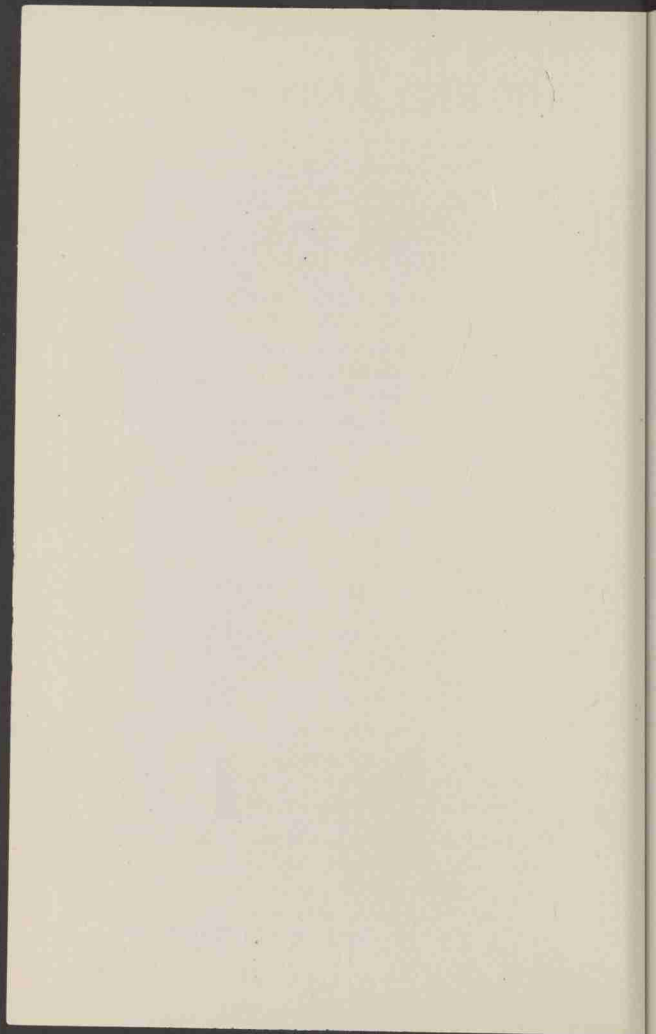


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# THE RED AND WHITE

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VOL. XVI. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., OCT., 1914. No. 2.

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## WINTER LEAVES.

DANIEL A. MONROE, '17

The leaves are dead and fallen from the bough,  
That waved so gently in the summer breeze,  
And kept us from the glowing sun of day  
When oft we sat contented 'neath the trees.

All summer as they danced in sunshine bright  
Displaying hues of life to nature's shade  
To make it fitted for the weary soul,  
For whom its resting place was only made.

When autumn came they blushed in chilly air,  
And each a secret to his fellows told,  
That soon a journey each should take alone,  
All wrapped in robes of purple and of gold.

From day to day we saw their bright tints fade,  
As life was sapped by chilly morning dew,  
And each gave up its little happy life,  
When autumn's winds more cold and bitter grew.

Then one by one they bid the bough farewell,  
And o'er the fields and grassy hedges sped,  
'Till now the trees are of their glory shorn—  
Then summer is no more—the leaves are dead.

The leaves are gone—the boughs are still and cold,  
And chilly breezes through the dull limbs blow,  
And every twig and blade of grass is hid  
Beneath the deepening flakes of winter's snow.

When days and nights more of an even grew,  
And as the leaves were more unkindness shown,  
They each grew cold in frosty air, and then  
While unaware dropped in the great unknown.

The winter reigns—and now the world is drear,  
Under the snow dead hopes and leaves are laid.  
Beneath the chilly grasp of winter's hand;  
Alas! Will there be none for those that fade?

But on each slender twig is left a bud,  
In which the hopes of springtime's verdure sleep,  
Protected from the winter's blasting gale—  
A bud to which no blighting frost can creep.

Through all the winter there the life is still,  
No matter how the breeze of hiemis blows,  
Tomorrow's hope is yet unshaken still,  
No chills or storms disturb its sweet repose.

The little bud is only waiting for  
The end of winter's cold and misty gloom;  
For April's sunny days and gentle breeze—  
To burst into new life of leaves and bloom.

At last they come—the gentle dews of May;  
They break the dream of wintry sleep and thrill  
The buds into the vernal life of spring—  
Then soon the leaves are green upon each hill.

The winter leaves—like man and beast and bird—  
Whose time is so uncertain on the tree,  
Know not the hour a cruel gale will come,  
And sweep them far into an unknown sea.

'Tis true, our lives are like the winter leaves—  
Day is followed by a night of sorrow,  
But after all we have a certain hope,  
That tears today are smiles on the morrow.

So, in our hearts, there lies a richer life  
Than that in which we now in darkness grope,  
And in the great tomorrow it will burst  
Into an ideal life of joy and hope.

In every life the chill of winter comes,  
And in it gloomy doubts and sorrows bring,  
But very soon the snow and ice are gone,  
And life rejoices in the air of spring.



## AT THE LITTLE CHURCH ON THE HILL.

K. SLOANE, '16.

Out of the blackness shone a gleam of brightness, which steadily grew into a radiant vision of loveliness—a woman's face—*her* face! Then he saw her smile as she playfully cast a sly glance at him with her big, rich blue eyes. The dazzling light played among her hair; crowning her with a golden halo. Her arms caught him tenderly about as she drew his face close to hers; and she kissed him, breathlessly whispering, "I love you."

Mortimer sprang up from his bunk with a cry of happiness that subsided into a groan of despair. Before him was the barred door of his cell, that held him ruthlessly within four dark, dank prison walls. From a small opening at one side there straggled a lone ray of rosy sunlight that fell upon the pillow where he had just slept. At sunrise there always came this little beam of light which lingered a moment, and then was gone, leaving the cell gloomy and cheerless the rest of the tedious day.

Four years had Mortimer watched it come and go. When at first he entered into this dreary place, he was different—but the years of miserable existence had broken down his body and crushed his spirit. Now he no longer was youthful and hopeful, but thin and wan, and his eyes listless. He was sentenced for twenty years of hard labor in prison on a false charge of embezzlement. He had stoutly maintained his innocence, and after a hopeless fight in the courts against overwhelming odds, he went down in defeat.

Then vanished all his hopes and ambitions—and all his youthful dreams. She was lost! Ah! how well he remembered those happy days when they two had planned for a happy future. Those days of joy and love. He saw her last when he was driven by her home manacled like a beast,

on his way to the distant city and prison. She stood by her window weeping; and he turned his head in shame and despair.

A harsh gong resounded through the prison gallery and Mortimer flung on his cursed stripes, and stood at attention as the guard came and unlocked his door. Then he was marched out and chained to a squad of other miserable creatures, and they shambled off for their bread and black coffee—and to the brick yards to hopeless toil.

The waking dream of the morning lingered constantly in Mortimer's mind as he toiled away loading brick into the cars, and he worked with unusual vim. He loved to think of her; he *hated* to think of her, for the vanity of it goaded his very soul.

Ah! how he longed to see her once again. Just a look into her face and his soul would be satisfied. As he labored on, there stole over him a determination to go. How easy it would be to slip into a car as it was being loaded! No one would notice him—he would get safely away. Then when he had seen her once again he could come back. Such a strange idea for a caged man—return to his cage!

Two days later Mortimer was picking his way cautiously along the highways making as fast time as possible, avoiding all vehicles and pedestrians. He had managed to get a change of apparel, and was now clad in a wretched old suit of black, with a soiled collarless shirt. Farmers' wives had done their best by him, and he was thankful.

By and by he gained the summit of the last mountain that lay between him and his old home. From its heights he looked down upon the little old city. A feeling of despair took hold of him. With a groan he turned his back upon the scene, and began to slowly retrace the way he had come.

“Why should I go back—she must not be disgraced by my presence. Would she want me back?” Thus he debated with himself as he strode along. Still something tugged at him imploring him to wait. Facing resolutely about with

his face to the city again, he strode down the trail till he entered on the highway.

The sun was setting amid the radiant hues of a summer evening. Up the back street he stealthily crept, till he reached the little old mission church on the hill. It was a sacred spot to him. There *she* always had gone to church—sometimes with him. Perhaps he could lie concealed thereabouts until the morning, when he could look down upon her home in the flat below. Surely then he would see her as she went and came.

The moon shone over him in the late twilight—the stars twinkled brightly. All was hushed save the hum of a cricket, the cry of a night bird. He cast a longing glance at the lights in the house below—where once he had been a welcome guest—where he had gone often to be with her. Then thoughts of days long passed, of dreams untrue, filled his mind. The big man was sobbing—such thoughts, with their hopelessness, could bring nothing but tears.

Hark! A step upon the paved walkway! A light, airy tread. A woman clad in white stole quietly to the doorway, and seated herself on the steps. She was humming a doleful little tune, ever and anon giving way to a sigh. Then suddenly she arose and turned toward Mortimer, where he crouched. The moonlight fell upon her face and played its silvery light among her hair. It was *she!* Mortimer drew back—she must not see him—she must never know he was there. A twig snapped under his step. The girl uttered a cry of surprise and of fear.

“But it’s you, isn’t it, Mortimer?” she cried. “I saw you come up here today. You didn’t know that I was looking for you, did you, dear?”

“What do you mean, Estelle?” Mortimer cried, arising and standing before her. “You forget you are talking to an escaped felon. They are hunting me this very minute—hunting an escaped beast. I stole away just to see you again—but didn’t intend you should see me.”



She gazed into his face with a look of puzzled intentness. How beautiful she was—how lovable. Suddenly she sprang to him and encircled him in her arms, while he vainly tried to elude her.

"I love you," she whispered. "I knew you were innocent, sweetheart; and when the guilty one confessed in court yesterday I was just ever so happy. They said you'd be freed at once. I didn't know whether you'd come back here again or not. But here you are, and I don't mind loving you a bit."

"Am I actually a free man again?" asked Mortimer incredulously. It was hard for him to believe, coming so suddenly—so unexpectedly.

"All except that you are mine," she laughed. Then he understood. With a cry of joy he gathered her into his arms, and was happy.



## THE VALUE OF OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

GEORGE SUMMEY, JR.

A member of the Class of 1906 told me at the recent twenty-fifth anniversary, upon his own authority and that of other A. & M. alumni, that the one thing which specially needs strengthening in this College is our literary society work.

He is unquestionably right; and it is a curious fact that my conviction on this point had been strengthened in advance by the inter-society Senior debate last spring. I say curious because that debate, concerning an economic and social question which required extensive study, would have been creditable to any college in the South Atlantic States, and to literary societies five times as strong as ours. The main speeches and the rejoinders were clear, solid, interesting and informing. They proved to those who were present that a technical college need not have a dearth of student speakers, and that A. & M. men, if they will only take the trouble, have the material for a good intercollegiate debating team.

But that same Senior debate, attended with noticeable sparseness by A. & M. men, gave the hearers an uncomfortable impression that the speakers were going it alone. The Society members did not succeed in making the debate half the occasion it ought to have been. The occasion called for five times as many student auditors; and those who missed the debate missed a good deal of both entertainment and information. The speakers had evidently lived up to their opportunities; the students in this case had not.

But leaving the matter of student attendance upon debates and the like, I wish to give for what they are worth the reasons why it is worth while for an A. & M. student to join a literary society and subject himself to the required work and discipline.

The Literary Societies, generally speaking, are the best means our students have of learning how to face people. To speak creditably before a committee, a chamber of commerce, a farmers' meeting, a Sunday School class, a board of directors, and much more in the presence of an assembly, demands a considerable gift or practice of self-possession, clear thinking, and expression. Some learn speaking quickly; the average man learns it with difficulty. But however hard or easy the learning may be, it is a most important part of education. Only those who are content to be without influence can neglect the great social art of public speech.

If learning how to speak is the great object of literary work, there are yet other objects worth considering. In the first place, it is no inconsiderable thing to belong to a society which has an honorable past and which is doing good work today. Pride in a society and a desire to make the society stronger will add no little to a student's tone and character. The loyal society member feels that the society's triumphs are his own, and that its defeats are only occasions for him to buckle down and help retrieve them. The corps spirit, the sense of comradeship, are worth much of themselves.

Again, our Literary Societies offer valuable training in the business and procedure of deliberative assemblies. Concerning the value of such procedure I quote the eloquent testimony of Edward A. Ross, perhaps the leading academic critic of American life:

"A free people is obliged to settle matters of common concern in a deliberative assembly. But the big assembly skirts ever the slippery incline that leads down to mob madness, and guard-rails in the form of fixed modes of procedure are necessary to save it a misstep. Its chief protection is the Parliamentary Rules of Order, wrought out in the venerable House of Commons and certainly not the least of England's gifts to the world. The rules requiring that a meeting shall have a chairman, that the chairman shall not take part in debate, that no one shall speak without recognition, that the

speaker shall address the chair and not the assembly, that remarks shall pertain to a pending motion, that personalities shall be tabooed and that members shall not be referred to by name—what are they but so many devices to keep the honey-tongued or brazen-throated crowd leader from springing to the center of the stage and weaving his baleful spells! The rules that the hearers be in order, that they remain seated, that they forbear to interrupt, that they patiently listen to all speakers regularly recognized, and that their signs of approval or disapproval be decorous—are not these so many guard-rails to help the assembly get safely by certain vertiginous moments?"

And the same thoughtful writer (on page 90 of his "Social Psychology") has testified to the value of membership in voluntary associations of whatever sort:

"Participation in the management of a society develops acquaintance with the rules of discussion, tolerance of opponents, love of order, and readiness to abide by the will of the majority. Above all, it teaches people to rate the wind-bag, the ranter, or the sophist at his true worth, and to value the less showy qualities of the man of judgment and reason. None have a greater contempt for mob mind and for the wild and whirling words of the stamper than those who have long worked in voluntary associations."

The A. & M. alumnus who spoke to me about the need of strengthening our Literary Societies was strongly of the opinion that they are more important to our students than to students in the so-called literary institutions. In vocational schools and technical colleges, under the best conditions, there is too much drift toward a narrow and therefore unpractical kind of education. Writing, reading, speaking, and voluntary association are undervalued, with the precious result that too many technical graduates have nothing like the selling ability or managing skill they ought to have, and much less than their due share of personal influence. "Prac-

tical" education which neglects the art of speaking is not practical.

For this is a day when nearly every man who wishes to be anybody must learn how to make a decent speech. Toasts, introductions, responses, presentations, eulogies, reports before technical societies, debates in church, courts or farmers' meetings—these and other kinds of every-day speaking demand that everybody who is anybody, especially every one who has had a college education, shall be able on occasion to stand up and speak his mind clearly, if not with eloquence.

Since the best means of learning how to speak is offered here by our Literary Societies, it is worth while for every student to ask himself whether he can afford to miss the opportunity thus offered. Those who will join the Societies and submit themselves to the Society discipline will find the necessary sacrifice repaid.

With two strong Societies each supported by a loyal membership working in honorable and fruitful rivalry, our College should go in for intercollegiate debating and oratorical honors as devotedly as it has worked for the honors of the football field. But without strong societies, we had better stand aside and let the world know that we have aristocrats of brawn and speed but not of thought and speech.



## A TOWN WHERE NOTHING HAPPENS.

E. P. HOLMES, '17.

## I.

In the mountains of North Carolina lie two little towns, Wales and North Wales, divided by the waters of the Yadkin. In North Wales things have flourished; the town has cement sidewalks, water-works, electric lights and a police force. But in Wales, nicknamed the "Old Town," things have changed very little in the last century. If Greene and his army could pass through this little town today, as he did the day before the battle of Guilford Court House, he would see the same scenes. The old court house, with its famous Tory Oak in front, a postoffice, a few stores and dwelling houses. This town has hardly lived; it has just existed with but one day to always wait for, "Court Monday." At this time the town seems to wake up and for a few hours take on a scene of action. This town has no police force, but has held to the old Colonial custom of having a watchman. The only difference between their watchman and the Colonial watchman is that he does not cry, "All is well!" at the end of each hour. The watchman of this town is Leafy Laws. He is a peculiar-looking little man, and when one sees him all bundled up on a winter evening lighting the street lamps he could easily be taken for a thief. He makes his rounds over the town each hour, first beginning at the postoffice and going south, and then coming back up a side street, on past the court house, and down Main Street, thus forming the figure four. In going down Main Street he passes a few stores and dwelling houses, the last house being the home of the old country doctor, and then he strikes the grounds of the old female college. This college was once one of the leading institutions of the State, but was broken up during the war, and has never been reopened. It is a magnificent ivy-covered

old building, with large white columns, overlooking a beautiful campus, covered with great white oaks. The only human being about this place is old Professor Ridenhour, once the president of the institution when it was in its prime. He lives in a room in the college, which was once his private office, and I have watched him as he sat before his big coal fire and wondered if his mind ever wanders back to a time when the old building was alive with laughter and chatter that is characteristic only of girls' schools.

I must get back to my story. Leafy Laws had walked these streets for twenty years. He had walked these streets 'till he knew where every rock lay, where every brier grew, and where the water stayed longest after a rain. He had walked the streets for twenty years, and nothing had happened, and to hear him express it: "This town is so dead nothing ain't ever going to happen."

But he was wrong. He watched in vain for nearly twenty-one years, but just before that time was out, there came a night, the last night in December, when something did happen. Something that Leafy Laws would have given two months' salary to have missed.

## II.

It was a cold December night. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and everything showed signs of snow. Leafy Laws was just finishing up his one o'clock round, and was passing the old college lot, when suddenly he stopped short. On the very top floor of the college there appeared a green light which moved from room to room. Leafy Laws stood amazed, hardly daring to breathe. He knew there had been no light on that floor for many years, and it being a green light he knew it could not be fire. He thought of duty, and with curiosity added, he went with resolute step to the college. He knew exactly where the old professor roomed and had no trouble in awaking him. As the professor seemed to

know nothing of the affair, an investigation was started. Leafy Laws leading the way, with the old professor following in his night clothes through those long halls and stairs, presented a ghostly appearance. The wind howling outside, and the creaking of the house, added to the dreariness of the occasion. On the top floor about the middle of the hall, the green light was visible through the transom of one of the rooms. Laws walked ahead with his lantern, and with a quick shove pushed open the door.

To their amazement the room was empty, but in the middle of the floor there sat an automobile rear light and a peculiar pair of tongs. On examination these tongs showed to have blood on them. But as the two figures stood there shaking with the cold and fright, the figure of a man suddenly darted from behind the door and sped noiselessly down the hall and was enveloped in the darkness below. Though they gave pursuit, no sign whatever could be found of him. There were so many windows and unlocked doors in the building he could have easily escaped a dozen different ways. The old professor, being very feeble, was taken to Leafy Laws' apartments over one of the grocery stores, and then Laws, with the aid of the sheriff, went back for further investigation.

### III.

As they approached the college grounds there again was a light in the top story, but not a green one this time. Investigation on this floor, however, showed nothing. So Laws and the sheriff, each taking a staircase in the two ends of the building, extinguished their lights and waited for the intruder. Laws sat there hardly daring to breathe, but too brave to show signs of fear, but with the sheriff it was different. His nerves not being wrought up to the excitement, he was soon nodding. It had been something like twenty minutes when he was suddenly startled by feeling that some one had passed him on the stairs. He jumped up and gave



the alarm, and when he did footsteps were heard above. But just at this time the footsteps began to come down the stairs. The sheriff stood there half dazed, and when he thought the steps were right at him he made a desperate grasp, but to his amazement grasped nothing but the black darkness which surrounded him. But he could plainly hear the figure going down the hall. By this time Laws had his lantern lit, and when the figure passed him he grasped it and held fast till the sheriff could come to his aid.

When the sheriff came up, the captive's slouch hat was pulled up and his coat collar turned down, and the lantern held up in his face. The men both fell back in astonishment. It was the fact of the old doctor, the man that lived next door. When the excitement had cooled down the doctor explained everything. In his workings with medicine he had run across what he thought some great discovery in a liquid for tanning small hides. He knew the old college was full of rats, and rat hides were what he wanted. But the peculiar old professor denied him the privilege of trapping them. So he was trapping them on the sly. When the green light was seen he had the back light of his automobile, baiting the traps, a green light not shining so bright. But when he was discovered he had played the old door trick. The tongs were for removing and killing the rats when taken from the traps. As soon as he was discovered, he had left the building, but he knew an investigation would be made, so when he thought everyone had left the building he had slipped back to gather up his traps. During his route he thought he heard someone coming in, so he went back to the basement, but everything being dark he had slipped back up, and this was the time he had passed the sheriff on the stairs. Then in his eagerness to get out without being discovered, he had run past the sheriff into the arms of Leafy Laws, a man who had watched for twenty-one years and still nothing had happened.

## THE SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN FIDDLER.

By E. A. R.

The inhabitants of the Southern Alleghanias and the visitors to these mountains are aware of the fact that in their very midst there are many men who take great pride in saying:

“I’ll tune up my fiddle, I’ll rosin my bow,  
I’ll make myself welcome wherever I go.”

Probably the man who takes the greatest pride in tuning his fiddle and rosinning his bow, is the Sourwood Mountain Fiddler.

Like the early minstrel that once roamed over England and Scotland, the Sourwood Mountain Fiddler is giving place to new impulses, and this remarkable figure is becoming a thing of the past. He is standing on the verge between the “good old days” and an age of hurry-up sort-like, in which we are forgetting our traditions and folk-lore.

But his exclusive privilege of “making himself welcome wherever he goes” has shifted. Just as there is a vast difference between the poetry of art and the poetry of the folk, so there is a vast gap between the music of the Sourwood Mountain Fiddler and the music art. While listening to strains of his music or his simple ballads, one feels somewhat uneasy and disgusted. But after all, his music and his ballads are an outburst from the depths of his being, and are sincere. He fiddles and sings because he feels; he has the ear of his audience; he has their heart, simple as they may be. Why? Because he is giving them something they can understand, and as Seenstrupp, the great Danish authority on folk-songs says, they are words that “talk like a mother to her child and have scarcely a kenning.”

Our age is indeed fast, and in order to keep pace with

it we have to live fast. Fast living causes recklessness, which in turn causes us to forget the past—to forget the traditions of the “good old days” of our forefathers. We do not have time for much reflection. Thus in our heedless pace, we are losing those beautiful traditions, ballads, folk-songs, child-rhymes, and superstitions of even half a century ago.

The Sourwood Mountain Fiddler is going. The transition is inevitable. The people of the mountains see that the change is coming, and also the people who have visited the mountains know that the weird, sombre, rheumatic strains of the dulcimer are heard only occasionally; and that the strains of “Sourwood Mountain,” “Pretty Polly,” “Pop Goes the Weasel,” “Buck Creek,” and “Bonaparte’s Retreat”—strains that make one’s feet shift about on the floor uneasily and unconsciously, and put life into “lifeless”—are not so frequently heard.



## THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE AS A SOCIAL CENTER.

J. C. ROSE, '18.

During the last ten years no State in the Union has made more material progress than North Carolina. Along with the material progress has come educational and social progress. The old log school house, equipped with seats with no backs, and poorly arranged, has been moved among the back numbers. Modern and up-to-date buildings have replaced those which hitherto were hindrances to education. The improvement in rural school buildings has been more marked than any feature in this new educational progress.

The rural school house has become a veritable social center. In cities where the facilities for social gatherings are adequate, there has been no pressing need for the use of the school buildings, but in our thinly populated rural communities the school houses have been utilized to the pleasure and profit of the patrons.

Under the new regime of educational affairs, the usefulness of the rural school buildings will be increased even to a greater extent. It is the new plan that there be a community school with a teacher who will live in the community throughout the year and act as a social and religious leader. His home will be furnished and his salary will be for twelve months. When school is out the care and supervision of the school farm shall be in his hands.

On winter evenings in the more modern rural communities, and thanks to progress there are becoming more and more of these in North Carolina, lyceum entertainments are given, which afford a mental diversion for the rural population. The meetings of the corn clubs, tomato clubs, pig clubs and such other organizations are held in these buildings.

Better roads, more comfortable means of traveling, and a

more educated populace have brought the people and their schools in closer touch with each other. The old country road, which was nothing less than a quagmire, the old rickety family turnout and other things which were detrimental to the community's social improvement, have been abolished. With these improved conditions there has come a desire for closer fellowship, which is necessary for the most rapid advancement.

Indeed, it seems that the scope of usefulness of the rural school has just begun to dawn. More educated farmers and better equipped housewives will result from our educated country folks, and the part that the rural school will play in this better state of affairs will be no small one.



## A WORD OF GREETING.

By DR. BEVERLY T. GALLOWAY

Director, New York State College of Agriculture.

As this is written a great army is being mobilized in this country. It is an army of conquest—an army that, when its full term of service is reached, will march out to scatter the forces of ignorance and to bring the blessed light of knowledge into all the world. The army this year will in all likelihood number a hundred thousand strong. It will be recruited largely from the homes of the open country. Strong, virile, young men and women fresh from the fields and forests will constitute the active force. It will require more than seventy-five hundred trained men and women to guide and direct the destinies of this army during the next nine or ten months. It is a grave responsibility. The work will be in progress something over fifty widely separated places, but in every place the object will be the same, namely, the fulfillment of the wish born in the hearts of thousands of our people for the blessings and graces of an education. The fifty agricultural colleges are fulfilling a great mission. Coming into being something over fifty years ago as a direct demand of the common people, their power and influence for good has broadened and deepened until now they are assuming leadership in many fields. The State College of Agriculture at Cornell University has been no laggard in all those things that have made for progress. It has been close to the people. It must remain so.

We are entering upon a new era. There are indications that we are reaching the crest of a great surge of public sentiment that has cried aloud for ten years for more light and more action along agricultural lines. Practically every agricultural institution in the country has been pushed to the very limit of its capacity, and in some cases beyond that

limit, for aid to the farmer. Little opportunity or time has been given for developing the highest efficiency. We must begin to think of these things now. We must keep in mind that we are a part of a great organization that materially affects the state, the nation, and even the world at large. To all those agencies within the state, entrusted as we are with responsibilities to the people in the matter of agricultural advancement, we must render every assistance within our power. From all such agencies we invite help and co-operation. We need to give and we need to receive. As our portion of the army of enlightenment begins to assemble there will be many who for the first time find themselves in a college atmosphere. The experience will be novel; but bear in mind that it is a part of the general scheme of education. There will be found everywhere a spirit of democracy, and a feeling of aggressive loyalty to the institution and all that the institution stands for. Every effort must be made to help maintain all these things. It will come to be seen that the solution of many of the problems pressing in upon civilization today lie in the direction of education that trains men to be men and to make the world more productive. The future of the world will depend in a large part upon its food supply, and it is from the soil that the food supply must mainly come. Loyalty, therefore, to the aims, objects, precepts, and principles of the institution is a part of its training. Loyalty, however, does not mean narrowness of vision or a failure to appreciate the advantages which contact with a great university such as Cornell will give. As agricultural education broadens its scope and extends its activities, its liberalizing effects will be measured by the manner in which it treats the efforts of workers in allied fields.

To most of the student body the writer is a stranger. For a quarter of a century, in a related field, he has watched your institution grow from a small and struggling twig into a strong and vigorous tree. Verily, it has become a tree of knowledge. He is proud to be one of those devoted to the

care and welfare of that tree. He will need your help and the help of those who planted the twig, who tenderly cared for it in its struggling days, and who have seen it well started on the road to become a monarch of the forest.





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K. L. GREENFIELD, '16 (L. L. S.) ----- *Locals*  
J. E. TREVATHAN, '15 (P. L. S.) ----- *Comics*  
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E. K. HERMAN, '16 (P. L. S.) ----- *Literary*  
E. A. RICKARD                    }  
A. C. FLUCK                        } ----- *Science*

## A. &amp; M. DEFEATS V. P. I. IN SOUTHERN STOCK JUDGING CONTEST.

The first Interstate Students Stock Judging Contest ever held in the South, took place at the North Carolina State Fair, October 20th between teams representing Virginia and North Carolina. Five men represented each Institution and nine classes of stock were judged, making a possible team score of 4,500. The classes were farm chunk mares, two-year old roadsters, yearling Hereford heifers, Short-horn heifer calves, aged Berkshire sows, yearling Berkshire boars, two-year old Holstein heifers, Ayrshire cows and Southdown ewes. The North Carolina team won with a score of 3,373 points, against Virginia's 3,304 points. The rank of the first four men was: J. S. Howard, North Carolina, first, with 723 points. L. S. Fletcher, Virginia, second, with 718 points. R. T. Newcomb, North Carolina, third, with 713 points, and C. C. Proffitt, North Carolina, fourth, with 711 points. Mr. Howard won the gold medal offered, Mr. L. S. Fletcher the silver medal, and Mr. R. T. Newcomb the bronze medal.

The North Carolina team was composed of J. S. Howard, R. T. Newcomb, C. C. Proffitt, P. M. Gilchrist and W. J. Smith, Jr. The Virginia team consisted of L. S. Fletcher, P. H. Hope, W. Fitzgerald, L. S. Winds and R. E. Harris.

It is hoped that a return contest can be held at the Virginia State Fair next year, as the interest in animal husbandry work is growing rapidly.

The North Carolina team was trained by Prof. J. C. McNutt and Prof. S. M. Salisbury, and the Virginia team was trained by Prof. R. E. Hunt.

## WHAT OUR CLUBS AND SOCIETIES ARE DOING.

We are glad, indeed, to note the increased interest the students are manifesting in the Literary Societies and other similar organizations, this year. These organizations have received inspiration from somewhere, and are doing better work than ever before, and we believe that their present policies, if backed by the enthusiasm and hard work of all the members, will mark a new beginning in the progress of these organizations and that they will soon stand out as a prominent factor in the development of a well rounded man, and in fitting him for a worthy and useful citizenship.

We understand that the Rural Science Club is entering into a contract with the Agricultural Club of the University of Georgia, and the Agricultural Club of the Alabama Polytechnical Institute for a triangular debate between these institutions, the debate to be held some time in April. These debates will be confined to agricultural students and the subject will be of an agricultural nature. The Literary Societies are, also, arranging for an Intercollegiate debate with the Alabama Polytechnical Institute.

These, we believe, are steps of progress, and are worthy of the support of the friends, student body and faculty of A. & M. This increased interest in these organizations shows that the students of the technical colleges of the country are coming to themselves, as it were, and dreaming of a more dignified profession and a broader life for technical men; it shows that they are realizing the fact that they must be able to appear before assemblies and boards of various kinds, and present their cause with as much clearness and emphasis as other professional men; it shows that they aspire to leadership and a life crowned with the highest success in their respective professions. We trust that the leaders of these organizations will have the encouragement and co-operation of all concerned in the progress of A. & M. College.

## DO YOUR PART.

The success of the Red and White, as a representative magazine, depends to a great extent upon the quantity and quality of articles which are contributed to her pages by the student body. A magazine to be a representative one, should contain articles representing all the different sides of college life. If you are so inclined, write for the science department. Study upon some particular theme that you are interested in, and tell us what you have learned. If your inclinations are more along the literary line, write a story or poem, and hand it in whether you think it is good or not; we will judge that. In other words try yourself out, and see what you can do. If each man in college would contribute only one article this year to the college magazine we would have an abundance of material to select from, and the old Red and White would stand higher in the rank of college magazines than it has ever stood before. Don't let a small number of men have to do all the writing, as has been the case heretofore.

The Red and White wishes to extend its most hearty thanks to Dr. George Summey, Jr., for his excellent and instructive contribution, found elsewhere in this issue. We want to urge every A. & M. man, who is not a member of one of our Literary Societies, to read Dr. Summey's article on society work. Not only read it, but give it a few moments of serious thought.

## ALL ABOARD!

On Thanksgiving morning, two trains will pull out  
For Norfolk by the Seaboard and Southern route,  
Get up your horns, and drums and gun,  
For in old Norfolk we will have some fun.  
When we meet Washington & Lee on the field of battle,  
We are certainly going to make things rattle.  
And when the game is over and they feel their defeat,  
You will see the Red and White take possession of the street.

Y. M. C. A.

E. L. CLOYD.

All men who are interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in this college are rejoicing over the arrival of our new general secretary. In spite of the efforts of the Advisory Committee when school opened in September, they had failed to secure a secretary to take the place of Mr. Bergthold, who resigned last spring. At last, however, we have secured as our secretary, Mr. J. J. King. Mr. King received his college training in the University of Virginia, and for the past three years he has been an instructor in the Staunton Military Academy, and has also had charge of the work of the Y. M. C. A. there. In the short time he has been at A. & M., Mr. King has made many friends, and we wish him much success in his work among us.

At the meeting on Sunday night October 11th, the subject: "Why College Men Should Study the Bible," was discussed by Mr. E. B. Crow, of the Commercial National Bank of Raleigh. After Mr. Crow's address the two courses of study were presented to the men, and of the 82 men present, 49 signed cards signifying their desire to study one or the other of the courses offered. Following this meeting, a canvass was made of the students during the following week, resulting in a total enrollment of 210 men in Bible study.

A reception was planned for Saturday night, October 17, but because of other engagements none of the girls from the colleges in the city could be present, so the reception was postponed. It will be given in the near future and a delightful time is anticipated.

Several members of our Y. M. C. A. attended the State Convention held at Elon College October 7-11. At this Convention the problems of the work were discussed and a

great deal of interest was manifested. All the delegates from A. & M. report a very profitable and enjoyable session.

One of the greatest attractions of our Y. M. C. A. building is the swimming pool, which has just been completed. Every afternoon and evening a number of men enjoy a good plunge in its refreshing waters. A new spring-board and scaffold for high-diving are being constructed and will add greatly to the pool.



## ATHLETICS

R. O. LINDSAY, '16, *Editor.*

### FOOTBALL.

So far only two teams have attacked the strong Tech eleven, and each time the enemy has fallen back in defeat. They have found our defense impenetrable and our offence very effective.

Wake Forest, the first to advance upon our line, was forced to retreat, and under a counter-attack they suffered almost complete annihilation. Of course the Baptists did not come over with great expectations in mind, but since they felt that their team was so much better than heretofore, they were not entirely without hope. So, a score of 52 to 0 must have been a little disappointing.

This game was played during A. & M.'s anniversary celebration, thereby giving a large number of the alumni of the college an opportunity to see the team of their alma mater once more march to victory.

The Norfolk Blues were the next to face our team. They also were defeated, but not so overwhelmingly as the Baptists. This team was composed of a very jolly bunch of ex-college players and they kept the Techs in such a pleasant mood that they could not muster that old fighting spirit that has won so many points for A. & M. It seemed almost impolite not to let them score at least one touchdown.

The next game, which is with the University of West Virginia, will probably have been played by the time this magazine is published. Since this is the fair-week game and the biggest to be played in the State, this season, it has been looked forward to with much interest. It has been said that the West Virginians have a strong team, and evidently Coach Hegarty thinks this is true, because the last week he

has been putting the team through unusually hard practice. He was not at all satisfied with the showing made by the team in the game with the Norfolk Blues, but he told the players he would forget that, if they would redeem themselves in the game with West Virginia.

The team has shown marked improvement during the last week, and it is the opinion of the players that they will not have any difficulty in showing what the coach likes to see.

This game marks the beginning of the big end of the schedule. In the remaining four contests A. & M. will meet the Navy, Georgetown, V. P. I., and Washington and Lee. As each of these institutions has a way of putting out a winning football team, it is needless to say that the Techs have some hard work before them. However, with the help of the trainer and the assistant coach, Dr. Hegarty expects to get the team in such shape that it can trim all of 'em.

Jack Martin as trainer, and D. B. Floyd as assistant coach, have made some very distinct improvements in the team. The fact that Mr. Martin was trainer for the Washington American Baseball Club serves to show his ability along this line. As for "Private" Floyd, we all remember that he played four years on the A. & M. team, and for two years he was selected as an all-South Atlantic tackle. With these two able men added to our coaching staff, and considering the progress the team has made during the last week, we still hold as our goal the South Atlantic Championship.



## LOCALS

K. L. GREENFIELD, *Editor.*

Messrs. J. E. and W. L. Trevathan spent a few days at home during Fair Week. Jesse reports that she was well and seemed glad to see him.

Mr. R. M. Ritchie established a new State record this year for seeing the fair at a minimum outlay of capital. It is reported that he not only succeeded in passing a plain piece of pasteboard on the gate-keeper as a ticket, but that he actually induced a lady who was running a stand, to give him ten cents. As he spent nothing in the grounds, he left with a net profit of ten cents. "An honest countenance is a great asset."

Mr. L. W. Baker made a business trip to Goldsboro on Sept. 2nd. He evidently did not settle the business, for he continues to get letters from that city, the frequency of which suggests that the writer puts in all his (?) time writing. It is hoped by Mr. Baker's many friends that this matter will not culminate soon, as they would like to see him finish his college course.

A good number of the enterprising lads of the college took part in Gordon's fireworks at the Fair. Some of them figured up their profit and found that their salary averaged about 4 1-3 cents an hour. "But every little bit helps," you know.

Mr. R. B. Donaldson, who was a Junior last year, spent several days here during the Fair. Donaldson says he hopes to be able to return to college after Christmas of this year.

A large number of the fellows who do not live too far away, and who did not care about the fair, went home during Fair Week.

NOTE.—If you know of the movements of any students or alumni, be sure and give the item to the Local Editor of the Red and White.

## COMICS

J. E. TREVATHAN, '15, *Editor.*

Fresh.—Give me a match.

Soph.—Umph! There is no man here that can match you.

---

Fresh. Clark doesn't seem to know the difference between bay rum and 10-ct cologne, judging by the odor left on his face shortly after shaving.

---

Jack Ray.—I believe I've got the osteourosis in the back of my head.

Chauncey Roberts.—Does he go to school here?

---

If it is civilized warfare in Europe, what would uncivilized warfare be like?

---

When Teachey becomes a teacher he will never know when the pupils are late, as he is sure to be always the last man to enter the classroom.

---

### INCREDULOUS.

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club today," said Mrs. Garrulous, to her husband, the other evening. With a look of astonishment, he replied:

"I can't believe it, dear. Who outspoke you?"

—*National Monthly.*

## ENOUGH.

"Don't keep pestering me."

"Then you won't marry me?"

"I wouldn't even be engaged to you at a summer resort."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

---

## LUCKY HUBBY.

Mrs. Green.—Do you ever flatter your husband?

Mrs. Wyse.—Yes. I sometimes ask his advice about things.

—*Boston Transcript.*

---

## IN OTHER WORDS.

Ethel.—Gladys Smith's face always reminds me of a delicately-tinted China cup.

Brother Tom.—Yes; it's a beautiful mug.

—*Judge.*

---

## UNKIND.

"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry," said the flirt.

"How many do you expect to marry?" answered her dearest friend.

—*Man Lacht.*

---

## JUSTIFIED AT LAST.

Willie.—Look here, mother, haven't I been telling you for the past two years that it was no use learning all that European geography?

—*Life.*

---

The German people are now having the laboratory practice that belongs with the instruction their professors have so long been giving them.

—*Life.*

Professor Newman can't decide why some men bray like a donkey, and others cackle like a hen.

---

Trevathan went home recently to work on his farm management plan. Judging from the trend of his conversation immediately after returning to college, one might think his trip was made expressly to see the ladies. Probably he is planning to find a lady to help him run the farm.

---

NOTE.—If anything funny or amusing happens on class or elsewhere about the college, jot it down and hand it to the comic editor of the Red and White. He will appreciate any assistance given in this way.

---

Freshman, on Physics class (to Prof. Heck, who has been lecturing on the atomic theory): "'Fessor, in stagnant water, are all those little atoms dead?"

---

An old man, who had been listening to a bunch of college boys talking about snakes: "Well, I can't say that I know very much about snakes, as I never studied botany."

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

W. C. ALBRIGHT, *Editor.*

In assuming the duties of the Exchange Editor on this epistle, it is necessary to make a few remarks. At this post is found numerous difficulties which one must have the talent to overcome, and along with this talent the skill of dodging threatening questions must also be obtained. You are subject to criticism from all sides, and the pity of it is that part of the time you are left hopeless before these thrusts without a spark of hope of getting out of the fray. But, nevertheless, gentle reader and author, you must bear in mind that this editor is human also, and will no doubtedly fall victim to numerous mistakes before he ends his career. Therefore, if we do you an injustice in our criticism, we invite a statement showing that we have acted unwisely. But, when we speak we will do it to the best of our ability. We would like to have as many college publications as is possible in this department, for it is a true way for us to communicate with each other.

---

We acknowledge the following exchanges during the past month: The Trinity Archive, The Wake Forest Student, The Georgetown Journal, The Davidson College Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era, The Clemson College Chronicle, The St. Mary's Muse, and The Meredith Acorn.

---

We congratulate the author of "Monsieur Beaunot," which appeared in the October issue of The Trinity Archive, on his manner of turning his plot into something new, after it had almost convinced the reader that it was nothing but the mere "story" plot.

In the Meredith Acorn we were very much amused at the humorous side of college life as shown in the "As Told on You," department. The class of jokes furnished by this editor in their October issue fully demonstrates that this author is willing to work.



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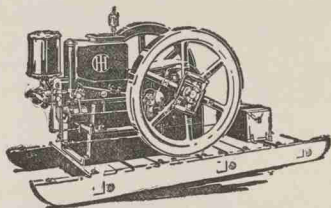
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