THE RED AND WHITE.

VOL. V.

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 23.

No. 7.

LITERARY.

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

THE SHADOW OF A TRAGEDY.

For the past hour Perrin had been restlessly pacing the promenade decks of the transatlantic liner, vainly trying to solve a matter of most earnest importance. But as yet he had been able to arrive at no certain decision, and glancing over the rail and out upon the mist-hid sea, he felt the weariness of it all and wondered what the end would be and when.

Guilty of a capital crime committed on the continent some months before, he had left for Europe, seeking to drown in the pleasures of foreign travel the bitter memory of his sinning. But even amongst the gayest scenes of strange courts and foreign cities, and even while he plunged deepest into life's pleasantries, the ghost of that deed done across the water wandered at his side, unforgetful and unforgiving. And then one morning in a Parisian cafe he chanced to pick up an American newspaper and read how another man was going to be put on trial for this crime, and how that with all the circumstantial evidence the prosecution had collected, the condemnation of the man was already talked of as being certain to take place.

"So," he pondered, "that was the way the people looked at it. They did not hold him guilty of his crime, but instead, suspicion had put the burden upon the shoulders of another man, and now he was free to go and come as he pleased, and perhaps the fearful night-mare would leave him now forever," But with that feeling of a load removed, came a rush of other thoughts. What about the other man? His fellow-being, held for a crime he had never done; was not life as dear and sweet to him as to the man sitting in the cafe? And had not the man who sat and calmly read of the other's fate, placed that life in jeopardy? At these thoughts, the old look of despair returned to Perrin's face, and he felt suddenly old and drawa.

"Waiter," he called sharply, "a brandy and soda, and be quick about it."

The stimulant taken, some of his old courage returned, and he felt easier again.

"Ah !" he said, reflectively, "one crime is quite enough. I will sail to-morrow for America, and God ! I hope I'll not be too late to save this man."

So thus it was that Perrin was booked on the passenger list of the big ocean greyhound, but as for the problem he was at present trying to solve—that was another matter. The black shadow that was over him dulled the ordinary pleasures of a sea voyage; but Miss Rondel had almost effectually removed that shadow. She was pleasant to look upon, and pleasant to talk to, and Perrin found that to loll by her side in his campchair and to pay her the many little considerate attentions that count for so much in a woman's eyes, a pleasure which he did not know he was capable of enjoying. At length one night in the quietness of his state-room, with only the swash of the sea-water against the steel sides of the vessel to break the stillness, the realization that he had learned to love the woman with his whole life, came to him in a mingled sensation of pain and pleasure.

Handicapped as he was, voluntarily returning to give himself up to the minions of the law, in order that the just might not suffer for the unjust, what right he asked, did he have to love, or to be loved? To speak his love now would be to stamp himself in his own, and in the estimation of others, more than a contemptible coward. And yet. Ah! how he loved the woman 1 And then the Voice within spoke. The words of the tempter fought their way to his brain.

"Why go back at all ?" the Voice questioned. "Just turn your back upon the past, be brave, enjoy the present and look to the future for everything. Let the other man suffer, or get out of it for himself," the Voice concluded.

And this was the matter of the problem; to go back and be punished for his crime, or to seek to win the woman he loved, and resolutely forgot all of the past, and in some unknown place begin life over again.

So Perrin, a two day's journey from home, struggled with the question, whose strain was severe upon his soul, as told in the drawn, set lines of his thin face.

A drizzly mist enshrouded the outlines of the vessel, and hung a heavy curtain out over the grey stretch of sea. It was rather an early hour, and few passengers were stirring. The fog-horn of the liner bayed at regular intervals an uncanny blast; but in keeping with the wraith-like appearance of sky and sea.

Suddenly Perrin turned, and throwing his eigar over the rail, walked quickly toward the stern. The grey look had gone from his face, and its stern-set lines were relaxed, for the problem had been settled for once and always. Glancing ahead, he saw Miss Rondel and some friends coming toward him through the mist. Then without warning, and silently, a great, black figure loomed up out of the fog at the liner's side. There was a quick blast from the siren, a clanging of gongs way down in the engine room, and a few shricks from the decks; then a crash that shook the ship from stem to stern. And close upon this of a sudden inrush of water from somewhere, and the big black figure in the fog backed off and slipped away in the gloom.

There was a hasty rush of passengers from below to the upper decks, and a sudden horror gripped at the hearts of all, the vessel was surely sinking, and yet how quiet and still everything was, the silence was oppressive and deadening, and a shriek from a frightened woman seemed to bring relief. Perrin's first thoughts, on realizing that the liner had been run down in mid-Atlantic by some steamer, were of Miss Rondel. The rush to the decks had swept her from his sight, but in a few minutes she was coming toward him. And Perrin could but admire her cool courage in the face of danger, for she seemed as unafraid as though there had been no accident whatever. In answer to her question as to the nature of the trouble, he told her gravely that he feared the worst, and that most likely all would have to take to the little boats.

"It is awful," said Miss Rondel at length, "I feel so insignificant and helpless in the midst of this disaster."

Then the crush on the decks swept her from him again. The vessel's officers were rushing about from place to place in a last endeavor to inspire with courage the terror stricken passengers, and finally the order to lower away the boats was given, as the great liner was slowly sinking.

A rush was made for the boats, and only the Captain's command : "Back men; the women and children first," made possible their safe landing. Perrin, glancing anxiously about and seeing nothing of Miss Rondel, concluded that she must have gotten a seat in one of the boats that had already been lowered away. And so he took a seat in the last one to leave. All had left the vessel except the Captain, who, stout old seamau that he was, refused to desert his ship.

The mist was clearing now and those in the boats could see him standing a solitary figure on the bridge, siehouetled against the sky. But they also saw with horror, a woman rush from one of the cabins to the deck, and then seeing that all the boats were gone, wring her hands in despair.

Perrin saw and recognized her on the instant.

"Miss Rondel !" he exclaimed. "Oh, God ! and I thought she was safe."

And then turning to the men who were rowing, he shouted :

"Men, turn back and get that woman. A woman, I say, on the vessel, for the love of Heaven, and all that's holy, turn back." "Sorry, sir," said one of the number, "but we can't do it. The boat is overloaded now, another person would mean serious danger to us all. Too bad, sir," he added in conclusion. Then the man in Perrin asserted itself. He turned to the man angrily:

"Go back at once," he said, strongly, "the woman shall have my place. I will be glad to leave the company of such cowards. Start back quickly now, my man, if you wish to stay on this earth much longer."

Then the crew obeyed. The boat went back to the liner, and Perrin, climbing on board, faced the woman.

"Miss Rondel-Margaret," he continued, falteringly, "get into the boat quickly. Good-bye. God keep and bless you, always," and then he turned away to hide his face.

"You are the noblest man that has ever lived; the bravest and the truest," Miss Rondel said, brokenly, her gray eyes full of tears, as she held out her hands. And in that the man's last moment with her on earth, all the love he bore for her surged through his body, and he covered the white, soft little hand with kisses, and turned away. Once in the boat, the woman bowed her face in her hands and wept silently. The mist was all gone now, and bright and blue was the sky overhead. The sunlight kissed the glistening water and cast a halo about the heads of the two upon the liner's bridge. Those in the little boats turned to see the death agony scene upon the liner. The great vessel lurched and showed a cold, gray side of steel against the green water. Then she sank suddenly, and the waves, eager and waiting, received the two heroes in a fond em-A cloud blew across the sun and darkened the sullen brace. waters.

The woman in the little boat still wept bitterly; but the soul of the man who had sinned and repented, who had loved, and for honor's sake, left words of love unspoken, swept out into eternity and beyond the ken of those who sat out silently on the bosom of the waters in the shadow of the tragedy.

-KENYON.

AT NIGHTFALL.

Sweetheart, good night. The purple shades are falling, And evening banners glorify the west, The herds come home and whippoorwill is calling,

Sweet evening zephyrs gently whisper rest,

Night comes a dusky queen with fragrant twilight, And lotus flowers and crimson poppies bright, While now I pray God bless and keep you ever. Sweetheart, good night!

Sweetheart, good night !

The darkness cool is bringing, Peace to tired hearts and rest to worn out hands, And dream wrought melodies sweet sleep is singing, While your sweet boat of dreams seeks of ague strands, Through the long hours of sleep until the daylight, Wakes you from dreams to greet the morning bright, God bless and keep my little girl forever ! Sweetheart, good night!

Sweetheart, good night ! Though far away, I am thinking Often of you, and always when the sun Sinks in the west, and all the flowers are drinking Sweet draughts of dew, and night has just begun, Always at this sweet hour of twilight glory, I pray that you may dream of me tonight, For in my heart still lives the old sweet story, "I love you ever," little girl, good night ! Sweetheart, good night !

-Selected.

TIRED OF LIFE.

A growing gloom has wrapped itself around my shoulders in increasing folds day by day. My eyes have been burned to blindness by the hot iron of torment. A bitter sorrow has almost sapped my life away. I look to the future and over the past; I look to every good and every evil, and yet no healing balm I find, unless it be in the silencing, darkening, eternal lifelessness of death. Upon the peaceful sea of death the storms of trouble never rage. Upon this broad expanse there's never a sorrow to cause a billow to heave, and never a tear to cause a wavelet to murmur. There's a rest in the silence of the grave, and in this coldly dark and lonely chamber of the dead is the calming peace which I, poor mortal, crave. Why be tossed on the rolling waters of life, when upon a sea of darkness I may glide with never a ripple to disturb my slumbers deep,—my slumbers eternal?

A vial containing a key to the floodgates of this placid, lifeless sea, sets upon my table. It speaks no word, but a grinning skull and cross-bones sends the message home, and I am enchanted by the flaring label. I've only a few short moments left to my worldly lot, and perhaps a few farewell words would be in keeping with other events. I've no worldly goods, and hence no will to make, but before this world I leave I would like a word or two.

Now, one thing more, and I will raise to my lips that which will silence forever their chattering foolishness. As I leave this tumultuous world to sail in the dark nuknown, I leave with but one regret. I know a maiden fair with cloudy blue eyes and soft brown hair, and when into eternal nothingness I pass, I would leave my heart behind me to live yet longer in this cruel world. You may not understand, but 'tis like this, you see: to her my heart is chained with a beautiful chain, and yet the gods above, the devil below, and all angels and demons combined cannot a single link ever sever. So, when no longer on earth I abide, but sleep the sleep that knows no waking and feels no pain, tell her to treat her charge with care, for there, its only home, can be with her.

Now I hold the vial in my left hand, and I raise it to my lips—there its contents are swallowed down, my head swims, my body trembles, and I feel a weakness stealing over me, I can hardly use my pen. Some one enters my room,—what is it they want?—castor-oil,—and—and I swallowed a vial of castoroil U O dear, now I won't die, I feel better already, but Holy Moses! what about that much castor-oil ? "R. O. B."

AN UNFORGOTTEN MELODY.

1.

'Twas only a song that a sweet girl sung, A quaint melody that I used to know, But across the years her singing rang, As if from out the long ago.

II.

Dear years past, by her singing shown, Dear ideals gone, and fancies dead, To one who of life has weary grown, 'Tis good to know you have not fled.

111.

And one of those dreams is dear to see, A dream of a girl with blue-gray eyes, And red-gold hair, and an air so free, As to brighten all life's dreary skies.

IV.

The song is o'er, and the pictured past Has faded once more into memory ; But dreams of the maid will remain to the last, Even after the lingering melody. —A.

"A CHRISMAS AFTERMATH."

The holidays are over, Back to our work we've come, With nothing to look forward to but Easter, And few other things which we'd better keep "mum."

Freshmen no longer feel fresh, Nor awake suddenly with a nightmare; Thiňking of Sophs, shoe polish, quick-step, Mixture and beefsteak, which is always rare.

While Seniors are building castles in the air, And dreaming of diplomas, graduation speeches, And perhaps of some maiden fair, To live with them in their "castles in the air."

Soon we hope to have the batl-team on the field, And the way we are going to win games Will surely make the woolsy heads Of "Carolina" and the Preachers "reel."

-GEO. H.

"DR. ROGERS' BABY."

He was little, that is certain, Four feet tall, ten inches broad ; As a Freshman he has travelled Over a long and rocky road.

But he's left us, oh, how dreary, Naught to move away the care Of the boys in the hospital, Now that he's no longer there,

And he stayed there pretty often, Can the book its tale not tell? When he stayed there, why be stayed there, On these points I will not dwell. That he's gone, ah ! there's the trouble, For all students knew his face; And all knew him night and morning As a helpless Freshman case.

Can you not now guess the nomen? Well, I'll tell it just for fun; Gentlemen, now let me mention Mr. Jack a-a Denison.

-W. B. T.

-K.

A PAST PLEASURE.

A gentle, winter afternoon, A sun that brightly shone; A ride that ended all too soon, A ride with you alone

Ah! love, the dreary days have come, And dull are the lonely hours, But that don't keep my memory from Going back to that ride of ours.

Of beauty rare was that bright ride, A road that wound through a forest lair; But because of the beauty at my side, For the lesser loveliness I did not care.

Ah! love, many hours must go Before I see you, dear, again; The days of now drift alltoo slow, That lead from paths of pleasure into pain.

But hung on the walls of memory Are pictures that ever joy betide, And sweetest of all the pictures to me Is the one that recalls you and our ride.

Agricultural.

EDITED BY W. W. FINLEY.

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"Row, that we farmers are again sowing and tilling for the harvests of the new year, we must look to it that no poor returns will be found when its work is finished. Nearly all of last term's agricultural students have returned and among our number we are glad to see several new faces, and now let us all resolve to make the work of 1904 greater and better than that of any previous year.

From every section of our State there comes an ever-increasing call for trained and educated men to develop the naturally productive farming resources of our country, and every agricultural student should, with conscientious State pride, endeavor to fit himself for doing an important share of this great work. The man who undertakes little, accomplishes but little; therefore, let this year be marked by great undertakings, and we shall accomplish great things.

The Winter-course men, twenty-five strong, are with us now, and they are all enthusiastic in their work. Never before were prospects brighter for the success of this course, and the attendant good to be derived from it by the farmers of our State, who haven't the time for a full course. We have with us by far the most representative class of farmers that has ever attended this course—two graduates of one of the leading Colleges of the State being among the number.

We welcome these men to our College and to our course, feeling sure that they will be greatly benefitted by their ten-weeks' course in practical, up-to-date agricultural work. This interest, manifested by the older farmers, is of inestimable value towards the advancement of our present farm conditions. May the present class of "cow-punchers" attain much success, and next year see that many others come here to learn something of the deepest and most useful of all sciences, *Agriculture*.

A NATURE GLIMPSE-THE FARMER-TREE.

Who doesn't love the trees? The small and the large, the aged and the young. But there is one that has a stronger personality than all others. Trees are like persons. Some of them are proud, stuck-up, and are particular where they are and what they do. They want to get the snappy jobs, the easy places to work. But there is the yellow locust, how like some men, silent, unselfish. What others will not do, where others will not live or grow because it is hard, undesirable, perhaps unpopular, the locust covers the barren places; and the desolated and exhaustive soil soon finds its body permeated with roots and itself covered with a roof of green. Other trees have left this soil, and with no vegetation, the blazing sun has seared and blistered the earth. But this unselfish benefactor comes forward and soon fills the saddened air with clusters of cream bells, and who does not enjoy their rich perfume?

The oak, the elm, the beech, the ash, the pine,-these are grander looking, smoother skinned, fairer color, perhaps better known, but they send into the air sweet perfume to the soul of their Maker ; do they go where they have to toil and labor and sweat that they might live, and that prosperity might be benefitted? No, they have choicer palates. Their drink must be drained through a richer and deeper soil. Their gayety, their joyous times, will not permit them to so labor. Their works are unto themselves. They have no tribute to render, and their perfume, alas ! is only the escaping odor from the bees that have perfumed their breath on some unselfish producer. Passing by through the fields, what careless observer would notice this homely locust? I'll call him the farmer-tree. But then when the analysis is made, when the roll is called, and the questioner, the Universal One, points the finger and, in reverent tones, asks: "Where is your tribute ?" then the yellow locust-the farmerwill stand out, the rich perfume from the bell-cup blossoms, the emblem of the tribute bearer of a struggling world to the silent stars.

But is this not the way, after all? It seems strange, but yet true as truth itself, that flint and clay bring the blossoms; that sweetness is the perfume of toil and trial; that the neglected spots of life rest under the blossoms; that sorrow garners up the soul-cells of sweetness and tosses them back to a yearning world; that the life is sweetcest and noblest whose trial and cares are greatest, and whose days are best lived.

The locust-the farmer-the silent hero of the world, thy judge knows thy worth.



The Junior Class seems to be always on time. In an enthusiastic meeting last week the following editors for the 1905 Agromeck were elected: Editor-in-Chief, C. A. Seifett; Business Manager, C. W. Martin; Assistant Bysiness Manager, Sterling Graydon; Secretary to Board, F. W. Hadley; Associate Editors, J. W. Bullock, O. L. Bagley, J. H. Spinx, A. T. Kenyon, W. L. Smith, C. T. Venable, Julian M. Howard and W. M. Chambers.

Mr. Foye Robeson, a member of our '02 football team, but who played on Carolina the past season, spent a couple of days at the College last week.

At a recent meeting of the Thalerian Club, Messrs. Crow, Freeman, Hadley, and Walton, C. M., were elected members.

THE RED AND WHITE-

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

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

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J. W. BULLOCK	
W. L. SMITH A. T. KENYON	
W. M. CHAMBERS S. D. WALL A. W. GREGORY	Local Editors.

EDITORIALS.

It was real interesting for the first day or two after school opened to watch the old students shake hands, and hear them tell about their holiday vacation—each one, of course, had a better time than all the rest put together. Classes were called the first day after registration, and all were regularly at their work before the end of the week. All enjoyed the season of rest. We are pleased ourselves at the enjoyment of others, but the best feature of the whole business is, that we were men enough to suddenly turn aside from frivolities and devote our time and attention to real hard work.

With this issue of THE RED AND WHITE the present Editor in Chief surrenders his place to Mr. A. T. Kenyon, whom we feel sure will make the Magazine an entire success, and will get it out on time if he continues to adhere to the same policy in which he has persisted as Elitor of the Literary Department. Mr. Finley has usually had something good for his department, and as usually had it ready on time. We think this idea of attention and promptness cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of some of our associate and assistant editors. The writer reluctantly gives up his place at the head of the College paper for two reasons, viz. : To do this work thoroughly and competently, as his ability allows, indicates in a measure, his appreciation of the honor conferred by the Athletic Association; and again, the work is pleasant and agreeable. His one reason for resigning this place is lack of time to do the work as it should be done; minor reasons need not be mentioned here. Success to our successor : but better still, we wish him that hearty co-operative support of associate and assistants which he justly deserves.

When we recall the fact that all the Colleges of our State participate in inter-collegiate and inter-State athletics, and that three or four of our institutions have inter-collegiate debates, we woulder why our own A. & M. doesn't try to arrange for a debate on some technical or industrial subject with a similar school of one of our sister States. Last year Wake Forest contested with Richmond College for a silver cup offered by the Manufacturer's Club of Raleigh; the University won over. Johns Hopkins in a debate in Baltimore; on next Easter Monday night Wake Forest meets Furman University in Charlotte; and Trinity has arranged a debate with Randolph-Macon.

Unkind Fate allowed A. & M. to lose to both V. P. I. and Clemson in the football contests of the season just past, but we are not discouraged; for there is a future in which a balancing will come. This, however, is incidental; what we want to say is, that we would like to see A. & M. tackle either V. P. I. or Clemson, or both, as orators and arguers—perhaps we can do better with our heads than with our feet. Quite an agreeable surprise was in store for the student body on Wednesday evening of last week when Dr. Winston brought in to sup with us Gov. Aycock, State Auditor Dixon, Secretary of State Grimes, Hon, R. W. Scott of Alamance, and Dr. C. W. Barkett. All these, except the last, made short, but interesting talks to the boys; we found an hour spent as profitably and pleasantly in listening to these men who are leaders in our State, who have done and are now doing so much for our institution.

In more than one paper we have noticed—and with pleasnre—that both Trinity College and Wake Forest have the largest enrollment since Christmas that they have ever had. We suppose that this means progress, and we are glad to see our sister institutions doing so well; with such an outlook, the most chronic pessimist would not dare to prophesy the end of their career of usefulness. Some folks saw the ruination of Trinity in the Basset affair, but it doesn't look that way now.

We understand that Hon. Wm. J. Bryan is to lecture in the Metropolitan theatre sometime during the coming month under the auspices of our Athletic Association; half the proceeds to go to the Association. Need we add that every fellow in College will be expected to attend? No one should consider his going as a mere financial gain to the Association; but rather remember that the management has arranged for the students an entertainment of a very high order. Mr. Bryan is one of the foremost orators of the States, and his lecture on the "Value of an Idea" will be both interesting and instructive.

Who said "cleanliness was next to godliness?" If you'd listen to the fellows talking down about the bath-room, you'd think cleanliness was uppermost in the minds of a great many of the students. It seems that about one-half the sprays are either wholly or partly out of repair; the bath-room is now open only eleven hours each week; there are about 500 boys here now ; therefore, if each fellow washes only twice a week, the bathing must go on at the rate of about 90 per hour under 6 sprays, or barely 4 minutes for each bather. We really don't believe that the average boy can keep his self-respect and the respect of his friends when he washes only 8 minutes per week. Some minor things that do not help matters are poor ventilation, leaky end uncertain steam connections, and positively no place to hang even an old coat. Teams visiting here during the past football season expressed much surprise at the poor condition and uninviting appearance of our bath-room. The writer doesn't know exactly what would be the expense of a better equipment in this department, but imagines that it would not be very great; he is sure that this article is not a personal opinion merely, but is the opinion of a great many students with whom he has talked about this matter.

NOTICE!

To our subscribers. A blue pencil mark on this article denotes that your subscription to RED AND WHITE is due, and that we will appreciate an early remittance.

Respectfully,

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.



WITH this issue the newly-elected Exchange editor takes up his duties, and he wishes to say to all that feeling that the object of this department is not merely to criticise other College publications but rather to encourage, by helpful words, the efforts made to get creditable issues of the various College magazines, that he will try to be careful in his criticisms, and will withhold no praise when he feels that praise is deserved.

A goodly number of the December exchanges are on the table, many of them in holiday attire. A review of a few of these is given below. As soon as the exchanges have been looked over they are put in the library, and students will do well to go and read the magazines and papers put out by the many different colleges and universities.

The University Magazine for December is replete from cover to cover with good reading material. The paper entitled "The Library in College Work" should be read by every College student. The writer of "Three Conceptions of Joan of Arc" has handled his theme well, and the article is a good one. "The Hand of the Lord" is a charmingly humorous piece of fiction that should hold high rank amongst the light literature of College magazines. The only faults of the magazine are the dearth of poetry and an issue with no Exchange department.

The Clemson College Magazine is very bright outside but rather dull inside. The articles are too cut and dried to interest the average reader. The poem entitled "Christmas Bells" is very good indeed as is also the article entitled "A Romance of Early Carolina." Both of these pieces show much thought on the part of the writers. The Editorial Department is weakly gotten up, but the Exchange Department is very well put forth. It is in fact a model Exchange Department. The rest of the magazine is dull and uninteresting. The Davidson College Magazine is up to its usual standard, which is a good one. The poem entitled "A Fragment" is a little gem, and is a thought well and beautifully expressed. The article "A Creed Outworn" is very interesting, and shows deep study on the writer's part. "A Trist Requited" is a charming piece of fiction, its only fault being a rather cloggy contribution. On the whole the Davidson College Magazine is a very creditable exchange.

The editorials in the *Erskinian* are easily its redeeming feature. The Literary department contains little of true value, although the article entitled "The Leonidas of the Press" is real good, more pieces like it would build up that department. The balance of the magazine is well gotten up, and for the number of students at that College the *Erskinian* for December is an exceptionally good issue.

The Christmas number of the *Furman Echo* is a decided success. It has what so many of the magazines have not, some good poetry. The short story, entitled "A Moan," is very cleverly written, and the blending in it of pathos and humor is a piece of difficult work well done. The poem, "Reason and Religion" is in very good style, and presents its theme in an able manner. The Editorial Department is rather dry, but the Department of "Current Events" reflects credit upon the magazine. The locals are also well worked up.

Lack of space forbids more than the mere mention of the following: The Statesville College Magazine, the Winthrop College Journal, the State Normal Magazine, College Topics, the Tar Heel, the University of Utah Magazine, the Campus, the Trinity Archive, College Chips, Randolph-Macon Monthly, the Georgia Tech, the College Message, Catawba County Educator, the Sewanee Purple, the Binghamite, the Purple and Green, the Guilford Collegian, the College Paper, the Rocky Mountain Collegian, and the Collegian.

CLIPPINGS.

Willie had a little jack,

Whose ears were long and slim ; And when he received a problem hard, He simply called on him.

The jack was so wondrous wise, So wondrous wise was he, That Willie rode him on exam— And made one hundred three.

A mighty pain to love it is, And 'tis a pain, that pain to miss, But of all pains the greatest pain "It is to love and love in vain."

EDITED BY L. A. NEAL.

SKATING PARTY.

During the short skating period of last week quite a number of A, & M, boys enjoyed the exhilarating sport.

Among those who enjoyed it most, were a crowd of A. & M. boys who drove out to "Tucker's," accompanied by some of the young ladies of Raleigh. Fires were built and the boys proceeded to don their skates and achieve distinction in the eyes of the fair. Great distinction was achieved, but it is needless to go into details. As one boy remarked, "This here fire feels might good."

The party were indebted to the Misses Smedes and Miss Emily Higgs for the delightful lunch, which was most thoroughly enjoyed by all.

T. K. Bruner returned to the city.

-Ex.

-Ex.

Those in the party were: Misses Lillie and Rosa Skinner, Miss Mary Cole Borden, Miss Emily Higgs, Miss Margaret Murray and Miss Helen Smedes.

Messrs. Neal, Phelps, Kirkpatrick, Harper, Wall, Walton, Winston, Tuttle, Lewis, Smith and Ashe. -P.

THALERIAN DANCE.

One of the most enjoyable dances of the season was given last Friday night, January 15th, in the Olivia Raney Library Hall by the Thalerian German Club. It was given complimentary to the young ladies of Raleigh, and was led by Mr. Jas. McKimmon.

Music was furnished by Levin's orchestra.

The following couples were present : Mr. W. F. Kirkpatrick with Miss Mary Cole Boyden; Mr. T. M. Lykes with Miss Margaret Smedes; Mr. C. M. Walton with Miss Mary Smedes; Mr. L. A. Neal with Miss Helen Smedes; Mr. L. T. Winston with Miss Rosa Skinner: Mr. E. E. Culbreth with Miss Lilly Skinner: Mr. T. Freeman with Miss Emily Higgs: Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Lucy Andrews; Mr. W. M. Chambers with Miss Mary Andrews; Mr. C. T. Venable with Miss Ellen Dortch ; Mr. J. H. Pierce with Miss Margaret Mackey ; Mr. R. H. Harper with Miss Lucy Haywood ; Mr. L. Moore with Miss Eliza Brown ; Mr. E. G. Porter with Miss Pattie Carroll; Mr. H. M. Hunter with Miss Mary Lacy; Mr. J. G. Ashe with Miss Sarah Tyler; Mr. F. C. Phelps with Miss Willie Norris: Prof. MuCull with Miss Hal Morson; Prof. Haskell with Miss Mary Monie; Prof. Kendall with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Prof. McClelland with Miss Trapier; Prof. Roberts with Miss Daisy Moring; Prof. Bragg with Miss Taith Page from Pennsylvania.

Stags: Prof. Morrison, W. H. Crow, J. M. Howard, J. D. Clarke, Jr., L. G. Lykes, Jas. McKimmon and W. F. Morson. Chaperones: Mrs. Higgs, Mrs. Skinner, Miss Mattie Higgs.



Here's a toast to all who are here, No matter where you are from, May the best day you ever have seen Be worse than your worst to come.

PROF. PURNELL.

A Comedy in two Acts, as played on the top floor of the Main Building during the holidays.

CAST:

A Rat	lbreth.
Prof. PurnellMr. J. O. M	Iorgan.
Faculty Representative Prof. W	V-th
Officer of the Guard Capt. Fred.	Phelps.

ACT I.

Avery: "Mr. Rat, allow me to introduce you to Prof. Purnell, Assistant Professor of English, and to Captain Phelps." (Aside, "Be careful to obey his orders promptly, as he is a stern disciplinarian.")

Prof. Purnell : "Ah, Mr. Rat, I shall expect you to be ready to stand the entrance examination in English to-morrow. The others will come later. Meanwhile be careful not to let the Sophomores haze or fool you."

Rat: "Yes, sir."

Officer of the Guard: "And, Mr. Rat, there will be squad drill on the campus, with caps, every evening; meanwhile, tonight, you will do sentry duty in the hall until 10:30. Before you go, however, you can bring some water for Prof. Purnell and the officers rooming on this floor."

Rat : "Yes, sir."

(Rat then performs all his duties and stands examination.)

ACT II. (Several days later.)

Faculty Rep. : "Mr. Rat, you can stand your English examination to morrow."

Rat (aside): "This is evidently a Sophomore." (To the Faeulty Rep.) "I have already stood my examination under Prof. Purnell, who said I had passed."

Faculty Rep. : "But that was a mistake. Prof. Hill will give you an examination."

Rat : "I don't know about Prof. Hill, but I do know about Prof. Purnell, and he said I passed."

Faculty Rep. : "That was a mistake, I say."

Rat: "I don't care, I passed one, and I shan't stand another." (Exit Faculty Rep. disparingly.)

Rat: "Well, I didn't let that fool Soph. haze me, anyhow. I expect I had better bring some more water for Prof. Purnell now.

Cortain.

McIntyre (after drinking three glasses of milk, two cups of coffee and a glass of water): "I say, freshman, is there any milk left in that pitcher down there?"

First Rat : "I say, Bill, got any paste ? I want to stick my schedule up on the door ? "

Second Rat: "No, I haven't, but if yon'll take it down to Capt. Richardson, he'll stick it all right. He sticks everything else on the hill.

Capt. Phelps: "Mr. Burnacker, what became of Judas Iscariot after he betrayed Christ?"

Burnacker : "I forget, sir."

Capt Phelps : " Mr. Graves, you tell him."

Graves: "He became the greatest preacher of his times."

Rat (during examination week): "Captain, may I and my room-mate walk down the railroad towards Raleigh ?"

Capt. Phelps: "What for?"

Rat: "Well-er-er we want to see the trains go by."

Rat (in hospital): "Mrs. Lewis, I have a bad cough."

Mrs. Lewis: "Well, get a tumbler and I will give you some cough syrup."

"Rat (taking tumbler of medicine): "What shall I do with it now, Mrs. Lewis,"

Mrs. Lewis: "Drink it, of course; did you think you would have to inhale it

The latest song, very popular in Watauga, sung to any old tune:

Last night I held a little hand, So dainty and so neat, Me thought my heart would break with joy, So wildly did it beat; No other hand into my soul Could greater solace bring, Than the hand I held last night— Four aces and a king !

Olds (on physics): "Doctor, what becomes of the light when you blow it out?"

-B.

Dr. Weihe : "Vell, next time you put out your light, you chust vatch it und see."

Social item from the *News and Observer* : "Among those present was Cadet Lewis Winston, substitute."

Capt. Phelps: "Mr. Thornton, tell us about the City of Rome."

Thornton : "Rome is a large city situated on the west bank of the Nile."

First Rat : "Say, do you know where Prof. Withers is-one of the Sophomores sent me to find him ?"

Second Rat: "Don't let them fool you that way. Withers ain't no professor; he's a waiter in the mess-hall, and waits on my table."

? WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ?

How Martin felt when the Captain found him sitting on the mattress with Morgan and Poindexter underneath ?

Why Garner spent half an hour looking for Mr. Skinner on the top floor of the Textile building?

How Kirkman got through the door without opening it?

Which is the most liable to run short, the coal supply or the well?

Who put Capt. Phelps' name on the Dispensary books ?



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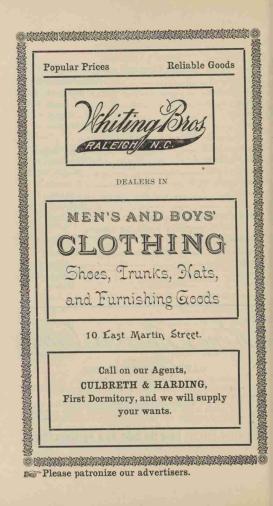
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