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# The RED & WHITE



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MARCH, 1915

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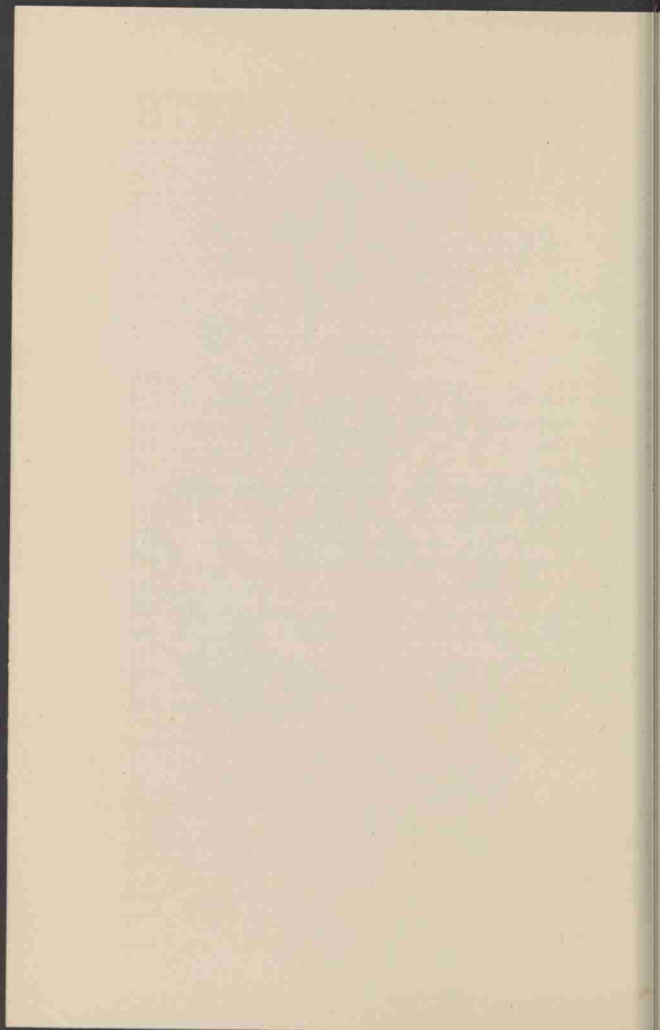
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# THE RED AND WHITE

Vol. XVI. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH, 1915. No. 5.

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  
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## EDITORIALS.

It is an astonishing fact that a large percent of men in college do not keep themselves posted on current events. They seem to be content to live in a little world of their own, with only a faint idea of the world about them. With the excellent library that the college has, and with the twentieth century facilities for finding out things, there is no excuse for a man to be ignorant regarding current topics. A half an hour each day spent rightly in the library will keep a man posted on the most important affairs of interest, and will enable him to keep in his mind's eye a perspective view of the major movements of the world. Without this perspective a man is, to all intellectual purposes, out of the world. It has been rightly said that "the world is a stage, and that life is a play." The man who does not know the lines will never know when to play his part. He is not abreast with the times. The man whose knowledge is confined within the covers of his text books will never succeed in life, because he will not know how to cope with the ever-changing and ever original situations that are the results of every-day life. So it is to every man's interest and benefit to have a definite idea of what is going on in the world about him.

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Editing a college magazine is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed; if we don't, we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selection. If we give them selection, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens; if we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items; if we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now what are we to do?—*Exchange*.

THE RED AND WHITE extends its sincere thanks to Dr. George Summey, Jr., for his excellent contribution. We are always glad to get contributions from members of the faculty.



## THE CADAVER.

BY J. B. POWELL, '17.

It was the nineteenth day of October, 1887, when I entered the Central College of Medicine. I remember the date so clearly because I matriculated exactly one week before the occurrence of the noted Wooten incident. Many years have passed since that time, but never will I be able to forget that awful night, which not only resulted in the absolute ruin of Fred Wooten, but also took from me all hope of ever becoming a surgeon, because of its effects upon my nerves.

Before I relate the incident I will give some of the circumstances and particulars relative to the occurrence. Central College in those days was not the pretentious University that it now is. It boasted of only one building. This building was of brick, and in the shape of a wide U; that is, one long rectangle to which two wings had been added. The wings were used as dormitories, while the laboratories and class rooms occupied the main section. On the second floor was the dissecting room, and directly above it the chemical laboratory. Because of its location, the dissecting room was very dark, and on this account a kind of sky-light had been arranged between it and the room above and a number of gas lights put in for night use.

I had known Wooten in childhood days, and since coming to school we had again become friends and companions. Because of his optimistic, cheery nature, he was one of the most popular fellows in college.

I was several experiments behind in chemistry, and had started up to the laboratory that night, when I ran into Fred on the stairs. I noticed his strange costume, and asked him what it was. He said he had just been taken into some Junior society, and had not had time to change, as he wanted to go in the dissecting room to read up some back work. I went up with him, and talked for a while, but seeing that he



wished to study, I soon left. As I was going out, I noticed a corpse lying on one of the tables, but paid little heed to it.

I proceeded on my way to the "lab" and started to work. I had been busily engrossed in my experiments for perhaps two hours, when I heard a thump, and then a sound as if something were rolling in the room below. Next I heard a chair fall over, and then something which sounded as if a table were being shifted or slid across the floor. These sounds were not alarming in the least, yet I was curious as to what Fred could be doing. I did not want to leave my work, so I called out and asked him what he was trying to do. I got no answer. I called again, but still there was no reply. Then I became curious indeed, for all the time I could still hear that scratching, sliding sound on the floor. I happened to look across the room, and my glance caught the sky-light. I walked across, knelt down and looked through. Then I lay down and looked.

I have seen strange sights since, and a few before, but this was the most awful and gruesome spectacle that it has ever been my lot to behold. There was Fred, crouched in a knot, nearly seated upon his haunches, his elbows on his knees, his hands clutching the sides of his face, moving backwards inch by inch, and his eyes, protruding from their sockets, gazing at that misshapen mass crawling towards him. At first I could not tell what this mass was. It looked like a dog or a gorilla. Then in a flash I knew. It was the copper-colored negro I had seen on the table, supposedly a corpse. But now, entirely nude, on hands and knees, his mouth open and tongue hanging out, he was looking at Fred out of his yellow-white eyes, and in that look——. It was indescribable. You may have seen a snake charm a bird. This scene was like it, except that it was infinitely worse.

As for me, I could not cry out or move. I was glued to the floor, and I could only look. Slowly around and around they crept—a little space of two feet between, and the eyes of each gazing into the other's. In and out, around the

chairs, over the buckets, neither gaining, neither losing, Fred backing away, the negro creeping forward, and all the time there was that scratch, scratch, as they scraped across the floor. I tried to speak, but there was only a mumble, "Fred, why don't you move faster?" and then—great God! Fred backed into a corner. A sickly smile spread over the negro's countenance. He reached out a long, bony hand, and just as he was clutching Fred's leg, I found my voice: "Fred, jump! for God's sake *jump!*" With a superhuman effort he sprang clear of the negro's body and fell on the floor. The black turned, and they were at it again, Fred backing, the negro creeping forward.

It was then that I saw the door. There was Fred's chance. With a mighty effort I sprang up and ran down the steps. I pulled the door open, and as I did so, Fred fell backwards and out upon the landing. The negro gave one last clutch at him and then fell as I slammed the door. I picked Fred up, for he had fainted, and took him to the hospital.

The dead negro was found lying upon the floor near the door the next morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not until the Christmas holidays that I saw Fred again, and the change which had come over him—emaciated, his hair almost grey—he was a complete nervous wreck. It was then that I heard the whole story. I give it here word for word as he told it to me:

"A few minutes after you went upstairs I found that I needed a book which I had left in my room. I went for it, came back, and tried to get to work, but something was wrong. I seemed to hear some kind of scratching sound, and I also had a sense of being watched. I looked around, but saw nothing, and told myself that it was nothing but a nervous fancy, yet all the time my instinct told me that somebody or something was gazing intently at me. I looked around again, and this time I failed to see that corpse on the table. But *under* the table. Can I ever forget it? Down

on its hands and knees was something that looked like a dog in shape, yet its head was that of a man. Then I knew that it was that negro. Gazing intently at me with those dull, white eyes, and creeping little by little towards me, with that scratch, scratch, as his hands and knees slipped across the floor, I trembled so that my book fell from my hand, my hair stood on end. I tried to speak, but could not. I tried to move, but was frozen to my chair. And all the while this thing crept on and on towards me, his protruding eyes peering intently at me. He had nearly reached me when in some way my chair slipped back, and I fell to the floor. I succeeded in getting up just enough to slip around. I could not run; I could only move as he moved. My eyes were glued to his, and I was enchanted. Think of it—a man, whom I had seen and knew to be dead, to come back to life and be able to move! As for the rest, you saw it through the sky-light.

“All the time that I have lain here in bed I have thought about that negro, and how it could have happened. This is the only explanation that I can find. That brute is only one of the many cases of supposed death. When he was brought to the college, through some mistake, he was brought immediately to the dissecting room, instead of being placed in the preserving vat. I suppose you remember how the room is fixed—with all those skulls and bones around the walls, the skeletons in the corners, the strong odor of formaldehyde, and also the costume which I had on. This negro, upon reviving, remembered all the fantastical descriptions of Hades he had heard in life, and must have thought that he was in hell and that I was the devil, seeing my clothes, and he became too terrorized to speak or to do anything except to try to get his hands upon me. When he saw me get out and the door slam in his face, he must have given up all hope, and died in reality.”

## THE ESSENTIALS OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW.

BY GEORGE SUMMEY, JR.

A member of one of our debating teams recently chosen to represent the A. & M. in a three-cornered debate with the University of Georgia and the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, quoted to me a few days ago a striking and sensible remark made by somebody, to the effect that our agricultural students should make haste to learn political self-control. The speaker from whom the remark was quoted specified agricultural students, not because other students are naturally endowed with political self-control, but because he was speaking to agricultural men, and wished them to equip themselves as effective champions of the agricultural interest.

Political self-control—that is precisely what parliamentary law aims at. Taking the word “political” broadly, as it ought to be taken in this case, political self-control is a prime necessity in every deliberative assembly, whether it be a legislature, a church court, a literary society, a chamber of commerce, or a farmers’ union.

In every assembly where questions are to be debated, where majorities are to decide and minorities are to be respected, parliamentary law is a time-saver, a saver of temper, and a safeguard against confusion, violence, unfairness and haste.

The fair-play aspect of parliamentary law is prominent in such rules as those forbidding unnecessary interruption, or personalities, or discourtesy. Without such restraining rules to hold him back, a pushing or unscrupulous member could have his way merely by being disagreeable. A sharp tongue or a leathery pair of lungs would count for much more than the rules ever permit them to count.

But even those rules which appear to have been made primarily for the sake of fair-play serve another purpose: that of safeguarding time, temper, and opinion. The rules which require that nobody shall speak without previous recognition;

that a speaker shall address the chair; that the chairman shall ordinarily take no part in debate; that a certain motion has the right of way over a certain other motion—such rules save untold confusion, delay and unpleasantness.

The rules of order leave an assembly free for its proper business, which is deliberation. Deliberation must be deliberate, and there must be security against haste, rudeness and passion. Hence the rules of procedure, the rule that members not speaking shall be orderly and remain seated, and that personalities shall be carefully avoided. In other words, the parliamentary rules are rules of order, of courtesy, of self-control. They enable an assembly to reach its conclusions with the least possible heat, haste or delay.

The text-books on parliamentary law contain a considerable number of technicalities and fine distinctions; but the essentials, briefly stated, reduce themselves to these: that there shall be a presiding officer; that there shall be a set of rules governing motion and debate; that members who desire to speak or to present a motion shall be formally recognized by the presiding officer; that personalities shall be banned, and that order and decorum shall be always maintained.

The following rules of order have been adopted and condensed from the North Carolina Senate Rules, as printed in the North Carolina Manual for 1913. So far as the original wording is important for the present purpose, it has been retained; but in some cases the rules have been changed by way of adapting them to more general purposes. They are given here as a typical collection of parliamentary rules:

#### ORDER OF BUSINESS.

The President having taken the chair at the hour to which the Society shall have been adjourned, and a quorum being present, the minutes of the preceding meeting shall be read, unless otherwise ordered by the Society, to the end that any mistakes may be corrected.

After reading and approval of the minutes, the order of business shall be as follows:

(The term "quorum" must be defined in the rules, unless defined in the Constitution.)

#### POWERS AND DUTIES OF THE PRESIDENT.

He shall take the chair promptly at the appointed time, and proceed with the business of the Society, according to the rules adopted. At any time during the absence of the President, the Vice-President shall preside, and he is vested during such time with all the powers of the President.

(The powers and duties of the other officers are to be similarly specified in the rules or the Constitution.)

#### OF THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MEMBERS.

When the President is putting a question, or a division by counting shall be had, no member shall walk out of or across the house, nor, when a member is speaking, pass between him and the President.

Every member wishing to speak or debate, or to present a petition or paper, or to make a motion or report, shall rise from his seat and address the President, and shall not proceed further until recognized by him. No member shall speak or debate more than -----, nor longer than-----; and when two or more members rise at once, the President shall name the member who is first to speak.

Every member who shall be present when a question is stated by the Chair shall vote thereon, unless he shall be excused by the Society, or unless he be directly interested in the question.

When a motion to adjourn, or for recess, shall be affirmatively determined, no member or officer shall leave his place until adjournment or recess shall be declared by the President.

#### STANDING AND SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

The following-named committee shall be appointed by the

President to serve during the period for which the President is elected: . . . (Names, duties and number of members to be specified.)

The election or appointment of special committees may be ordered only by a majority vote of the Society.

#### PRECEDENCE OF MOTIONS.

When a question is before the Society, no motion shall be received except those herein specified, which motions shall have precedence as follows: (1) For an adjournment; (2) to lay on the table; (3) for the previous question; (4) to postpone indefinitely; (5) to postpone to a certain day; (6) to commit to a standing committee; (7) to commit to a special committee; (8) to amend; (9) to substitute.

The previous question shall be as follows: "Shall the main question be put?" and until it is decided, shall preclude all amendments and debate. If the question shall be decided in the affirmative, the "main question" shall be on the passage of the motion under consideration; but when amendments are pending, the question shall be taken up on such amendments, in their order, without further debate or amendment. Any member, however, may move the previous question, and may restrict the same to an amendment or other matter then under consideration. If such question be decided in the negative, the main question shall be considered as remaining under debate.

When the motion for the previous question is made, and pending the second thereto by a majority, debate shall cease, and only a motion to adjourn or lay on the table shall be in order, which motions shall be put as follows: previous question; adjourn; lay on the table. After a motion for the previous question is made, pending a second thereto, any member may give notice that he desires to offer an amendment to the motion under consideration; and after the previous question is seconded, such member shall be entitled to offer his amendment in pursuance of such notice.



## OTHER QUESTIONS TO BE TAKEN WITHOUT DEBATE.

The motions to adjourn or to lay on the table shall be decided without debate, and the motion to adjourn shall always be in order when made by a member entitled to the floor.

The respective motions to postpone to a certain day, or to commit, shall preclude debate on the main question.

All questions relating to priority of business shall be decided without debate.

## DECORUM IN DEBATE.

No remark reflecting personally upon the action of any member shall be in order in debate, unless preceded by a motion or resolution of censure.

When a member shall be called to order, he shall take his seat until the President shall have determined whether he was in order or not. If decided to be out of order, he shall not proceed without the permission of the Society. Every question of order shall be decided by the President, subject to an appeal to the Society by any member.

## MISCELLANEOUS RULES.

All motions shall be reduced to writing, if desired by the President or any member, and delivered at the table and read by the Secretary, before the same shall be debated.

In case a less number than a quorum of the Society shall convene, they are authorized to send the Sergeant-at-Arms or any other person for any or all absent members, as a majority of the members present shall determine.

In case of adjournment without any hour being named, the Society shall reconvene at -----.

(Other rules should provide for the reconsideration of motions, changes of rules, and a standard text-book of parliamentary law for reference in cases not covered by the Society's rules.)



## HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO."

L. M. LEACH.

You are starting to-day on life's journey,  
Alone on the highway of life.  
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,  
Each city with evils is rife.  
This world is a stage of excitement—  
There's danger wherever you go,  
But if you are tempted with weakness,  
Have courage, my boy, to say *no*.

The siren's sweet smile may allure you,  
Beware of her cunning and art,  
Whenever you see her approaching,  
Be guarded and haste to depart.  
The billiard saloons are before you,  
Decked out in their tinsel and show.  
Should you be invited to enter,  
Have courage, my boy, to say *no*.

Be careful in choosing companions—  
Choose only the brave and the true,  
And stand by your friends when in trial,  
Ne'er changing the old for the new;  
And when by false friends you are tempted,  
The taste of the wine-cup to know,  
With firmness, with patience and kindness,  
Have courage, my boy, to say *no*.

The bright, sparkling wine may be offered,  
No matter how tempting it may be—  
From poison that stings like an adder,  
My boy, have courage to flee.

The gambling halls are before you—  
Their lights, how they dance to and fro.  
You may be invited to enter,  
Do you have courage, my boy, to say *no*?

In courage alone lies your safety,  
When you the long journey begin,  
And trust in your Heavenly Father—  
Will keep you unspotted from sin.  
Temptations will go on increasing,  
As streams from a rivulet flow,  
But if you are true to your manhood,  
You'll have courage, my boy, to say *no*.



## MY HERO.

BY S. O. S., '15.

It is bad enough to be rejected some several times by the lady of your dreams, even if she lives in another town, or even in the same one, but at least some blocks away; yet the thing becomes unbearable when the said lady lives right next door, and in a house the exact duplicate of your own. And just to think of sitting on the front porch of an apartment house, two doors from the corner, while three doors from the same corner—almost in arm's reach of you—coquetishly sits your would-be fiancée, chatting with her mother's men boarders, just as if you were a minus quantity in the whole affair, and for all she seemed to care, you might be spending the week-end on Mars or at some other seaport.

Such was the state of affairs which existed between our hero, Algernon Arnold, and Miss Mathelia Watts.

\* \* \* \* \*

The two sat in the parlor of the Watts' boarding house. Many and many a time this had happened, but now there was a look of determination on our hero's face. His beardless chin was set as firm as it was possible, according to the laws and limits of rigidity, and a novice could have guessed that he intended coming to a final understanding with the lady opposite him.

"Mathelia," and a look of adoration was in his eyes, "I have come to-night to bring unto you a heart overflowing with love. Sweetheart, I have dreamed of the time when I should take you in my manly arms, and forever thereafter protect you from the knocks and bruises and thorns of a cruel world. 'Thelia, I am now making fifteen dollars a week. With this we can live not only in comfort, but in a state of perfect self-indulgence. Little girl (Miss Watts weighed only one hundred and seventy), will you not be a

companion to this lonely soul, drifting rapidly towards oblivion? For you I would—"

It seems that the lady could stand this eloquent appeal no longer, and yet she spoke, unruffled by all the oratory to which she had given audience, calmly to the one hundred and ten pounds of disorganized protoplasm at her side.

"Algernon," she said, "how many more times am I going to have to tell you 'No.' I've listened to that spiel of yours so often I know it by heart. How many more times am I going to have to elucidate unto your stupid brain the fact that the man to whom I give my heart must be a hero"—and now she was speaking with the fire of eloquence: "If I were being pursued by ten thousand dragons, he must be a man who would slay them single-handed, and save his own dear sweet-heart. If I were in a chasm a thousand feet deep, and if he were standing on the brink above, and I held out my arms to him to come and get his 'Thelia—he must be a man who would hurl himself into the chasm without the least of hesitation. You are the opposite of the hero I have painted, and so your claim to my heart has no foundation."

"Oh, Mathelia, how cruel you are to the one who cares most for you. Your words tear the very roots of my heart," appealingly he spoke, but without avail.

"Oh, fudge! I guess I've said them so often that the old roots of your heart have gotten accustomed to the pain."

"Madam," and he was now the enraged 'masculine singular,' "you will regret these words which you have this night spoken. I am desperate. When you read of my tragic death, brought about by my own hands, but more directly by your cruel and heartless demeanor, it will then be too late for repentance; and a tear from your eye or a sigh from your heart will not then wipe out the stain of the deed which you will have caused. To-night my brain will know the feeling of hot lead. Farewell! Life without you is barren. Until we meet in eternity, farewell!"

"Oh, fudge; good-night," and she giggled as he strode dramatically from the room and into the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whiskey and a pistol! He had never known the touch of the former in his mouth or the latter to his hand. But Algernon well knew that these were the only two roads open to the rejected lover, and surely he now belonged to this great and unfortunate army of men who daily give life and vivacity to an otherwise dead newspaper.

One of the many down-town bars received a stranger into its midst on this memorable night, and it was none other than the rejected and dejected Algernon. His coming caused a ripple of laughter to pass through the assembled frequenters, but he noticed them not. Into an ante-room he betook himself, rang for service, and ordered whiskey straight.

"A few drinks of this," he soliloquized, as the strange fluid was held in his trembling grasp, "a steady nerve, the pistol, and—" exit Algernon from this veil of tears, sorrow and heartache.

This premeditated plan was carried out to the extent that he managed to swallow several extremely small drinks, but by the time this much of the little drama had been enacted the tragedian somehow forgot the rest of the play. Now his brain was light and fleet—in fact it had always been so; his heart was in tune and sympathy with all humanity—death, and a pistol, and a girl unwon. Bah! who mentioned such topics. Certainly not A. Arnold! There were jolly fellows out in front waiting for him. Why hadn't he gone out sooner? They were in need of his master mind, teeming with the wit and humor of the centuries, and so he betook himself thither.

On the way out he decided that perhaps he could save some poor fellow by telling him of the folly of brooding over having been jilted, and so such would be his message to-night.

"Gents," said the hundred and ten-pounder, as he swayed before a small table, "did you ever have a gur-r-l to re-sheet

your love?" The crowd saw there was fun in the air, and so all attention was centered upon Arnold.

"Well, I tell you," he continued, "it's sorter—hic—'ell for time, but jush as good fish in sea as has ever been swung to the end of a line—hic. Ain't that right, friends? I onesch thought I'd shoot myself over lady—he—he—but what t'ell I care—hic?"

"You don't care; you're a game buck," came back the reply.

"Thankee, kind friends," he said magnanimously, "for thosh words; they do my poor heart good."

By this time the whiskey had about gotten the best of the conflict, but Algernon rallied for a few minutes. With dramatic intensity he recited snatches about: "That some one had stolen the woman he loved; that her love was a devil's lie," and still another poem with direct contradictory sentiment came forth about, "My soul is impalpable ether, my heart weighs only a drachm; ah, love, if you love me I love you. If you don't, I don't care a damn."

"Gens, cause of circumstances unknown to all you—hic—I'm shumwhat under the—hic—weather—" He got no further. With a crumpling of the knees he sat heavily down in a chair, his head bumped against the table, and he was asleep.

"Let him be, boys," said the barkeeper, "he's entertained enough for one night."

\* \* \* \* \*

About two hours later Algernon was aroused from his drunken sleep by the bartender roughly shaking him.

"All right, old chap; time to be hitting the high trail."

"Thankee; yes, sir," replied our hero stupidly, as he stumbled out of the saloon.

After a long and laborious journey, beset with many difficulties, such as unsurmountable mountains and impenetrable forests, Arnold arrived before the apartment houses. As he stood midway between his and that of his former love, a great debate was going on within his drunken brain as to

which house was which. As unusual, wrong triumphed, and Algernon mounted the steps of the house three doors from the corner. If he had only read the placard displayed: "Mrs. Watts' Boarding House," perhaps this story would never have been written, but as a matter of fact, who wants to—even if he can—read anything after having been aroused from the sleep of the drunk.

Algernon fumbled for his night-latch key, but there was no need for that, as the door was unlocked. In a very dignified and precise manner he took off his shoes and hung them on the hat-rack. His hat he placed under the same article of furniture, and then proceeded to explore in search of a lost staircase. Yonder it was over to the right. Who said to the right? It was a lie. There it was composedly waiting over to the left! Madly he made a plunge for the stairs, before they again had time to mischievously run away and leave him. At last the top step was reached, and as Arnold straightened up, a door burst open, and a woman rushed out of the room.

"Oh, sir," she screamed, hysterically, "there's a b-b-burglar in m-m-my room!"

It is not known whether Miss Mathelia (for it was none other than she) thought the man to whom she appealed was a lodger or another burglar. However this may be, it is a known fact that she grabbed the hundred-and-ten-pound Arnold by the shoulders and literally hurled him into the dark room from which she had emerged.

Something within the drunken, dulled and distorted brain of Algy told him that somewhere in all the universe there was a burglar; that there was a pearl-handled pistol in his side pocket; that a woman was in distress, and all in all it was up to him,

Slowly he drew the pistol, fired twice through the ceiling. Swiftly the intruder scampered out upon the roof and fled.

The lights were switched on, and there before her, sway-

ing, but magnificent as a Grecian God, stood her rejected, misinterpreted, and misunderstood lover.

"Algernon, my hero," she cried, rushing madly into his arms, almost knocking him down.

"Thatsch all right, Mathelia. I knew—hic—all the time there wash bad mistake—hic—about whasch you thought of my bravery—hic," he managed to utter, meanwhile attempting to pat her gently on the back, but all the time fanning the near-by ozone.





HOW JIM REMEMBERED THE MAINE: A TALE  
OF A NAVAL ACADEMY HAZING.

RUBY E. HITCH.

Jim was one of those tall, slender fellows, who possess a deep, trembling voice, and a broad mouth, full of white, firm, even teeth. Just now they were every one on display, and his eyes shone with happiness, as the fellows gathered around the train steps to "give old Jim a last grip, and a ton of good advice."

They had finished handshaking, and a breathless explosive hush fell on them. They parted for one of the boys to step forward with a flourish, and with many lofty gestures, and grandiloquent expressions, deliver into Jim's hands a ponderous looking volume. It was written on brown paper, and tied with a gorgeous red bow. On the front was emblazoned, "The How and the How-not-to: Stepping-stones for a Coming Admiral," and inside, "To be prayerfully perused on the peaceful way to Annapolis, for after Annapolis there is no peace."

The porter called "all aboard," and with the sound of their songs and yells in his ears, Jim went to his seat, a little sad at leaving the "bunch."

After a time he became conscious of the book still in his hand, and began to go through its pages, and the old familiar grin spread itself across his face once more. First, he was admonished, "An admiral can take two pieces of pie, without a headline in the paper, but an under-grad gets only the crust, in small doses." Next: "An admiral may at times put his left front foot to the floor, in the tango, but an under-grad dances entirely in the air." Then at the end he came to this, "If hazed, remember the Maine, Jimmy, my boy!"

Bang went the book! Hazed—he had never even thought of it; but what if he should be? How would he act, and what way could he devise to make the upper classmen think him

too simple for a victim? Simple—that was the word! He would play the book-worm simpleton! By mere insignificance he would escape, not forgetting the Maine.

He had been at the Academy a week. His room was tidied, and he had his face immersed in a bowl of water, when some one knocked on the door. Thinking it the inspection officer, he said, "Come in!" The door was opened and a straight, stiff, august upper classman stood on the threshold. Jim looked up with his inevitable grin, his face running little streams, when a thunderous voice bade him, "Salute!" And Jim saluted, good-naturedly laughing at the spectacle he must present. But again that voice jarred the windows in the command, "Wipe off that wave!" And Jim was forced to wipe the towel across his mouth, leaving it straight and solemn. Then the upper classman read an announcement: "Know ye all, Napoleon is dead; Napoleon the conquerer and conquered is dead, and lies in state in the precinct of the northeast French class-room. His funeral oration will be delivered at the eleventh hour, October second, by the great and famous 'Simple Jim.' The amphitheatre will be packed with sorrowing throngs, and only on forfeit of life shall a reflection of a happy thought pass across the face of the mourners. All will come garbed in solemn black, with a band of crape around the head, three times, and a bow in front. Let all who have ears attend. Selah!" Another salute, a whirl on his heel, and the upper classman was gone.

Jim groaned and sat down. He knew what it meant. If he did not do as he had been told, he would have to do something worse. And Simple Jim! He could hear himself called that the rest of his days. The more he thought, the more awful it was. Napoleon dead! Why he was dead centuries ago, but what diabolical scheme had been invented for the torture of the under-grads? He saw visions of a skeleton in some fantastic garb, or a gruesome "stiff" from the medical college; of a long, black casket and banks of artificial

flowers. "Gee!" said Jim, "I'll not do it. I'm as big as any of them. I'll knock them down first. Now, wouldn't I look like a lunatic, with a bow of crape on my forehead, waving my arms and orating over some ridiculous object, and not a smile allowed in the room? I'll never do it!" And his mouth settled down in a straight line.

In the afternoon a measured tread was heard down the hall. To Jim, bent over his study table, it had an ominous sound, and in spite of him, sensations ran through his heart. Nearer, he heard the tread and a melancholy chant. He was determined not to look around, and kept on at his studies. On came the chanters, into his room and stood behind him. They were chanting in a lugubrious tone, "Napoleon is dead, we wail and wail; put on thy mourning garments, and mourn and mourn. Ope not thy mouth; we come for thee. Get on thy crape and away, away." It was blood-curdling, because it was done in such a solemn manner. Jim felt the crape go on his head; he was pulled to his feet, and a black robe was folded round him.

In silence they saluted, and Jim catching the cue, saluted also. Bewilderment shone from his eyes. Then, with military precision, they turned him and started down the hall.

As they entered the room, a row of men rose to bow, and announced, "Simple Jim, the mighty orator, has come into our midst!" Then, the whole room was a mass of bobbing crape bows, and before Jim knew it he was on the platform. The room was profoundly still, and fifty pairs of eyes pierced into his quaking soul, and fifty bows on fifty brows swam under his eyes.

Then he thought to look for the body of the great Napoleon. And, to his amazement no casket was there, nor flowers. He could see nothing of Napoleon. Then his eyes found a small glass box on the table, a single violet on top. In the silence he stopped and stared and stared. In the box was an ant—a small, common red ant.

Jim remained bent over in a solemn mournful attitude,

and tried to determine what he must do. Suddenly he straightened. He had decided.

Looking calmly, sedately a few minutes in the face of that ridiculous crowd, he began mournfully, his voice sunk to a whisper, he told them Napoleon was dead, and the remains of a mighty conquerer lay before them. How must they grieve when they looked into that mighty face? What thoughts must course through their minds; and on and on he went, waving his arms, stamping his feet, as though his feelings would burst his body. All the time he made funny grimaces, and fell into outlandish postures, and his statements became preposterous, droll and entirely ridiculous. The audience began to squirm; their sides were aching with suppressed laughter, but Jim was having a glorious time. The tables were turned, and he knew it.

At last, with a surge across the platform, he said in a hollow, sepulchral tone, "Yes, Napoleon is dead"—then, suddenly straightening up, he jumped three feet in the air and roared, "But his 'ant-cestors' are with us yet!"

When he hit the floor the room was a mass of yelling, laughing boys. Jim had brought down the house. He was irresistible; the upper-men were beaten, and they knew it. They rushed around him, and grabbed his hand in mighty grips. "Simple Jim" was now "Sizzling Jim!"

He had "remembered the Maine."



## SLOW TO FORGIVE.

C. C. PROFFITT, '15.

It was a clear, still night. The little Tennessee River seemed to have stopped its onward course, and was lazily resting 'neath the mellow rays of a summer moon. All nature was at rest, not even an owl dared to hoot for fear of disturbing the stillness.

Suddenly this sleep-like stillness was broken by the sound of voices. Down the road came a girl and a young man, both riding horseback. They had traveled this road many times together, but never before as they did this night. There was an angry frown on her face, and a vexed look in his eyes.

"I cannot convince you, then, that I did not see her last night?" His tone was that of tender pleading.

"No," she said in a low and angry voice.

"Bernice, this is the first time you have ever doubted me in the least, and I am sure I have tried with all my power to make you believe me. Last night I did not call to see you because I was obliged to go to Knoxville on important business, and I didn't let you know because I thought that I would get back in time to call, but fate was against me, and now you believe I was out rowing with Rubayne Husk, instead of going to the one that is dearer than life to me. Can't you, oh, sweetheart? Tell me that you trust me as of old."

She hung her head. Could she resist his pleading? In her heart she knew that he was telling the truth, but she had accused him, and her pride forbade that she admit her mistake. They rode on in silence, she with downcast eyes, he with his face turned away. How he longed to clasp her in his arms and tell her of the love that filled his heart. He tried to convince himself that she was nothing but a "spoiled baby," but try as he might, he could not. Suddenly her horse gave a start, and before Jack could reach the bridle it

was off. The poor little frightened rider was taken completely by surprise, and was unable to control the frightened animal. Jack dashed after them, but could not gain on the fleeing pair. Bernice, unable to regain control of the horse, resigned herself to fate. Oh, if she had only forgiven Jack. Now she would have to die, and he would never know that she had forgiven him. The horse made a quick turn, and the miserable little rider fell heavily to the ground. In a few moments Jack was beside her. Kneeling, he took her in his arms and showered kisses upon her face. She opened her big, blue eyes, and called, "Jack!" His only reply was more kisses. "I forgive you," she said, and the golden head sank heavily upon his breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

It isn't the things you did, Jack—

It's the things you left undone,  
That gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten;

The letter you did not write;  
The message you did not send, Jack,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.



## THE AWAKENING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

W. K. SCOTT.

In the history of every State or nation there is a time when the minds of the people are aroused; their long dormant ambitions take on new life and civilization moves forward with unprecedented strides. Such an awakening as this North Carolina is enjoying to-day.

What has brought about this change among our people? Who has aroused, and who is leading them? At the close of those dark days following the Civil War, when corruption in politics had somewhat ceased, the country seemed in a quiet way for progress. One of North Carolina's greatest men steps forward and pleads education for the people. From north to south; from east to west he stirs the people with his earnest eloquence. In his gubernatorial campaign Charles B. Aycock said that "the chief need of the people is education; that the foundation upon which must be built all permanent progress, prosperity and happiness, is general intelligence." He believed that the poor, as far as education is concerned, should be placed on a level with the rich.

The people once awakened to the fact that they lived in a country of vast resources and wealth, saw the unlimited possibilities that were theirs. A State like this State of ours—the gift of God Himself—may well be called the garden spot of the world. The citizens, once the educational question was placed before them, saw that education would mean better conditions of farming, which is our greatest industry, and in which they knew lay their future greatness; that there would be better conditions of manufacturing; better commercial conditions, and better banking conditions. Education was the only means of putting the people on an equal footing for the enjoyment of these benefits, for the people believed in "equal opportunity for all, and special privilege to none." Education of the masses is the only means that will develop



the vast industries of the State and create within us that competition which is necessary to the building up of any enterprise. With body, mind and soul thrown into the work, the people began to educate their children, for they foresaw that if North Carolina was ever to rank high as a State of the nation her people must possess intelligence.

What do we find as a result of this determination on the part of the people? In place of the log school-house of twelve years ago, we find the graded and high school, with modern equipment throughout, for the school children. Compare the old slab bench in your country school-house of some fifteen years ago to the furniture that is now in your school-room. We find better salaried and better trained teachers, who are able to teach elementary science. Mark the difference between present day text-books and those of former days. All these changes show the progress we are making in education.

It is now realized that woman is man's equal in intellect, and not his inferior. Among the numerous girls' schools we have our State Normal and Industrial College. Besides the literary course, they are teaching domestic science, thus equipping the Southern girl for the duties of the Southern woman. The need of having the girls trained in the problems of home-making and motherhood was early realized, because well goes the adage: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

The University of North Carolina has at the same time been greatly strengthened. This institution has already equipped the noblest leaders of the State. Look at those eminent and eloquent statesmen, who have gone out from those old halls of Carolina, and witness the important part they have played in the leadership of the State, and especially in the promotion of education.

In 1889 our own institution, A. & M. College, was established. Why? Because the people rightly conceived the idea that the people should be educated along the paths of life that



they intended to follow, and they knew that North Carolina was best suited to agriculture and manufacturing. This institution teaches her engineering students the value of the conservation of energy. Among the greatest problems that they have before them is the harnessing of the water powers of the State, which means power to run the State's manufacturing interests. This means that the college is a power herself, for it is she after all who furnishes the man with the trained ability to turn water into useful power. Knowledge is power, and well directed power is the source of all progress. Again she teaches her agricultural students the vast opportunities they have before them in the uplifting of the agricultural and rural interests of the State. From the beginning of time the majority of our people have been tillers of the soil, but the farmers have been satisfied with only growing and harvesting whatever crops there may be to harvest. They did not care to know the "wherefores" and "whys" that made a crop or an animal do better under certain conditions. This is the reason that agriculture has been following the same methods for ages past.

It is true that a few agricultural students were graduated from the college from time to time, but when these boys settled among their neighbors they did not bring about the expected results that usually come from a man of college education and training. Why? Because the young man was located among a mass of ignorant, untutored citizens. He stood head and shoulders above his neighbors, and did not have that competition which brings out all there is in a man.

Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, who has been called the father of Southern agriculture, saw that the farmers must be educated themselves. He saw that the great battles of the future would be industrial battles. He began the demonstration work in this State, as well as in other States. The Boys' Corn Clubs and Girls' Tomato Clubs were organized—the greatest organizations of their nature in the world. From these clubs we received our idea of "Farm Life Schools" or

Agricultural High Schools. The father and mother, upon watching the wonderful results obtained by their boys and girls, saw that there was something in life beyond one of small opportunities and mere drudgeries. They no longer look upon the country home as one of gloom and desolation, but as a home of thrift and industry. This demonstration work has brought about, and is still bringing about wonderful results.

It has checked the rapidity with which men and boys have been moving to the cities and leaving their farms to be reclaimed by nature. It has made the ambitious young man stop, look and listen before entering some profession in which he thinks are broader opportunities. It has checked the westward movement of fortune seekers, and the advice of Dr. Knapp is, "Come South, young man, and grow up with the country."

The South is growing. Her rural population is being uplifted from the slums of ignorance. By means of the school-house the industries of the State are being carried on with a new intelligence. With this material prosperity everywhere in evidence there will come a higher moral and intellectual life. The bright promise of a great Southern literature, cut short for a time by the struggles of the Civil War, is at last we hope, about to reach its consummation. In her material prosperity, in the intelligence and culture of her people, in the fulfillment of her intellectual and spiritual ideals, North Carolina is nearer than ever to a realization of her motto: "Esse Quam Videri," to be rather than to seem.



## SUNSET OF THE CHIEF.

C. P. LOWRANCE, '18.

Senora sat trembling in a little dirty hut. The day was fast drawing to a close. Rapidly was his time to die approaching! At sunset he was to be shot! He shuddered at the thought. For five years he had been the leader of his followers—a tribe of rebel Mexicans. He had led them bravely and daringly against their foe, and now he was to be deliberately shot down as if he were a stray cat.

The door opened and Senora looked up uneasily as a little Mexican woman stepped in. It was his mother. He started toward her, but something in her expression drove him back to his cell.

"Is this the reward of my two days' journey?" she said. "The soldiers told me you growled and whined in the dust before their chief. I called them liars, but I see now they were telling me the truth." She paused, but there was no reply. "Then," she went on harshly, "I guess the other things they told me must be true. They are going to make a mock of you before our people whom they hold as captives. They are going to shoot you with unloaded guns, then beat you with sticks and run you off as they would a worthless dog."

The woman walked out and closed the door. Senora jumped up in confusion. "I am not going to be shot!" he shouted. "I'll not die at sunset! What do I care to be mocked at if I live?"

An hour later an officer and six privates stepped into the hut. They were astonished to see his transformation, but they tied his hands behind his back and led him out before the captives. They were bewildered at his calmness. He was blindfolded and placed facing them, his mother included. At a signal from the officer, six guns were raised. Another signal, and there was a great crash as one mighty gun. Senora fell to the ground—dead!

There was a shout of rapturous delight from the captives, for the Mexican chief had met his deserved fate.

Y. M. C. A.

ED. L. CLOYD, *Editor.*

Since our last number appeared, "Ted" Mercer has visited us, and as is always the case when Mercer speaks, large numbers of students were present at each of his addresses. Mercer has a winning personality and a splendid message. His own life is a shining example of the power of God in lifting a man up from the depths of sin and making his life a power in helping others to get a grip on themselves and to become strong through Jesus Christ. No man who heard Mercer could go away from one of his addresses without feeling stronger and more hopeful for having been there. The fact that Mercer is a college man himself and has experienced every temptation which comes to college men, makes his message all the more forceful, and his intense sincerity and earnestness wins the hearts of all those who hear him. In his work at A. & M. Mr. Mercer was assisted by Mr. B. R. Lacy, Jr., better known in Raleigh as Ben Lacy. Mr. Lacy is assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Raleigh, and he, too, is a young man full of enthusiasm and zeal for helping lead men, and especially college men, to Jesus Christ.

Mr. Ray H. Leggette, of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., was also with us while Mercer was here.

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On February 14th, at the regular Sunday night meeting, Jimmie McDugal spoke to the fellows on "College Spirit." In discussing the subject of college spirit Jimmie spoke first of the proper spirit in Athletics. He said, "We just get the reputation of playing a little mite dirty." He told of the best athletes in some of the Northern and Western colleges who are not only splendid athletes, but also strong, Christian men, and he urged the men of A. & M. to stand for clean athletics, and especially to be courteous in their treatment of visiting teams. In speaking of the "Christian Spirit" he

said, "The Christian spirit is not a mollycoddle spirit; it is the right spirit, and I hope we can get that spirit at A. & M." As a conclusion to his remarks Jimmie gave this striking testimony: "The moment I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, I got a new strength." This is the testimony of many college men, and many men in other walks of life. Let us hope that other men here at A. & M. may have this same experience.

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At the meeting on Wednesday night, February 24th, the delegates to the Laymen's Missionary Convention recently held in Charlotte, N. C., made their report. The delegates from A. & M. were Mr. King, Mr. J. E. Trevathan, and Mr. L. O. Henry. Mr. J. P. Robertson represented the A. & M. Class of the First Presbyterian Church of Raleigh.

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On February 28th Dr. Hill spoke to the members. In response to the call for prayer for college men sent out by John R. Mott, Dr. Hill spoke on the subject, "Why Pray for College Men?" and he gave four reasons why any man, but especially why college men who are preparing themselves for highest efficiency in life, should let God come into their life. The four reasons were: First, because God represents highest ideals; second, because God represents law; third, because God is a God of Love; and, fourth, because God is a God of Wisdom.

It is a significant fact that all over the world, and more especially in our own State, the men of our colleges are coming to see the importance of standing for clean ideals, not only in athletics, but in their personal lives. The meeting which we have just had at A. & M. illustrates this fact, as did also Dr. Mott's wonderful campaign at the University of North Carolina. Everywhere in all the colleges we see evidences that point to the fact that college men are realizing that to be a Christian is not opposed to having a good time and to taking an active part in every legitimate college activity.

## ATHLETICS

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

### BASKET-BALL.

Although the basket-ball team did not make a glorious record this year, we do not look upon the season as a failure. In consideration of the many handicaps which confronted the team, we think it did remarkably well. At the beginning of the season there were only two of last year's varsity, and two or three of the second team back, from which the team had to be built. The Freshman class recruited only a few men. Not peeved at all with this material, Coach Tucker went to work, and soon put out a very promising quint. Doubtless this team would have been very successful, but ere the season had fairly begun, Temple and Van Brocklin, two of the best men, were ruled off the team by the doctor. They remained off for a large part of the season. As soon as this break was about to be repaired, and the team beginning to work smoothly again, Sharp, another good man, wrenched his knee, and was forced to drop off the team. These successive blows put the club in a kind of despondent condition. Nevertheless the men kept working, and managed to end up the season very well.

### BASEBALL.

There was a large number of very promising candidates out for the baseball team this year. Among these there were five of last year's monogram men. So it is very likely that A. & M. will have a successful team. Those of last year's nine are Hodgin at second, Wheeler at short, Gammon at third, Jaynes pitch, and Winston catch. These men will continue at their regular positions. As to the vacant places, it is not known with certainty who will make good.

## LOCALS

K. L. GREENFIELD, *Editor.*

Mr. G. H. Webb was recently elected Business Manager of the 1916 *Agromeck*, and Karl Sloan was chosen as Art Editor. This completed the *Agromeck* Board, as Mr. S. G. Crater had previously been elected Editor-in-Chief.

The point made in the *Wau Gau Rac* in regard to the confusion between the names of the Negro A. & M. at Greensboro and this institution is well illustrated by an experience of Mr. R. M. Ritchie while he was selling books during the summer. On this occasion he had accosted a progressive-looking young negro in the endeavor to sell him a book. His prospective customer asked him where he was from. "From the A. & M. College," replied Mr. Ritchie. "Is that so?" exclaimed Ritchie's new friend warmly. "Well, I certainly am glad to meet you. I am from A. & M. myself."

The other day J. H. Brooks was asked how bacteria divided. "Why they divide by means of division, don't they, 'Fessor?" replied Brooks. 'Fessor put down a grade, and to this day Brooks thinks he got a ten.

When Lidey Wellons is not in his room, one may be sure of finding him at the library searching the dictionary for some big word that nobody else has ever heard of. Some time ago when he was getting permission to go home for a few days he was asked his reason for desiring to go. "I have nostalgia," he replied, promptly. He was hurriedly given permission, as it was feared it might be something catching.

The Junior basket-ball organization was recently gotten under way with R. M. Ritchie as captain, and J. L. B. Jenkins as manager. With this able management it is freely predicted that the Juniors will have a winning team.



## COMICS

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

### ON ECONOMICS.

Prof. Camp: "Mr. Osborne, what is one of the checks to the increase of population?"

Red Osborne: "Er—er the census, professor."

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Joe Spears: "I know the answer to that question, but I can't state it."

Prof. Camp: "What's the matter, Mr. Spears? You generally have plenty of language at your command."

Carpenter—"His is not economical language, professor."

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### ON HYDRAULICS.

Prof. Riddick: "Now, gentlemen, I have told you this once before, but that is one good thing about this class. No matter how often I tell you a thing I can always tell it again after a week or so without any fear that any one will remember it."

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Captain Parlier (drilling company): "There's something wrong; the rear rank's behind."

One of the agricultural Freshmen wishes to know if those red and white cows with horns (Ayrshires) are Polled Durhams.

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A young lady was passing through the barn and saw a pile of shavings in an empty stall and asked, "What kind of stuff is that silage, anyhow?"



"Before you married me you were always telling me of my sunny disposition," said Mrs. Gab.

"Well, you have been making it warm for me ever since, haven't you?" replied her husband.—*Charlotte News*.

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## EXTRAVAGANCE.

"Quick! Quick! a doctor! I have just swallowed a penny."

"What! spend four dollars just to save a penny; that's the way with you women."—*Tattler*.

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A little boy's peanuts were snatched from him by an elephant. The little boy looked up into the big elephant's eyes and said, "If I could find your face, I'd slap it off."

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## SELECTIONS.

When a fellow gets in trouble,  
As they often do, you know,  
He always finds somebody waiting  
To shout, "I told you so."

The lightning bug is brilliant,  
But he hasn't any mind.  
He goes through existence  
With his head-light on behind.

There was an old girl named McDowell,  
Who declared she would invent a new fowell;  
So she took from her pen a nice young hen,  
And mated her up with an owell.  
The progeny, people all say,  
From a practical side didn't pay;  
For they cackled all night; couldn't see by daylight,  
So when could they find time to lay?

## FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.

## REVIEW OF REVIEWS AWARDS THEM FOR SUMMER WORK.

College men who earn a large part, or all of their college expenses, will doubtless be greatly interested again this year in the free scholarships offered under the direction of their fund to self-supporting students. For the past six years over 1200 students have won free cash scholarships worth \$100 to \$1,000 apiece.

President Wilson, together with five prominent college presidents, has endorsed this plan of awarding free scholarships to ambitious students. A certificate of such endorsement is placed in the hands of every student whose application for enrollment as a candidate is accepted.

These scholarships are not competitive in any sense of the word, but are available to any student of good character. Each student is apportioned an exclusive radius. The scholarship is won, not for class-room efficiency, but for practical work during the summer months or in spare time through the college year.

College employment bureaus from Maine to California recommend this plan as a sure means of meeting college expenses for self-supporting students. The work possesses a dignity and distinction which invariably appeals to the college men. It is always congenial and eminently satisfactory financially. Over 150 scholarships were awarded students the past summer, Mr. Arthur Henkel, of Valparaiso University, winning a \$1,000 scholarship by ten weeks' work.

Any self-supporting student can secure full particulars without obligation, by dropping a postal card at once for "The Adventures of T. Courtney Perkins" to The Review of Reviews Scholarship Fund, 28 Irving Place, New York City.

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