

# THE RED AND WHITE.

VOL. V. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., March 3. No. 10

## LITERARY.

EDITED BY W. L. SMITH AND O. L. BAGLEY.

### TRUE TO THE LAST.

BY "J. W."

"And so you are to be married to-morrow morning, child?"

Annie Clifton's little room, pink with the shadow of the morning roses that crowded the rustic casements, was full of the dainty paraphernalia of the wedding day. White lace, white orange flowers, and pallid jessamine buds lay around in graceful confusion; pearls gleamed from an open velvet case on the dressing table; and folds of priceless white silk shimmered like snow-wreaths on the bed. Annie, sitting in their midst, looked herself like a fair white lily, with her complexion of cream and roses and her gold ringlets and shady blue eyes.

"Yes, to-morrow morning, Mary. Come, wish me joy."

Mary MacDonald shook her head, where the silver threads were already beginning to gleam through the sunny brown braids.

"I can't wish you joy, Annie. I can't, indeed. Oh! I had hoped to see you stand at the altar with another man than John Cochran by your side. Don't think me unsympathetic, Annie; but to-night of all nights in the world, I keep thinking of Frank Anderson."

Had it not been for the pink shadow of the roses still on her cheek, Annie Clifton would have been very pale, as she rose from her seat, with one hand pressed convulsively to her heart.

"Of Frank Anderson, Mary? Of the noble hero who died two years ago off the coast of Spain, when the 'Ottowa' was wrecked, and every one on board perished?"

"But I can't believe he is really dead, Annie," said the elder lady, speaking with passionate emotion. "Suppose—only suppose for an instant—he should one day return, to find you, his affianced bride, the wife of another man."

"Do the dead ever return from their ocean graves, Mary?"

"The dead—no."

"Mary," said Annie, clasping her slender hands together, and speaking in a voice that betrayed powerful though suppressed emotion, "you should know how truly and tenderly I loved Frank Anderson, how precious his memory still remains to me. But you should also know that the many benefits John Cochran has showered on my poor father, the years of devoted love he has given to me, ought not to go entirely unrewarded. I do not love him! That feeling perished when the 'Ottowa' went down along the orange-blooming coast of Spain; but I respect and esteem him. Oh, Mary, you, of all others, should be the last to disturb the convictions of my conscience at such a moment."

Mary MacDonald said no more. She only shook her head, and began quietly to arrange the disordered room, touching the pure white wedding decorations as sadly as if they had been funeral habiliments. And Annie, trying to throw off the heavy weight that lay upon her heart, spoke softly of other subjects, as the red sunset died away among the crimson petals of the clustering rose, and the radiance of the western sky began to soften into tender, dusky gloom.

"Do you like those stiff, artificial orange blossoms, Mary?" asked the expectant bride. "Sometimes I fancy that a few simple white roses from my own garden would be sweeter and less conventional."

"Well, perhaps they would," commented the spinster, thoughtfully turning the wreath around.

Annie started up.

"At all events, I am determined to try the effect," she said.  
 "I'll run down into the garden and gather a few just to see."

The solitary vine-embowered garden walk lay in a sort of violet shadow beneath the warm twilight firmament. Through the dense boughs of a grand old Norway pine, one star glimmered like a lace of gold shooting downward from the heavens, as Annie Clifton flitted along, her dress brushing perfume from spicy clusters of clove pinks, and velvety pansies, and both hands full of rose branches, while almost unconsciously she murmured the burden of some old song.

Such a wild, piercing cry as suddenly rose up in the twilight softness, as the roses fell from her hand, and her cheeks blanched whiter than their own petals—such a wild shriek of terror as rent the evening stillness! And when Mary MacDonald reached the shadowed garden walk, she found Annie lying on the ground, totally senseless, with her hands clasped tightly over her forehead.

To bring some water from the old well under the laburimums was the work of but a moment; and under Miss MacDonald's skilfully directed care, Annie soon returned to her senses, with shuddering sighs and faint, hysteric gasps.

"Dearest, what frightened you?" asked Mary, when, at length, Annie sat up on the low garden bench and looked around her with wild, uncertain eyes. "Did you hear anything?"

"No."

"Did you see anything?"

Annie's face of white horror, struck a chill, even to Miss Mary's stout heart, as she said, in slow, measured syllables, speaking like one under the influence of strong, mesmeric power, "I did see something. I have seen Frank Anderson's ghost!"

"Annie!"

"I tell you I have seen Frank Anderson's ghost! The ghastly face I have so often beheld in dreams, lying amid sea-shells and coral—but I never thought to see it thus."

"Tell me how and where," cried Miss MacDonald, intent only on quieting the strong spasmodic emotion that racked Annie's slender frame.

"As I came down the path singing idly—Heaven help me!—I saw it standing among the laurels, erect and motionless, looking at me with such sad, reproachful eyes!"

"My dear, it must have been an optical delusion."

"It was no optical delusion. I saw it, Mary, as distinctly as I now see you."

Miss MacDonald glanced toward the black, sepulchral clusters of laurel, with a slight chill creeping through her blood.

"But Annie, we know that such things are impossible. Ghosts are but a relic of old-time superstition."

"Impossible or not," broke in Annie wildly, "I know that this night I have seen the shadow of him who was once Frank Anderson! I know that his ghost has risen up from the grave, under the green billows that wash the Spanish shores to warn me against this fatal marriage! It is enough—it is enough! I will never plight my troth to John Cochran at the altar. I will live and die sacred to Frank's dear memory."

"But, Annie, you surely do not believe—"

"Believe, believe!" interrupted Annie, with passionate emphasis. "I tell you, Mary, I know that Frank's ghost rose up before me this evening!"

And Annie fell, weak and trembling, on her faithful friend's bosom.

All that night Mary watched Annie's bedside with anxious, loving care, much fearing, that an attack of brain fever would follow on this sudden shock and unwonted excitement, but her tender precautions prevailed.

"Put away the silk and the pearls, and the long white veil, Mary," said Annie, as the ruddy dawn peeped in through the open casement; "I shall never need them now."

When John Cochran came, at the appointed time, to claim his promised bride, Annie told him all that had occurred to her, in a faint, stifled voice.

"I cannot marry you, John," she said, at the close; "I cannot give my hand without my heart, after this warning from the very depths of the grave."

John's dull complexion turned a shade more yellow and sickly still, as he listened.

"Annie, you will surely not let this figment of a disordered brain come between us now?"

"I shall never marry, John," she answered, with a quiet, calm determination, against which he plainly saw that his will was but as nothing.

"Annie," he remonstrated, "I have loved you better than my own soul. Do not leave me alone through life."

But her answer came, firm and changeless, "I shall never marry now."

And years ebbed by, and Annie Clifton kept her word.

"An old maid!" she murmured to herself, as she stood at the mirror in her little chamber, at a seaside hotel, brushing out the sunshiny luxuriance of her long, yellow hair. "I heard the little sixteen-year-old girls telling their companions this morning in the hall, that I was an old maid! Well, perhaps they are right! And yet—how I should have laughed, ten years ago, at the idea of my ever becoming an old maid."

She smiled in the glass as the fancies passed through her mind—and the glass smiled back a sweet, oval face, with tender blue eyes, and a skin yet delicate as the lining of a sea-shell. Annie saw it and took courage.

"I am not an ugly old maid yet, in spite of my thirty years," she thought, trying on her hat for a morning stroll through the woods, with a book in her hand, by way of companion.

How quiet they were, those still, green aisles, with shifting gleams of sunlight, and the starry gleam of the wild flowers dotting the turf at her feet. Annie wandered on, and on, unconscious of the slow lapse of time, until—by the singular sensation that one cannot analyze or describe—she suddenly felt that she was no longer alone.

Looking up, she saw seated on an old dead stump, with a sketching board on his knees, and his forehead shadowed with the broad rim of his hat, a solitary man. He glanced up at the same instant.

It was the self-same face she had seen among the laurels in the violet gloom of the midsummer night ten years since, no longer pale and ghastly, but bronzed and swarthy—it was the

face of her lost lover, who sailed in the "Ottowa" long, long ago.

"Annie!"

He rose and stood, half hesitating, an instant. She tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her parched mouth. Was this also, a sickening delusion? Would this semblance of humanity too, fade away into mist and shadow?

"Annie, my dearest, fate has thrown us together once more!" he said, advancing at last with the color coming and going on his cheek.

But she sank away shuddering.

"You are not Frank Anderson!" she articulated, wildly. "Frank Anderson died at sea twelve years ago."

"But I am Frank Anderson, and he did not die at sea twelve years ago, Annie," he said, taking her hand in his—no ghostly hand, but the soft, warm palm of pulsing life and vitality. "He was preserved by an interposition of providence—little short of a miracle; and when, recovering at Madrid from the long fever that succeeded his peril, he wrote to the girl who had promised one day to become his wife; no answer ever came. Annie, how do you account for this?"

"I never got the letter!" she gasped. "As heaven is my witness, the last news I ever heard from you was, that you had perished with all the crew of the 'Ottowa' when she went down!"

"And yet I directed it to the care of your lawyer, Mr. Cochran."

A burning, crimson spot rose to Annie's cheek. Like an open book, before her rose up the whole network of John Cochran's treachery and deceit. She knew it all now.

"And when," he went on, after a moment's silence, "I had waited in vain for months, I came here, only to hear the idle gossip about your wedding. That was the way in which I learned the blight of every hope I had ventured to cherish. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'so let it be. I will not disturb her dream of happiness with my white, wasted face and broken heart. I will be to her as if I had never been.' But in spite

of my good resolution, Annie, I could not resist the temptation of trying to see you once again. Do you remember that summer night in the garden?"

"I remember it! Frank, I firmly believed that your ghost had risen up from the dead to warn me against the coming marriage."

"And did you accept the warning?"

"I did."

His face lighted up under the shadow of the broad brim hat.

"I had not looked for such happiness as this," he said, in a low, deep voice. "I have dreamed of it sometimes; but the waking has always followed too soon. Thank Heaven! the dreams are over at last, my love;" he spoke eagerly, with his misty eyes searching the depths of her own, "the morning of our lives has been shadowed by dark fate and still darker treachery. Is it too late to devote its noon-tide to each other still? Is it in vain that we have been constant to each other all these years?"

They walked home together, with her hand resting lightly on his arm, and her heart beating close to his own. Ah! such a dreamy, happy, lingering walk.

And long before the green, quivering leaves turned to pendants of gold, the "old maid" became a happy wife, and Mary MacDonald traveled all the way to Paris to witness the ceremony.

---

### THE GHOST OF A CAT.

---

The night was cold and dreary, and the wind and hail beat with furious blasts against the windows. Alone I sat at the midnight hour, and my lamp blinked and tried to close its sleepy eye. The distant corners were draped in darkness, and faint weird shadows played upon the walls. I watched the ghostly shadows and listened to the angry elements. Lightning crashed and thunder rolled.

Strange thoughts came to my mind. Things of the past,

realities of the present, and dreams of the future flitted through my mind. Life, death and eternity seemed to come by my side and stand with clasped hands. The face of each was veiled with impenetrable darkness, and their messages I could not read. My thoughts were interrupted. I heard a piercing scream, which changed into a wailing cry, and then a mournful groan. My blood ran cold, and I wondered what it might be. Then, as I listened but heard it no more, I thought that it was probably the fierce night wind; but before many seconds had passed I heard it again, more distinct and more terrible in its utterance of agony, sorrow and death. The wind blew in angrier blasts, the lightning cut the black heavens into slits, and the thunder roared, pealed, growled and shook the earth, seeming delighted in its own terrible ferocity. Being no longer able to stand the horrible strain, I arose, and, with something worse than fear, I walked to the door and, pulling it ajar, looked out into the still, lonely corridors. Naught but darkness met my gaze and not one sound came to my straining ears. Fearful lest that cry might awaken the night again, I closed the door and again sat down to wait and listen; as I half expected, this combination of all terror in sound came again. It seemed as though the demons of hell had broken loose in one devil-inspired effort to combine and send to my ears every blood-curdling sound in inferno's vocabulary. Following this soul-piercing noise came a scratching and clawing at my door, and as it did not cease I stepped quickly across the room and catching the knob, opened the door and looked without. There was nothing to be seen, and nothing crouched by my side to spring and tear me to pieces with his claws, as I half expected.

Returning to my seat after closing and securely locking the door, I decided to keep quiet and pay no attention to what seemed to be nothing, and yet really and terribly something. Sitting with my eyes fastened upon the entrance to my chamber, I again heard the scratching and clawing. It sounded as though some wild beast in the desperation of madness was trying to rip the door into splinters with his claws. I moved not a mus-



ele, but awaited in agonizing suspense to see what would happen. After a time the noise ceased, and two holes were burned with greenish fire through the lower pannel of the door. Then I saw the head and body of a cat, and the holes in the door changed to eyes, lit with fire from Satan's furnace. It stood within and the place of its entrance had closed behind it. Standing for a few moments with its green, yellow eyes fastened upon me, it then began to rise through thin air, then halting just above the door it stopped and sat in the open transom.

Never once had those flaming eyes left mine, and not one sound had the vision uttered. I saw reflected in the burning depths of his demon eyes, my own soul. Long I looked, and there I saw things forgotten, things which I thought were buried in the dark, dark depths of the past. All were clear and plain, and all were sadly true! Written plainly, under the title of "Future," I saw short happiness, disappointment, sorrow and death. Suddenly my lamp went out, and save for the lurid light of those fiery eyes I was in darkness. My feline friend grinned a hideous grin, and his eyes shone brighter still.

I could no longer stand the burning gaze, together with the howling blasts of the raging storm, so I said, "Mr. Cat, if cat you really are, why are you here? Is it to torture, torment, and kill?"

With not as much as a blink of his shining orbs, he answered in a hollow tone:

"Call me not a cat, for a cat I am not; but I am the departed spirit of one, returned to earth. My home was once in a distant city, where I lived in happiness with my kind little mistress, until one dark night I was shut without the house to be tortured and killed by fierce giants of my race. My spirit you have seen once before as it flitted across a parlor floor. I see you remember, and 'tis well. I have come to charge, to warn and exact a promise. I have waited long and patiently that this chance to unload my burden might come. If you make me the promise which I will ask, I'll leave this world never to return again, but if you refuse I will sit upon your chest at night and dog your footsteps through the day so long as you

live, and rest you will have not, and peace you will know not. I have been, by my own choice, the protector of the one who was once my mistress, for many long months; but now I must go to my home beyond the clouds, or stay forever upon this cloud-shadowed earth. 'Tis to place this care upon your shoulders that I am here this night. Promise me, as you look into the soul-reading depths of my flaming eyes, that you will forever hold above her head your right-hand of protection; that you will always grant her every wish and humor her every fancy; and that you will hold eternally sacred every promise that you have ever made her, and every one that you may in future time make. Do you promise?"

"I do, most cheerfully and willingly," I answered.

"Having promised, remember that if this promise is ever broken, that torture and torment will be your lot. Demons will dance around you in your dreams. Hell will forever confront your eyes, and everything terrible, horrible, torturous and treacherous will be your uninvited guest. That pleasant noise which you heard to-night will be your nightly lullaby and your morning tonic. Do you understand?"

"I do."

"Then, I must bid you adieu. May you never forget my visit and your solemn promise."

Then there was a blinding flash of lightning, the thunder roared and rolled away into rumbling, and then to silence. My visitor was gone, the wind lulled, and the rain and hail ceased to beat against my windows.

I fell to sleep and had a dream. Beautiful strains of angelic music floated in my ears. Through the upper pannels of the door came with wonderful vividness the most beautiful sight I ever beheld. 'Twas a maiden. About her was a halo of light. Her divine eyes, the color of the skies on a bright Indian summer's day, looked down into mine. Her form was draped in spotless folds of pure white, while about her shoulders hung, in flowing tresses, her silken brown hair. She smiled, but to describe that smile, or the feeling it produced, is impossible. That one smile, if it could have been seen by the world, would have turned

night into day, darkness into light, clouds into sunshine and caught up in its dimples the tears of all mankind, and so glorified them that they would have shone as sparkling dew—refreshed the world instead of darkening, shadowing and veiling it like a mist, as they now do.

Her lips parted, and again I heard strains of music that would have made every note as touched by Apollo on his lyre sound as discords. 'Twas music that would have made holier the holiest place or day. It grew softer, and it seemed as though the angels in heaven sang through the lips I saw. As each succeeding note grew softer and softer still, the divine vision began to fade, and when the last note had died away, she smiled and was gone.

Suddenly, I awoke; the bright sunlight of early morning was streaming in my windows. The storm had ceased, and the whole landscape glittered and shone, and the sun's face was reflected in a million crystal-like drops of rain, which twinkled and gleamed as diamonds, as far as the eye could reach. I remembered the storm and the first vision; then the second vision and the brightness, beauty, and sunshine it had left behind it. The smile had really vanquished the storm, turned darkness into light, night into day, unveiled the sun's face and scattered joy, smiles and songs over the earth. The birds chirped and warbled, and Nature was more beautiful, dressed in that one smile's reflection, than I had ever seen it before.

—D. W. R.

---

### JAPAN VS. RUSSIA—SOME FACTS.

---

We eagerly watch the daily papers since the opening of the war between Japan and Russia, to read the vivid accounts of the quick and telling blows which Japan is continually aiming against Russia.

The saying that the strength of a nation depends upon the "man behind the gun," and not the number of guns that nation may have, seems to be proving true.

We should not be much surprised at Japan's success so far, when we learn that, although Russia's population is 140 millions, and Japan's 44 millions, Japan has five million of her population in school, or about one-ninth compared with Russia's one-thirty-fifth. Out of Japan's 44 million there are more that can read and write than in Russia's 140 millions.

Japan publishes more newspapers, magazines and books each year than Russia does.

Russia has one million men and officers in her army.

Japan has one hundred and seventy-five thousand.

To-day Russia has six hundred and seventy-five thousand more men under arms than Japan has in her total of regulars and reserves.

What men Japan has, however, are well trained in modern methods of warfare, and are equipped with modern guns.

The majority of the officers in Japan's navy are graduates of Colleges and Universities of Europe or America.

Seven of the commanding officers in the Japanese navy are graduates of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Their American training is telling now, for the Admiral who commands the fleet which has been giving Russia's battle ships so much trouble is one of this seven who graduated at Annapolis.

Japan has well been called the "Yankeedom" of the Far East, and we glory in their Yankee "spirit."

—GEO. H.

## KODAK PICTURES!

Let me make them for you. Groups, Classes, Class Divisions, or anything you want—in-doors or out. Can make a picture of your room day or night. **Flash light pictures a specialty.** Size 4 x 5 inches. Call and see samples and get price.

C. C. CLARDY.

*First Floor Hospital.*

TO-MORROW.

---

The dying day fades into night,  
 With all its joys and sorrows,  
 With all its lonesome barren hours,  
 With all its bright to-morrows ;  
 Some hearts regret the hasty flight ;  
 Some gladly hail the gloaming  
 Which banishes the sad old day,  
 So joyous at its starting.

The morrow will us surely bring  
   Whatsoe'er we merit ;  
 So, if we fail to reap success,  
   We've but to grin and bear it—  
 For what we sow, that shall we reap:  
   Such is the law unbending,  
 Which rules our lives from hour to hour—  
   Beginning unto ending.

—W.

**ROBERT SIMPSON,**  
 DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST;  
 COR. SALISBURY AND HILLSBORO STREETS,  
 RALEIGH, N. C.

**R. HARRIS & CO., Jewelers,**  
 COR. 7TH AND D. STS., N. W.,  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 Society and Class Pins a specialty.

---

**CULBRETH & HARDING, Agts.**

## Agricultural.

EDITED BY W. W. FINLEY.

### IS THE WORK OF AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES PRACTICAL?

From the time that agriculture was first taught in our colleges there has been a tendency, among a large per cent. of our rural population, to look upon such a course as being wholly inapplicable to practical agriculture, and the young man who ventures to familiarize himself with the scientific, as well as practical side of farming, is, in many cases, dubbed a "book farmer." However, there is at present a general awakening of the people along these lines, and in consequence of this rural industries have taken on new and quickened life. The wide-awake, intelligent farmer, seeking helpful information, is forced to realize that the agricultural colleges are presenting to him those practical and fundamental facts and principles which alone can enable him to solve those problems which form the barrier between him and unlimited success.

The very fact that the State Legislatures have, within the past few years, made large appropriations for the equipment of these colleges, is an encouraging sign that there is a great work to be done by them. Last year \$100,000 was spent, and \$200,000 appropriated for an agricultural building at the Ohio State College. Minnesota gives \$113,000 per year for instruction and research in agriculture, and has given \$685,000 for buildings, \$300,000 of which was appropriated by the last Legislature. Wisconsin has spent \$316,000 for buildings, Nebraska \$135,000. Every New England State gives money to its agricultural college. What does this mean? It means that the agriculture of the future is to be entirely different from the agriculture of the past. It means that the vocation has developed into a system of clear and correct thinking, and that the farmers

of to-day must rise upon a plane of better directed efforts and more economic methods.

It is a well established fact that a knowledge of such questions as the conformation of animals, and the adaptability of such to specific purposes; the science of feeds and feeding; the pathological as well as normal life processes of plants; the principles of fruit-growing and truck-farming; the systematic rotation of crops, and the improvement of soils places the college man in the very front rank of the agricultural world to day. He is better able to work in harmony with nature and to aid her in her efforts to aid him. He is able to study his soil in the spirit of science, to understand the nature and functions of capillarity, solution, diffusion, and osmosis, with their relation to the available fertility of his soil and the nutrition of plants.

Yes, we believe the work of our agricultural colleges to be thoroughly practical. We believe that the farm boy makes the mistake of his life when he decides that all that is necessary for him is that sort of education that simply means arithmetic and the common branches of the common schools. We want him to master the principles of chemistry, giving him an insight into the manner of making his soil obey his will. We would have him understand geology and mineralogy. We would have him understand meteorology and the natural theories of storms, and besides all these, we would have the farmers so educated, that with their great minds and hardy, well developed and vitalized energies, they could make laws for us as well as bread; and that they may lift themselves, with their vocations, to the highest places among men, in the arts, in the sciences, in literature, in government, and in all the pursuits of life.

—J. O. M., '05.

## ORGANIZATION OF FARMERS.

The members of the Rural Science Club were pleased to have, at their last meeting, Hon. T. B. Parker, Secretary and Treasurer of the Farmers' State Alliance. Mr. Parker is an able speaker, and his address on "Co-operation of Farmers" was very much appreciated by the students.

Some of the things Mr. Parker said were that he was glad to see the increasing number of students studying agriculture. Having always observed that a man succeeded best when working at something he liked, and feeling sure that everyone present was preparing for the work of a scientific farmer, because of a natural liking for such occupation, therefore he believed that these boys, who are the farmers of to-morrow, would soon place North Carolina farming on a higher and more successful basis. To be successful, however, they must first learn to have system and organization among all the farmers.

At one time there were several independent railroad systems in our State. Now they have been largely consolidated and far better service is obtained because of their system and co-operation that is developing capital all over our State. Before a perfect system of organization is established farmers must learn to put more confidence in their fellow-men. The good results of a perfect organization are shown by the organized cotton farmers breaking the jute bagging trust and keeping the price down to one-half the trust price; by the organized strawberry growers, of the eastern counties, who save over \$200,000 in freight rates alone, on each year's crop, because they are thoroughly organized. If the farmers expect to command the influence which is their due, **THEY MUST ORGANIZE.**





## Athletics.

E. W. GAITHER AND C. A. SEIFERT, EDITORS.

**N**ow, for the first time in a number of years our Athletic Association is free from debt with money left in the treasury at the beginning of the baseball season; and we have the best material and the most of it that we have ever had. Let us see what is most needed to make the best record that the A. and M. has ever had.

Let us review for a moment. In 1901 we won only 10 per cent. of our games; played with no stronger teams than Oak Ridge, Wake Forest, Trinity, Horner, Trinity Park High School, and Bingham. In 1902 it was very little better, with about the same schedule. The cry was no college spirit except that of "roasting" our team for losing games. They did their best, but listen. They had no training, were all young and, worse than that, they were "roasted" like a Christmas turkey for every error, but never praised for good work. In 1903 what a change! We had practically the same material as in 1901 and 1902, with the addition of a pitcher and second baseman; but they were trained by a graduate of our own college, and they were backed by every man in the battalion, and were seldom "roasted." Why? Because they won 12 out of 15 games. They lost to Virginia by a couple of errors, and the boys haven't quit "roasting" about that yet. Let's quit it. The proper way is to know the team is ours, and what is ours is better than anybody else's, even if they do make an occasional error. Every team makes an error, even the "big-hearted boys."

What we want is a sympathetic student-body who can support a team at critical times. Anyone can cheer their team while it is winning, but we want "rooters" who can back the team when the score is 5 or 10, or even 16 points against them. When we get that sort of spirit into the "rooters" the team can't lose.

How are we to get this? Here is a plan: Let the student-body elect two or three leaders for "rooting" clubs. Let these leaders organize these clubs and teach them the college songs and yells, and give them systematic training along this line. Let each club be at every game and back the team for all they have in them.

Let one club have a yell or a song going all the time.

The right spirit started, let's keep it going, and improve on it.

Let's not have it said of A. and M. ever again that we haven't college spirit.

There is another object in good "rooting" and sticking to your team—it is this: if a good athlete visits the college on a prep-school team and sees the backing our team gets he will know where to go when he finishes at the prep-school, and it will be one factor in keeping up the standard of our athletics and raising it to a higher standard.

With the best schedule, the best coach and the best team the college has ever had, are we not going to give them all the best support any team has ever had in this or any other State?

We will meet U. N. C. on equal footing this season. It is hardly necessary to say the team will be backed there, but there are other battles to be fought, other victories to be won. Let us be ready with the "rooting" club well organized and well trained, and show to our visitors that we will never be ashamed to yell Long live A and M.

—E. W. G.

---

## OUR BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

---

"What are our baseball prospects this spring?" is a question which nearly every boy is interested in. We are all anxious to have a good team, a team which we can be justly proud of, and one which will add to the glory and fame of our college. In the past our ball teams, though always good, have never come up to our expectations, though last year our teams went through the entire season with only three defeats; but even such a record does not satisfy our ambitions, for to go through an

entire season with an unbroken chain of victories to our credit is what we are and have been constantly striving for. Will we be successful this year? This is a question which is rather hard to answer, but when we view the splendid material at hand we cannot fail to be favorably impressed, and our hopes are, to say the least, very high indeed. Nearly all of our old players are with us, and the several new ones who now fill the vacancies are men whose ability as ball players is beyond question. Our infield is especially fast, so fast indeed that we feel justified in saying that we have, without doubt, the fastest infield in the entire State. All are seasoned players and will give a good account of themselves. Our outfield is also quite up to what an outfield should be—cool and steady; they meet our every expectation.

In the pitcher's box we have three "slab artists" of known reputation. All are masters of the pitcher's art, and lovers of baseball may rest assured that when they are put to the test they will not be found wanting. Our schedule this year includes many of the leading colleges in our country, and it is by far the hardest and largest we have yet attempted. Yet it is a schedule which we attempt without much fear as to the ultimate result. To win every game, however, is a task, as we are well aware, of almost gigantic magnitude, but our baseball team, if supported by an enthusiastic student-body is, we think, quite equal to the task. To create the necessary enthusiasm it is absolutely essential and of utmost importance that every student in the college, without exception, takes an interest in the work of the team. Every man should show his interest by watching the players when at work and cheering them whenever a good play has been made, and again cheering when a player is unfortunate enough to make an error. Don't criticize. Our efficient coach is there to do that. Give the unlucky player to understand that he has your sympathy, and this can most effectually be done by cheering him. This cheering girds him to try again, and in trying again he will put forth a supreme effort.

—C. A. S.

## VIRGINIA'S BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1904.

- Saturday, March 12—Woodberry Forest, at Charlottesville.  
 Monday, March 14—Miller School, at Charlottesville.  
 Thursday, March 17—Pantops Academy, at Charlottesville.  
 Saturday, March 19—Fishburne Military Academy, at Charlottesville.
- Tuesday, March 22—St. Alban's, at Charlottesville.  
 Friday, March 25—Brown University, at Charlottesville.  
 Saturday, March 26—Brown University, at Charlottesville.  
 Tuesday, March 29—St. John's College, at Charlottesville.  
 Wednesday, March 30—Lafayette, at Charlottesville.  
 Thursday, March 31—Lafayette, at Charlottesville.  
 Saturday, April 2—Yale, at Norfolk.  
 Monday, April 4—Yale, at Charlottesville.  
 Tuesday, April 5—Lehigh, at Charlottesville.  
 Wednesday, April 6—Pennsylvania, at Charlottesville.  
 Thursday, April 7—Pennsylvania, at Charlottesville.  
 Saturday, April 9—Cornell, at Charlottesville.  
 Tuesday, April 12—Hampden-Sidney, at Charlottesville.  
 Thursday, April 14—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Charlottesville.
- Saturday, April 16—U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis.  
 Monday, April 18—Harvard, at Washington.  
 Tuesday, April 19—Washington and Lee, at Charlottesville.  
 Thursday, April 21—Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Raleigh, N. C.  
 Friday, April 22—University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, N. C.  
 Saturday, April 23—University of North Carolina, at Greensboro, N. C.  
 Wednesday, April 27—University of Maryland, at Charlottesville.  
 Friday, April 29—Wake Forest College, at Charlottesville.  
 Friday, May 6—Johns Hopkins University, at Charlottesville.  
 Saturday, May 7.—University of North Carolina, at Charlottesville.

— THE RED AND WHITE —

Published semi-monthly by the Athletic Association of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year .....	\$1.00
Single copy .....	.10

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

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

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

STAFF.

A. T. KENYON .....	Editor-in-Chief.
M. E. WEEKS .....	Business Manager.
STERLING GRAYDON .....	Exchange Editor.
C. A. SEIFERT .....	Athletic Editor.
E. W. GAITHER .....	Athletic Editor.
L. A. NEAL .....	Social Editor.
W. W. FINLEY .....	Agricultural Editor.
C. W. MARTIN .....	Comic Editor.
J. W. BULLOCK .....	Assistant Comic Editor.
W. L. SMITH } .....	Literary Editors.
O. L. BAGLEY } .....	
W. M. CHAMBERS } .....	Local Editors.
S. D. WALL } .....	
A. W. GREGORY } .....	

EDITORIALS.

We have heard some talk of a movement being put on foot toward the establishing next year of a weekly paper devoted entirely to athletics and to items of everyday interest to the student. A paper of this sort would attempt to chronicle, entertainingly, all athletic contests of any sort, all lectures that might be delivered before the student body of the College, all social functions, and all locals, as well as clippings from other College papers pertaining to topics of the day. We believe that

a paper like this would be a success. On talking to some people regarding the matter, we have heard the opinion expressed that a publication of this kind would directly antagonize THE RED AND WHITE. This we do not think would be the case. The work of THE RED AND WHITE could be turned into channels relating entirely to the literary side of the College. And although this is not a literary College, that is no reason for the utter lack of literary spirit that seems to prevail at present. We must overcome this inertia regarding the writing of articles of any sort before we can make a move in any direction. But if a step toward the advancement of the College is to be taken next year, we think a wise one would be to see to the establishing of a weekly paper along the lines carried out by the *Tar Heel* of Carolina and *College Topics* of the University of Virginia. Now is the time to talk this matter up and to make preparations for carrying it out next fall.

---

There is one thing connected with College life that many people are inclined to neglect almost entirely. And yet this thing is related closely to our best interests, not only while we are in College, but more especially in after life. We refer to purity of speech. There are men in College whose greatest aim seems to be the telling of some obscene joke, and whose vocabularies are limited to a number of choice expletives which they hand out on any and every occasion. That this class of men is decidedly in the minority is very true, and it is good for the morals of the College that this is so. But all of us to some extent or other, neglect at times purity of speech. A man's mind is a delicate piece of mechanism, and the conversation is the index to that mind. You can size up a man quicker by his conversation than you can in any other way. So let us remember this and discard from our speech all that which leans toward the obscene and the profane, and let us strive to attain in our most commonplace conversation an ideal of purity of thought and words.

It was our great pleasure and our honor to have with us on Washington's birthday one of the greatest living Americans, the great Democratic leader, Mr. William Jennings Bryan. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Bryan made a highly entertaining talk before the Y. M. C. A. The afternoon was cloudy and rainy, but the weather did not prevent a large audience turning out to hear him. On Monday from twelve to one, a reception was tendered Mr. Bryan in the College library, and the students had the pleasure of receiving a friendly handshake from this great thinker. Mr. Bryan and the Governor and his staff took dinner with us, and dinner over, Mr. Bryan, in response to a call, made a few very enjoyable remarks. The Governor was then called for, and he too, made a few remarks in his usual happy style. But the greatest treat was yet in store for us. It was when we went to the Metropolitan Hall and heard Mr. Bryan's now famous lecture, "The Value of an Ideal." The hall was crowded beyond standing room, the gallery being packed. The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and it was with sincere regret that we realized the end had come. We were delighted to have Mr. Bryan with us, and he seemed to take an interest in the work of the College. His visit will long be remembered, and will be cherished for years by those who were fortunate enough to see and hear him.

---

We wish to say just one more word in regard to writing for this magazine. There are two propositions to be put before you all as regards this paper. Do you want your College magazine to be a collection of clippings from other magazines, or do you want it to contain something calculated to afford pleasure to the College at large? The question rests with you. Get to work and let us have some material to work upon, and that right away, and we will steadily improve the status of the magazine. Stand to one side and be liberal in criticism, but close-fisted in contribution, and your magazine will never make a creditable showing at home or abroad.

## College Notes.

*Some Folks Seen About the Campus by*

W. M. CHAMBERS,

S. D. WALL,

A. W. GREGORY.

Porter, E. G., spent several days in Goldsboro last week with his parents.

Mr. George Hummel, of Goldsboro, was at the College, Sunday, the 21st.

Quite an improvement has been made in the walk from the College to the Drug Store, by several loads of cinders.

Mr. L. N. Boney of the Class of '03 was here Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Boney is in the Insurance business at Greensboro.

"Peck" Hart of Chapel Hill spent sometime at the College last week. He is pitching for the University baseball team this year.

Mr. J. L. Ferebee, '02, now with the Durham & Charlotte Railway, and stationed at Pittsboro, N. C., was here to spend Washington's Birthday with his friends.

Mr. W. F. Kirkpatrick received a letter from Mr. W. B. Reinhardt several days ago. Mr. Reinhardt '02 is now working for the "Electric Light and Power Company" of Dawson City.

Sergeant Pierce, of the Engineering Corps, U. S. Army, was here last week on a visit to his brother. Mr. Pierce has just returned from the Philippines and is now stationed at Washington, D. C.

Capt. F. E. Phelps has placed in the Library several official War Department maps of Japan, Manchuria and Korea. Cadets who are interested in the war between Japan and Russia will find these maps quite an aid in their study of the situation in the far East.



A large number of the students went to hear Hon. W. J. Bryan Monday night, and every one seemed to enjoy the lecture immensely. Those who were so unfortunate as to be unable to go certainly missed a fine lecture.

The Junior Class have organized a Dramatic Club and "The Morning After" is to be put on the boards sometime soon. At the election of officers of the above Club, Mr. O. L. Bagley was chosen President, H. M. Lilly, Vice-President, C. T. Venable, Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. A. F. Bowen, Director.

The Concert given by the Glee Club, Saturday night, February 20th, was quite a success in every way. Prof. C. K. McClelland is the Director of the Club, and to him is largely due the success of this, the first public appearance of the Club. The violin solos by Miss Meek of Peace Institute, were much enjoyed by the audience, and added much to the success of the Concert.

---

## **BOYS!**

**Remember it always pays to  
Buy your SHOES at** ❁ ❁ ❁

# **Perry & Rosenthal.**

**FREE SHINES.**

---

**IF YOU WANT TO BE  
WELL - DRESSED**

BUY YOUR  
CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

FROM

**J. ROSENGARTEN.**

COLLEGE AGENT: W. W. F. NLEY, Room 38,  
Second Dormitory.

## Our Exchanges.

STERLING GRAYDON, EDITOR.

We wish to welcome the first number of *The Palmetto*, from the College for Women, of Columbia, our sister State. It contains very much to interest a reader of any college. "The Interference of Sharius" is a pretty little story, however "Found Guilty" sounds too much like a fairy tale, and, we think, a little out of place in a college magazine. The exchange department shows itself to be in capable hands, and a reader would at once see that it was written by one who thinks for herself. We would suggest a few poems.

The *Collegian* is not systematic. One issue makes the reader think the students were preparing examinations, while the next would make him think they employed journalists to do the work. A *Missionary Hero* is a pretty story; "Cupid Laughs" holds the reader until the last line. In fact, the entire January issue is a well gotten up, well written issue, except—how we hate to see it thus—it has no exchange department. Every college magazine owes this much to its exchanges. We would like to think that the printer lost the exchange copy; but the proof seems corrected in every other way. Why is it so? One would think that most of the witticisms from the "Fresh Class" came from the Senior, because of their age. Anything as old as some of these cannot stand the strain of a public parade. We suggest that the giver of these laugh at them privately.

The *Furman Echo* is one of our best exchanges. "The Epidemic of Lynching in the South" is a good article, but we think it might apply somewhat to the North as well as the South. "Love Man's Redeemer" is a good poem.

We have one number of *University of North Carolina* magazine. It is one of our best exchanges. We hope they will not forget us again. As this is the January number, we will not say more about it.

The Academy is a very neat little magazine, but the editors surely made a mistake by letting the illustrations go in. It must be the first attempt of the artist. No one would ever recognize the pretty girl described in one of the stories and that mass of inky marks as the same. If the artists must draw, let them practice with the comic department.

The Winthrop College Journal comes again after the absence of a month. We suppose it was lost in the mail. This number shows no sign of backsliding. A reader of the poem on the first page wants more, and is not disappointed if he reads the entire paper.

We were surprised to receive The College Message after the fire. Only one who has read the magazine knows how much credit the editors deserve in getting it out. Outside of a few mistakes in print, which were corrected in pencil, the paper is at its usual standing.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly comes to us this month, at its usual standing, which is among the best. "A Fortune Almost Lost" and "Sweet Revenge" are two of its best stories, while the poetry is all good.

The University of Arizona Magazine comes to us full of good and instructive reading. A Prank of Time deserves mention.

The pretty little magazine from Agnes Scott of Decatur, Ga., is up to its usual standard.

We dislike to say so, but The Asheville School Review could very well be summed up in one department: Locals.

---

### CLIPPINGS.

---

They sealed their lover's compact with a kiss;

A Blissful moment followed,

Soft, but clear

He heard her ask: "Do you suppose—that—it—

Is safe with only one seal on it, dear?"

—Tribune.

We went to Cupid's garden,  
 We wandered o'er the land;  
 The moon was shining brightly,  
 I held her little — shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl—  
 How fast the evening flies;  
 We spoke in tones of "love;"  
 I looked into her lunch basket.

I gazed into the basket,  
 I wish I had a taste,  
 There sat my lovely charmer,  
 My arm around her — umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella—  
 This charming little miss;  
 Her eyes were full of mischief—  
 I slyly stole a — sandwich. —Ex.

She always blazed with diamonds,  
 Regardless of expense  
 And presently she blazed away  
 To social eminence. —Ex.

Wonderful how love concise  
 Grows from day to day!  
 Once he called her "Angel Eyes,"  
 Now he calls her "Say!" —Ex.

Teacher—"Translate rex fuget."

Pupil—"The King flees."

Teacher—"Put a has in it."

Pupil—"The King has fleas." —Ex.

Judge—"What is your age, madam?"

Woman—"I've seen thirty-two summers."

Judge—"How long have you been blind?" —Ex.

## I WONDER WHAT'S IN IT.

We sit at a table delightfully spread,  
 And teeming with good things to eat,  
 And daintily finger the cream-tinted bread,  
 Just needing to make it complete,  
 A film of the butter so yellow and sweet,  
 Well scented to make every minute,  
 A dream of delight. And yet while we eat  
 We cannot help asking: "What's in it?"  
 Oh, maybe, this bread contains alum and chalk,  
 Or sawdust chopped up very fine,  
 Or gypsum in powder about which they talk,  
 Terra Alba just out of the rum.


And our faith in the butter is apt to be weak,  
 For we haven't a good place to pin it,  
 Annato's so yellow and beef fat so sleek,  
 Oh, I wish I could know what is in it!

Ah! be certain you know what is in it;  
 'Tis a question in place every minute,  
 Oh, how happy I'd be could I only see  
 With certainty all that is in it.



The pepper perhaps, contains cocoanut shells,  
 And the mustard is cotton seed meal ;  
 The coffee, in sooth, of baked chickory smells,  
 And the terrapin tastes like roast veal.  
 The wine which you drink never heard of a grape,  
 But of tannin and coal tar is made ;  
 And you could not be certain except for their shape,  
 That the eggs by chickens were laid,  
 And the salad which bears such an innocent look,  
 And whispers of fields that are green,  
 Is covered with germs, each armed with a hook,  
 To grapple with liver and spleen  
 No matter how tired, and hungry, and dry,  
 The banquet, how fine ; don't begin it  
 Till you think of the past and the future and sigh,  
 " Oh, I wonder, I wonder, what's in it."

And the preacher who prates of the glory that waits  
 On the saints, and asks : " Have you seen it ?"  
 And tells you how hot it will be for the sot  
 And the sinner at last, does he mean it ?  
 The political boss who asks for your vote  
 And promises not to forget it,  
 When landed at last in the place of some note,  
 Don't you, you'll surely regret it ?  
 And the maid of your choice, with the heavenly voice  
 Whom you're loved for a month, if not longer,  
 Perhaps has said " Yes," and it's time to rejoice  
 And to foster the faith that grows stronger,  
 But that true heart so dear, Oh, you tremble with fear,  
 And now that it's yours, I beg do not jeer  
 When I ask : " Are you certain what's in it ?"  
 —H. W. Wiley in proceedings National Pure Food and  
 Drug Congress.



## Comics.

C. W. MARTIN, EDITOR.

Here's to each and to all,  
 May you keep from trouble away,  
 And never get under confinement  
 Except on a rainy day.

### "HANDS" AGAIN.

(This subject seems to be quite popular. Another Watauga man, from the top floor this time, hands in the following clipping:)

It is not the hand of heroes  
 Battling for their fellow men,  
 Nor the helping hand of woman,  
 Nor the hand that wields the pen.

Nor the hand that beats the carpet  
 On the backyard fence unfurled;  
 But the hand that holds four aces  
 Is the hand that rules the world.

Huntley: (On history on the morning after Bryan's lecture as Captain starts to his lesson) "I say, Captain, we'd h-e-a-p rather hear you speak than Mr. Bryan."

Captain: Now, Mr. Huntley, what do you want?"

Temple: I don't believe I ever saw a bug like this before.

Prof. Sherman: Why, they are very common around electric lights.

Finley: Ugh! Ugh! Well, it's no wonder Temple never saw one before.

Captain: "You were reported for 'noise in your room' after taps last night, Mr. Booth. What is the meaning of this?"

Booth: (promptly) "I was saying my prayers, Captain."

Mr. Bryan's story of "Smith, the saloon keeper," reminds us of the story of Pat, the Irishman, whose answer was also laconic and to the point:

Pat was standing in front of the bar when Mike came in: "Howdy Pat," said he, "come up and hev a rat wid me." "Faith," said Pat, "an pwhat may a rat be?" "Sure, an' it's a 'whisky straight.' Well, ye hev wan?" "To be sure I will," answered Pat, and soon the two "whiskeys" had vanished. As he finished Mike reached for a small glass of water, and drank it down. Pat looked surprised. "And un pwhat may that be for," he asked. "Sure, an' its a chaser to drown the rat," replied Mike. A smile crept over Pat's features as he reached for a bit of cheese from the free lunch counter and then swallowed it. It was Mike's turn to look surprised and ask: "An pwhat's that for?" Pat's smile broadened as he answered, "Sure, to bait the trap for another rat." —C. W. M.

Martin (at table one day as sausage is passed): "Too bad about about that cook, isn't it?"

Chesbro: "Why, what's the matter?"

Martin: "Why, didn't you hear about it? He cut his hand the other day, and some of the gravy from these sausages happened to get into the wound."

Chesbro: "Well, what of it?"

Martin: "What of it! Why, yesterday he died of hydrophobia!"

Orderly (at Textile Building): "Any report, sir?"

Prof. Wilson: Drake's absent, weaving."

Orderly: "What Weaving's initials, sir?"

Prof. Williams: "Gentlemen, for the next recitation, you may write a short essay on 'The Voyage,' and a paper, five or six hundred words will do on 'Rural Life in England.' Also prepare to recite on 'Rip Van Winkle,' and as this is on a short lesson, you can write a short composition on 'The Country Church.' This, I think, will about finish Irving." Let us hope that it didn' finish the Freshmen, too.



THE SINKING OF THE TSCHCWX-  
YPDRSCLVFBWMSK.

---

'Twas in the good ship Tschwexpdsekfpbwmsk  
That sailed to the Yellow sea ;  
It was off Ping Yang that the Bo'sn sang  
" Japosky ! Hard a' lee ! "

It was on Mukwispwfovurski's sterile coast  
Near Pbdjvorjkov where we lit  
And we looked around when we struck the ground,  
And wondered what we'd hit.  
A weary waste of consonants  
Were scattered far and wide,  
Assorted lots that marked the spots  
Where valiant Russians died.

In the fertile vales of Skbrwhimkuzoff  
Are rivers running tears.  
The widows back in Kckekekekekekekeck  
Are torn with haunting fears,  
And orphans by asylums full  
On Nvpkqrtskxqubsgqbkosk's bank  
With many a wail shall tell the tale  
Of how the Tschkwexpshrvcmfwymmsk sank.

But what would matter one Russian ship  
In the mud of the Yellow sea,  
Had not she been sunk by a Japanese junk  
With the commonplace name Fujee ?  
And what had been left of the enemy  
If we only had known the game  
And shot at the Japs a charge of perhaps  
One-third of the Tschmfwyypvbkpuckshrdlummsk's name.

—By Admiral Writemoff, in Star.

? WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ?

Where Bailey lost his money ?

What the Junior Class is going to do next ?

Why some men never go after their mail, but wait on the car track for it ?

Who swiped the rooster ?

Who gave Bob Uzzell soap wrapped up as molasses candy ?

# *King's Business College*

(INCORPORATED.)

**CAPITAL STOCK \$30,000.**

RALEIGH, N. C., ———— AND ———— CHARLOTTE, N. C.

No vacation—Enter at any time. Positions guaranteed.  
Railroad fare paid.

\$75, \$60, \$70 and \$50 per month are the starting salaries of our graduates placed in positions in two weeks' time. Take our course and we will try to do as well by you. Choice of 50 positions each month.

**We prove that we have the best by a Business Offer.**

Write for our Offers and College Journal. Address,

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
RALEIGH, N. C., or CHARLOTTE, N. C.