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DECEMBER NUMBER
1913

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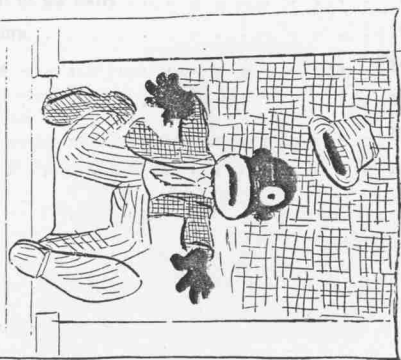
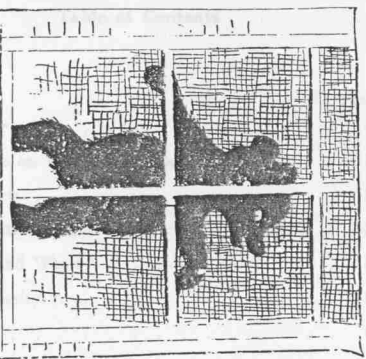
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RALEIGH, N. C.



1911



THE RED AND WHITE

Vol. XV. First Number, 2^d C., December 1914. No. 1

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THE RED AND WHITE

VOL. XV. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER, 1913. No. 3.

THE ROSE JAR.

Full half a century has passed away
Since first these roses reddened to their prime;
And yet the devastating hand of time
Hath wrought no grievous symptom of decay.
For this the form that graced that far-off May
Has faded—silken touch and tint sublime—
All that most truly claims the poet's rhyme
Lingers, imperishable, till to-day.

Surely the very essence of the flower
Lurks in this fragrance, drifting down the years,
A subtle incense, neath whose magic power
Unto the age-worn, wistful eye appears
Many a rose-bloom, many a roseate bower,
Sunned by youth's smile and watered by his tears.

TWO THOUGHTS ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Whether we are in accord with the movement or not, we shall soon have to accept woman suffrage as a part of our greater evolution. Almost all just thinkers admit woman's legal right to a voice in the affairs of our government, and the opposition to her exercise of this right is based almost wholly upon a reluctance to give up the old order of things, and to relinquish certain outworn ethical principles. Admitting the legal right of woman to share in the rule of the world in which she and her sons and daughters must live, we can still see that our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters must come to play their part in the government, because social conditions need their leavening influence, and because they need an outlet for the expression of their too long pent up personalities.

Who denies the fact that our government needs the hand of womankind to remove its crudities, to tone down its harshness, and to instill in it gentleness? Who can blind himself to the truth that we need in our laws the expression in a larger measure of the dictates of the heart? Admitting this truth, who can gainsay the fact that woman by her very nature is fitted for this task of instilling into man's iron rules of life some of her gentleness? Her spirit, the mother spirit, rules in the home, and guides her children, as can no other influence, along the road of growth of character and growth of soul. Should the guiding influence of the mother spirit end with the home, and not extend into the outside world? The world with its machines has invaded woman's domain and taken from her many of her tasks; then should not the mother's rule extend over the world which calls her children from her. The mother spirit must not find its only expression in the now invaded home; its influence must extend over that larger sphere of activity into which the mother must ever send her sons and daughters.

Woman should share in the government not only because society needs more of her mother spirit, but also because she needs a medium, the ballot, for the expression of her broadening life, and because she seeks the vote as the visible representation of the new freedom toward which she is striving, and which she is destined to win; and when she wins this new freedom she will cease being moulded to man's ideal, and will be herself. Then in the role of herself she will be no less the sweetheart, wife, and mother, though more the companion and chum of man.

The result of woman's emancipation will not be that she will lose any of her womanly graces; it will be that she will become broader, and have, to round out her nature, even more wonderful qualities than she now possesses. She will become the woman described by the poet-prophet, Walt Whitman, in these lines:

"They are not one jot less than I am,
They are tann'd in the face by shining suns and blowing winds,
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength,
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run,
strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves,
They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm,
clear, well-possessed of themselves."

And will man lose any of his rights as woman comes into hers? No, but to win this many-sided woman he will have to develop himself more fully, and approach more closely to her ideals. Thus by raising woman to a higher position in society, we will bear out the law, proven by history, that the degree of a civilization is determined largely by the position woman holds in its social scheme, and mount to heights never before attained.

THE BEAR FACTS.

An interview with a distinguished visitor.

An event of unusual interest and importance in college circles was the appearance at A. & M. of a distinguished visitor who recently presided over the morning devotional exercises in Pullen Hall. So great was the enthusiasm aroused among the students by the presence of such a respected personage, that the battalion was dismissed, that the cadets might cheer the idol of the occasion. While it was laudable that the A. & M. undergraduates should stand in respectful awe and admiration of their guest, it was unfortunate that these emotions were so prevalent that the hero who graced the chapel with his presence should have been forced to make his address to so many empty seats. The Red and White's representative was so fortunate as to be one of the small audience, and listened with great interest to the address of the gentleman presiding. The substance of his discourse was contained in the phrase "bear and forbear." Some one in the assembly was so rude as to interrupt the speaker in the first part of his discourse by asking how could he expect a person to "bear" when he had never been to dancing school, and if "forbear" wasn't a corruption and inversion of the compound word "bear-fur." The speaker replied courteously that the gentleman's question was entirely irrelevant, and sprang from a source of unfathomable ignorance.

When our visitor had concluded his talk, the Red and White's representative approached him, and obtained the following interview:

"Mr. —er—er?"

"My name? On week days I am A. Bear, while on Sundays, holidays, in scientific circles, and in Boston I am *Americanus Ursus*."

"Your home?"

"At present, is in Pullen Park."

"How do you like A. & M.?"

"It's great. But I must say that you provide wretched conveyances for your guests."

"How do you like the Raleigh girls?"

"I could hug them all."

"Don't you think A. & M. had some team this year?"

"You bet! When you licked Washington and Lee I celebrated by having a big dance, and we did the 'bear' until three o'clock."

"Speaking of the 'bear,' do you approve of it?"

"Why certainly! My only criticism is that you humans do not hug tight enough."

Just at this time the carriage of Mr. Americanus Ursus drove up, and the interview came to a close.

N. B.—The staff photographer was unable to get a good picture of our distinguished guest, but our artist has sketched him from memory. The picture appears as our frontispiece.

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



IF A SUFFRAGETTE'S DREAM CAME TRUE.

ZEB BUTTS, JR., '17.

"Mawnin' paper, mister? All about de—"

"No, I have one," the gentleman addressed answered.

"Gee! Jim, wats de use tryin'?" said Sam despondently.

"Come on, and let's smoke."

"Sure—aint had a smoke dis mornin'," answered Jim eagerly. "Want er watch out fer de new mayor do; 'bout time f'er to go to 'er office. She pinches every guy she gets a chance at for smoking cigarettes. A feller can't do nuthin' widout gittin' pinched. Yesterday I saw an old gent pinched because a cop heard him say dat he wished men could vote like dey uster. Ain't dat de limit?"

The two newsboys sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and lit their cigarettes.

"Us fellers could get 'long right when dere wuz only two or t'ree, but now dere's a gal on every corner," said Sam with a sweep of his arm, "all diked out wit dem near pants on—course de fellers goin' to buy frum dem, an' not from us."

"Say, ain't dat a peach down on de corner o' Market and Main?" asked Jim, suddenly smiling.

"She would be, if she would stay at home, an' ten' to 'er bus'ness," answered Sam with a frown of disgust.

"Say, I tell you wat's let's do," said Jim, going back to the original conversation: "To-morrow we'll—Gee! Here comes de mayor. Run!"

Jim had accidently caught sight of the mayor only half a block away. Their discussion of men's rights had become so interesting they had forgotten to keep watch.

Both boys reluctantly dropped their "ducks," and ran for the nearest alley to seek a safer place in which to make their plans for a campaign against the newsgirls.

The mayor continued to her office wondering why the two newsboys ran when they saw her. She had not seen the smoking remains of their cigarettes. Entering her office with an air of importance, the mayor nodded to her stenographer, and began the usual preparations for her morning's work. She had just taken off her hat, and was taking a peep in the large mirror screened off in one corner of the room when the chief of police entered.

"Good morning, chief. Hang up that tiresome looking club and have a seat. You did not report yesterday, so I know you have a list that will keep me busy all afternoon.

"Yes," answered the chief, "I would have reported yesterday, but an old brute of a man almost held up the entire force yesterday afternoon in the park. He was found by Number Five on a bench intoxicated. Failing to arouse him, she called for help, and finally they had to ring for me and the patrol. We hit him over the head; but he would only laugh and ask us in a hiccouggy manner to scratch his head some more. I tell you it was humiliating. I almost wanted to shoot him."

"Have him brought up first this afternoon. I'll fix him," said the mayor with a determined set of her lips. "What else have you got on your list?"

"First: John Smith for talking back to his wife when she told him to hurry back to supper. He made an awful racket."

"I'll give him about two months," mused the mayor. "What next?"

"Second," read the chief, "Mrs. Pankhurst for smashing windows."

"I'll think that over for a while," thought the mayor. "I'll bet she had a good reason for doing it." Aloud she said, "The morning is too pretty to be spent in telling of such things. How do you like my new suit?"

"Oh, it's just lovely," answered the chief. "I get so tired

of wearing this uniform I almost want to resign sometimes. O, but say, are you going to the ball to-night?"

"Why, yes, I had forgotten it. I will have to call up Charlie and make a date for to-night."

The chief picked up her club and started to leave. As she opened the door she turned and said, "Wouldn't it be funny if the gentlemen made dates with the ladies as they did in history."



WHO'S WHO AND WHY?

I.

What's greener than grass,
 And bluer than blue,
 And wiser than the President,
 Or me, or you?
 Say it again; I understand—
 Mr. F-R-E-S-H-man.

II.

What's bossier than the boss
 And knows more than Noah,
 And wears his little top-piece
 Hind part a-fore?
 Don't say it again, I implore.
 Every one sees Mr. Soph-o-more.

III.

What's cuter than a cutter
 And gayer than a lark,
 And all the time spooning
 Out in the park?
 'Tis the man who's gone right far—
 Little Mr., Big Mr. Jun-i-or.

IV.

What's nobler than a noble
 And "storier" than a store,
 And talks so much "I,"
 'Till he's "borier" than a boar?
 Here he comes! Isn't he grand?
 But who is he—this Senior man?

A WINTHROP GIRL.

MUSIC, A NECESSITY.

Music plays more than an important part in the lives of men; it is a necessity. It is the one passion, of the many passions, in which men indulge, that instead of lowering them elevates them both intellectually and morally. Without it the world would be dull; nature would lose her charm; and man, having been deprived of harmony, would live in discord. It is the music in our daily life that has, in the end, the great influence for good. The music may be in the form of happy laughter, the chirping of a cricket, the thrilling notes from some instrument, or the majestic roar of the thunder.

Inspiration in literature, the means of attaining the highest efficiency in writing, may be drawn from no other source as from music.

Some men have distinguished themselves by giving to the world poems and essays containing thought or feeling that will immortally gladden the hearts of those who read. These works were inspired harmonies of thought. A poet may get both pleasure and inspiration alike from the whisperings of the wind and the masterful tones of the violin. He hears music in everything, and as he interprets it, gives its beauty to the world.

Not only do the master minds find music an inspiration, but we also, though unconsciously, are invigorated from the same source, therein lying our necessity.

A beautiful spring day entices us to the fields and woods, because there is that within us which yearns for, and responds to nature's best and grandest recital. The man who has failed to respond to this harmonious voice of nature has lost melodies that he will never hear in any auditorium. How often have those who responded to nature's songs wished to listen forever to the voice of the mistress of harmony. To try to describe the emotions—the joy, the peace, that music

brings to the soul of man would be to do what genius has never done. We can only feel and remember that "The simplest music can express what no other art is able to suggest," for which reason it is essential to our greatest happiness, and so a necessity.

AT TWILIGHT.

By McN.

The tired mother croons to the babe at her breast:
 "Hush, my little darling, go to thy rest;
 And mother will tuck thee away in thy nest—
 Sleep and dream, sleep and rest.

The mother hen gathers her brood to her wing.
 Hear, little babe, how the katydids sing,
 And way 'cross the meadows the cow-bells ring—
 Golden dreams twilight brings.

So soft glows the firelight on hearth-rug and wall!
 See, my little honey the deep shadows fall;
 And sorrows and shadows a lone heart enthrall—
 Sleepy, drooping eyelids fall.

'Sleep sweet, little babe,' is the teapot's song,
 Murmuring softly, 'twill not be long
 That thou shalt be snuggled so safe from all wrong—
 Drooping eyelids dreams prolong."

THE TRAIL OF THE SKIRT.

It was the twilight hour. Longer and deeper grew the restful shadows in the secluded hollows of the Sauratowns. Time seemed to halt for a moment, while man and beast and insect rested in tranquil contemplation. Then suddenly and mysteriously the great red August moon peeped over the darkening crest of Sunset Mount, flooding the hotel valley with a soft, ruddy light, and weirdly illuminating the recesses of its garden.

Alex. Walsh stirred uneasily in his deep wicker chair, and impatiently knocked the ashes from his pipe. He arose, and rested his hands on the veranda railing. Looking longingly away toward Sunset he began softly:

“You rising moon that looks for us again
How oft’ hereafter will she wax——”

Turning abruptly with a bitter laugh, he addressed his companion:

“Sorry sentiment, eh, Jean, old man? Too oft’ already has she looked for me here. Cascade! Cascade, the devil! Why in thunder I came here to this beastly little hole of a resort and invited you is more than that gossip, Mrs. Talkmore, could tell. Setback from breakfast till dinner, whist from dinner till supper, and that infernal stuff they call dancing from supper till breakfast! Sorry swap I’ve made, Jean: trout fishing in the Meadows for greasy cards; stimulating tramps in the Pinnacles to the music of the woods, for a bunch of shuffling to the twang of a banjo and the scraping of a fiddle; a good bed of leaves for one of those stalls up stairs. But, Jean, it’s the boot I can’t stand—the twaddle, twaddle of these pussy cats, and butterflies, and turtle doves sandwiched in everlastingly! Can’t you feel the lure of old Sunset? Don’t the hills, and the open, and the quiet call you? Speak, man! Arn’t you eternally hungry for the nameless quest offered by the boundless open?”

"Wednesday evening—this evening," mused the little Frenchman, looking at a telegram. "Qu'est—ah!" To Alex's fretful questions he replied with a sympathetic grunt, twirled his pointed black moustache, and continued silently blowing smoke rings.

This evening the little Frenchman was reticent. Ordinarily he revealed the peculiar French temperament in his vivacious outbursts of wit, or in passionate fits of anger. He, too, was evidently engaged with a train of musings.

At the opposite end of the porch sat another couple.

"Mr. Walsh is a darling, isn't he, Jo?" cooed the turtle dove in cream and lavender to the butterfly in soft yellow.

"He's a perfect dear!" replied the butterfly, "but such a strange, timid little boy. I wonder why he's so fond of that beastly little Frenchman with the beady eyes and that twisty moustache? He'll bear watching, will Monsieur le Compte—"

"De Vernuil," supplied the turtle dove. "Jimmy tells me that in the old days the Harvard men wondered at the same friendship. They were so unlike. You know Mr. Walsh was a big, strong, famous athlete; a dandy good fellow if he was shy, and preferred tramping through the woods to the Frat. Germans. But Monsieur le Compte—whee! nothing short about him, except, you know, Jo, Billy says he studiously avoided intimacies with skirts. At poker and wine he was a brick, and he could make dandy toasts. The fellows finally decided both were misogynists—or whatever you call a woman-hater—and explained their friendship on this common ground. At any rate they were very, very chummy. I don't believe the count is any misogynist, do you, Jo?"

"Mr. Walsh is very wealthy, isn't he?" queried inquisitive Jo.

"Dear me, I should smile!" responded the turtle dove, grasping gladly at such a delicious morsel for conversation. "His father is dead; and he and his mother have a magnifi-

cent city place, with real horses, and touring cars, and numberless servants; and a real rustic country place built just like those on the Rhine; and a summer home at Bucknell Beach; and one at Lake Toxaway, and a winter home in Florida; and——”

“But what’s he doing here?” interrupted Jo.

“Goodness, child, you certainly don’t know much about Mr. Walsh. He goes to see his mother only occasionally—when he’s broke, I guess. Since he left Harvard he’s been living, nobody knows where, back among those horrid mountain people. And Mrs. Talkmore says he has a cabin, and tramps for days among the hills; and he fishes and—actually sleeps on the ground; and she’s sure he’s going to write a book like the *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. You know he’s awfully smart. And he just dropped in here suddenly like he does everywhere else—perhaps to meet the count. You know, Jo, Le Compte de Vernuil couldn’t sleep on the ground, and fish, and tramp.”

“Is the count wealthy, too?” broke in Jo.

“You inquisitive little gossip! What do you think I know about the count? Mrs. Talkmore—you know Mrs. Talkmore, the fussy, stout lady who takes two pieces of chicken at one time—says he’s only a piece of run-down nobility, and that he goes with Mr. Walsh for his money; and she knows he’s up to some perfectly dreadful scheme. I think Mrs. Talkmore is a spiteful old cat, don’t you?”

While this chatter was going on Alex had dropped again into the chair by that of his friend. The pair smoked in meditative silence.

“Jean, I do know why I invited you here and why I came myself. I was beginning to grow lonely back in those hills just as I used to at Harvard. I was growing hungry for a little human companionship, I suppose—or for some something I can’t define. You’re all right, old pal; but after being in this muddle for a couple of weeks, I’m getting restless

again. I'd heard that this was such a chummy kind of a little resort! My coming was just another trail of the eternal quest I'm on—always searching for I know not what—never contented! In the mountains I wanted people, I reckon. These counterfeits here bore me. To-night I'm hungry again for the mountains; for the companionship of the open road; for the tramping with continual expectation of something new—and there is something new, worth while; every half mile gives you a startling change of landscape. The joy of walking around old Baldy! H——, what more can I search for?"

The Frenchman cleared his throat; while his dark features lighted up with a wary smile.

"Ah-a-a! Alec, except for the stolid, piggish mind all life is a quest. And even swine root in the earth. Some find before others for what they are searching. The pathetic part, boy, is that some of us find our little quests arn't worth while. For me there shall be no hero, no ideal, no quest. I shall just drift, a wanderer, and taste the bitter and the sweet as life offers them. Yes, d——, already I've tasted the bitter; and, vanity or no vanity, mind you I shall taste the sweet. Remember, a man becomes intoxicated either to celebrate or to drown his troubles."

In a serious mood, Jean, as his intimates knew him, spoke admirable English. In his lighter moods he sometimes burst into a delightful French-English jargon. He continued:

"Ah! aha! mon Alex. I know ze quest. You come, to twist ze meaning of ze phrase, *chercher la femme*. Mon Dieu! You leave ze quest of—*qu'est-ce que you call zem ?*—ze speckled beauties for ze quest of ze skirt. *Nom de Dieu!*" The count twirled his moustache and laughed softly: "*Tiens!* it es ze eternal quest for ze soul companionship. *Les femmes! Bien heureux qui rien n'ya.*"

"*Peste soit les femmes!*" retorted Alex. In the name of one of your sacred pigs or dogs, what in the devil are you talking about?"

The count was looking away into space smiling. Alex fell into a study. The words of the count offered sufficient food for reflection.

How long he dreamed Alex. did not know. He returned to earth only when the evening coach pulled in from across Bull Mountain. The coach brought a single guest. As she stepped erect and elastic into the soft glow of the porch lights Alex. experienced a peculiar feeling of familiarity. He noticed at a glance a wisp of brown hair floating subtly from the confines of a tight hat on a marvelously white forehead. After the vision had swept lightly into the lobby the picture remained—a wisp of hair, that complexion, half-formed dreams of elastic muscles. Alex. wondered. His thoughts became irritating.

"Where in the thunder have I seen her before? That face, that figure! Seems to me like a friend of to-day, of yesterday, of all the days. But I have known no woman intimately—and yet I know her. I've never in my life talked to one for half an hour, except— The devil! I believe I'm going crazy. Day dreams? Can it be that? Can she be just a dream-woman come true? A dream woman—that's what she is; and an intimate."

He smiled complacently, but he was far from satisfied.

The count had also seen the vision. He chuckled softly, and industriously twirled his little black moustache. He was far from perplexed.

"Jean, did you see the woman who came in a moment ago? Know her? Seems to me that I've known her somewhere. Wonder who she is?"

"Ah—aha! Alec, you have come to find the woman. Suppose you ask her."

The count said so much and held his peace.

"Mine for the hay," Alec yawned presently. "How about it, Jean?"

The count declared his intention of remaining awake by lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Aw well, then, screech owl, au reservoir," gibed Alex., as he arose.

"Tanks," responded the count.

The two laughed: au reservoir—tanks was their favorite joke.

Soon Alex. was dreaming dreams of brown curls and proud, elastic muscles. And, in the hotel parlor, the count was buried in conversation with the vision of the evening. As he backed through the doorway he held his forefinger warningly to his lips and whispered:

"Remember, Marie, you musn't overdo a good thing."

His haughty shoulders fell into a depressed droop. Shaking his head ominously and muttering inarticulately in French he entered the elevator.

II.

The following morning as Alex. was taking an after-breakfast turn through the little hotel garden, his musings were interrupted by a soft purr:

"Hello! Mr. Walsh."

Startled, Alex. looked about him. For the moment he saw no one. A rippling laugh—and peeping through a mass of crimson flowers that face, now contorted into a provoking smile. Again the bewildering sound of laughter. The big football hero tore a rose in embarrassment. The enemy came slowly out of ambush with the right hand of friendship extended—

"Of course you don't remember me. It was so long ago; and there was such excitement after the Harvard-Princeton game, '08; and as usual Billy Murray was all in a hurry—there, I've made a rhyme."

Alex. smiled.

"Pardon my stupidity, Miss—Miss—"

"Marie Oliver," she supplied, with a dainty toss of her head and a provoking smile.

"Yes, Miss Oliver, I do remember. Billy introduced me

just after the big game. But there was such a crowd, and—"And you were the great, big pet of the crowd," finished the witch, coyly plucking at a leaf.

She laughed frankly. Alex. joined in. He began to experience a novel sensation of ease. They walked toward a rustic arbor, from which after some minutes had passed they were summoned to dinner.

After dinner Alex. and the little Frenchman strolled down the woods path toward the river.

"Jean, you remember the woman about whom we were talking last evening—the one who came in the coach? I did know her—that is, I met her after the Harvard-Princeton game '08; and I had forgotten her. No! Isn't it remarkable that the one glimpse I had of her in that mob should have lived in my fancy through these years? A shadowy vision has haunted me constantly through the mountains. Strange thing you had never noticed such a striking woman, Jean."

The count hesitated a moment; then managed to prophesy rather merrily through the tugs at his moustache:

"The trail of the skirt, Alex."

The pair proceeded in silence, Alex. musing:

"And so this is the dream woman, and I have come in search for her? Rot! At any rate she's a queen."

A peculiar thrill rippled and shivered through Alex. A great bouyant joy welled up in his soul. Unconsciously he lengthened his steps.

"Tiens, Alex.! we take ze walk together," called the count.

"And, Jean, I'm going to dance with her to-night if I break all vows," called back Alex.

To the big fellow who had been lonely a large part of his life the companionship of the days that followed was golden. The twaddle of women he no longer found unendurable. The greasy cards became a fascinating afternoon diversion. In the morning he and Marie roamed the woods and plucked the wild flowers of the hills. In the evenings they danced

together, all unconscious that they were the cynosure of envious eyes—the object of many of Mrs. Talkmore's cunning insinuations.

One morning Alex. ventured to ask Marie why she had dared the mountains alone. She responded:

"For recreation, of course, and perhaps to pluck a few of the flowers which bloom in the mountain retreats during the summer. But chiefly in obedience to instinct—in answer to a nameless call which bade me leave behind for a while the sham of the city. I'm a wanderer, and there's something—something I want and wait for."

"Poor little girl!" The words slipped out. "Are you, too, a wanderer and seeker?"

Her eyes glowed warm, sympathetically.

"Marie, at last I've found a peaceful spot—and you, Marie—"

Abruptly, with a peal of laughter, truly a nymph of the woods, she fled toward the hotel—

Again the count and Alex. smoked together on the hotel porch.

"Jean, old pal, after all it isn't such a bad place, is it? To-night I think I'll—arn't these moonlit nights enchanting?" he concluded hastily.

"Alex., my friend, beware the witchery of moonlit nights!" the count replied bitterly.

"Why, Jean, what's gone wrong with you?"

The count forced a laugh.

"You came; you've seen; and you'll find the woman—by moonlight."

Soon the ball-room lights glowed. The hotel season was drawing to a close, for it was the night of the big dance. The dreamy, sensuous strains of the orchestra filled their senses. Marie, in a filmy, orange colored ball dress intoxicated Walsh with her beauty.

At the close of the first waltz Marie whispered to Alex.: "After the third dance let's run away to the rose garden."

At this moment the count claimed her for the second dance.

During the second dance, for which he had as a partner the turtle dove in cream and lavender, Alex. realized suddenly that the room seemed strangely vacant. He discovered that Marie was not dancing.

The dance came to a close, and Alex. hurried to the open—out across the deserted veranda towards the little garden, towards the enchanted bower. As he pushed noiselessly through the shrubbery he perceived that the little arbor was occupied. He recognized Marie's voice. By the moonlight he saw her hands grasping the shoulders of a small man. Alex. was stricken still.

"Remember, Marie, you must not—"

"Must not, bah! Did you not send for me?"

Alex., undesirous of playing the eavesdropper, turned to retreat. These words rooted him to the spot.

"Oui! Oui! But I did not think it would end so. Alex. is an adorable friend."

The woman assumed a picturesque attitude of scorn. The words which followed, cold, bitter, sarcastic, could have come only from her—defiant.

"Your friend, bah! You little sneak," she hissed. "Say his money lures you. I know you and your life! Oh, yes, you are for tasting the sweet! I, too, know the bitterness of poverty and want of friends! I, too, search for the sweet! Some pluckings is Alex., eh, Jean? Motor cars, summer homes, and servants!"

"To pluck a few of the flowers of the hills," boomed and echoed in Alex's ears. His hands closed and unclosed convulsively, the nails biting the blood from the hard flesh.

"O yes, Jeany, like you I've sunk, perhaps—but it's precious little you know. But I—I remember a certain little escapade of yours in which there was blood; and your gambols with the authorities—"

In these few moments the little Frenchman's condition had changed from flashing eyes to livid anger.

As the woman continued her tense tones relaxed, and her voice became dangerously soft.

"But, Jean, we shan't fuss. We will taste the sweet together, you and I—"

"Yes, the sweet together," echoed the Frenchman.

"Yes, the sweet together," re-echoed the man in the hedge, an aged look in his face.

A moonbeam filtering through the leaves of a giant oak lighted Walsh's face. He burst into laughter—and finished the verse begun a week before:

"How oft hereafter rising look for us

Through this same garden—and for *one* in vain!"

He turned to go. A sob greeted him. He looked wonderingly at the figure so near in the hedge. It was only the turtle dove of the cream and lavender who, too, had come too early to an appointment.

Muttering things about the magic of filtered moonbeams, he strode away embittered; soon he was lost in the shadow of stately old Sunset.

MY ALGEBRA.

I.

Of all the horrible studies
That hang on memory's soul
It is that immutable ALGEBRA
That seemeth the worst to control.
Not for the time I've wasted;
Not that the teacher was punk;
Not that I thought he crooked me,
For I calmly took that flunk;
Not that on factoring I stumbled,
As those simple equations I cursed;
Not that those theories dazed me,
But those surds I deemed the worst.

II.

I once had some hopes of passing,
 And I seemed to hear a lullaby sweet;
 When on that final I took me,
 And O, grave! must I face defeat;
 Then brave as a "coon" in a hen house
 At that final I made one stab—
 Timid as a lion in a tempest
 I gave the Prof. what I had;
 And I heard my heart beat loudly
 As my hopes rode a higher plane,
 But now they were deplorably shattered—
 Oh, heavens, I had flunked again.

III.

Madly for the door I battled,
 For Prof. seemed to have no heart;
 Madly for my room I started,
 Cursing with each new start;
 Forlornly I packed my belongings,
 Thinking homeward my way I should wend,
 When suddenly a husky voice hailed me:
 "Don't go; let's try it again."
 But alas, of all things that haunt me
 And hang on memory's soul,
 It is that inhuman ALGEBRA
 That seemeth to kill my soul.

S. F. D., '14.

THE RED AND WHITE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE STUDENTS
OF THE

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS.

[Edited by the Pullen Literary Society (P. L. S.) and the Leazar
Literary Society (L. L. S.)]

SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, \$1.00 Single copy, 15 cents.

Entered in the West Raleigh Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

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.

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE RED AND WHITE wishes to add its congratulations to those showered by the alumni and friends of A. & M. upon the college for her victory in foot-ball Thanksgiving over Washington and Lee University, which enabled her to gain the South Atlantic Foot-ball Championship. The highest praise is due the team, Captain Hurtt, Coach Green, Assistant Coach Heagarty, and those students who loyally supported the team by their presence at the game.

The team should, of course, be given the largest share of glory, for it was not after all the team's victory. But in recalling the team's great deeds, we should not forget the scrubs, who by playing against it day after day did much to develop the strength and fighting spirit of the varsity.

Coach Green, Assistant Coach Heagarty, and Captain Hurtt, together, deserve to rank next in renown; the coaches because they trained the team to use its strength and brains; the captain because he led his men to victory.

Each man who made the trip to Norfolk to cheer for the team deserves the highest praise for his college spirit, and should feel that he, in part, was responsible for A. & M.'s triumph.

CONSIDERATION.

All of us desire a reputation for thoughtfulness, yet few of us know how to add that quality to our characters. One of the easiest ways of becoming considerate is to make a mental note of each act of others that causes us mental or physical discomfiture, and take care not to offend in kind. Keeping this thought in mind, those habits and peculiarities of our friends which annoy us may remind us not to vex others in a like manner.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

Many wise men of the present age say that we are in the midst of a new Renaissance; that people are beginning to give more thought to the beautiful in life, and to living as an art rather than as a process. The force which vitalizes these ideals of a true and beautiful passage through this world have been drawn from the philosophies of the great prophets that lived in the past. From the teachings of each of these men have been taken the truths which combined to make a wonderful source of power, upon which we are beginning to draw, and utilize in driving us toward the realization of a truer life.

Winston Churchill, in speaking of this power, says: "That same driving power produced the Renaissance, produced a Shakespeare, produced a Reformation, since which the world has gone steadily forward, and it is now preparing to produce a greater age than history has ever witnessed."

The following were served as officers in the Junior Library Society during the Fall Term: E. Hoops, President; J. B. Howard, Vice-President; E. M. Kline, Secretary; G. L. Jellies, Treasurer; H. L. Clark, Critic; D. W. Farrow, Chaplain; G. M. Sullivan, Sergeant-at-Arms; D. K. Roberts, Chaplain.

The following were served as officers during the Spring Term: E. M. Kline, President; G. L. Jellies, Vice-President; A. C. Sullivan, Secretary; E. F. Harris, Treasurer; M. B. Colquhoun, Critic; John C. Cooper, Chaplain; J. F. Howard, Chaplain; W. A. Johnson, Sergeant-at-Arms.



The following were served as officers in the Faculty Library Society during the Fall Term: W. B. Farrow, President; E. F. Harris, Vice-President; A. J. Dandridge, Secretary; J. B. Williams, Treasurer; M. L. Livingston, Critic; L. M. Gray, Chaplain; B. G. Austin, Librarian; W. G. Caldwell, Chaplain.

LOCALS

E. B. NICHOLS, Editor.

In the meeting of the Senior Class held December 11th it was decided that the members should ask the family of their classmate, E. W. Waldroup, of Hayesville, who recently died, to allow them to contribute toward the monument that is to be placed in his memory. It might be well said here that all who came in contact with Waldroup remember him with affection and esteem, and mourn his loss to the college, his class, and his friends here in Raleigh.

LITERARY SOCIETY OFFICERS.

The following men served as officers in the Leazar Literary Society during the Fall Term: J. F. Huette, President; J. S. Howard, Vice-President; F. S. Klutz, Secretary; G. L. Jeffers, Treasurer; E. L. Cloyd, Critic; D. W. Thorpe, Censor; O. M. Schlihter, Sergeant-at-Arms; D. E. Roberts, Chaplain.

The following men were elected to serve during the Spring Term: E. B. Nichols, President; G. L. Jeffers, Vice-President; A. C. Fluck, Secretary; J. F. Harris, Treasurer; M. R. Quinerly, Critic; Lacy John, Censor; J. F. Huette, Chaplain; V. A. Johnston, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The following men served as officers in the Pullen Literary Society during the Fall Term: W. R. Patton, President; R. P. Harris, Vice-President; A. J. Doolittle, Secretary; J. R. Williams, Treasurer; M. L. Livermon, Critic; L. M. Craig, Censor; B. O. Austin, Librarian; W. G. Caldwell, Chaplain.

The men elected to serve during the Spring Term were: A. J. Doolittle, President; J. R. Williams, Vice-President; J. McK. Spears, Secretary; J. D. Ray, Treasurer; L. M. Craig, Critic; C. R. Bailey, Censor; J. E. Trevathan, Librarian; J. C. Carpenter, Chaplain.

SENIOR DEBATORS.

Leazar Literary Society—J. F. Huette, E. B. Nichols, and M. R. Quinnerly, Alternate.

Pullen Literary Society—W. R. Patton, T. L. Bayne, Jr., and L. M. Craig, Alternate.

FRESHMAN OFFICERS.

The Freshmen recently elected G. G. Baker as Class Poet and J. S. Tennett, Class Historian.



ATHLETICS

B. O. AUSTIN, *Editor.*

A. AND M., 6; WASHINGTON AND LEE, 0.

By winning a victory over Washington and Lee University on Thanksgiving Day A. & M. established her claim to the title of Champion of the South Atlantic States. THE RED AND WHITE, at the risk of incurring some criticism, reprints the best of the newspaper accounts of the contest, that which appeared in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*:

In a game that will long stand as one the best ever seen on a gridiron in Virginia, the Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina defeated Washington and Lee in League Park Thursday afternoon by a score of 6 to 0. The game went to the better team of the two. In offensive and defensive work, in the use of the forward pass, and in general tactical display, the North Carolina eleven outclassed their Virginia opponents, and though it was won hardly, the game was won fairly and well.

It was in the final quarter that the Washington and Lee goal line was crossed. A. & M. had the ball on the thirty-five yard line, and on a forward pass, Scarry to Seifert—both subs—went to the 17-yard line. Quarterback Van Brocklin passed the ball to Riddick, right half back and with head down and feet running fast, he placed it on a line but seven yards from the goal. Again the leather was given him, and when he was downed the ball had but two and a half yards to go. Tenney, A. & M.'s full back, had been taken out of the game in the first quarter on account of a sprained ankle, and Scarry had been sent in.

"COME ON, BOYS," IS TOCSIN.

With the ball on the seven-yard line, Coach Greene, of Agricultural and Mechanical College, heard Van Broklin cry out: "Come on, boys." He turned to Tenney, sitting in agony on the bench, and pleading for another chance to go into the game.

"Go," he said to Tenney, "and show me what you can do."

Without a word the full back leaped from the bench and ran across the field. Scarry gave up his place to the regular, and Tenney went in. The oval was still seven yards away when Tenney re-entered the game, and he joined in the interference which aided Right Half Riddick to win to within two and a half yards of the line.

They say that opportunity comes at some hour in life to every man. It had come to Tenney. He knew beforehand what the signal would be, and Coach Green, watching from the far side lines, had a prophecy of the result. He was smiling.

"Come on, boys," yelled Van Broklin, as he gave the signal. "Come on, boys," was echoed back from the grandstand, where sat the student body of the North Carolina school. Plyler snapped the ball. Van Broklin passed it to Tenney, and the 190-pound full back charged into the General's line. Washington and Lee could not withstand that charge. The line wilted and broke, and Tenney went through. He rested on the goal line as he put the ball over.

A. & M. CHEERERS WILD.

The northeast side of the grandstand, where sat the A. & M. rooters, seemed all at once to rise up into the air. A mighty cheer arose, and even some of the Washington and Lee student body joined in the shout of victory. It was the full of the tide. A. & M. had kept the ball in Washington and Lee territory most of the time, and non-partisan on-

lookers had seen that soon or late the North Carolinians must score.

Riddick failed on his attempt to kick goal. But the touch-down was enough, for never after that did Washington and Lee even threaten the A. & M. goal. The men from Lexington were hard put to it to prevent another score, and punted frequently to keep the ball out of the danger zone whenever it passed into their hands. As an exhibition of foot-ball, of grit, courage and demonstration on both sides, this game will go down in the annals of Virginia-North Carolina athletics as one of the greatest ever played between the two States.

The victory was clean cut and without element of luck. Every yard that North Carolina made was earned, earned by hard play, by determination and by foot-ball sense. Both lines were heavy and strong, but the North Carolina line was the stronger of the two, while the total weight of the opposing eleven was more by four pounds.

And, after all is said and done, and after all credit is given and all element of chance is taken into account, it can be said only that victory went to the better team of the two, to the eleven men who earned every inch of ground they covered. That lessens not the least the glory and honor, which should go to Washington and Lee. It were glory enough to lose to such a foe, and they took defeat as only true sportsmen know how to see loss come upon them. When the game was over the Lexingtonians cheered the victorious eleven and North Carolina gave them back cheer for cheer, and uttered not a boastful word.

WASHINGTON AND LEE FAVORITE.

A. & M. entered the game with odds against them. The betting was \$100 to \$80, and much money was put up. A few Richmonders came down to see the game, all of them laying odds on W. & L. One man, who is well known in the City Hall, brought down \$975. He was cautious enough to

provide himself with a return ticket, and returns by boat to-night.

Much was added to the general interest in the game by the fact that the players were numbered. Washington and Lee taking even numbers and A. & M. the odd. The numbers were marked in large figures on the backs of the players, and those with programs could distinguish them.

A. & M. rushed Washington and Lee in every quarter of the game, and many times had the Generals off their feet. Three times the North Carolinians came near scoring before they made a tally. At the end of the first quarter, in which Washington and Lee put up its best defensive game, A. & M. got to within nine yards of their opponents' goal. In the second quarter A. & M. advanced to the Washington and Lee twenty-eight-yard line, and Riddick fell back for a drop-kick. The ball went wide by a few feet. In the first quarter of the second half the North Carolinians were within thirty yards of the opposite goal, and gain Riddick attempted a drop-kick and failed.

RESORT TO PUNTING.

Punting was resorted to frequently, Young, of Washington and Lee, having a little the better of Riddick in the kicking line. Forward passes were tried often, but nearly as often failed. In the last quarter, after A. & M. had scored, Washington and Lee, in a desperate endeavor to score, with the ball on their own thirty-five yard line, tried the forward pass three times in succession and failed, and Young was forced to kick out of danger. The Generals, though they fought hard and hurled themselves on the North Carolinians with the courage of despair, never got line, but Young was forced to kick within striking distance of the enemy's goal. But they never relented in their attack; never gave up until the whistle sounded and the game was at an end.

LOSES CHANCE FOR TITLE.

In losing this game Washington and Lee loses her claim to the championship in the South Atlantic division, on which she had counted so much. Yet it is the first defeat of the season, and in nine games only nine points have been scored against her, a record of which she may well feel proud. Her bright particular stars in the game to-day were Miller, right guard, who carries 254 pounds about with him; Miles (captain), and Shultz, tackles; Young, left half, and Beuhring, full back. Beuhring was pitted against Tenney, of A. & M., for full back on the all-star team of the South Atlantic division, but as Tenney was in the game for only a short time, though long enough to score, it would be hard to chose between the two men.

For A. & M., Riddick, right half; Tenney, full back; Sullivan, left half; Captain Hurtt, left tackle; McDougall, left end; and Quarter Back Van Broklyn were the bright stars in the firmament.

There may have been something of over-confidence in the men from Lexington; there may have been something superlative in the spirit of the North Carolinians. But whether the one were lacking in that vague something which always sees hopes and victory ahead, and the other superlatively abundant in that same thing, it would be hard to determine. But one could not fail to be impressed with that cry of the A. & M. captain: "Come on, boys." In the stilled atmosphere it reached across the field, carrying with it a vague sort of prophecy that some definite answer was soon to come.

In every position of difficulty on every occasion that an extra spurt of energy was needed, that cry rang out following the signal. It was that cry which called Riddick to two and a half yards of the goal. It was in answer to the same call that Tenney bowed his head, tucked the ball under his left arm, crashed through the opposing line. It stands that all football calculations were upset, and perhaps in that cry one may read the answer to the riddle.

A. & M. WINS TOSS.

A. & M. won the toss, and chose to receive the kick-off in the north-east end of the field. Young received the ball, and advanced it to his own thirty-yard line. Sullivan went round end for five yards and Tenney broke through the line for five more. McHenry flitted around end for another first down, but A. & M. was penalized for offside. Tenney made ten more yards, but A. & M. could not make first down, and was forced to kick. Donahue received the ball and advanced it ten yards, but the ball was lost on a fumble, and went to A. & M. on the twenty-seven-yard line. Riddick gained two yards, and Sullivan, on a delayed pass, added five more. A forward pass was intercepted by Lile, of W. & L. The ball went over, and Young doubled around and made thirty yards in one of the prettiest runs of the game. A. & M. was penalized five yards. After the forward pass and two end runs were attempted, the ball went over to A. & M. on her twenty-five yard line. Tenney and Riddick were called upon, but were unable to make first down, and the ball was lost on downs to A. & M. in the center of the field. Lile went around end for seven yards. Tenney, for A. & M. sprained his ankle, and Scarry went in as substitute. It was W. & L.'s ball on the eighteen-yard; Sullivan made a pretty run for twenty yards, but the ball went over to Washington and Lee on downs on the nineteen-yard line. W. & L. was penalized ten yards, and lost the ball. Time was called, with the ball in A. & M.'s possession on the nine-yard line.

STORY OF SECOND QUARTER.

In the second quarter, after an exchange of punts, it was Washington and Lee's ball on the sixteen-yard line. Miller failed to gain on a line plunge, but Young carried the ball to the twelve-yard line on a forward pass. The Generals failed on a fake kick, and the ball went to Agricultural and Mechanical on the twenty-yard line.

Riddick made a splendid run of forty-five yards around end, but Agricultural and Mechanical was penalized fifteen yards, and the ball was on the thirty-yard line. On a forward pass to Ferderber the ball was carried to the twelve-yard line, where a fake kick failed. It was fourth down, with nine yards to go, and another attempted forward pass fell dead. Washington and Lee got the ball on the twenty-yard line. The Generals were forced to kick, and Sullivan, getting the ball in mid-field, ran ten yards. Seifert went in as sub for McDougall, Agricultural and Mechanical got the ball to the twenty-eight-yard line, and Riddick attempted a drop-kick and failed. The half ended with the ball in Washington and Lee's possession on the twenty-yard line.

In the second half the Generals kicked off to Agricultural and Mechanical, defending the northeast goal. After an exchange of punts, Agricultural and Mechanical rushed the ball to the thirty-yard line, where again Riddick attempted to drop-kick and failed by a few feet.

The ball went to Washington and Lee on the twenty-yard line. Donahue lost nine yards, and Young kicked out of danger. Riddick returned the ball five yards from mid-field. At the end of the quarter it was Agricultural and Mechanical's ball on the thirty-five-yard line.

LAST QUARTER AND VICTORY.

Here things began to happen. It was the last quarter of the game, with the ball on the thirty-five-yard line in A. & M.'s possession. On a forward pass, Scarry to Seifert, fifteen yards were gained. Tenney relieved Scarry. Riddick carried the ball to the seven-yard line, and then to within two and a half yards of the goal.

Van Broklin gave the signal, and yelled, "Come on, boys." The ball was passed to Tenney, and he plowed over the line. Riddick failed to kick goal, and the score stood A. & M., 6; W. & L., 0. After an exchange of punts, and after several

forward passes had been tried by both teams, it was W. & L.'s ball on the thirty-five-yard line. Three times the Generals tried the forward pass, and as often failed. Then Young kicked out of danger. A. & M. got the ball to the twenty-yard line, and Van Broklin and Anthony got it to the fifteen-yard line, where the ball rested. The game was over.

There was but half light over the field. The players could hardly be discerned. But their own men knew them, and in a second the A. & M. student body had swarmed over the gridiron, and were carrying their heroes from the field on their backs. Washington and Lee, not to be outdone, came down for their men, and, with a mighty rush the two teams left the field together.

<i>W. & L.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>A. & M.</i>
	Left End.	
Hieatt		McDowell
	Left End.	
Shultz		Hurt (captain)
	Left Guard.	
Miller		Anthony
	Center.	
Barrow		Plyler
	Right Guard.	
Neblett		McHenry
	Right Tackle.	
Miles (captain)		Winston
	Right End.	
Barger		Ferderber
	Quarter Back.	
Donahue		Van Broklin
	Left Half.	
Young		Sullivan
	Right Half.	
Lile		Riddick
	Full Back.	
Benhring		Tenney

Score—A. & M., 6; W. & L., 0.

Touchdowns—Tenney. Penalties—A. & M., 5, 15, and 5; W. & L., 10 and 5. Officials—Referee, Maxwell (Swarthmore). Umpire—Weymouth (Yale). Head Linesman—Eberle (Swarthmore).

THE CELEBRATION.

Bad weather forced the postponement of the celebration of A. & M.'s victory over Washington and Lee until the Tuesday night following Thanksgiving, the day of the farmers' triumph. The team riding on a float, decorated with a huge foot-ball emblazoned on each side with the words, "South Atlantic Champions 1913," was escorted by the cadet band and battalion to the Capitol Square, where the "snake dance" down Fayetteville Street began. The enthusiasm of the students became so great at this point in the parade that the mules were unhitched from the float, and Company Q, the Senior Privates, led in a rush to drag the vehicle bearing the foot-ball heroes down Raleigh's principal street. After they had shown how glad they felt over A. & M.'s great victory, the battalion marched back to the college.

No account of the celebration would be complete without telling of the students' appreciation of the interest the three girls' colleges took in their proceedings, and of the thanks the students would like to offer Peace, St. Mary's and Meredith for the songs they sang to the college boys when they halted at each of the schools in the course of the celebration parade.

ALL-SOUTH ATLANTIC ELEVENS.

Rice Warren, Coach, U. of Va.

Ends: Homewood, U. of N. C., and Donnelly, Georgetown; tackles, Woolfolk, U. of Va., and Moriarty, Georgetown; center, Tandy, U. of N. C.; quarterback, Gooch, U. of

Va.; halfbacks, Costello, Georgetown, and Fury, U. of Va.; fullback, Landes, U. of Va.

"Tol" Pendleton, Coach, U. of N. C.

Ends: Homewood, U. of N. C., and McDougal, A. M. C.; tackles, Abernathy, U. of N. C., and Woolfolk, U. of Va.; quarterback, Costello, Georgetown; half backs, Young, W. and L., and Mayer, U. of Va.; fullback, Tenney, A. M. C.

"Larry" Dowd, Coach, W. and L.

Ends, Donnelly, Georgetown and Lowry, V. M. I.; tackles, Youell, V. M. I., and Schultz, W. and L.; guards, Maiden, U. of Va., and McHenry, A. M. C.; center, Tandy, U. of N. C.; quarterback, Donahue, W. and L.; half backs, Young, W. and L., and Riddick, A. M. C.; fullback, Tenney, A. M. C.

ALL-SOUTH ATLANTIC ELEVEN.

(Picked by Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

<i>Name and School.</i>	<i>Position.</i>
Donnelly, Georgetown.....	L. E.
Moriarity, Georgetown	L. T.
Miller, W. & L.	L. G.
Jett, Virginia	C.
Carter, Virginia	R. G.
Miles, W. & L.	R. T.
Ferderber, A. & M.	R. E.
Gooch, Virginia	Q. B.
Costello, Georgetown	L. H.
Riddick, A. & M.	R. H.
Tenney, A. & M.	F. B.

1914 FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN.

"Pete" Plyler, 1915, was elected captain of next year's foot-ball team. His election was popular with the students as well as his team-mates. Plyler has played on the Varsity two years, and was All-South Atlantic center last year. He is six feet tall, and weighs 180 pounds.

CLASS ATHLETICS.

Sophomores, 14; Ghent Athletic Club, 0.

There were two A. & M. victories on Thanksgiving Day. While the 'Varsity was defeating Washington and Lee, in Norfolk, the Ghent Athletic Association of New Bern lost to the Sophomore Class team by the score of 14 to 0.

INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET.

The Sophomores won the class field meet held Saturday, November 22, scoring 45 1-2 points. Hine starred for the second year men, winning three first places. The Freshmen were second with 31 1-2 points; the Seniors third with 13 points; and the Juniors last with only 4 points.

SUMMARY:

One hundred yard dash: Hine, '16; Sumner, '15; Perry, 14, and Munsey, '16. Time: 12 seconds.

Two miles: Scott, '17; Johnston, 16; Goodson, '16. Time: 11 minutes, 17 seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yards: Hine, '16; Abernathy, '16; Baucom, '17; Foster, '14. Time: 26 seconds.

High jump: Abernathy, '16; Davis, '17; Howard, '17; Bayne, '14. Height, four feet, 10 inches.

One Mile: Nash, '14; Scott, '17; Johnston, '16; Goodson, '16. Time: 5 minutes, 10 seconds.

Broad jump: Howard, '17; Abernathy, '16; Henry, '16. Distance, 17 feet, 10 inches.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdles: Howard, '17; Morrison, '16. Time, 31 seconds.

Four hundred and forty yards: Hine, '16; Abernathy, '16; Perry, '14; Rudisill, 17. Time: 58 seconds.

Half mile: Scott, '17; Nash, '14; Johnston, '16, and Hines, '16. Time: 2 minutes, 19 seconds.

Officials: Starter, Mr. Reeds. Timekeeper, A. J. Phillips. Judge, W. O. Potter.

JUNIORS 7; SOPHOMORES, 3.

In a game that was marred by the frequent fumbling of both teams, the Juniors defeated the Sophomores Saturday, December 6th, 7 to 3. If relative strength had determined the score the third year men would have won by a much larger margin. The second year men made their points on a field summary: Touchdowns, Kohloss; goal from touchdown, Lewis; goal from field, Bonner.

Captain Allbright of 1916 was out of the game because of injuries received in the game with the Ghent Athletic Club.

JUNIORS WIN CHAMPIONSHIP.

By defeating the Freshmen on December 11th by the overwhelming score of 44 to 0 the Juniors established their claim to the Inter-class Foot-ball Championship. The first year men were at no time able to withstand their opponents, and displayed a lack of knowledge of the game and lack of team play that made the contest almost a joke. The only time they showed any strength at all was in the first quarter when they held the third year men to a single touchdown by Lewis. The feature of the game was the playing of Kohloss, who besides running back punts in great style, made some brilliant runs, and carried some forward passes that netted his team five touchdowns. Lewis carried the ball over for the other touchdowns scored by the Juniors.

Kohloss, Lewis, Bruner, Profitt, Hermon, and Captain Daily were the stars for the Juniors, while Pharr and Artz played well for 1917.

LINEUP.

1916.	Position.	1917.
	Right End.	
Herman, Smith		Dodson
	Right Tackle.	
Profitt		Capt. Williams

THE RED AND WHITE.

LINEUP.

Grey	Right Guard.	Ward
Bruner	Center.	Davis
Jeffers	Left Guard.	Millsaps
Osborne	Left Tackle.	Elliott

Goal by Bonner, after they had recovered the upper class' fumble on her own 30-yard line. The Junior's touchdown was made when Kohloss recovered a fumble on his own 20-yard line and ran for a touchdown.

Kohloss, Lewis, Bruner and Proffitt starred for 1915, while Mason and Miller played well for 1916.

LINEUP.

1915.	Position.	1916.
Hermon	Right End.	Abernethy
Proffitt	Right Tackle.	Greenfield
Rowe	Right Guard.	Armond
Bruner	Center.	Rand
Jeffers	Left Guard.	Nove, Hill
Osborne	Left Tackle.	Herman
Kohloss	Left End.	Lindsay, Hodges
Capt. Daily	Guard.	Mason

LINEUP.

	Right Half-back.	
Potter, Williams		Miller
	Left Half-back.	
Kilpatrick, Mallett		Bonner, Morrison
	Full-back.	
Lewis		Jennette
	Left End.	
Kohloss, Williams		Artz
	Guard.	
Capt. Daily		Valley
	Right Half-back.	
Kilpatrick, Mallett		Turner
	Left Half-back.	
Potter, Kohloss		Ferebee
	Full-back.	
Lewis		Pharr

Summary: Touchdowns, Kohloss 5, Lewis 2; goals from touchdown, Lewis 2.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ELECTIONS.

A. A. Farmer, President; W. R. Patton, Vice-President; D. D. Cox, Secretary and Treasurer; B. W. Setzer, Manager Foot-ball, and C. E. Brittain and O. V. Russell, Assistant Managers Foot-ball.

Carl Osborne was elected as one of the Assistant Base-ball Managers to take the place of R. W. Hamilton, Jr., who was obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

COMICS

T. W. PORTER, *Editor.*

Rush: "Lieutenant, is the bayonet effective at 50 yards?"

TEMPERING THE BLOW.

Edith—"Haven't you got a Teddy bear, foo?"

Nora—"Mine is locked up in the cupboard, where it will stay until I am married, and then I may bring it out for my children to play with."

Edith—"But suppose you don't have any children?"

Nora—"Well, then, it will do for my grandchildren."—
Brooklyn Citizen.

Moore—"How can a person live without brains?"

Patton—"I don't know exactly. How old are you?"

TRUTHFUL.

Mark Twain once missed the train which should have taken him to his work. He did not wire any excuse. His telegram to his employer took this form:

"My train left at 7:20. I arrived at the station at 7:35 and could not catch it."

Dr. Harrison—"Osborne, have you ever read Shakespeare?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read Tennyson?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read anything?"

"Yes, sir. I have red hair."

ONE LAW AGAINST IT.

"There ought to be a law against aviation," said the humane citizen.

"There is one," replied the cold-blooded man. "The law of gravitation is continually interfering with it."—Washington Star.

"Slats" Griffin (on calculus)—Well, Professor, I don't pretend to have any book sense."

Professor Riddick—"And I am not arguing that with you."

THE MYSTERY.

Newsboy—"Great mystery! Fifty victims! Paper, mister?"

Passerby—"Here, boy. I'll take one. (After reading a moment.) Nothing of the kind in this paper. Where is it?"

Newsboy—"That's the mystery, and you're the fifty-first victim."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Bell (Freshman)—"Ugly freshmen don't get hazed much."

Preese (standing before a mirror)—"Gee! I wish I was ugly."

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

"I saw a wonderful trick last night. A man actually turned a handkerchief into an egg."

"Oh, that's nothing. Last week I saw a man turn a cow into a field."—Brooklyn Citizen.

ATTEMPT USELESS.

Needing some ribbons one day while in a very small Southern town, we went to one store there.

"Ribbons?" questioned the storekeeper. "Well, we-all just mislaid our stock of ribbons, but if you-all come back later I'll see if I can find them."

So we went later. He had found them.

"What color do you-all want?"

"Blue," we replied.

"Oh, blue!" he exclaimed in disgust. "We haven't any blue. Blue is so popular we won't even try to keep it."—Harper's Magazine.

A TRUE DAUGHTER OF EVE.

Home study for Tommy had just begun, and he found it hard himself to regulate hours. At bedtime one evening his father said:

"Tommy, I am not at all pleased with the report your mother gave me of your conduct to-day."

"No, father, I knowed you wouldn't be, and I told her so, but she went right ahead and made th' report. Just like a woman, ain't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

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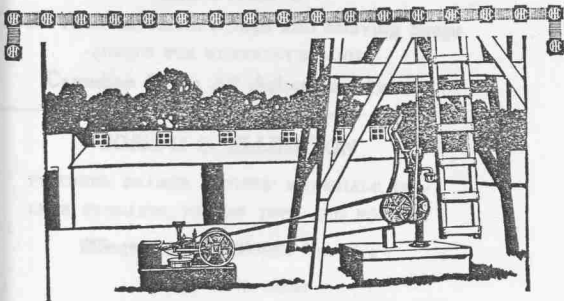
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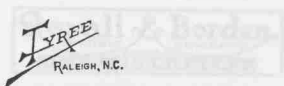
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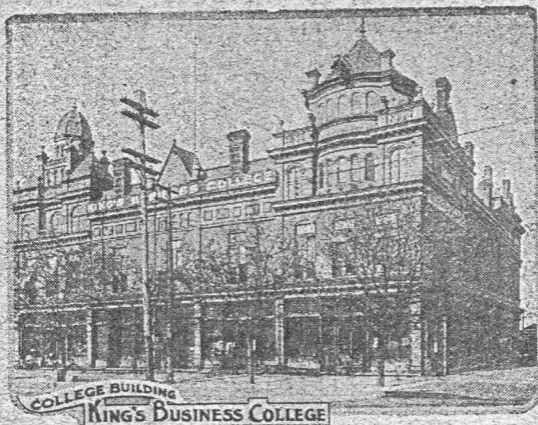
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