

THE RED AND WHITE,

VOL. V.

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 19.

No. 4.

LITERARY.

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

IN LONGING REMEMBRANCE.

THE soft, silvery moonlight of an early springtime night enwrapped everything with a sort of peaceful beauty, with a strange stillness that was almost death-like in its placid quietness. The rustic seat on the campus, on which the boy and girl were sitting, was splotted here and there, where rays of moonlight had filtered through the foliage overhead, until it seemed inlaid with choicest silver. To the front of them who sat out in the shadows, rose the granite walls of the college buildings; massively brilliant bathed as they were inside with the yellow glow of electric lights and outside with the soft radiance of the moonbeams. Music came in broken strains from out the buildings, and the clatter of the many people who thronged the auditorium's interior came out across the campus, a subdued murmuring. The first night of Commencement was at its height, and fond parents and friends from far and near had come to see the girls' graduating exercises.

It was the boy who was talking out in the moonlight. He had just graduated with honors a few days before from a far-away Northern university. And with the memory of his victory still fresh upon him, he had come seeking another victory, but fate had baffled him.

"Is it so much to ask, after all, Margaret?" he was saying, and then he waited anxiously for the girl to speak.

The girl at his side was beautiful beyond all telling. Fair-haired and of fair complexion, she was a true type of the blonde, and the soft depths of her winsome blue eyes were suggestive of the delicate tints of azure that pervade all sunny, Southern skies.

"No, not so much," she said at length, "but that which is not mine to give."

"Ah!" the boy replied, and drew a long, deep breath. "And then this is the end?" he said questioningly.

"Not of our friendship, I hope," the girl replied, "but as for anything more than our friendship, it is the end."

It was not very much later when the boy rose to go. He and the girl walked across the lawn until they came upon the driveway. Here the boy turned to take his leave. And then, impulsively, he caught up one of her hands in both of his and covered it with kisses.

"Goodnight," he said, "and, dear, dear heart, goodbye. May you be happy always.

And he was off down the driveway, out of sight, around one of the bends. But he was not walking with the buoyant, youthful step that characterized his coming.

The second night of Commencement found the same girl seated in the same little nook, but this time with another boy. The night was as beautiful as the one before, perhaps even more beautiful to the girl who was listening to the words of the one she loved.

"You have made me very happy, dear," the boy was saying, "very, very happy," he repeated softly, "and I hope that life for us may contain many happy moments like these, many hours as full of pleasure as the past few have been."

Later on they returned to enjoy the last hours of the Commencement. And still later the boy turned to go, and told the girl goodbye. And although she was delightfully happy, something caused a vision of appealing brown eyes to flit across her mind, and the memory of one who had the night before taken defeat most manfully, made her wish that she might have been a little more kind at the last.

Ten years passed away quickly, and the boy and the girl who had plighted their troth that Commencement night in the shadowed moonlight of the spring, had become the man and the woman. But the years that made them older had not marred their happiness, and many of their youth's ideals were still kept pure and beautiful.

They were seated upon a broad balcony that looked westward upon a glittering expanse of sun-splashed ocean. The sun was slipping down now, and soon it would glide, as it seemed, down through the deep water, out of sight, and only leave an after-glow that would soon be swallowed up by the twilight. And when finally it did begin to fade from sight, the horizon had become a band of fire, and the black-green coloring of the seawater became a golden yellow, and gilded were all the bright, white sails of the fishing craft, and golden-tinted the waves of pure white spray that beat upon the beach. And soon the sun was gone, and the waters became leaden-gray in color, and the sails of the vessels seemed suddenly old and dingy, and the salt spray lost all of its golden brilliancy. But later the moon came up, and replaced gold with silver.

The woman was strangely silent as she watched the weird shadows the moonlight made beneath the balcony, and the man leaned toward her and asked gently: "What is my dear wife thinking about to-night?"

"About a night like this some years ago, a night, however, with quite a different environment. Do you remember the Commencement night?" she asked sweetly.

"Ah, as if I could forget it! May to-night be as pleasant," he said gaily.

But, really, she was thinking of the man she had refused, the man who had bravely gone to work his way in a foreign country. Also the man who, when the dreaded fever overtook him, had met his death unafraid, and, dying, had uttered but one word—her name. And thoughts of the one, whom she had ever held in longing remembrance, caused her deep blue eyes to fill with tears.

—KENYON.

HALLOWEEN AT ST. MARY'S.

On Halloween eve, the night of imps and their nefarious schemes, Neal, Lewis and Fred, having enjoyed a prosperous evening at crack-a-loo (bad luck on Ikey), decided to spend their back-breaking earnings for a supper.

On the way back, the "Fresh" Captain was found strolling up and down in front of St. Mary's, waiting for some nervy man to come along to storm the door of that forbidden place.

While standing around viewing the prospects, lo and behold! up walked Kirk and Rich. Neal, Fred and Bailey immediately produced their "skin" books, but Rich proved to their satisfaction that he had permission, so the books were re-pocketed.

After going into secret session in the summer-house, the "Nervy Six" gang was formed with a motto: "St. Mary's, or get kicked." "Forward!" was the cry, and on we went, to do or die; and we came very near dying, as no spokesman could be found.

Rich was the favorite, as it was thought that he had more nerve than any one else, for had he not led the phonographic production of "Dixie" for three years?

He begged off, and we all readily agreed, as it was thought that some one else could be easily found.

But here we struck a snag. Bailey had been taken for a Freshman not long before, so he was unanimously ruled out. Kirk said he had used up all his vocabulary on a visit the previous week, and hadn't had time to get up any new words to beguile the watchful teachers. Fred's nerve failed him on general principles. As Fair Week was over, Neal said he didn't care whether he went or not; rather be in Washington, anyway. We were all afraid of Lewis' reputation, so ruled him out. During the argument, we had slowly approached the building, and finally took up our station on the steps.

Suddenly the door opened and two ghosts appeared. Our nerve DID fall then! Quick as thought, a ghost reached out and pulled Lewis in. Fred rushed in to see that no harm befall him. The rest of us hurried to the rescue, only to find the

nervy fellows actually talking to the "Doctor." After assurances had been given that we didn't intend to do it, and that no harm was meant, we were allowed to enter the sacred portals.

A scene like unto a modern "Houseboat on the Styx" met our eyes. "Teddy" was there, also "Booker;" but there seemed to be a coolness between the two, due, probably, to the new campaign buttons. Of course, "Alphonso and Gaston" were present, also the "Gold Dust Twins," not to mention "Sis Hopkins" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;" and don't forget the "Baby." "Uncle" was sitting over in a "corner" smoking (?) his pipe, while "Miss Ann" was bustling about in great style.

On every side autumn, morning, ghosts, nuns, Indians, "niggers," colonial maids (which strongly reminded Kirk and Fred of "minuet" days), were dancing, talking, laughing, giggling, and doing everything calculated to upset a fellows nerve (luckily, we had left our hearts at College in the bursar's office.)

Suddenly, appearing through the door, came the "Gold Dust Twins," with something that made our eyes glisten and our mouths water, and forgetting all remembrance of the "Universal College Sin," we illustrated the song: "I've Got Mine." During the feast, some excitement was created by "Sis Hopkins" sitting down in "Teddy's" lap; but as "Mrs. Teddy" was at the sea-shore, no one else could rightfully interfere.

Soon after the ringing of the bell. Well, there goes *my* bell, which reminds me of the fact that Prof. Riddick's comedy, "Calculus" was due; so I must go.

—CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE "NERVY SIX."

AUTUMN.

The golden glow of the autumn sheaf;
 The scarlet tinge of the maple leaf;
 The burnished bronze of the oak-leaf's edge;
 The flight of birds from the browning hedge;
 The chestnut leaves as amber clear;
 These are the signs of the waning year. X. X. X.

GOING NUTTING.

It was the third of November, the day-god was in the sky gladdening all the world and wooing all lovers of Nature its joys to partake. The bright autumn leaves were falling fast, covering the ground with their foilage of crimson and gold; the spiders' silken webs were floating in the air. "A nice day to go nutting," were the words to a friend over the 'phone, "let's make up a party and go." "O, the very thing," was the reply. So the proposition was passed from one to another over the line and gladly accepted; and about two P. M. a merry party of seven sallied forth with bags and baskets, chatting merrily as they journeyed on through the fields and meadows to the woods beyond. The frosts of the previous days had changed the appearance of everything—the golden rod to plumes of grey had turned, the corn-stalks and pea-vines rustled hoarsely to the touch as we passed them by, the purple sedge waved gracefully from the little knolls on either side, the sumac gleamed brightly above the entwining glossy green foilage of the honeysuckle vine on the ditches by the way, and the little birds flew in and out with a merry chirp or call-note, while the mocking bird's sweet notes were heard from the tall tree just o'er the way. There was a charming beauty in everything, and our spirits were as light and gay as the trees by which we wandered.

The hickorynut trees were reached in due time, and beneath the shade of their golden branches the eager eye and busy fingers were pleasantly employed, for the nuts in various sizes were scattered like the leaves, and, amid the musical rustle, we picked them far and wide, until the lengthening shadows reminded us of the hour. And, altogether again, we turned our faces homeward, and in the golden haze of the setting sun we viewed once more the beautiful, bright woods we were leaving behind us, and, as we stood for a lingering farewell gaze, we observed the full moon in silvery beauty looming out from behind the tall, dark pines, over which was gathering the evening mist, giving a dreamy splendor to the departing day and a charm to the

evening hour. Thus the bright, beautiful day came to a close, and in its twilight shadows we bid each other a pleasant good evening, with expressions of delight and happiness for the joys of the bright, beautiful day.

V. K. C.

Raleigh, N. C., November 4, 1903.

A VACATION THOUGHT.

The joys that field and forest yield—
 Of balmy sky and blue,
 Of flight of bird, in forest heard,
 Are deep and keen and true.

But though my heart holds safe apart
 Each woodland sound, each view,
 Two thoughts more dear are ever near:
 My own fireside, and you.

X. X. X.



Athletics.

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

A. & M. SCRUBS DEFEAT HORNER.

GAME FRIDAY AFTERNOON ON THE OXFORD GROUNDS.

FRIDAY afternoon the A. and M. College scrub team played Horner's team at Oxford and defeated them by a score of 24 to 0. In spite of the large score rolled up, the game was fiercely contested from start to finish. The Horner boys put up a good game, playing fast and snappy ball, but the scrubs outweighed and out-played them, and ploughed through the line for gain after gain. The weak point in the scrubs' game was their handling of kicks, several being fumbled and the ball lost to Horner.

A. and M. won the toss and chose the north goal. Horner kicked off to Venable, who carried the ball back five yards. The scrubs then, by line plunges and off tackle plays, carry the ball down the field to Horner's goal, and pushed Graydon for a touchdown. Smith kicks goal. Score, 6 to 0.

A. and M. kicks to Horner. Horner failing to make distance, kicks. A and M. fumbles and Horner gets the ball, but again fails to make distance, and again kicks to the scrubs who push the pig-kin down the field and over the line. Smith kicks goal.

Horner kicks to A. and M., who again rush the ball down the field, but time is called before they can push it over. Score, 12 to 0.

Second Half.—Horner kicks off. The scrubs, however, soon lose the ball on a fumble. Horner fails to make distance and kicks. The scrubs then freeze on to the ball and soon push Graydon over for another touchdown. Smith kicks goal. Score, 18 to 0.

Horner kicks off, and the scrubs, by heavy line bucking, carry the leather to the three-yard line, and then lose the ball on downs

for the first and only time. Horner punts. The scrubs get together and soon Graydon is again pushed over for another score. Smith kicks goal.

Horner kicks to the scrubs who carry the ball to the middle of the field, when time is called, and the game is over. Score, 24 to 0.

For the scrubs, Graydon, Venable, Lykes and Smith played star ball; for Horner, Emerson, Fine and Long.

TENNIS.

Much interest has been shown in tennis this year. This is evident from the number of players on the courts every evening. The new men should not be discouraged by being beaten once in a while, but should work all the harder, and the old men should help them as much as possible. A tournament is being arranged by the student and faculty clubs, which will take place at an early date. The faculty is ably represented by Dr. Winston, Profs. Hill, Burkett, Kendall, McClellan, Mann, Haskell and Jeffries; while striving for honors among the students are Holt, Chrietzberg, Kirkpatrick, Martin, Moorman, Drake, Winston, Lassiter and Lee. The club members appreciate the action of Capt. Phelps in excusing those practicing for the tournament from drill, and wish to extend their thanks to him for his kindness.

—L. T. W.

CLEMSON 18; A. & M. 0.

A. and M. seems to have developed a losing streak, for on October 28th our colors again went down in defeat; this time at the hands of the doughty pigskin chasers of Clemson College. The game was played in Columbia, S. C., at eleven o'clock in the morning; rather an unusual hour for a football game,

and at the very beginning things began to look doubtful for A. and M. We received the kick, and in the first rush fumbled, the ball going over to Clemson on our 25 yard line—where, by a series of line plunges and off tackle plays, Clemson soon pushed the ball over for a touchdown. When A. and M. again received the ball, she showed her real strength, by carrying the leather from one end of the field to within 7 yards of Clemson's goal line, and then again lost it on a heart-rending fumble. Clemson scored another touchdown in this half, and one in the second, both, however, being scored on trick plays, double and tripple passes and quarter-back runs.

On straight football, A. and M. really outclassed Clemson, but the orange and black showed superior training, and put more snap and ginger into their playing. A. and M. would do well to follow their example.

For A. and M., Shannonhouse, Welch and Lykes played good ball. While for Clemson Saddler, Sitton and Maxwell carried off the honors.

LINE UP.

Clemson.		A. and M.
Sitton.	R. E.	Gulley, Captain.
McKeown.	R. T.	Neal.
Forsythe.	R. G.	Wilson.
Garrison.	C.	Hadley.
Derrick.	L. G.	Abernethy.
Cogburn.	L. T.	Gardner and Koon.
Saddler, Capt.	L. E.	Lykes.
Maxwell.	S. B.	Buckley and Darden.
Fertick.	R. H. B.	Welch.
Woods.	L. H. B.	Shannonhouse and Seifert.
Haurey.	F. B.	Miller.

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EDITORIALS.

A person can scarcely pick up a newspaper now a days without reading of distress and disaster. Usually little attention is paid to such news unless an accident chances to occur at or near one's home. The partial annihilation of Purdue University's football team on October the 31st probably attracted the attention of a great many College men. The outright killing of coach, three assistant coaches, three players, and seven substitute players must be the sorest affliction visited upon any football team for many years. What a contrast when we think of their

high spirits just before that terrible crash and the depression which must have immediately followed! Mere words are idle; yet in no other way can we tell them that our sympathy is heartfelt and sincere.

The death of one of our number made things sad at our College last week. Cadet John D. Andrews contracted pneumonia and died Friday evening, Nov. 6, after an illness of little more than a week. The college boys, two trained nurses, and two doctors did what they could to save Mr. Andrews' life, but it all amounted to naught. It is especially sad when a young man in school, fitting himself for a more useful life, is called from time to eternity. Our deepest sympathies go out to the father, mother, and brother of the deceased. As believers in the great Calvinistic doctrine, they must find some comfort in the thought that there is a Supreme Being, not only allwise and all powerful, but loving and merciful, as well; that there is a God who makes no mistakes.

The following A. & M. boys acted as pall bearers: J. A. Miller and G. H. Hodges, Chambers and Hadley, Perkins and Tomlinson, Wall and Heritage.

The following is from *College Chips*, Decorah, Iowa: We have been almost at a loss how to review such a warm exhalation of the South as the RED AND WHITE for September 30th. But the first story is too silly to merit publication. In "The Evening Hours" the story of a love-sick swain's dreamings is well and naturally told. "The A. & M. Summer School" is a charmingly humorous write-up, which introduces us to no less than 350 of North Carolina's blooming maidens. On the whole the paper is strikingly humorous, and gives us the distinct impression of coming from the South. Yes, the three black, yelling imps in the comic department remind us of regions even still warmer than North Carolina. Eleven impious football commandments are also introduced, but why should RED AND

WHITE, which contains so much original humor, also resort to borrowed parodies on the Ten Commandments?

The RED AND WHITE a warm exhalation of the South, and so charmingly humorous! Think of it!! The comic department a gentle reminder of North Carolina and the infernal regions, how exciting! But, to be serious, the RED AND WHITE deserved just about such a criticism. The editors certainly made a grave mistake in putting in that first story, "Three Meetings"; it was so silly. The author of "The A. & M. Summer School" ought to have introduced us to all of North Carolina's blooming maidens instead of stopping at 350. And our paper gives the disitnet impression of coming from the South! Well, yes, we reluctantly (?) admit that we are North Carolinians and Southerners, the paper, therefore, did not steal the impression which it gives. But it is only by force of circumstances that we remain here; were we free to go, to-morrow would find us in Iowa, where we might associate with folks who never make mistakes, never use impious football commandments, never become humorous, and never borrow anything—not even parodies.

There is a story about an old broke and broken-down sport who had a passion for racing, and who had contrived to hold on to a stable of old broken-down rips of race horses which somebody said were so stiff and feeble that they couldn't even beat one another. These North Carolina football teams might see if they can beat one another.—*Charlotte Observer*.

Wonder how this rather unimaginative comparison strikes the University! The writer is really ignorant of the reason for A. M. C. not playing Davidson; but a game cannot be arranged with the University team, because they consider us too small a potato; they think we are too unpedigreed, and without records, all of which may possibly be true. It will be remembered, however, that on last Thanksgiving U. N. C. played A. M. C. a game in which neither team was able to score. It will also be remembered, that on the same trip Kentucky University de-

feated both U. N. C. and A. M. C., a little more than two weeks ago; and it seems to us that both U. N. C. and A. M. C. went up to Blacksburg not very long since where the Virginia people showed our respective teams that they couldn't score a thing in a 21-point game.

LATER, NOV. 14.—Maybe, these North Carolina foot-ball teams can't beat each other, but it seems that they can beat South Carolina foot-ball teams. To-day's scores: at Raleigh, University of South Carolina, 5; A. & M. College 6. At Chapel Hill, Clemson College, 6; University of North Carolina, 11.

College Notes.

Some Folks Seen About the Campus by

W. M. CHAMBERS,

S. D. WALL,

A. W. GREGORY.

A Civil Engineering Society was organized last week with 60 members. The following officers were elected: E. C. Bagwell, President; L. A. Neal, Vice-President; G. P. Secretary, Secretary; W. S. Tomlinson, Treasurer. The Society meets on the second Thursday night of each month.

Mr. J. W. White, who was at work in Winston during the summer, now has a position in the Raleigh Hosiery mill.

Mr. J. H. Shuford, who also has been at Winston since graduation, was recently promoted to foreman of the dyeing and bleaching department of the P. H. Haynes Knitting Co. The plant in question is one of the largest of its kind in the South, having been incorporated for \$250,000.

Our Exchanges.

W. F. KIRKPATRICK, EDITOR.

The pen and ink sketcher in the October number of the *Clemson College Chronicle* makes that magazine more attractive. The first article in the Exchange Department expresses our sentiments exactly.

The October *Trinity Archive* shows up without any Exchange Department, but plenty of poetry. We liked "The Mountain," by Robert Monroe, best, with "A Dream by '06," as a close second. "Early Libraries in North Carolina" was interesting historically; we found it profitable reading.

Ordinarily, a continued article does not strike our fancy, but we shall look forward to the next number of the *Winthrop College Journal* with much interest. The debater on co-education handled her subject well; already we wonder if the affirmative didn't win.

The manner in which "Uncle Pack won a Wife" was certainly very unique and novel. Perhaps some Winthrop girl could tell the fellows about here how to facilitate their progress in affairs of the heart.

The *College Message* and *The Furman Echo* have the most attractive covers of any exchanges which have yet reached our table; the former, we believe, being the prettier of the two.

Coming next to the *Davidson College Magazine*, we find that it has scored the *Wake Forest Student* right heavily; but we haven't a thing to do with that, so let us keep out. The first mentioned magazine has the best exchange department that has come to us at this writing. Hello? did we say the wrong thing? Well, no, Davidson, this doesn't cost you a cent, and you needn't say anything nice about us. Our philosophy is just a bit different from yours, in that we believe in saying something good about folks, or saying nothing at all.

North Carolina
State Library

The *Georgia Tech* says some of the papers are somewhat hard to review on account of the local character of their matter, yet it is delighted to receive and exchange. We return the compliment in both instances.

We regret not being able to thoroughly review every magazine, and give to each the special mention which it probably deserves. We trust that none will think undue partiality has been shown, not even to *College Chips*. A full list of our exchanges runs as follows: *Sewanee Purple*, *Georgia Tech*, *Catawba College Educator*, *College Chips*, *The Academy*, *Doane Owl*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *The Tar Heel*, *College Topics*, *The Central News*, *Trinity Archives*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *College Paper*, *Furman Echo*, *College Message* and *Clemson College Chronicle*.

THE MANAGER BECOMES POETIC.

We don't want to buy your dry goods,
 We don't like you any more ;
 You'll be sorry when you see us
 Going to some other store.

You can't sell us any sweaters,
 Four-in-hand or other fads ;
 We don't want to trade at your store
 If you don't give us your ads. —Exchange.

STRIVE.

What thou wouldst do that thou canst do—
 Set thy standard high, my soul ;
 Thy ideals are guardian angels
 Sent to guide thee to a goal.
 Then each day think, dream, aspire,
 And at night be not dismayed
 If the things you long and strive for
 Still are held back, still delayed.

—M. E. S., in *Pine and Thistle*.

WHAT'S THE SECRET OF SUCCESS?

"What's the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Do business on tick," said the clock.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Never do anything off-hand," said the glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the flue.

"Keep on the safe side," said the safe.

—*Selected.*

They've made a wireless telegraph,
 A horseless carriage, too,
 And there's no way of telling what
 The mind of man can do;
 We'll soon be eating henless eggs,
 And drinking cowless milk,
 And wearing clothes of sheepless wool,
 Or mayhap wormless silk.

How would you like a treeless peach,
 Or a piece of hogless pork?
 I'd be content, if they'd invent
 A kind of workless work;
 Or, mayhap, noiseless noise,
 And I'm afraid, if they keep on,
 They'll yet make dadless boys.—*Ec.*

HOW TO KILL A SCHOOL PAPER.

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your classmate's paper—just be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—
3. Never hand in news items, and criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.
4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or "society" when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.
5. Tell your neighbor that you can get Frank Merriwell's for less money—be a squeeze.
6. If you can't hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse.—*Ex.*

Waists were made to hug,
 Tongues were made to tune,
 Arms were made to circle the girls,
 And lovers were made to spoon.

Eyelids were made to droop,
 Cheeks were made to blush,
 Hair was made to curl and friz,
 And lips were made—Oh! hush!

—"Col. Dick, Jr.," in the *Furman Echo*.

"To-morrow" is the reef that has wrecked many a student's ship.—*The Georgia Tech*.

If a man lengthens his nights, he shortens his days. The "won't go home till morning" man will please take notice.—*Ex.*

I hate to seek my couch at night
 Beneath the snowy spread,
 Because I have to lift my feet
 And put them in the bed.

—*Central News*.

Society.

EDITED BY L. A. NEAL.

HALLOWEEN PARTY.

On Saturday evening, October 31st, the batchelor instructors of the College gave, in the Auditorium of Pullen Hall a halloween party. The usual games were played, and some unusual ones introduced. Under the first head came such as bobbing for apples that were feasting in a pan of water, and a goodly number of the gentlemen was ducked in the operation; cutting the cake of flour, in which our good-natured friend Prof. Burckett was unlucky, and had to root for the ring. My! but you ought to have seen that face afterward; the game of the three bowls, one of which contained clear water, signifying a happy wedded life—yea, verily, conjugal felicity—another milk, indicating a stormy matrimonial existence, and a third empty, representing oldmaidhood, or oldbachelorhood.

The girls of the party seemed to take this last named tub quite seriously, and 'twas interesting to watch them maneuver to get their finger, if possible, into the clear water, certainly into the milk. They would thump the bowls, judging by the ring before making a plunge of the finger. Still another game was that of biting at apples suspended by a string. In this contest a lady and gentleman would stand on opposite sides, one of the suspended apples, and at a given signal, try to bite it. If the "*Starles*" was at all clever, they were apt to miss the "apples."

Most of the contestants in this game appeared to be agreeably matched; but we heard one young lady objecting to the man she had drawn, because he had a moustache. Unusual, wasn't it?

In the category of unusual games, we would place chewing for the raisin, in which a raisin is fastened half-way between

the ends of a string, one end of which a lady then places in her mouth, and the other end a gentleman places in his mouth, then without the aid of their hands, each tries to secure the raisin. This is a real jolly game. Kind of a rag-chewing affair, and we noticed another which could easily come under the same heading. We were afterwards informed that it was merely a quarrel. My! but it must have been an interesting one.

Pulling the turnip or kale, another of the unusual games, and of Scottish origin, is too long for exploration here. If you would care to know about it, call on us.

After the games, many enjoyed a little informal dancing of the orders known as round and square, music being most kindly furnished by Messrs. Robeson, Huggins, Rose, Alderman and McCaskill.

As the evening was drawing to a close, delightful ice cream, with lady fingers, was served by the young gentlemen themselves.

After the refreshments, Home, sweet home, was danced, and all left, declaring that they had had a most delightful evening.

Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Winston; Prof. and Mrs. Riddick; Prof. and Mrs. Burkett; Prof. and Mrs. Dick; Prof. and Mrs. Page; Mr. and Mrs. Sherman; Mr. McCall with Miss Sallie London of Pittsboro; Mr. Williams with Miss Claypool of Newberne; Mr. Morrison with Miss Baumgardener; Mr. McClelland with Miss Daisy Moring; Mr. Kendall with Miss Kate Skinner; Mr. Bragg with Miss Mary Mauney; Mr. Haskell with Miss Margaret Harris; Mr. Summey with Miss Helen Primrose; Mr. Glenn with Miss Caroline Sherman; Mr. Culbreth with Miss Claire Stainback; Dr. Roberts with Miss Jessamine Higgs; and Mr. Mann

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Comics.

C. W. MARTIN, EDITOR.

There is a young Major named Harding,
 With praise of him let the welkin ring ;
 Oh, he charms every maid
 When he holds dress parade,
 This magnificent Major named Harding.

There is a young end-man named Welch,
 His foes' ardor he surely can squelch ;
 Oh, to down every man
 He certainly can,
 This elegant end-man named Welch.

There is a young Captain of A,
 Who drives us, yes, quite to dismay ;
 For 'tis a question profound,
 When his turn it comes round,
 Is he really O. D.—or O. K. ?

—X. X. X.

In the game between the Indians and Georgetown one of the Indians hid the ball under his sweater and scored a touch-down. When our Scrubs came back from Oxford, "Kirk" asked Howard if any of our boys had tried the trick? "No," answered Howard, "but Tom Lykes got his hand over the ball once and the Horner boys never did find it."

Slow but Sure—Dr. Burkett was calling his class roll: "Franklin!"

"H-h-h-h—"

"Franklin!"

"He-he-he-he—"

Dr. Burkett—"Where's Mr. Franklin, to-day?"

Hardison—"He's here, Professor."

Franklin (about five minutes afterwards)—"He-r-e!"

On Mechanics—Mr. Lang: "Mr. Chambers will you kindly define the two kinds of work?"

Chambers: "Hard work and easy work."

He Looked it—Prof. Summey (as S. W. F. enters with an important air): "Mr. Foster, are you a Senior?"

Foster: "No, sir."

Prof. Summey: "Well, I didn't think so, but you see er-er"

Freshman (from background): "You acted like it."

Down at the Dairy—Freshman: "Professor, I can't see what is the matter with this separator; it won't work properly."

Mr. Kendall (investigating): "Why, I guess not; you are running butter-milk from it."

At the Tennis Court—Winston (serving): "Ready?"

Squires (after listening a few minutes): "Dog-gone-it! Quit calling me 'Reddy.' My name's John Houston Squires."

Too True—St. Mary's girl: "I feel so sorry for that green squad, poor things!"

Lewis Smith: "What are you talking about? That's the awkward squad."

St. Mary's girl: "I meant just what I said; it's a green squad, and you are green for not knowing it."

Which—Dr. Burkett said that by a sketch he would show the action of a horse's head while running.

Squires (after the sketch was finished): "Professor, will you please tell me which is the head end of that horse?"

Just So—The physicist was explaining to the Freshman that blood oozed from the finger-nails, eyes, ears, etc., when a person ascended to any great height; that there is a tendency for the body to expand as the normal atmospheric pressure decreases.

Smart Freshman: "Is that the reason people get fat when they go to the mountains?"

Parsons: "Do you know that fellow walking on the grass?"

McCaskill: "Yes, he's a kleptomaniac."

Parsons: "Why, that's not his name; I've been knowing him for a month."

Mr. McClelland: "Mr. Smith, what do we mean by keeping seed at the proper humidity?"

Prince Rupert: "I reckon it means to keep them where the rats won't get them."

Kirpatrick (as Waitt enters the class-room): "Who's that, Orderly?"

Winston: "That's Waitt, the O. D."

Dr. Stevens: "Describe the alimentary canal."

Eden: "The artillery canal is—(much laughter)"

Dr. Weihe: "What is resistance?"

Tull: "Resistance is a non-conductor of electricity."

Sm—th—A girl either makes a fool of a man, or becomes a fool over him.

Ken—n—Yes, and that one has made a fool of you.

Mr. McClelland: "Half of the class can work to-day and half next week. Now, who will work to-day and be excused next week?"

Martin: "I'll wait till next week to work; I may be dead by then."

? WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ?

Who owns "B" company, McIntyre or Hill Hunter?

When Jim Clark thinks America was discovered?

What the 'lady' at the Asylum said to Morgan and Dick?

Who was the Orderly who asked Kirkpatrick, "Any report, sir?" and also *why* he afterwards reported Dr. Roberts absent from Veterinary Anatomy?

Who got the "Banner"?

Prince Rupert says that one of the "co-eds." has promised to be his Princess.

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