

THE RED AND WHITE,

VOL. V. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., October 15. No. 2.

LITERARY.

EDITED BY W. L. SMITH AND A. T. KENYON.

BASSANIO.

BASSANIO, one of the chief male characters in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," was a young, unmarried man and poor, financially, but amiable and ambitious. He had a warm and worthy friend in Antonio, upon whom he greatly relied.

All Bassanio had and more, too, he owed to Antonio. He was debtor to Antonio, both in love and money; in love, because Antonio says: "My purse, my person, my extremest means, lie all unlocked to your occasions." In money, because Antonio had lent him money when he had disabled his estate by great extravagance. Now, Bassanio came to him and wanted to borrow three thousand ducats, with which to go courting; for, as Tennyson says, the young man's fancy had "lightly turned to thoughts of love."

Just at this particular time, however, Antonio's fortunes were at sea; yet, to aid a friend in time of need, he told Bassanio to go to Venice and try his fortune, even to the uttermost. Bassanio went to Venice and did try Antonio's credit. He got the ducats, but Antonio had to sign a bond that he would forfeit a pound of flesh nearest his heart in case the money was not paid at the end of three months, and this bond was to Shylock, a rich Jew, who hated Antonio with a bitter hatred.

Bassanio had implicit confidence in Antonio, since he revealed to him all his plans and plots, how to rid himself of these debts; he frankly told Antonio that what he owed him was lost,

"but," said he, "lend me more, that I may be able to repay all." Bassanio disclosed to Antonio all his love affairs, told him the name of the lady whom he wished to visit, that her home was in Belmont, and how fair and how rich she was. Bassanio had unusual confidence in one Gratiano as a servant, for he took Gratiano with him on his trial trip of love.

The preparations had been made, the money had been borrowed, and Bassanio and Gratiano, who merrily echoed everything said and done by Bassanio, were both glad to be under sail for Belmont.

But Bassanio was not the only one that loved this benignant, beautiful, and brilliant woman Portia; for, while he was yet on the way to Belmont, the Prince of Morocco was making his choice of the caskets.

There were three of these caskets from which to choose, one golden, one leaden, and one silver, and one of these contained Portia's picture, and the chooser of this casket won Portia for his own. The casket of gold bore this inscription: "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." The Prince of Morocco, through rash ambition chose this casket, and chose wrongly. The Prince of Arragon, through pride, chose the silver casket, which bore this inscription: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves," and he, too, failed to win the prize. This last choice was scarcely made when Gratiano alighted at the gate of Portia's home to signify by greetings and gifts the coming of his lord Bassanio, of whom Portia's servant said: "I have not yet seen so likely an ambassador of love."

We are forced to believe that Bassanio really loved Portia for two reasons: first, because he made such a strenuous effort to visit her; and second, because he chose the leaden casket, on which were these words: "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." Bassanio proves his courage and devotion by his readiness to give and hazard his all, and by his noble choice he won Portia for his own, and claimed her with a loving kiss, whereupon Portia gave to him her ring, which Bassanio swore never to part with. But alas! how lightly slips the word "forever" from our careless lips.

"To-day sees plighted troth and clasping hands,
To-morrow, shattered faith and broken bands,
Oh! pitiful for mortal lips to swear."

Bassanio had scarcely made his choice, and while he and Portia were yet exchanging compliments, Bassanio received a letter from Antonio, saying that all his argosies had been lost, that the bond which had cost him his life was due, and that he wished to see Bassanio at his death. Portia insisted upon seeing the letter, and when she had seen, this is what she said:

"Pay him six thousand and deface the bond,
Double six thousand and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thro' Bassanio's fault;
First go to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
O love, dispatch all business, and begone!
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul."

Bassanio obeyed at once, and was soon in Venice, where he found his sweet friend Antonio on trial for a pound of flesh, or in other words, his life. He offered Shylock six thousand ducats for the three thousand borrowed, but the cruel, pitiless, remorseless Jew refused, saying that he would not take forty thousand ducats, but would have his blood. It now seemed that Antonio was doomed to die; indeed, blood-thirsty Shylock was earnestly whetting his knife and Bassanio was bidding Antonio farewell when Portia, accoutred like a young man, under the guise of Dr. Balthasar, came into the court and acquitted Antonio by telling Shylock that according to the bond the pound of flesh was his, that the law allowed it and the court awarded it, but she defied him to shed one drop of Christian blood. Bassanio then wanted to pay the three thousand ducats to Dr. Balthasar for saving him and Antonio from such grievous penalties, but the doctor refused, saying: "Give me your ring,"

which Bassanio, remembering his oath, would not do, but offered to give him the dearest ring in all Venice. Balthasar feigned displeasure; so Bassanio gave him the ring. The doctor then hastened away to Belmont.

The next morning Bassanio and Antonio flew to Belmont. Portia welcomed Bassanio home and welcomed Antonio to their house, but before long she discovered that Bassanio had not her ring, and swore that he had given it to some woman, but Bassanio swore, by his word of honor, and his soul, no woman had it but a civil doctor. After a little teasing, Portia explained how she and Balthasar were one and the same, and henceforward she and Bassanio were happy in their own sweet home.

THERMOPOLÆ "SKINNED!"

One morning I strolled up to the upper regions of the "new" Watauga. There seemed to be some excitement up there over something; a group of boys was standing around, making wild claps in all directions, and I heard exclamations of "I hit him"—"Spat"—"Brave fellow"—"Ought to have a medal of truth." I determined to find out the trouble; so I strolled into the room of the Man with the Bear (?) Skin Hot." A scene of carnage met my eyes.

The haughty and aristocratic baton-swinger, who makes all the swell "professors" green with envy, was lying on his bed. His face was swollen and gore-clotted. The walls were spotted with blood, and the room was in fearful disorder. "Oh! what a chance for Captain," I mentally exclaimed. Visions of Saturday and Sunday flashed across my mind.

The giant leader of the crowd arose on one elbow, and exclaimed: "Not guilty, Judge! It was self-defence!" Then the "man," who dreamed of "monkeys," explained things thusly:

"Yea, verily, they came in clouds, even unto the umpteenth generation. They smote us on every side, no quarter was given. They even took a straw and sucked the oil out of the lamp, put it on the razor-strap, and whetted their bills.

Resistance was useless, and so many were marked on the walls, floors and windows, we had to call for help. Alas! none came. "Pep" had fled to the boiler-house, while Abernathy was so busily engaged in tackling a monster "skeeter" that visions of "more touchdowns to conquer" were driven to his help. Ikey "lay silently." D—ing in his only little Third, while Lewis was out collecting German club money. Finally, daylight broke, and the commanding officer called for a truce to bury the dead. "And there they are," he exclaimed, waving a hand toward the walls. And behold!

Noble, chivalrous heroes! Though beaten, "Rush" and "Steve" have carefully erected a headstone over each grave with a touching epitaph upon it. I examined closer, and the first one read: "A. Dieu Adam Skeeter. Died 11:45 P. M., Oct. 5, 1903. Not dead, but asleep." Disgraceful! Underneath some one had added: "In — (that region containing the spot designated in the legend that is written on the walls of the Fourth.) Fourteen marked "spots" were next, and then another tombstone: "I Do Bite. Died Oct. 5, '03, 1:45 A. M. God made him; therefore, let him pass for a 'skeeter."

By this time tears were rolling down my cheeks, and unable to stand such tales of carnage and scenes of death, I fled.

Later—(October 6. Another great battle was fought last night. Full details later.)

F. C. PHELPS.

NAPOLEON.

(Extract from an Address by Ingersoll.)

"A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest, at least, the ashes of that remarkable man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought of the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

"I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army in Italy—I saw him cross the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the Pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him in Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

"I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and the only woman that ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the rays of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children on my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than that imperial impersonation of force and murder."

Agricultural.

EDITED BY W. W. FINLEY.

THE writer has on his desk a recently published book, "Agriculture for Beginners," written by our esteemed professors Burkett, Stevens and Hill. The authors realize that aptitudes are developed and life habits are formed during the years that a child is in the public schools. Hence, during these important years every child intended for the farm should be taught to know and love nature, and should be required to begin a study of those great laws upon which agriculture is based. They are convinced that the theory and practice of agriculture can be taught at one and the same time.

Again, most boys and girls reared on a farm get no educational training except that given in the public school. If, then, the truths that unlock the doors of nature are not taught in the public schools, "Nature and nature's laws will always be hid in night" to a majority of our bread winners.

This book is well written in clear style, and filled with simple experiments and practical exercises, so that all teachers in our public schools can teach agriculture without feeling that they must be an authority on all questions arising in this broad field. The book presents truths of science in a new and extremely interesting manner, and in a simple, direct way. It aims to teach, by observation and experiment directly from nature, so that the children of the schools, and their parents as well, will be able to understand and appreciate some of the most valuable and most interesting facts in nature. The knowledge gained by studying this book will make life on the farm easier, and will make the farm more beautiful and more profitable.

The book is complete in nine chapters and an appendix, with splendid illustrations of every subject treated, there being two hundred and fifteen cuts in all, many of them being full page engravings. The subjects of the different chapters are arranged in logical order, but each topic can be profitably studied in the season to which it best applies.

The first four chapters are devoted to a study of the soil, its origin and conditions, controlling its improvement and productivity; to the close relation existing between the soil and the plant; to explaining how plants live and produce seeds; to seed improvement, and fruit tree propagation.

Chapters five and six give a thoroughly comprehensive view of plant diseases and insect pests of orchard, garden and field.

Chapters seven and eight treat of the various farm crops, their adaptations and best methods of cultivation; and of various domestic animals, and of conditions controlling successful animal husbandry.

Chapter nine is devoted to farm dairying, giving a study of the dairy cow, care of milk and butter, and of growing feeding stuffs on the farm, with a few notes regarding the improvement and beautifying of country homes and school houses.

Of course, this book is too small to give every subject sufficient space; but the method of treating the various topics will, we feel sure, make it indeed, a book for "beginners," because no one can read and study the ideas set forth, without resolving to know more; yes, a great deal more, of the vital influences underlying a successful and highly developed agriculture.

We recommend this book to all our readers; and especially to those who are interested along agricultural lines. We should say, that you cannot spend sixty cents more profitably than in purchasing one of these books; for sale by Alfred Williams & Co., of Raleigh.

The Agricultural Seniors have had two subjects added to their course, which are proving quite an interesting addition to their course, and which will be of great importance in their work on the farm. One is a class in Meteorology, under Mr. C. F. von Herrmann, who, in addition to the regular class work, will make free use of his excellent laboratory instruments and appliances used in his weather bureau work in the Raleigh department. Some members of the class have not quite accepted the fact that the moon's influence does not apply to clouds and rains. The other study is Geology, under Prof. Morrison. The study of rocks and soil composition and formation is very interesting, supplemented with specimens collected by the U. S. Geological Survey.

Athletics.

O. MAX GARDNER, EDITOR; C. A. SEIFERT, ASSISTANT.

OUR FIRST GAME THIS SEASON.

THE first game has been played and the score 50—0, was certainly gratifying to the loyal followers of A. & M. Guilford, as a team, was not strong enough to enable us to form an opinion concerning the weak places in our team. We could barely form an estimate as to our real strength, for not a single time did Guilford gain her distance, or hold us for downs. The A. & M. defense was superb, and, judging from the score, the offence was equally strong. We were unfortunate, however, for Buckley, Darden, and Gardner, three of our best and strongest men, are laid up with lame legs, and at present it is impossible to say how badly injured these men are, but everything possible is being done to restore them to their accustomed vigor and strength.

When this paper leaves the press A. & M. will have been up against the real thing, for on Monday, October 12th, we play Virginia Military Institute. If we show up well against them we may rest assured that our team is about the equal of any in this section.

In the game with Guilford, the team work was commendable and our only faults were shown in our men not helping one another along when carrying the ball. We have a tendency to stand and watch a fellow go through the line all alone and unassisted. We must learn to help each other more, for that is the only way to make sure gains. Our half backs are not sure when they hit the ends; that is, they don't keep them out of the play.

Shannonhouse is especially good in knocking his end out of the way, and the other backs can well profit by his example. Our line must learn to charge faster and to get off their feet the

moment the ball is snapped. Wilson, our new guard, is a big, strong man, but he has one great fault—when tackled he invariably gives up and ceases to try for a gain. He also charges rather high, but before the season is over he will undoubtedly develop into a fine man. Neal is not playing the game he is capable of; he does not go in with the fierce determination which characterized his playing last year in the Carolina game. He will improve, however, and we expect him to be a tower of strength this season.

Abernathy is a model guard, and is in the game from start to finish, always on the jump, and a man that can be relied upon for a sure gain. He carries the ball well, never fails to make his distance, and is one of the hardest men on the team to stop. He is a trifle slow in lining up after a scrimmage and also is a little slow in charging his man and plays almost too far to the outside of his opponent.

Hadley, as a center, is of the stonewall variety, a fierce line buckler, often breaking through and tackling the runner, and sure in passing the ball to the quarter.

Gardner is slow in charging his man, but is the hardest man on the team to stop. He fights for every inch of ground and is a splendid ground gainer.

Welch and Gulley, our ends, are the best we have ever had, which is saying a great deal. Buckley at quarter is all that a quarter back should be, and it would be hard to find a better man. Shannonhouse, Darden and Miller seem to be the choice of our Coach for the back field. They are all good men, but are being pushed hard by Koon, Squires, Gaither, Lykes, Howle and Seifert. At present it is hard to say who is the best man, but the best man will play the position, no matter who he is.

The scrubs have some strong men, and when we look at them we see the nucleus on which A. & M. is to build its future athletics.

— THE RED AND WHITE —

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Students, Professors, Alumni and friends of the College are each and all invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. All contributions, accompanied by 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.

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C. W. MARTIN	Comic Editor.
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A. W. GREGORY }	

EDITORIALS.

On another page will be found an account of the foot-ball game with Guilford College. It was a clean and fast played game between two gentlemanly and sportsmanlike teams; it was a game satisfactory to ourselves in every respect save one. The RED AND WHITE hopes to help Mr. Hunter, the Manager of the Foot-ball Team, to right this one wrong. We refer to the fact that a great many spectators—many of whom were our own students—did not keep off the field. It would be ideal if every person not wearing a foot-ball uniform could content himself with a seat upon the bleachers; perhaps a few imagine they would not see the game quite so well if they were sitting down; but we venture the assertion that as a whole, we all would be

able to see the game much better, and we are for the greatest good to the greatest number. Let us suppose, however, that not all of us could tolerate anything so tame as sitting down while a foot-ball game is progressing; yet, of this we are perfectly sure, that all of us can keep off the field entirely, that all of us can refrain from chasing up and down the side line, and standing on the side line immediately in front of the bleachers. But some one says: "I paid fifty cents to see the game, and I meant to see it;" we grant you that, but ask you to remember, that your neighbor also paid fifty cents to see the game; that your sisters and cousins from the three female institutions here paid fifty cents to see the game; that your young lady friends from Raleigh paid fifty cents to see this same game. We would call your attention then to the fact, that the other fellow has as great a right to see the game as you have, and your lady friend has a greater. Her right to see a foot-ball game is greater than yours, for the same reason that she has a greater right than you to a seat on a crowded car, for the same reason that you assist her up the steps, instead of letting her go alone; for the reason, that we are Southern gentlemen. The RED AND WHITE sincerely hopes that no one will dub this article "much ado about nothing;" but rather take it as a timely suggestion kindly offered.

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," can scarcely be said to be our motto, and yet we do believe in the law of reciprocity. From a financial standpoint—and that's an important one—we would probably not be able to get this paper out semi-monthly, as is our intention, if it were not for the gracious and generous aid given by some folks outside of College. These people of whom we speak are our advertisers. The RED AND WHITE recommends them, especially to the students, as courteous, reliable, and deserving of your patronage. Should the result of our advertisements result in trade, you might mention that fact, incidentally, while purchasing.

If you have not already subscribed to the RED AND WHITE, do so at once. You can get a copy yourself, and have one mailed to a friend for \$1.50 per year. We prepay the postage on both copies.

The Young Men's Christian Association is again thoroughly organized, and has before it brighter prospects than ever before in the history of the College. Each Sabbath afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, the young men of the College meet in Pullen Memorial Hall for devotional exercises. Among those who have lectured before the Association, are Dr. A. H. Moment and Mr. John T. Pullen of Raleigh, and Prof. D. H. Hill of the College. Capt. Phelps, the Commandant, delivered an interesting and instructive address to boys only on Sabbath, October the fourth, at a special meeting of the Association. A flourishing Bible Class meets once each week for an exegetical study of the Scriptures. A Mission Study Class is also doing satisfactory work. Mr. W. D. Weatherford, Secretary for the Y. M. C. A. of the South, is expected to visit our Association about November the first. Mr. Weatherford is an M. A. graduate of Vanderbilt University, and an excellent speaker. We still remember, with pleasure, his visit to the College last May. Mr. Weeks, the Y. M. C. A. President, is to be congratulated on getting such men as we have mentioned, before the Association.

The Military Department of the College is beginning to get in shape. Almost all the Freshmen have been promoted from the awkward squad to one of the six companies, or to the band. We think the new men have learned ease, grace, and military bearing remarkably quick; Capt. Phelps also seems highly pleased with their splendid progress. It's up to each Captain to make his company the best drilled. With a friendly rivalry like this between the Captains, the Major will find it quite easy to give excellent dress parades and battalion drills. We like to see each individual cadet of each company trying to do his best, for much will be expected of our Cadet Corps at the coming State Fair.

The business managers of other College publications will confer a favor on our Manager, if they will kindly enter the RED AND WHITE on their exchange list, and send him copies; in this way, he will be enabled to complete his own exchange list. Among those exchanges which have already reached us are *College Chips*, *The Sewanee Purple*, *The Wilson Times*, and *The Newton Enterprise*.

A. & M. HEADQUARTERS.

On Tuesday evening, October the 6th, some of the former students of the North Carolina College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts, met in the City Engineer's office in the City of Greensboro. At this meeting these loyal students, most of whom are now residing in Greensboro, decided to establish headquarters in that town, and to welcome all former students of the A. & M. to the reunion on the 12th and 13th instants.

Although the institution is yet in its infancy, it has loyal sons in many States whom we hope will avail themselves of this opportunity of attending the first reunion of non-resident North Carolinians which Greensboro is proud to have within her borders.

Dr. Geo. T. Winston, the tireless President, who has done so much for that Institution in the past four years, will be here, and Greensboro will gladly welcome the whole Cadet Battalion, if it's possible for them to attend.

The Reception Committee will meet all trains; and don't forget that all who still love their College are welcome. We hope to have the pleasure of shaking hands with a goodly number.

W. T. HINTON,

Class of 1900, Chairman Reception Committee.

The firms of Darnell & Thomas, Hunter Bros. and Brewer, T. W. Blake, The Jeweler, Bretsch's Bakery, King's Business College, Royall & Borden, Wharton, The Photographer, and The Excelsior Steam Laundry, all should have had attractive advertisements in the last issue of THE RED AND WHITE. It is very natural for each party concerned to put the blame on the other fellow; in this case, however, we are willing to take our share. Possibly we were a little late sending these ads. down to the printer, possibly the printer overlooked them, possibly something else happened; but from whatever error this cause arose, we shall endeavor to prevent such error from re-occurring in the future. Of all the above named folks we humbly beg forgiveness for our fault this once.

College Notes.

Some Folks Seen About the Campus by

W. M. CHAMBERS,

S. D. WALL,

A. W. GREGORY.

A prominent cotton mill engineer of this State, after trying unsuccessfully to have drawings made by the leading firms of Charlotte, Richmond, and elsewhere, of a device he had patented for heating and cooling railway cars, applied to the A. & M. College. The work was neatly and rapidly done for him by Mr. John A. Park, a member of the Junior Class in Mechanical Engineering.

It is hoped that the A. & M. College will have a gymnasium in the near future. The subject was under discussion last session, but no satisfactory arrangements were made. Such a vital necessity should not be overlooked, and some provision should be made for correct physical training.

Last Sunday afternoon Captain Phelps—"not the Commandant"—gave a short address at the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting. A large portion of the student body was present and heard a very entertaining talk on subjects of vital importance to every student on the Hill.

We were glad to see Mr. D. R. Foster, our former Drum Major, on the Hill a few days last week. He is now running his father's business in Wilmington.

The Junior Class foot-ball team is practicing, and will soon be ready to meet the teams of the other classes.

A special dress parade was given Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the Harnett County excursionists.

The Electrical Department is now testing four arc lamps that are soon to be placed about the campus.

Mr. Bennett Land, Jr., a former student of our College, made us a short visit last week.

THE SILENT MONUMENT.

The prison walls stand gray and bare,
 The prison windows coldly stare,
 Upon a monument that stands
 Bold and fearless in the highland air,
 On the plains of Abraham ;
 A monument erected by the hands
 Of friends and foes, to one man's memory.

And those within that prison day by day
 Gaze upon the monument across the way ;
 And they gather in the corridors and in the cells,
 Their little world, where each must stay
 Until life or his sentence ends,
 And one of their motley number tells
 How Wolfe, the hero, lived and died.

And how the heroes who followed him
 Up Quebec's walls, so steep and grim,
 Fought and died, and with their blood made red,
 The soil now grown with green grass kept trim,
 For those who come from far off to see
 The battle burying ground of the dead,
 And a hush falls upon the prisoners all.

Outside the monument rears its head,
 Full well it knows the hopes are dead
 Of those within the prison's steel-lined walls,
 And, Sphinx-like, not a word is said
 In answer to the questions asked by them,
 Why Liberty's gelds to Slavery's halls
 Should be so close and yet apart so infinitely far ?

—A. K.

Comics.

O. W. MARTIN, EDITOR.

SUNNY JIM.

(DEDICATED TO WHITMORE BY C. S. T.)

High o'er the chair leaps Sunny Jim,
Pie is the food that raises him :
For at the table he had thought,
To eat more pie than he had bought.

As Jim was reaching for the pie,
An officer near did him espy,
And said, "Now, Jimmy, just you mind,
Or for ten days you'll be confined."

But Sunny Jim did not obey,
And 'fore the Capt. was marched next day.
The Captain said, "Why, Jimmy, dear,
You must learn to obey and fear—

(The officers.)"

And so poor Jimmy got to rest,
And give his pie time to digest :
For full ten days Jim sat and spake,
"I'll eat more pie for no man's sake."

Co-ed (in laboratory). "Cuss it, Nick."

Nick. "Dam it."

Co-ed. "That's right, Nick."

Arthur. "Charles, what's the most amusing thing you ever heard?"

Charles. "Shannonhouse trying to tell a chemical joke."

It was early in September. Captain Bailey was standing on the platform down at the store, waiting for the car. He was feeling good, for he was as yet untroubled by the terrors of "Math," and was going to the show. So was the freshman, standing at his elbow, but the freshman was not feeling good—he was feeling lonely. The car was late, and the freshman, who had been admiring Capt. Bailey's military carriage, turned to him and confidently asked, "Is this your first year here?" Capt. Bailey was surprised—he was astounded—he was indignant. Turning on the freshman, he threw open his coat to display his shining new sword belt and roared, "No, sir!" The poor rat slunk away, and turning back to me, Captain Bailey sighed, "Oh, I wish I had that freshman in *my* company."

Prof. Page (stopping at Smith's desk in laboratory). "Now, Mr. Smith, I want to ask you a question. If—
Smith (opening small bag on desk). "Have some candy, Professor?"

An interesting game of "Pitch the Bottle," took place a few days in the Main Building between "Top Floors" and Captain Phelps. The Top Floors scored several times, but the game finally ended in favor of Captain Phelps by the score of six arrests.

Note—We have several times been asked to put in a good joke on "Prince Rupert," but we have refrained from doing so, because we felt that we could not do the subject justice. The "Prince" is a whole comic department by himself.—Ed.

Dr. Weihe (to freshman). "Mr. S——, can you tell me what a molecule is?"

Freshman. "Its er-er-a little bug, sir."

Dr. Weihe (laughing). "Vell, sir, you had petter take some bug-medicine, for you are full of molecules."

Morson (entering class in meteorology). "Any report, sir?"

Prof. von Herrman. "Haf you any pissiness here?"

Morson (louder). "I am O. D., sir."

Prof. von Herrman. "Vel, den, get out; get out!"

It just came to light a few days ago that several Sophs did a little hazing at the opening of College. On a rather informal visit at an informal hour (2:00 A. M.) they received this welcome from sleepyfied, frightened McCanless: "Boys, I'll swear I don't think you ought to black me. Why, I'm Drag McCanless' brother; don't you all know Drag?"

Dr. Roberts, lecturing in Veterinary Science, began thus: "In the ox, there is a certain bone, etc."

Morgan (taking notes). "Wait a minute, Doctor; how do you spell 'Intheox?'"

First Co-ed. "What an elaborate lunch you bring to school!"

Second Co-ed. "Why should I not?"

First Co-ed. "Oh, it's all right for you, I guess, but just a bottle of pickles does me."

Dr. Stevens to the Botany Class. "An apricot, being simply a cross between a peach and plum, is called a hybrid."

Freshman Price. "Doctor, are they good to eat?"

Prof. Lang, in Mechanics. "Give a definition of force."

Lehman. "Force is the food for Sunny Jim."

Co-ed in Zoology. "Is this crawfish's exoskeleton bilaterally symmetrical?"

Spoon (bewildered). "Well-er-y-yes'm, I reckon it is."

Prof. "Mr. Hodges, what is man always thinking about?"

Hodges, (looking at Co-ed). "Paradise."

"SKEETER WARFARE." *

(With apologies to Hia-wa-tha.)

On the third floor of Watauga:
Where the Junior and the Senior,
And the loud-voiced, boisterous Sophomores,
Gather to hurl down the water
On the unsuspecting Freshmen;
There, in Autumn's golden season,
Season of the foot-ball players,
When the men in dirty mole skin
Slug in moments of abstraction,
Players of the other college.

At the fearsome hour of midnight,
 Hour when witches hold their councils,
 Hour when all but pie-rats slumber,
 There descended from the fourth floor
 Wave on wave of spirit devils;
 Shades of "Punchers" long departed,
 "Punchers" who had learned with sorrow
 How to make the stinking sulphides,
 How to clean the loft from feathers
 Scattered on the floor in millions,
 Down they came with wrathful buzzing,
 Buzzing o'er the retribution
 That at last they were to visit
 On the heads of old tormentors—
 Through the transom,
 Through the windows,
 They descended on the sleepers;
 And, with stings both barbed and pointed,
 Roused them from their happy slumbers,
 Roused from dreams of pie in plenty,
 Roused from knotty beds of corn-husks,
 To do battle for their skin's-sake;
 Up and down the moon-lit hallways
 Raged the conflict with the demons,
 Raged the battle without ceasing
 Till the early hours of morning,
 Till each room was fairly reeking
 With the smell of strong tobacco,
 And the fumes of burning half-hose,
 Till at last the vanquished spirits
 Fled before the noisome odors.
 Oh! It was a battle royal
 That will never be forgotten,
 That will go in college history,
 Down in college song and legend,
 Down to future ranks of Freshmen,
 As the "Battle of the 'Skeeter."

—C. W. M.

* Watauga Hall was recently invaded by an army of mosquitoes.
 These lines were written by our Poet, who was a sufferer.

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