

THE RED AND WHITE,

VOL. V.

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 17.

No. 6.

LITERARY.

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

IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

IT was a beautiful thing, this grey Cathedral, with its sturdy walls and decayed carving, for the carving was old and worn. But it had lasted long, as the sculptors who designed it intended. For ten centuries ago men built so that this building might stand, like the Central Norman Tower, which has pointed heavenward like the mast of a ship for the last eight hundred years, never bending to the wind, never yielding to the storm.

And as I felt with what ease the cathedral could crush me where I stood, were it suddenly to fall, I could but admire the massiveness of its build. And as I stood there gazing upon the tombs of the old monarchs and nobility, belonging to the past, which were clustered around me, I was overcome by a feeling of profound respect for the dead and gone. Here rested some ancient being of England, and here to my right was buried the second Duke of Hampshire. Over there, under the Gothic-shaped arch, extending from the stone slabs of the floor up to the roof, eighty feet above, was situated the magnificent tomb of William the Second, who was also known by the people of his day as William Rufus, and who has been buried here ever since the year eleven hundred.

The Cathedral windows, remarkable for their rare beauty, were of stained glass set in leaden frames. The woodwork

about the windows was exquisitely and accurately carved, but it was showing signs of decay.

Here and there, about the walls, were hanging torn and ragged flags of Spain, of France, aye, even of England. Each, with its string of bloody battles, each as though it were a warning from out of the past to the people of today. For, if ever flags told the tale of battle horrors, these that draped the gray Cathedral walls, told, and told well. One consisted of but a few square inches attached to its battered staff, while another was tattered beyond recognition.

And so I stood gazing about me, head uncovered, hardly realizing that a thousand years looked down upon me. And then suddenly, I felt as though the air had become charged with the fumes of some drug soothing to the nerves; for, from far down the other end of the dingy knave came the faint sound from a large and quaintly decorated organ. So I sat down and listened. Now the notes grew louder; now they became passionate; to be sad and mournful in turn, as the organist chose to make them. How ancient and peaceful it all sounded! It filled me with a quiet and contentment not often felt, but at the same time one was conscious of a bursting passion against all evil, against the Roundheads who, under Oliver Cromwell, had endeavored to capture this gigantic place of gods, whither the Royalists had fled in panic. For were not the grey walls dented and scarred by musket balls? Did not these men try to overthrow England's religion, and make Cromwell's name a terror to all people in Europe, only to be overthrown themselves finally, as such men should be overthrown?

I waited until the music had ceased, and I had heard some churchman of high office chant the Litany in a deep, solemn voice, broken at regular intervals by the responsive Amen of the people. Then all was still, like the stillness of death, only to be suddenly broken by the pealing chords of the music which fell upon my ears, seemingly penetrating the smallest crevice of the roof, even the bullet holes that Cromwell made.

Gradually the notes of the organ died away, until, with a gentle sigh, all was hushed. Then I beheld the procession of

singers noiselessly march out, as is the custom of the English Church.

I got up to go, people were coming in to evening mass. So I made my way to the main entrance and regretfully turned my back upon Winchester Cathedral forever. —A. F.

DREAMS BY NIGHT.

The lights are fading fast,
And room all will be dark,
And visions of the past
Will cause us to them hark

And then those visions dear
Will lull us soon to sleep,
And perhaps a tear,
Across some cheek will creep.

And as throughout the night,
In dreamland we do roam,
There will be no sweeter sight,
Than a dream of "Home, Sweet Home."

Of mother dear, her hair
So beautifully soft and gray
Her face so sweetly fair
Her eyes as clear as day.

Of a girl whose sunny smile
Whose laughter sweet and low,
Whose winning ways beguile
And banish thoughts of woe.

And when the dawn comes clear,
And the breakfast bugle blows,
Kind will the day appear
In the light that the nights dream shows.

—A.

THE LADY OF THE WRECK.

The trip had been dull and uneventful from the very first, and now with the long journey only about half over, Tredgar dropped his magazine with the sigh of one who is inexpressibly bored.

"A train trip through a country like this is simply awful," he said half aloud, "nothing but mile after mile of flatlands, and the stations so deuced far apart that it's a day's travel from one to another."

And then he gazed indifferently out upon the flying landscape. The country through which the "Northern Limited" was then passing justified immeasurably Tredgar's conception of it. For the panorama seen from the car window had none of the picturesqueness that is evident in so much of the Western scenery, for the fields that flew past the window were nothing more than a gray waste of rolling prairie.

Called clear across the continent on a matter that was purely a business one, and forced to leave two friends in the Eastern city only three days before Christmas, thus foregoing all hopes of holiday pleasures, the journey had not appealed to Tredgar at all in the sense of a pleasure trip. And now spending the day before Christmas in the stuffy confines of a parlor car with only a few magazines for company, was making him feel at odds with the world in general.

The train finally drew up at some small frontier town, and here a girl came on board.

Tredgar, looking up from the window, caught a glimpse of her as she came down the aisle to her chair, and bestowed upon her a glance of undisguised admiration. The coming of the girl into the car seemed to have aroused him entirely from his lethargy, and he became all interest at once. Nor was he alone in this reviving of spirits, for all through the car a newness of life became apparent, as though the girl had brought some of the freshness of the outdoor world into the car with her, and by so doing had relieved the tired passengers. But she seemed totally unaware of the sensation she had cre-

ated, and quietly taking her seat, was now lost in the perusal of what seemed to be a book most interesting.

Some hours later the lamps were lit, and the gray panorama along this track dulled into darkness. A heavy snow began to fall, and the soft flakes were thrown noiselessly against the car windows, showing a white heap along the sill. Supper had just been announced and people were making their way to the dining car. The girl had just put up her book and was gazing abstractedly out into the night. Tredgar leaned forward as if to speak to her—and then the crash came. There was a sudden sound of breaking timbers, and then the heavy car rolled from the track down an embankment, turning over several times. A few shrieks of pain and fear broke through the dark stillness and then all became quiet. Tredgar was at the girl's side in an instant, trying to assure her that there was no cause for serious alarm. "We are off the track," he said, and most likely down an embankment, but I think that we are all safe, and it will only be a matter of a few minutes' stay in this unpleasant condition."

"Thank you so much," the girl said quietly, "you have made me brave. At first I thought we were all killed, but I realize now that it is merely a good shaking up that we have received."

With the assistance of the axes, snatched from the brackets on the sides of the car, it was a small matter to cut an opening through which the passengers passed, and soon found themselves outside safe and sound, none the worse for their bad scare, except for a few bruises. But ahead the damage was of a much more serious nature.

A heavy freight, plunging along through the storm, had run past its ordered siding, and on into the "Northern Limited." Fortunately, for all concerned, the heavy snowfall necessitated the slow running of both trains; so what might have been a most fearful catastrophe, was only a bad wreck. Several of the passengers were badly injured and the engineer of the freight train killed outright. The rest of the train hands sustained only a few cuts and bruises.

The news soon spread that everyone would have to walk four miles to the nearest town for the night's lodging, and this piece of news was received with much consternation. But as it was either a four-mile walk through the snow or camp out all night in the bitter cold, the crowd started, with much grumbling, on their tiresome walk to the little town ahead.

Tredgar went back to where he had left the girl sitting near the track with the information as to the long walk before them.

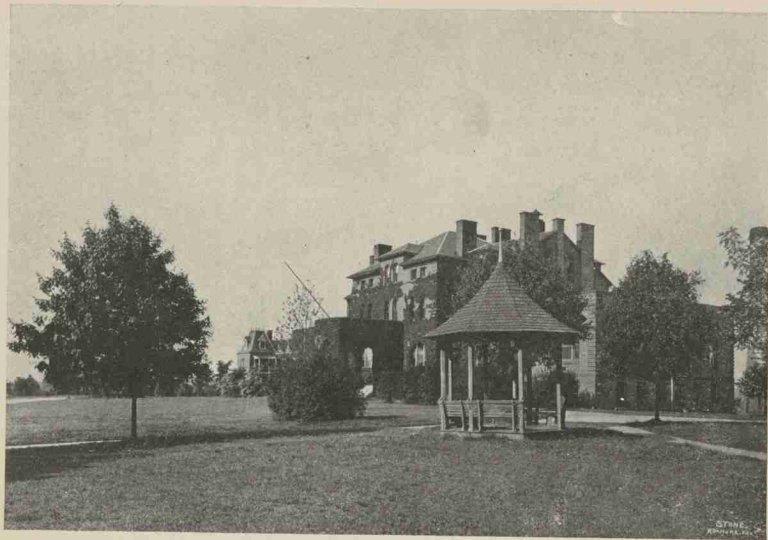
"It's really too bad," Tredgar told her, "but then there is absolutely nothing else to do. So, if you will allow me, I will gladly act as your escort along the way."

"I have to thank you again," she said sweetly, "you are most kind, and really I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't been on the train. I dread a four-mile walk very much, but I suppose the sooner we start the better."

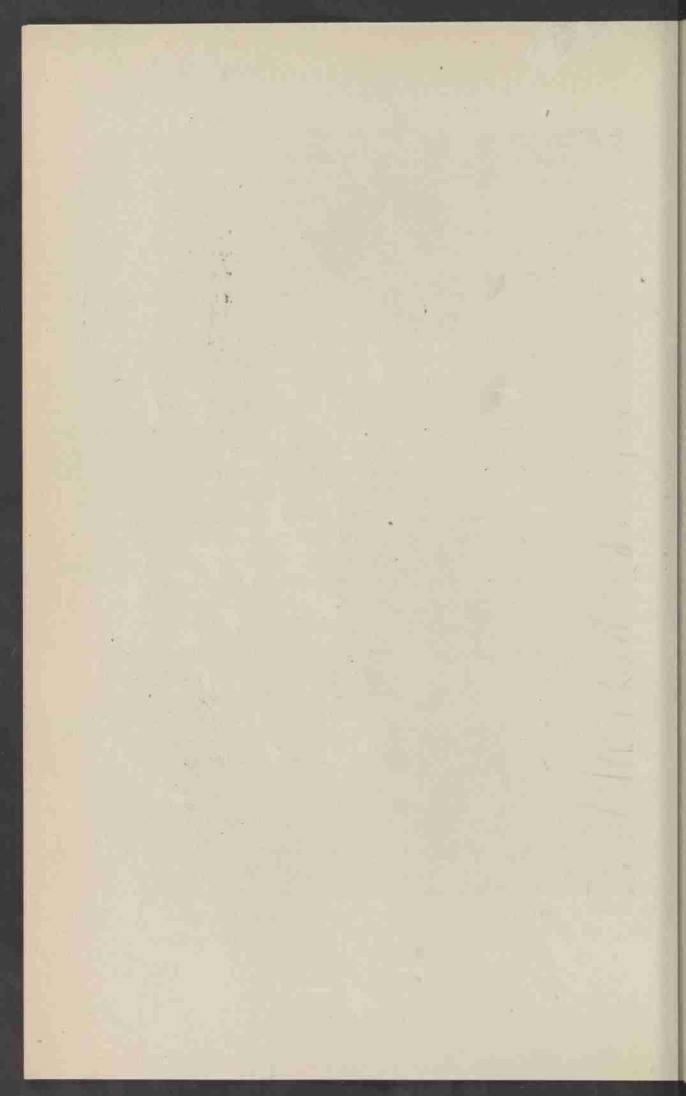
So saying she arose, and together they went down the track, past the horror of the wreck, on through the snowflakes into inky depths of the night, toward the little town that was to afford them shelter from the storm.

"Two years had passed since the night the "Northern Limited" went into the ditch four miles from the Nebraska village. But the quickly sped years had not erased from Tredgar's memory a picture of the girl he had walked with that Christmas eve out on the storm-swept prairie, and the girl with whom he had spent a very merry Christmas in the forlorn little town that was so far from civilization. He had seen her but once since she left the Limited at a stop in California, and then it was only a glimpse of her as she bowed to him from a swiftly moving carriage. Still he easily remembered every feature that went to make her so beautiful a type of the Western girl. Looking from his own window out upon the frozen city, he was thinking of the girl he had learned to love on a very short acquaintance, and he found himself wondering if he would ever see her again. He had looked for her diligently during the two years, but not finding any clue as to her whereabouts, he had almost abandoned the search. She was, it seemed, a phantom goddess, at whose shrine he would gladly worship if only that shrine might

State Library



MAIN BUILDING.



be found. But Fate had decreed otherwise, and now, on this Christmas eve, he still was wishing that he might find his divinity.

"If I could only find her," he said wistfully, "how happy I would be. And did I meet with her to-night, my two years of writing would, I know, have as their finale a very merry Christmas, even merrier than the Nebraska one, perhaps."

And, turning from the window, he went down stairs and out of doors.

The chilling air of a Northern winter swept the snow-covered streets of the city, and the severe storms interfered so greatly with traffic as to completely block the crowded sidewalks. People hurrying homeward, their arms laden with packages and their faces expectantly bright, told the tale of a coming Christmas. And a prevailing feeling of goodwill toward men plainly stamped the December evening as Christmas eve. Elaborately filled shop-windows displayed magnificent stocks of holiday remembrances, and the stores that lined the snowbound streets were thronged with eager purchasers. The heavily-laden cars that clanged up and down the crowded thoroughfare moved slowly along the slippery tracks and often became completely stalled. Automobile cabs wound their way through the intricate maze of cars and carriages and went swiftly from street to avenue, their paths a mass of swirling snow. A hansom drew up at a store and a woman, wrapped in elegant furs, alighted. Tall and slender, every line of her figure was charmingly perfect, and her carriage was most queenly. Her profile was exceedingly beautiful, and her dark-brown hair showed in pleasant contrast with the furs about her neck. Tredgar, a few steps away, recognized on the instant the lady of the wreck, and he stopped suddenly. Then recollecting himself, he was at her side in a moment, his hand outheld.

"Why!" she said, "it has been some little time since we met last, hasn't it? The episode of the wreck, you know," she added, and then laughed.

"Yes," Edgar said at length, "two years ago to-night. The

pleasure of this chance meeting, however, is all mine, every bit of it, I assure you."

Then the woman turning to a man, who until now had stood unnoticed and awkwardly at her side, introduced him to Tredgar as her husband.

"I was married," she said, "about a month after the railroad accident, you know."

"Yes," her husband, put in, "my wife has often told me of the great kindness you showed her when the wreck occurred, and I have always wanted to thank you for it," he concluded.

"Please don't mention it," Tredgar said duly, "it was my great pleasure to be of what assistance I could that night," and then they talked on for a few minutes, concluding by extending to Tredgar a cordial invitation to visit them at their home in the city.

But Tredgar hardly heard anything more after the woman had introduced her husband. His world had crumbled under his feet, and all of his air-castles rudely overthrown. The girl of the wreck had vanished and in her place was the woman, married and now beyond him, probably forever. In a dazed manner he reached his room, only feeling that he must have left the woman in an unpardonably, abrupt manner.

Tredgar sat up until late that night gazing into the cheerful grate of glowing coals. From the street below came the noisy clamor of holiday fun-making, but to him the room was even quieter than the ordinary, in spite of the outdoor noise. He sat still for a long time looking into the fire, and many treasured fancies of the past floated in the soft firelight. But dearer amongst the visions was one that showed a wreck and a girl with eyes of brown and dark-brown hair, a profile pleasant and pure to look upon, and a girl whose voice, when she spoke, made a most musical melody. And thus he fell asleep in the placid stillness of his cozy room, with her face and form uppermost in his memory, and thoughts of her peopling his pleasant dreams.

But the lady of the wreck never knew! —KENYON.

A GLIMPSE OF YOU.

Forlorn and gray was the campus that day,
 When you-passed in a dress of blue,
 But a heart grew ligh, and things became bright,
 Because of a glimpse of you.

You smiled when you passed, and sunlight was massed,
 In the gleam from your golden hair,
 And like the winter skies, gently gray were your eyes,
 And tenderly beautiful your sweet face fair.

Many years have fled, and many hopes are dead,
 That were then playing well their part,
 And though you merit true, dear girl in blue,
 Your memory yet is enshrined in my heart.

And as I live, I gladly would give,
 All that I have if you only knew,
 How throughout each year, I think of you dear,
 And long for a glimpse of you.

—K.

THE NEW LIBRARY.

Within the past few weeks the College has, at considerable expense, fitted out a new library and reading-room in the Pullen building, and has added many new books and periodicals to the old supply. That the new library is elegantly furnished, and that it is so far beyond the old one as not to admit of a comparison, is the thought of every student who has spent any time within it. But there is a large per cent. of the student body who never partake of the advantages offered by the library, either through a disinterestedness in anything pertaining to books and reading, or else through failure to realize reading's true value. To the men who care absolutely nothing about books (and let us hope that this is the smaller class) nothing can be said further than to urge them to try and cultivate a taste for that which is good in literature. But to the men who stay away from the library simply because they have never stopped

to think about what advantages they are letting slip, we would say much. Whenever you have a spare half an hour, go and spend it in the library. You will find there abundance of reading matter, ranging from the daily newspaper to the most classic in literature. And if you should be unable to find any special book, magazine or paper, why go and ask Miss Sherman about it. She is ever willing and anxious to help any one in this way and has, by her charming method of keeping order and arrangement, made the library the pleasantest spot on the hill. By thus being brought in touch with the good reading of the library, you will find that your time has been very profitably spent, and doubtless you will soon become a regular patron of the place. And the man who keeps in touch with good literature, will find that in a short time he has laid away a storehouse full of knowledge—knowledge that he could have acquired in no other way. So let us all partake freely of the many advantages within our easy grasp by using the library.

“MY LOVE FOR YOU.”

My love for you is like a bird's sweet thrilling song,
 That floats transcendant to the distant, cloudless sky,
 That stirs the deep emotions of a joyous soul,
 And from a hardened heart ere Mings a mournful sigh.

My love for you is like a charming, beauteous rose,
 That scatters sweet perfume and hope o'er regions round,
 That gives delight to all who seek the best in life,
 And helps to chase away and burdening sorrows drown.

My love for you is like a noisy running stream,
 That chants aloud its song, then finds its way to sea,
 That bubbles forth its message to a waiting world,
 And gives to all alike its charm and melody.

My love for you is like a distant, twinkling star,
 That barely sends its feeble, flitting rays to earth,
 That cheers the lonely traveler on his tedious way,
 And by its true example, thus attests its priceless worth.

—S.

APOLOGIES TO CLEMENT C. MOORE.

It was just before exams, and all through the night,
 Nobody was studying, not even the Lykes,
 Their books were reviewed with no sort of care,
 In hopes that the Professor would not be there.

YOUR EYES OF GRAY.

The red sunset of a winter's day,
 Is fading fast from sight,
 The gilded clouds have turned to gray,
 The gray to black, and now 'tis night.
 And with the night comes thoughts of you
 My love so very far away,
 To you, dear heart, I still am true,
 And still I love your eyes of gray.

—A.

1904.

We ask of the New as the Old Year wanes,
 Man may presage,
 Say what he will, it yet remains
 An unwritten page.

Taught with infinite patience and infinite pains,
 Given love, given light,
 Helped when help-needy, still it remains
 For us to write.

—C. B. S.

I hold it true whate'r befalls,
 I feel it most when "flunks" prevail,
 'Tis better to stand 'xams and fail,
 Than never to stand them at all.

Agricultural.

EDITED BY W. W. FINLEY.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL ADVANTAGES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

Poets have sung the praises of the happy lot of the farmer for thousands of years, and have caused millions of people in every calling of life to look enviously upon the tiller of the soil. How often today do we hear busy people of the city, speaking those same thoughts, and yet we place no confidence in the veracity of their talk, simply because we hear it so often, and because we are inclined to believe it is a pleasant way they have of offering sympathy clothed in the brightest hues of envy. To be sure, many are sincere, but with others, it is merely the idle talk of idle people.

Country life offers many charms to city people, and they are ever ready to spend a day or so with friends in the country and enjoy the life the farmer is permitted to live always. On the other hand, shiftless and discontented farmers are continually crying against their hard life, and at the first opportunity, will move to the city, where they think life is so much easier.

It is no uncommon thing to hear of farmers moving their families to town, in order that their children may have more social and educational advantages. This is because of the actual condition of affairs, as they really exist in the majority of communities, but not as they should be.

Some will say, of course, the conditions are not as they should be, but how shall they be bettered? It is not within my power to answer, but suffice it to say, that with the increase of population in the country, the time will come when country schools will not be inferior to city schools. At present, we will have to admit that the city has an advantage, but we will not admit that it has every advantage.

In some States the question of nature study in public schools is being vigorously agitated, and in some it is an established fact. And it is really surprising how little the majority of city children know of the simplest facts in regard to plant and animal life. The country child is far less ignorant on such subjects, because he is already somewhat familiar with them. Modern school education is not gained wholly from books, or the teacher, as it once was; but today the teacher and the books serve as guides, and the student is compelled to work out his own salvation through observation and experiments.

A fact is more deeply impressed upon the mind when brought about through one's own exertion than in any other way. Here, then, we come to one great advantage which the country has over the city; and that is in the study of nature. Is there anywhere to be found a teacher greater than nature herself? God, in His infinite wisdom, made nature, while man, in his power and skill, makes cities. Great admiration is expressed over the beauties of both, and we often wonder at the work of man, but let us go far from the gay cities and the ways of men, and pass through the Mammoth Cave, or the Garden of the gods; does our emotion cease with wonder?

Can the city produce a greater teacher of the geological past, than the deep canons and high mountains of the west? Did Bessey, Gray, or Linnaeus have greater teachers than flowers themselves? The story of Sir Isaac Newton and the apple is known to all. Was there ever a more interesting and wonderful lesson taught in the city school-room, than the growth of plants, as found in our own fields, how the lifeless element of the soil is transformed into a plant with life? Did a college professor ever tell you of as many injurious insects as you can find for yourself on your own farm?

“Who can paint like nature?

Can imagination boast

Amid its gay creation, hues life hers?

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,

And lose them in each other, as appears

In every bud that blows?”

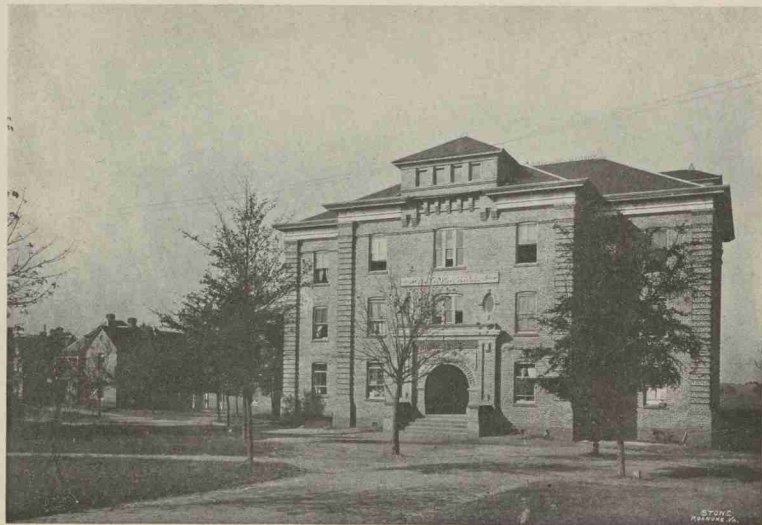
In the spring of the year, when all nature bursts forth in triumphant harmony, there is no one so happy as the farmer, for he is surrounded on every side by the beautiful, and every living thing is a joy. There is nothing that will afford more pleasure, inspire more beautiful thoughts, or teach greater lessons than a stroll through the woods on an early summer morn, when the trees are clothed in their beautiful green robes, and the air redolent of those sweets which is so enticing to every school boy. Does the city offer to either young or old a greater balm or stimulus of long life than the teaching of nature in this school-room?

Under such circumstances, is it a wonder that the country folks are the most social, most moral, and most susceptible to education of any other class of people? Biographers have credited the country with the greatest minds of the ages. The country school essayist never fails to mention the names of our brightest statesmen and most loved Presidents, who have gone from the farm to such high stations in life, and in every one we see the peculiarities of their early training bearing the marks of nature's own stamp. It is the life of freedom that is most promotive of good, and when one is in close touch with nature, his whole being is buoyant, and it is then that work becomes interesting and inspires one to further and deeper study, which leads to knowledge, and from knowledge to wisdom and happiness, the great aim of life. With the spirit of the poets, I would say:

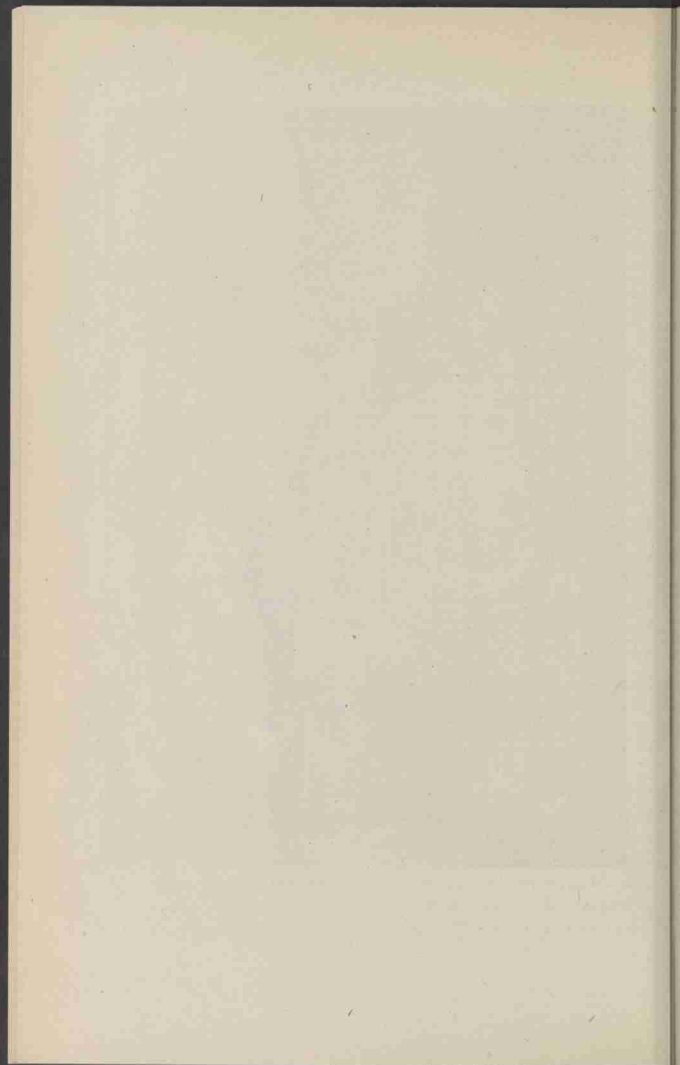
"Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall shall linger near."

WORK FOR AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

With the completion of this Term's examinations the agricultural students end a period of study and work which has been of far greater efficiency than was ever possible before. This is due to additions to the agricultural faculty, and more class room,



WATAUGA HALL.



and laboratory equipment. The large number of new students in the course is very encouraging, and as one earnestly believing that the very foundation of our State's permanent industrial improvement and advancement depends upon the number of educated and specially trained farmers working within our borders I wish to urge every student, while separated for the pleasures of the holidays, to remember the great importance of agricultural education, and to endeavor to bring some young man from his community with him when he returns. If you cannot persuade one to come for a regular course, point out the advantages of the Winter course in Agriculture and Dairying, which begins January 4th, and lasts until March 10th, '04.

The good results derived from this ten week's course, cannot be compared with those possible from a four or two year's course, However, for the young farmer, who is unable to spend a longer time in college, this winter course will give many valuable ideas and helpful suggestions, which will be the means of widening his mental horizon, and giving him a far greater measure of success than would be possible if he continued in the steps of his forefathers, sowing and tilling merely because others have lived by so doing, and thus losing sight of the marvelous beauty of the work of nature, as exemplified in the growing seeds and plants, the blooming flowers, ripening fruits, and the cattle upon the hills, regarding these as merely the results of man's muscular labor. Let us, everyone, endeavor to help some young farmer to take some of this special training, thus improving the conditions all over our State, benefitting both ourselves and our brother farmers.

We agricultural students frequently hear attempts made to ridicule or undervalue our course, by would-be Edisons and Whitneys of the other courses, but such narrow, uninformed, or uncandid statements serve only to detract from any points of excellence which the other courses may offer. There has been a prevailing idea in the common mind that agriculture is an inferior—other callings the superior in man's occupation. This mistaken attitude toward agriculture, is not universal, still far too many people show an aversion, or distaste for agricultural

pursuits, and the general trend of people away from the farm, toward professional life, or any kind of life, but farm life, has long been noted and deplored by observing and right-thinking men. At present, there are not enough people on the farm to do the work well, while in the city there are two or three times as many as are needed to do the work.

There is room and unlimited living employment in the country, while there is crowding and poverty and strife and strikes in the city, for lack of living employment. Farmer boys, let us be justly proud of the work we are preparing ourselves for, and, ever giving others their deserts, all work unceasingly for the improvement of our course, and increasing its enrolment of students.

Athletics.

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

WHAT COLLEGE ATHLETICS DO FOR A MAN.

FEW men who are not fully acquainted with College life in all of its different phases, have any conception of the effect athletics have, morally, mentally and physically, on the man who takes an active part in them.

With a little observation, any one can readily see benefits derived, directly upon the wholesome outdoor exercises of the gridiron, tennis-court, cinder-track and baseball diamond.

The modern forms of athletics are not intended merely to develop the so-called "brute force" in a man, but to develop quick thinking ability, moral courage and physical manhood, simultaneously, thereby making a man that will succeed in other undertakings; for example, take football, which has, at times, received much criticism. This is the best sport ever invented to develop a man's self-control and thinking faculties, as well as physical powers. The success of the sport depends almost entirely upon concert of action of every man in the game. If one man thinks

slowly, or thinks or acts other than in the way indicated by the signal given, the play is almost invariably a failure. If a man lacks self-control, he loses his temper, and then his "head," and does something wrong, which breaks up the concerted action of the other players, and that man becomes worse than

Furthermore, the game is very much like the struggles a man has in after life. He tries a play and it fails to gain; he tries another, and it succeeds; then he may try the second again and fail; then he reflects, and finds the defects in the opposing team, and the strong points in his own, and tries again, finding defects and attacking them with strong plays. He is constantly on the alert, and his physical and mental powers are always active; first, on the defensive and then on the offensive, his sole aim being success; if this cannot be attained by physical force, then it can be attained by superior mental force combined with physical training. This training fits him for life, for here he learns that success depends on constant effort and endurance, and that to give up can only mean defeat.

The football players' "grit" has often been the occasion of wonder on the part of the spectator; but to him who is familiar with the game, it is only commonplace, for he knows why a man can insist on keeping at it, after he is injured. It is because he has learned how not to give up, even in the face of injury or defeat. *Quit* is a word he has forgotten.

College athletics make a man strong and healthy, and enable his body to support a vigorous mind, a mind ready for action in cases of emergency. They teach him to think and act instantly. It is seldom we see a good athlete make a mistake, when quick thought and action are required. He is always cool and composed, more especially when those around him are excited.

Often we meet people who criticise athletics of any kind at Colleges, and say the students had better be at their books, or in some shop, or field at work, than running around playing football, baseball, and the like. Well, they don't know any better, and have not come to realize what the difference between work of muscle and mind separately and collectively really is:

They do not consider that a man needs healthy recreation, for a couple of hours each day, to enable him to keep his mind in a healthy condition; nor do they know the moral effect of athletic training.

Colleges are not meant simply to teach books or trades, but more. They are meant to train a man for life by developing mind and character, while he is learning his profession or trade. They are intended to make a citizen of him, and if a man spends four years in College, and takes no part in athletics, he loses an essential part of the training that goes to make a man of him.

—E. W. G.

BALL GAMES FOR 1904.

The Manager, O. M. Gardner, has arranged the following schedule for the coming spring:

March 22nd, Bingham, at Raleigh.

March 28th, Lafayette, at Raleigh.

April 1st, University of Maryland, at Raleigh.

April 4th, Syracuse University, at Raleigh.

April 5th, Syracuse University, at Raleigh.

April 9th, University of North Carolina, at Raleigh.

April 11th, Wake Forest, at Raleigh.

April 13th, St. Albans, at Raleigh.

April 16th, Clemson College, at Raleigh.

April 17th, Randolph Macon, at Raleigh.

April 21st, Wake Forest, at Wake Forest.

April 23rd, Furman University, at Raleigh.

April 27th or 28th, University of Virginia, at Raleigh.

April 29th or 30th, Red Springs, at Red Springs.

May 2nd, University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

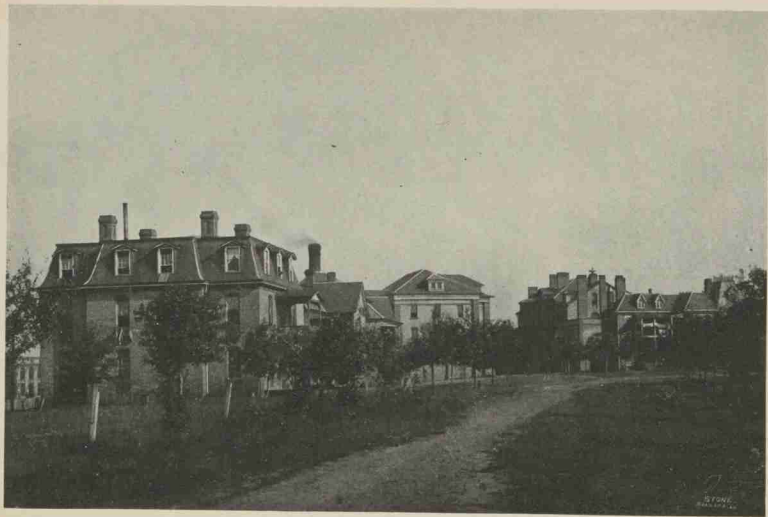
May 4th, Wake Forest, at Raleigh.

May 12th, Wofford College, at Raleigh.

May 14th, Guilford, at Greensboro.

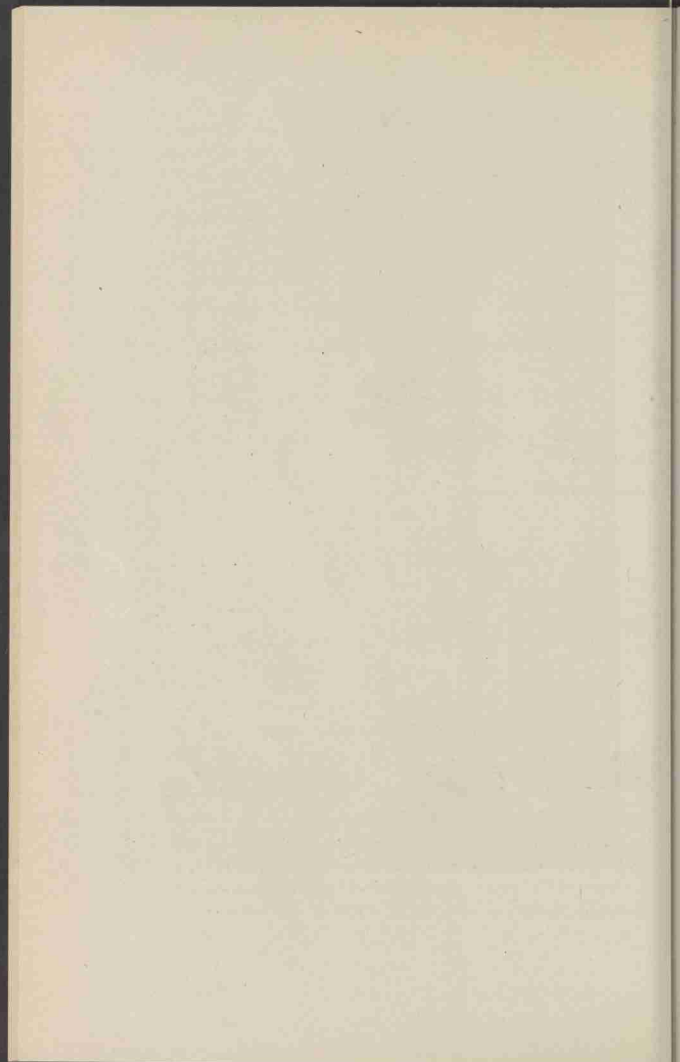
May 16th, Oak Ridge, at Oak Ridge.

These games will, of course, be subjected to various changes.



VIEW FROM SOUTH.

VIEW FROM SOUTH



The first Tennis Tournament between the faculty and student clubs was opened Nov. 16th, by Profs. McClelland and Kendall against Winston and Kirkpatrick. The official scores were as follows :

Profs. McClelland and Kendall vs. Winston and Kirkpatrick, 1—6, 9—7, 4—6.

Profs. Kendall and Summey vs. Winston and Chreitzburg, 1—6, 3—6.

Profs. Kendall and McClelland vs. Holt and Winston, 6—4, 4—6, 6—3.

Profs. Kendall and Jeffries vs. Chreitzburg and Kirkpatrick, 4—6, 4—6.

Profs. Bragg and Haskell vs. Holt and Chreitzburg, 2—6, 0—6.

On account of inclement weather, the tournament has not yet been finished.

—T. W.

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.

IF YOU HAVE NOT SUBSCRIBED TO

Red and White,

Do so at once.

The subscription price is One Dollar per annum, in advance. Address all Business Communications to the Business Manager.

Please notify the Business Manager if you do not receive the Magazine regularly.

M. E. WEEKS,

West Raleigh, N. C.

Business Manager.

— 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 copy10

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.

WM. F. KIRKPATRICK.....	Editor-in-Chief.
M. E. WEEKS.....	Business Manager.
O. M. GARDNER.....	Athletic Editor.
C. A. SEIFERT.....	Assistant 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.
A. T. KENYON }	
W. M. CHAMBERS }	Local Editors.
S. D. WALL }	
A. W. GREGORY }	

EDITORIALS.

Sometime ago the Class of '04 decided—and wisely, we think—to follow in the footsteps of the preceding Class and publish an Annual. From what the writer can see and hear, the present Senior Class is going to make Vol. II of the Agromeck a much better book than the Class of '03 made the initial volume; they are exhibiting the good judgment of profiting by the experience of others. The Board of Editors is certainly to be congratulated on securing for its artists such able and willing workers as Messrs. J. A. Park and J. B. Lynch. The election of artists, however,

does not debar others from a trial in the contest ; for every student is not only cordially invited, but also urged to contribute something to the Agromeck—be it a narrative, sketch, drawing, poetry, or what not. This is to be a book of the students, for the students, and by the students, a most pleasing and extensive souvenir of your college year. The RED AND WHITE's warmest wish for the clever Agromeck Board is the realization of its most sanguine hopes.

THE RED AND WHITE wishes a pleasant holiday vacation to all the students and to all its readers a joyous Christmas and a favorable new year. It sometimes happens that college boys and girls, during the interruption of their duties, indulge to excess in recreation and amusement ; some eat too much, some drink too much, others keep late hours, etc.,—we refrain from making a longer list of the sins which some of us commit. We do not mean to become sermonic, at the same time we think it not amiss to pause for a moment and consider the occasion of our holiday ; and when we remember that next Christmas day is the 1903rd anniversary of the most important event in the world's history, let us govern ourselves accordingly ; let us not mock Him whose birth we celebrate. The few lines below, from perhaps the greatest English poet, do not mean for us to wear a long face devoid of smiles ; on the contrary, they mean to commemorate the time for our greatest rejoicing, but let that rejoicing be in decency and in order :

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with aur Father work us a perpetual peace.

MILTON—*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.*

To pass or not to pass, that is the question.

One of our State dailies has this to say about a sermon on gambling, lately preached by Dr. J. R. Howerton :

"The discourse was opened with a statement of the economic conception of money, which teaches clearly that it is only a medium of exchange, and is used to represent a labor value of hand or brain. From this fact he deduced the basic principle that any value received without a corresponding value in return is only theft or robbery ; and that any man who, in his inordinate desire to become suddenly rich, employs such a method, must be regarded only as a thief and a robber.

"Taking a deep moral consideration of the matter, he deplored the fact that the spirit of the age is the spirit of a practical materialism, which in its iron grasp draws men further and further away from the spiritual life, until, by holding continually before them a glittering idol of gold, it brings the loss of their own souls. Especially did he lament its fascinating attractions for the young men of the country and the proneness with which they fall into its fatal snare.

"The sermon was a clear diagnosis of the disease, a strong exposition of its swift progress and deadly character, and an eloquent appeal for its arrest and extermination at the hands of Christian people, and it will meet with the hearty approval of those everywhere who love the cause of right."

In an humble way, we beg to add a few words with especial reference to young people. A fellow attends an evening party, plays at cards, and wins the prize, and that is alright ; but if some ignorant negroes play "skin" at a penny a go, that is all wrong. The town and country folk alike buy goods at a certain store in the hope of drawing the lucky number, and that's alright ; but if two farmers pitch horseshoes for ten cents a game, that's gambling.

We might mention dozens of different ways in which people take chances in getting something for nothing, and in all these there appears to us to be no difference in kind and very little in degree ; it is all gambling in a more or less deplorable form, and not all college boys are always exempt from this form of vice.

Our Commandant says that all men are divided into two classes, the "Fs" and the "D.Fs." Without either affirming or denying the statement, we beg leave to state a little incident that happened in one of the dormitories not many nights ago, which, without doubt, puts Mr. A. in the latter class. The fellow in question rushed into Mr. S.'s room, flourishing a pistol, and then puts the horrid thing in the face of Mr. S., who was lying in bed. The latter jumped up, grabbed a two-pound scale weight, knocked Mr. in the head, and sends him spinning in the floor. *Of course* the pistol was not loaded, but just the same we are obliged to put the fellow who monkeys with a pistol in the same class with the *absurdly* foolish ones that rock the boat or toss the baby up.

When we really recall the fact that there are exactly nine or seventeen Smiths at this College, we feel obliged to ask the Comic Editor which Smith he meant when he said "Alcohol."

College Notes.

Some Folks Seen About the Campus by

W. M. CHAMBERS,

S. D. WALL,

A. W. GREGORY.

Quite a ripple of excitement was caused by the cry of 'Fire!' about nine o'clock Friday morning, November 27th. A telephone message from Mr. Giersch saying that his barn was on fire, met with a quick response from the entire Battalion, which, under the direction of Capt. Phelps, by hard work prevented the flames from spreading, and saved Mr. Giersch's residence.

Professors Riddick and Mann went to Richmond Thanksgiving to witness the Carolina-Virginia game.

Mr. Warwick of the Freshman Class left for his home on the 4th.

Mr. R. H. Poindexter left College and went home last week.

The Board of Trustees was in session at the College last week. The committees from the several classes went before them and asked that an appropriation be made for College athletics. After hearing short talks from Capt. Phelps, Richardson, Seifert, Martin and Gardner, the Board unanimously voted five hundred dollars for the cause of athletics.

The Thalerian German Club has elected the following officers for the winter term : W. L. Darden, President ; L. G. Lykes, Vice-President ; L. M. Hoffman, Secretary ; L. T. Winston, Treasurer ; F. C. Phelps, Censor, and J. McKimmon, Leader.

Mr. Cecil P. Southerland, one of our old boys, was a visitor at the College last Monday. Mr. Southerland has accepted a position under Mr. Howell Cobb as night clerk at the new Yarrow House.

The Dramatic Club has begun rehearsing for Easter presentation, and "A school for Scandal" promises to win a greater success than "The Rivals" of last year.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Julian M. Howard was elected Manager of next year's Football team, and L. F. Abernathy was chosen Captain.

Mr. F. L. Huffman, a former student of the A. & M. and who is now at Wake Forest, spent a night last week with Mr. S. W. Asbury.

Mr. H. F. Chrietberg, who has been spending several weeks at home, returned to the College a few days ago.

Cadets W. S. Tomlinson and Tom Treeman spent Thanksgiving at their homes in Goldsboro.

Mr. V. Motz returned to the College last week after a few days' visit home.

Society.

EDITED BY L. A. NEAL.

[From the News and Observer, Dec. 3.]

*A Brilliant Reception by Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Burkett—A. & M.
Students, Trustees, Faculty and Invited Guests
Spend an Evening Full of Delight.*

One of the most brilliant receptions of this season was that enjoyed by fully two hundred invited guests last night at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Burkett in West Raleigh. Primarily, the reception was given complimentary to the one hundred and eleven students of Dr. Burkett's classes in agriculture at the A. & M. College, but there were also asked to be present the faculty of the college, the trustees and a number of other guests. The home was ablaze with lights and was most attractively decorated. The color scheme in reception rooms, hall and dining rooms was based upon the college colors, this being brought out by holly and smilax with white ribbons as well as white and red candles in the candelabra.

Receiving in the hall with Dr. and Mrs. Burkett were Dr. and Mrs. George R. Winston, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Skinner of the A. & M. Faculty, and Mr. W. W. Finley of the Senior Class of the College. Assisting those receiving in the parlor were Mrs. Tait Butler, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain, Mrs. F. A. Weihe, Mrs. D. H. Hill.

The members of the Board of Trustees present were Mr. S. S. Patterson, Commissioner of Agriculture; Capt. C. M. Allen, of Auburn; Mr. A. Cannon, of Horse Shoe; Mr. J. A. McRae, of Laurinburg; Mr. Wm. Dunn, of New Bern; Hon. R. A. Daughton, of Alleghany; Maj. J. W. A. Graham, of Machpelian; Mrs. A. T. McCallum, of Red Springs; Mr. R. W. Scott, of Graham.

The members of the A. & M. Faculty present were Professors Hill, Stevens, Yates, Wilson, Butler, Page, Gardner, Nelson, Massey, Marshal, McClelland, Roberts, Deal, Bragg, Kendall, Sherman, Capt. Phelps, Sloan, and Jeffrey.

The guests of the evening, especially invited to be present, were Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Mrs. R. D. Gilmer, Mrs. D. H. Abbott, Miss Walcott, Miss Eliza Pool, Miss Thomas.

The refreshments were delicious, and were daintily served, there being ice cream, cakes, chocolate and sandwiches. Two dining rooms were used. In one Mrs. John Hardin and Mrs. J. R. Rogers served ice cream, while in the other chocolate was served by Miss Daisy Moring and Miss Margaret Harris; assisting were Miss Jessamine Higgs, Miss Mary Andrews, Misses Skinner, Miss Moring, Miss Hill, Miss Davis and the Misses Massey. The scene in both rooms was most attractive and beautiful.

During the evening the following programme was charmingly rendered :

Vocal Solo—"Rose, Sweet Rose," Miss Moring.

Violin Solo—"Hearts and Flowers," Miss Sinedes.

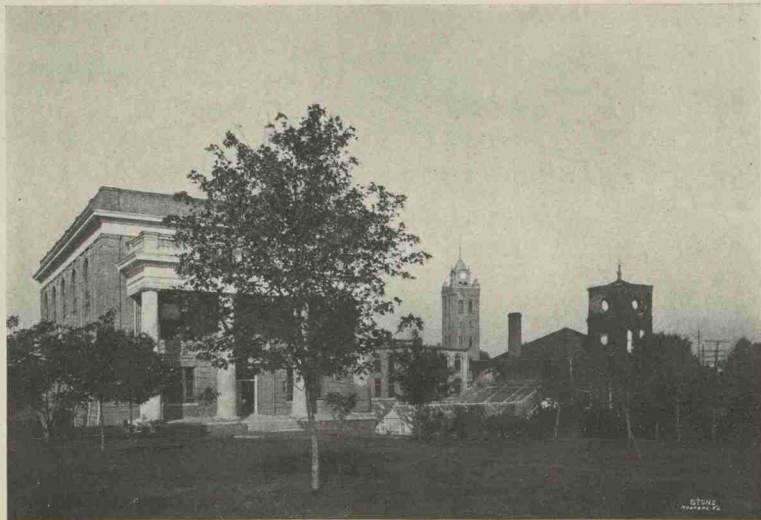
Vocal Solo—"All For You," Miss Sanborn.

Piano Solo—"The Two Larks," Miss Battle.

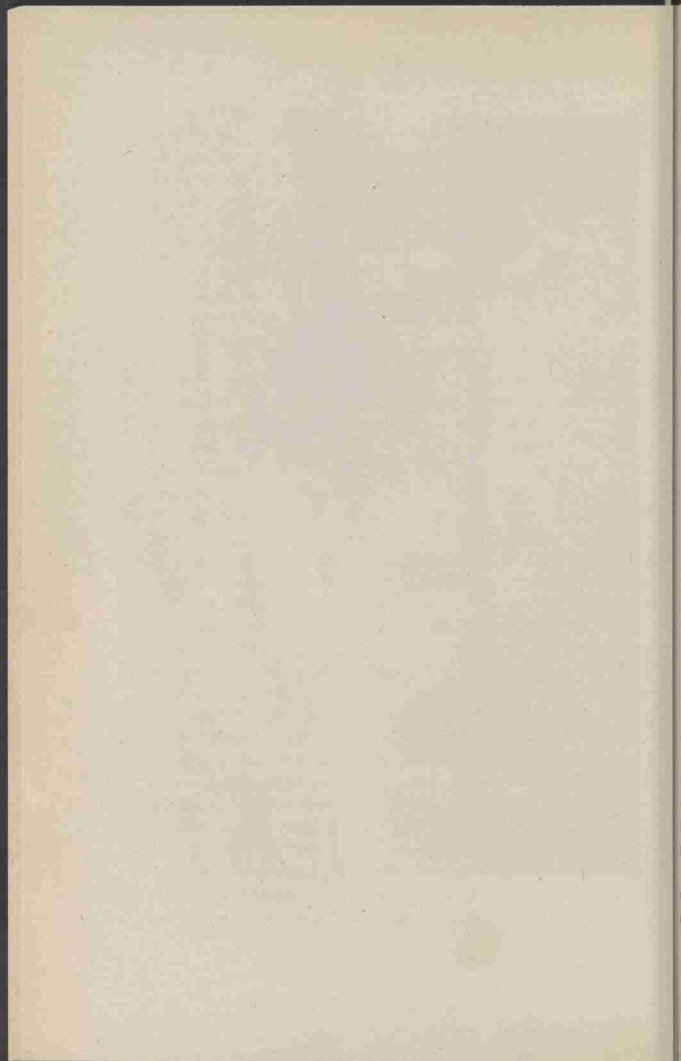
The ladies of the receiving party and their assistants were charmingly gowned as follows :

Mrs. Burkett, in champagne crepe over white taffeta; Mrs. B. S. Skinner, in black lace satin; Miss Kate Skinner, in white point d'esprit over white taffeta; Miss Jessamine Higgs, white lace; Mrs. C. B. Williams, black lace over black taffeta; Mrs. R. W. Page, black lace over blue taffeta; Miss Nannie Skinner, white organdie over white taffeta; Mrs. Tate Butler, blue silk trimmed in black lace; Mrs. Jeffrey, black point d'esprit over black taffeta; Miss Brewer, black silk over taffeta; Miss Moring, blue mulle over white taffeta; Miss Sanborn, white silk; Mrs. Chamberlain, tan crape over taffeta; Mrs. Josephus Daniels, grey crepe grape applique; Miss Nellie Massey, cream serge with net and panne velvet; Mrs. S. E. Sloan, blue voile over taffeta; Miss Sherman, blue organdie; Miss Belvin, white or-

State Library.



STONE
ALBANY, N.Y.



gandie; Miss Mary Andrews, white organdie; Miss Harris, blue mulle trimmed in black lace.

The evening was a delightful one in every respect, and many were the congratulations showered upon the host and hostess, who gave so much pleasure to all their guests.

AN ENJOYABLE EVENT.

PRESIDENT WINSTON'S ANNUAL RECEPTION LAST NIGHT AT A. & M. COLLEGE.

The first of the annual receptions to be given each year by Dr. Winston to the faculty and to the Senior and Junior Classes of the A. and M. College took place last night and proved to be a most brilliant success.

That these receptions will come to be a great factor in the social life of the college is not doubted, and that they will be looked forward to with great pleasure from time to time by all who will be fortunate enough to be among the invited is a foregone conclusion. Later the President intends to give a reception to the Raleigh people, and that it will be a function of high social standing, last night's enjoyable affair made certain.

The event took place in the Pullen building, which has just been completed. The spacious new library was used as a reception hall, and stands for ferns and palms formed a dark green background, contrasting prettily with the tinted walls of the library. The color scheme was red and white—the college colors—carried out in the draperies about the libraries' walls and pillars. Festoons of red and white streamers hung pendant from the ceiling, and garlands of winter woodland evergreens were interlaced about the decorated pillars. The hall was brilliant with the glow of electric lights, making more beautiful a scene already lovely.

Refreshments were daintily served during the evening by the delightfully charming R. S. V. P. Girls, who, elegantly gowned and flitting about from place to place, gave to the scene the ap-

pearance of a peep into Paradise. In the refreshment room were served salads, olives, pickles, jellies, lobsters, jutties and sandwiches, several kinds of ice cream, and many kinds of cake. The Leazer and Pullen Society colors formed the color motif of the refreshment room and the blending of the blue and white was most artistic.

Levin's orchestra furnished music for the dancing during the evening, and the hop was a brilliant one, the natty cadets uniforms being set off by the exquisite dresses of their lady friends, the gentlemen in dress suits, making an elegant setting for the charming picture.

Capt. Phelps and Prof. Gardner received the guests at the entrance door to the main hall, and the guests were then escorted to the receiving party. This was composed of Dr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Winston, Prof. and Mrs. D. H. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Joyner, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Skinner, Prof. and Mrs. Massey, Capt. Phelps and Prof. O. M. Gardner.

The guests were met at the door by Mr. Lewis Winston and Mr. Sidney Tomlinson, and were received in the vestibule of the hall by Mr. Welch and Mr. Darden.

The music was excellently rendered and the dancing was greatly enjoyed by all. At a late hour the grand event came to a close, and reluctantly the couples began to leave. The affair was voted by all those who participated the most delightful reception ever attended. Dr. and Mrs. Winston were heartily thanked for the great pleasure they had so graciously brought about.

There were over fifty-five Seniors and Juniors present, and the other guests were: Miss Laura Clark and Mr. W. L. Smith, Jr. Miss Mary Cole Boyden and Mr. Harper, Miss Johnson of Atlanta and F. W. Hadley, Miss Smithers of Portsmouth and Mr. Sterling Graydon, Miss Annie Jones of Atlanta and Mr. W. A. Barrett, Miss Mary Wingate and Mr. B. A. Broom, Miss Grey of Charlotte and Mr. L. A. Murr, Miss Woodell of Wadesboro and Mr. H. M. Lilly, Miss Debury of Pedee and Mr. J. D. Spinks, Miss Bledsoe of Baltimore and Mr. W. M. Chambers, Miss Maggie Hughes and Mr. B. H. Cartwright, Miss McNair

of Maxton and Mr. J. C. McCaskill, Miss McKimmon of Hamlet and Mr. McIntyre, Miss Eliza Jones of Aiken, S. C., and Mr. W. G. Finch, Miss Mary Bell Hall and Mr. F. L. Abernathy, Miss Caro Gray and Mr. S. W. Asbury, Miss Holmes of Morganton and Mr. R. P. Reece, Miss Grey of Durham and Mr. W. J. Walker, Miss Moye of Kinston and Mr. R. Tull, Miss Smith of Oxford and Mr. J. H. Squires, Miss Matthews and Mr. Mr. G. L. Bagley, Miss Yates and Mr. L. V. Edwards, Miss Rosa Skinner and Mr. L. G. Lykes, Miss Lily Skinner and Mr. L. A. Neal, Miss Mackay and Mr. J. G. Ashe, Miss Norris and Mr. J. M. Howard, Miss Brown and Mr. H. F. Primrose, Miss Patrick of Clinton and Mr. A. T. Kenyon, Miss Schlitz of Milwaukee and W. F. Kirkpatrick, Miss Emily Higgs and Mr. J. H. Pierce, Miss Mary Smedes and Mr. L. M. Hoffman, Miss Helen Smedes and Mr. Lacy Moore, Miss Jessamine Higgs and Mr. F. C. Phelps, Miss Higgs of South Carolina and Major J. B. Harding, Miss Stainback and Mr. A. C. Wharton, Miss Haywood of Chattanooga and Mr. E. E. Culbreth, Miss Mattie Holt of Graham and Prof. Max Gardner, Miss Mary Lacy and Mr. E. P. Bailey, Miss Brewer and Mr. W. E. Weeks, Miss Crawford of Goldsboro and Mr. B. F. Huggins, Miss Haywood and Mr. A. W. Gregory, Miss Sparrow and Mr. F. W. Saddler, Miss Andrews and Mr. E. G. Porter, Mrs. McPherson of New York and Capt. F. E. Phelps, Mrs. W. H. Bostwick and Miss Ada Bostwick of Ithaca, N. Y., and Mrs. Chamberlain with Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, Prof. Bragg, Miss Mooney, C. T. Venable, Miss Mary Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hoey, of Shelby; U. A. Groliom, Jr., Miss Mary Warren Cameron, of Fayetteville; Prof. Morrison, Miss Page, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Williamson, Mr. C. B. Harris, Miss Helen Moring, Prof. and Mrs. Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Kilgore, Prof. Williams and Miss Jones, Prof. McCall and Miss Hal Morson, Prof. Page and Mrs. Page, Prof. Hill and Mrs. Hill, Prof. and Mrs. Burkett, Col. J. C. L. Harris and wife, Hon. Josephus Daniels and wife, J. S. Cates and Miss McPherson, Prof. Mann and Miss Guess, Prof. W. C. Riddick and wife; Mr. Gaither and Miss Faison, T. Eldridge and Miss Perry, J. K. Waite and

Miss Waite, William Richardson and Miss Katie Morton, Mr. Tomlinson and Miss Pattie Carroll, Dr. Stevens and wife, Prof. Parks and wife, Mr. Val Perkins and Miss Ellen West, Prof. and Mrs. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gilmer, Mr. F. E. Sloan and Mrs. Sloan, Prof. Kendall, Prof. McClelland, A. C. Wilkinson, E. C. Bagwell and Miss Phillips, C. A. Seifert and Miss Vera Walters, Dr. Weihe and Mrs. Weihe, Prof. and Mrs. Yates, Col. and Mrs. Patterson, W. H. McIntyre and Miss Edgerton, J. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Wilson, W. J. Patton and Mrs. Caroline Shesmon, W. W. Rankin and Miss Elizabeth Massey, J. A. Park and Miss Daisy Green, J. W. Farrior, P. Maxwell Page, P. S. Grierson, J. P. Gulley, H. M. Hunter, N. Adams, J. H. Koonce, R. S. Graves, C. G. Nichols, W. G. Knox, R. J. Avery, G. W. Fowler, W. L. Morson, J. McKimmon, O. H. Henderson, R. H. Jones, Mr. Broadfoot, and Mr. S. D. Wall with Miss Louise Linton.

BOYS!

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

Perry Rosenthall.
FREE SHINES.

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

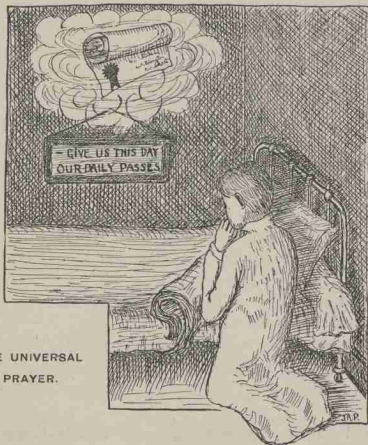
BUY YOUR
CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS
FROM

J. ROSENGARTEN.

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

Comics.

C. W. MARTIN, EDITOR.



THE UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.

PSALM OF "REVIEW WEEK."

Let us now be up and cramming,
Making up for time we lost,
So next week we'll not be doing
Things we know we hadn't ought.

Lives of cribbers all remind us
That if caught we'll sure get shipped,
So let's leave our cribs behind us,
Then there's no way to get nipped.

IN THE LABORATORY.

Piver : " Where's my beaker ? "

Smith : " McIntire's got it. "

Lykes : " Where're my beakers ? "

Seifert : " McIntire has them. "

Hadley : " Where're my beakers ? "

Martin : " McIntire's got them. "

McIntire : " Say, you know I can't have them all, for I got ten from the stock-room, and I've only got twenty now. "

Fred Phelps had an engagement with two sisters for the President's reception ; wonder why he didn't bring the whole family ?

PERHAPS IT WAS CHRONIC.

Young Stephen D..... went visiting the other evening with a chum who reports the following conversation :

She—Did you attend the Junior Banquet the other evening ?

He—No, I was sick that night.

She—Did you go to the Thanksgiving german ?

He—No, I wasn't feeling well.

She—Are you going to Dr. Winston's reception ?

He—I want to if I am not sick again ; eh— eh— do you know how much it will cost ?

Morgan : " I say ! whose going to speak at the Chemical Society ? "

Bullock : " I don't know, but there's going to be an interesting paper on radium, anyway. "

Morgan : " Radium—let me see. He's Professor of Chemistry at the University, isn't he ? "

We have heard something. A Freshie was driving with his lady :

She—" My hands are cold. "

He—" Sit on them. That's the way I do when mine are cold. "

She—(After a painful pause). " Nobody loves me. "

He—" God does. God loves everybody. "—*Central News.*

The night was cold and dark. Finley was studying, when some one tapped on the window and said, "Finley, McIntire's got a box, and says for you and Bailey to come over." Needless to say Finley lost no time in hunting up Bailey, and, proceeding to the "dungeon," to their surprise "Mac" was nowhere to be found. After having looked all over the place for him, they were returning, when they met him coming back from town. "Say, Mac," said Finley, "did you send for us?" "No," answered Mac, "what's the matter?" "Oh, nothing," said Bailey, and they returned wrathful and unsatisfied.

Kenyon (before the mirror)—"Say, Graydon."

Graydon—"What?"

Kenyon—"We have simply got to stop dissipating; I'm losing all of my good looks!"

Winston—"Say, Buckley, write an essay on Siloes for me."

Buckley—"Siloes, siloes. Say, dey don't grow dem down in my country."

Professor: "Mr. Kirkman, how do you keep grasshoppers out of a field?"

Kirkman: "Some fellows shoot them, Professor."

Professor: "Into what classes may insects be divided?"

Freshman: "Sucking insects, biting insects, and rodents."

Winston was sitting on the bench at the Faculty's tennis court the other evening. Several shrill squeals were heard. Winston jumped, looked all around overhead and asked, "Say, Martin, where's that bird?" "Look over the fence," said Martin, "and you will probably see a pen of pigs." Winston looked and found his *birds* to be a number of fat little porkers.

Lawrence: "Any report, doctor?"

Dr. Weihe: "Yes, sir; Mr. Lawrence is absent."

Lawrence: "Doctor, I am Orderly to-day."

Dr. Weihe: "Yes, but you see I don't know that."

Junior: "Say, who is that fellow, over there?"

Freshman: "I think it's Squires."

Junior: "No, it's not Squires, for he's not talking."

Neal was watching a saleslady measure ribbon by the feminine method of stretching it from the nose to the end of the extended arm, and naively asked, "Can she smell a yard?"

The other evening Graydon found Seifert bewailing his lot. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Why," answered Seifert, "no matter how hard I try, I can't make over 100."

Uzzell (who hopes to be a lawyer): "Bill, in 1907, I will be pleading before the bar."

Holt: "Guilty to stealing chickens, I suppose."

Prof. Hill put his hand on a 1000-page volume of poems and twenty novels by as many authors, and said, "Gentlemen, I want you to study these thoroughly; you should have them in your head so well that you'll never get them out."

Finley: "Professor, that's just the trouble, I've got them all in my head now, and am afraid I can't get them out in time for examination."

Prof. Hill: "Mr. Broadfoot, how would you form the plural of your name?"

Broadfoot (excitedly): "Er-r-r *Broadfeet!*"

Lost—Constitution and By-laws of the Booze Artist Club. Finder will please leave same at Commandant's office, or return to Julian Howard.

? WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ?

What became of the "Nervy six" when the admission at St. Mary's was fifty cents?

What "General" Morgan did when the horse bit him?

Why the chemical Juniors, when they want to know where alcohol is, always call on Smith?

What the cow did when Poindexter tried to weigh her?

Where Seifert's limp goes to on days when it is too cold to drill?

How Kirkman gets a gas to evaporate?

Why "Prince Rupert" didn't bring a girl to Dr. Burkett's reception?

Who the "three sleepers" are?

Why Winston and Venable keep an official list of visits?

Which is more regular at B. F. U., the classes or Purefoy and Max Gardner?

What Hill Hunter, "Brassy" McKimmon, and Freshman Jones are going to do about that girl at St. Mary's?

How many different room-mates Baskerville has had this term, and why?

Why Foushee so suddenly broke *off* his story and broke *for* the door?

Why Hoover slept under his bed the night of Dr. Winston's reception?

Has "Prince Rupert" met the St. Mary's girl that is smitten (?) on the water carrier of the foot-ball team?

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.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President	Miller, J. A.
Vice-President	Chambers, W. M.
Secretary	Smith, W. L.
Treasurer.....	Richardson, Wm., Jr.
Auditor.....	Harding, J. B.

FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1904.

Manager	Howard, Julian M.
Captain	Abernathy, L. F.

BASE-BALL TEAM, 1904.

Manager.....	Gardner, O. M.
Captain.....	Miller, J. A.
Coach.....	Welch, C. D.

TRACK TEAM, 1904.

Manager.....	Patton, W. J.
Captain	Richardson, Wm., Jr.

TENNIS CLUB.

President.....	Culbreth, E. E.
Vice-President.....	Holt, W. N.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Venable, C. T.
Manager	Chrietzburg, H. F.

Y. M. C. A.

President.....	Weeks, M. E.
Vice-President.....	Reece, R. P.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Chesbro, M. H.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

President.....	Welch, C. D.
Vice-President.....	Darden, W. L.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Culbreth, E. E.
Director.....	Burkett, Dr. Chas. W.

LIEBIG CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

President.....	Seifert, C. A.
Vice-President.....	Hadley, F. W.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	McIntyre, W. H.
Librarian.....	Martin, C. W.

BIOLOGICAL CLUB.

President.....	Finley, W. W.
Vice-President.....	Avery, R. J.
Recording Secretary.....	McGirt, M. R.
Corresponding Secretary.....	Beavers, J. C.

RURAL SCIENCE CLUB.

President.....	Morgan, J. O.
Vice-President.....	Bullock, J. W.
Secretary.....	Daughtridge, W. M.
Corresponding Secretary.....	Mauney, S. S.

THALERIAN GERMAN CLUB.

President.....	Darden, W. L.
Vice-President.....	Lykes, L. G.
Secretary.....	Hoffman, L. M., Jr.
Treasurer.....	Winston, L. T.
Censor.....	Phelps, F. C.
Leader..	McKinmon, James

CLASS OFFICERS.

SENIOR CLASS.

President.....	Miller, J. A.
Vice-President..	Richardson, Wm., Jr.
Secretary.....	Hodges, G. H.
Treasurer.....	Grierson, P. S.
Historian.....	Weeks, M. E.
Poet.....	Harding, J. B.

JUNIOR CLASS.

President	Bagley, O. L.
Vice-President	Howle, E. B.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Lykes, L. G.
Historian.....	Seifert, C. A.
Poet	Smith, W. L.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President	Tomlinson, W. S.
Vice-President	Winston, L. T.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Roberson, D. W.
Historian	Brock, W. F.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

President.....	Lynch, J. B.
Vice-President.....	Carlton, L. F.
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Matthews, L. C.
Historian	Higgs, Jas. A., Jr.

EDITORS OF ANNUAL.

J. B. Harding	Editor-in-chief.
E. P. Bailey.....	Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

M. E. Weeks	Wm. Richardson, Jr.
W. W. Finley	H. M. Hunter.
R. P. Reece	J. W. Farrior.
G. H. Hodges.....	F. C. Phelps.
B. F. Huggins.....	P. S. Grierson.

ARTISTS.

J. A. Park	J. B. Lynch.
------------------	--------------

SOCIETY OFFICERS.

LEAZAR LITERARY SOCIETY.

President	Reece, R. P.
Vice-President	Kenyon, A. T.
Secretary	Allen G. G.
Treasurer	Grierson. P. S.
Censor	Lilly H. M.

PULLEN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President	Patton, W. J.
Vice-President	Lehman, R. C.
Secretary	Bullock, J. W.
Treasurer	Haigler, W. M.
Censor	Squires, J. H.
Critic	Howard, J. M.

TENERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President	Temple, J. C.
Vice-President	Lockhart, S. S.
Secretary	Allen, R. T.
Treasurer	Tillman, R. H.
Censor	Mauney, S. S.
Seargant-at-arms	Lee, E. T.

Kings 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.

