Chief marshal, J. B. Reese, '14; W. R. Patton, '14; J. R. Townsend, '14; J. W. Wilson, '15; I. T. Lewis, '15; H. C. Mayes, '16, and C. O. Seifert, '16.

J. P. Lovill, '06, a Surry County boy, died in December at Spokane, Washington, where he was employed as resident engineer for the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company.

J. T. Eaton, '07, recently died in Asheville, N. C., of tuberculosis.

Mr. L. G. Thompson, '12, was married recently to Miss May Belle Jordan, of Raleigh, the ceremony being performed at the home of the bride's parents, on Blount Street.

The new Y. M. C. A. building was dedicated and thrown open January 31st. Its opening was in the evening. A reception was given to all contributors and friends.

The annual Biological Club reception was given in the Agricultural building Saturday night, January 25th. With a large number of girls from Meredith College and Raleigh, the pleasure of the occasion was assured.

Mr. H. L. Joslyn, of the Senior Class, has been elected to the position of agriculturist in the Craven County Farm-Life School.

Mr. E. D. Bowditch, of the Senior Class, attended the International Corn Exposition at Columbia, S. C., the first of the month.

Mr. W. W. Rankin, '04, who is now taking special work at the University of North Carolina, was here to represent Carolina at the dedication of the new Y. M. C. A. building.

Mr. J. S. Stroud, who graduated in 1908 from our textile department, was on the campus recently, on his way to Meridian, Miss., to take a position as superintendent and designer of the Lauterdale Cotton Mills.

Mr. E. R. McCracken, of the 1911 class, who graduated in textile industry, was a visitor last week. Mr. McCracken was on his way to Baltimore, where he has accepted a position with the Consolidated Cotton Duck Company as assistant to the superintendent.

ENGINEERING NOTES

E. B. Nichols, *Editor.*

While a young man is in college, being trained for the engineering profession, he is generally ready to listen to advice given by prosessional men. After all, we should not lose sight of the fact that the technical knowledge gained while in school is only the knowledge gained by the experience of our predecessors.

Engineering is a noble calling, and the men who follow it need not necessarily, if they so mind, be swallowed up in a sea of materialism. Matter is universal and clothes the seat of thought and spirit. In molding matter to the uses of man, the engineer but adapts himself to the conditions of a material world. The real engineer is the intellectual force and spirit back of matter. So far from being debased, he is to be congratulated that his mind may work in such close harmony with nature. His mental processes are sane and true, and, drawing their inspiration from nature, they find there an unlimited source. He need not be ashamed of his calling; let him see to it that he is worthy of it, and that he uses the rich opportunity to grow into the full measure of manhood.—*Constant.*

The fundamental difficulty, then, with the student, is that discipline and correct thinking are not things which can be imposed upon him from without, but things which he must acquire for himself, and which he can only learn to acquire for himself by being given the opportunity. To use a favorite illustration, the school is not a restaurant where a man goes to be filled up, but it is a gymnasium where he finds the apparatus which, if used as he is shown, will develop him as he ought to be developed.—*Swain.*

Though a man have a mind, it does not follow that he can

think correctly. He must have the logical principles upon which correct thinking depends, and there are many reasons for believing that he will learn them best by consciously studying the subject of logic rather than by taking it as the by-product of other courses.—*Swain.*

COMICS

W. C. Hopkins, *Editor.*

An Epitaph.

Here lie I.
While I lie,
I who lie
Must lie while
Here I lie.

By T. L. Bayne, Jr.

Dr. Summey (on English): "Mr. Gardner, can you tell us something about Bryant's last days?"

Shelby: "Oh, well, he went out in the snow one day and caught a cold and froze to death."

(Read fast.)

A flea and a fly flew up a flue.
Says the fly to the flea, "What shall we do?"
Says the flea to the fly, "Let us flee."
Says the fly to the flea, "Let us fly."
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Once an American and a Frenchman were leaving each other. The American said, "Au reservoir." The Frenchman politely said, "Tanks."

Pat had obtained employment as a hostler, and was greatly interested in the iron horses under his care. One day the yard master asked him if he could run an engine.

"Can Oi run an engine? If there's anything Oi'd rather do all day long, it's run an engine.

"Suppose you run that engine into the house."

"Oi'll do it," bluffed Pat, and climbed into the cab. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever and pulled it wide open. Zip! she went into the round-house. Pat saw the bumpers ahead, and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever clear back. Out she went—in again—out again. Then the yard master yelled:

"I thought you said you could run an engine."

But Pat had an answer ready:

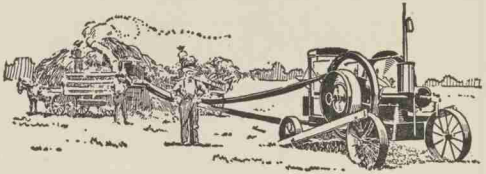
"Oi had her in there three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"

As the elevator moved upward a stout man began to stutter: "Bub-but, rt-st-st-b'r'r'r," he said, as the veins stood out upon his neck. At the fifth story the stout man's eyes were nearly starting from his head, and as he grasped the arm of the elevator man the latter nervously pulled the lever and it started for the bottom. The solitary passenger danced about, gurgling spasmodically. On reaching the bottom, however, he rushed through the door and up to the manager. "I-I ss-s-say," he spluttered, "I-I-I-I w-w-want the fuf-fifth fl-floor. Before I-I-I cc-c-can say fuf-five, I-I-I-I'm up to the t-t-top, 'n' be-be-before I-I-I can cat-cat-catch my br-br-breath, I-I-I'm down h-h-here again, 'n' I-I-I'm in a de-devil of a hurry."

THE STORM.

Arrayed in sullen ranks they lie,
The gray-black warriors of the sky;
From out their midst the lightnings leap,
On to the chase the wind hounds sweep.
A roar, a crash, the hunt is on,
And they in mad flight laugh barriers to scorn.

T. L. Bayne, Jr., '14.



Made Right—Runs Right—Stays Right

That is why an I H C engine is the most economical engine for you to buy. Only the best material is used. The machining and assembling are done by experienced, skilled workmen. Therefore, it is built right. The thorough factory tests prove that it runs right and will stay right.

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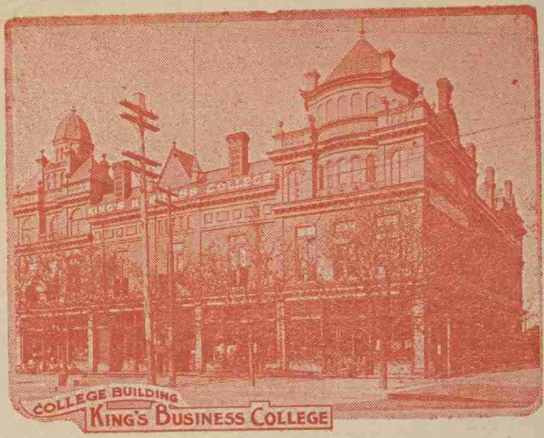

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