It was near twelve o'clock on a bright moonlight night in early June, and dew-bedecked nature slept beneath a silvery veil of moon-beams. I was walking along a lonely country road, the trees gently sighed above my head and down through the leafless branches streamed the heaven's radiance and lay in shining pools upon the sandy highway. Far down in the distant marshes came the croak of frogs, while the cries of night-birds were wafted from away in the hills. A glistening, glittering-eyed serpent glided across my path and disappeared in the heavy undergrowth.

Suddenly from without the woods at my side stepped a low, evil-appealing hunch-backed figure. His eyes were small, jet black, shaded with shaggy eye-brows, and lit with a maniacal gleam. Long, hideous nails grew from his fingers. His long, ape-like arms dangled below his knees. Ragged locks of long, unkempt hair fell over his forehead and lay knotted and twisted on his shoulders. He stood before me, and raising one long arm pointed silently down a narrow path through the woods, then turned and strode with a long, ungainly stride in the direction he had pointed. In spite of all I could do, some strange, unknown, unseen force pulled me after him.

On and on, over hills, through deep ravines and rocky gorges he led the way. At times great cliffs would raise their hoary heads above us, while at others I could look down into a black
abyss at my side and hear the mad waters of a roaring torrent. After a long and tiresome journey, he at last brought up at a graveyard beside a small, rural church. The white tombs stood like Azrael's grim guards over the silent dead. My guide halted before a marble vault, with great iron doors, and mumbled strange words, to whom I could not tell. It seemed queer that this expensive vault should be found in this small, isolated burial place, but I dared ask no questions.

After fumbling among some old rusty keys, he unlocked the massive doors, and pulling them open, bade me enter. Into this foul smelling chamber of the dead I walked with trembling steps, followed closely by my queer guide. Immediately he closed and locked the entrance door. Instead of finding myself in darkness, the place was illuminated by a pale, blue light, coming from where I could not tell. Bewildered and awed, I stood looking at the long box upon the shelf and wondered into whose sepulcher I was intruding. Strange odors were wafted from some invisible crevice, violent pains shot through my head, things began to reel and grow black, and I fell unconscious to the cold, damp floor.

How long I slept I do not know, but when I opened my eyes I lay upon the floor in some very dark room. I tried to pierce the gloom, but nothing but total darkness confronted my sight. After a few moments wild strains of weird music pealed from some mysterious source, for although it came plainly to my ears, the direction from which it came was indistinguishable. The notes came more harsh and unearthly, and a dim, green light pervaded the entire chamber. Never before had my eyes rested upon such a scene; I staggered to my feet and wiped the cold beads of perspiration from my brow. The whole apartment was heavily draped in black, while the floor was covered with a rug of human hair. Woven in the center, in white, was an immense human skeleton, reaching from one end of the room to the other. Around it were woven curious designs in the various colors of mankind's hair. About the room were numerous pieces of furniture, all wrought from the bones of human
beings. Made more hideous by the green light, the scene was a veritable conglomeration of horrors.

The nerve-racking, hair-raising music ceased, and at my side the folds in the black drapery parted, and the old hunch-back stepped out beside me.

"You have," he said, "been here for nearly twenty-four hours, and in a few more minutes it will be twelve o'clock, midnight. At that time there will be enacted in this chamber the death-scene of the old man for whom the vault in the graveyard was made. It was to behold this vision, you may call it, that I brought you thither. When you have seen this spectral act, I will refresh your eyes with something more pleasant, and then you may go your way."

"But why," I asked, "do you wish that I should behold this horrible spectacle?"

"Ask no questions," he returned in a harsh, gruff tone, showing his long, yellow teeth; "but keep your place on the spot where you now stand and behold a tragedy in one act."

He disappeared behind the folds of the black curtains, and I was again left alone in as unpleasant a place as mad cunning and wild imagination could conceive.

Apparently from out of the bowels of the earth came a long, prolonged clang, then another and another, until twelve had sounded in an awing, fear-inspiring tone. Before me arose in a kind of a mist, the form of an old man with long, snow-white locks. The mist cleared, and he stood real and distinct before me. His face was sad and drawn, as if from some great trouble or anxiety. In the rear of him I saw approaching noiselessly and stealthily a wild-eyed, contorted-faced demon, in the form or guise of man. Upheld in one hand was a gleaming dirk. Powerless to move or speak, I stood and saw the thing approach nearer and nearer, the helpless object of its wrath. Then, with a swish and a blood-curdling laugh of joy from the demoniacal being, the dirk was buried to the hilt in the back of the unsuspecting man. His face was corded in convulsions, he raised his hands imploringly toward heaven and sank to the floor—dead. The murderer danced around him in fiendish glee, and with his
gory knife slashed the lifeless form into shreds, making the floor look like the waste-pit of an abattoir. A dense cloud then curled about the scene and clearing, left no trace of the awful crime behind it. I shuddered, and my blood ran cold. Unable to move, I stood paralyzed and horrified for several long, aching seconds.

Again the portieres part ed and the hunch-back, for the third time, came to my side. He grasped my arm with his claw-like fingers, then he uttered a few strange words, and the green light faded away. When the darkness was complete, he led me from the room and through many dark, winding passages, and finally stopped.

Releasing my arm, he disappeared without a word. I was wondering what devilish trick he might be up to, when I suddenly remembered his words: "I will refresh your eyes with something more pleasant," so I stood quite still, and half fearfully awaited results.

I had not long to wait, for in a very few minutes a rich golden light began to slowly pervade the whole atmosphere; at first densely, then radiating in resplendent beams. It seemed to permeate the air rather than to come from any particular source or direction. I was stupefied by what I beheld. The walls were hung with purple curtains, richly and beautifully brocaded in gold. The floor was of ebony, gorgeously inlaid in fantastic designs, with mother of pearl. Overhead was a ceiling of sandal-wood most wonderfully embellished with marvelous carvings. Just the dazzling beauty of the room was enough to dumb-found one in his amazement and admiration; but before me stood a figure that would have dimmed the splendor and beauty of Aidenn.

Upon a small platform, at the opposite side of the room from where I stood was a girl. She was as white as marble and as still as death. Not even the folds of the white, veil-like fabric in which she was entwined, fluttered or stirred. Her golden-brown hair hung loosely over her shoulders; her hands were stretched toward heaven, and her misty blue eyes followed their direction. In the space of a few seconds the marble-like bosom
began to slowly heave and fall, and a rich, pink color gradually became visible; her eyes moved slightly, the white garment trembled, and rosy tints showed themselves throughout the figure, even in her little feet. A tremor shook her whole delicate frame, and then what had been death was life. The new-born, immaculate soul became evident. She smiled faintly, and there before me stood an unblemished personification of beauty.

I stood spell-bound and almost frightened at the heavenly beauty in the scene before me. It was as if the whole world had given up its splendor and loveliness and put it into this one angelic being. But, alas! it was not to last long. Soon the light began to fade. It vanished! The vision went with it. Two tears rolled down my cheeks, and I cried aloud in the wild hope of receiving just one word from the lips of that divinely beautiful creature; but my only answer was the mocking laugh of the hunch-back, who had crept noiselessly to my side.

With a storm of strange thoughts whirling through my turbulent brain, this mad-man led me out of the place that had, a few moments before, been an incarnation of the beautiful. Down winding flights of damp, slippery stairs and through a labyrinth of dark halls and passages, I followed him. Veiled in Plutonian darkness, I continued to follow until he stopped and produced some keys and unlocked a ponderous iron door. Upon passing through, he turned the key in the lock and picked up a curious black stick, which he set fire to. It burned with a torch-like flame. We proceeded with this flaring light through a natural net-work of underground caverns and tunnels; great, ragged rock projected from the walls, others lay promiscuously over the hard, sandy floor. Weird shadows played in ghostly shapes within the circle of the flickering light, while beyond hung a curtain of impenetrable gloom. Echoes and re-echoes of our tramping feet broke the oppressive silence, as we walked over the hard floor or climbed over jumbled masses of splintered rocks. In the course of several minutes a muffled, roaring sound came to my ears. It grew louder and clearer, until finally it assumed the sound of rushing water. Stepping around
a sharp projection of gigantic slabs of granite, we came to a narrow, swiftly passing stream of inky water. It looked like a great, black serpent, slipping with terrific speed past my feet.

Near at hand was a small but very stoutly built boat, securely fastened to the rocky bank by chain and staple. The hunch-back bade me enter this rocking canoe, which was tugging furiously at the chain which held it. I stepped in. I could feel the water rushing beneath me. Looking around I saw, with terror, an immense hammer uplifted in the hands of my guide, ready to strike the chain which held the boat in which I sat. Down it came; the links were severed and the shell trembled, jumped and then shot with lightning rapidity down the subterranean river. It bounded on in a perfect ecstasy of mad delight. Around sweeping curves, over precipitous cataracts, it wildly flew. I sat trembling and holding fast in fear that I should be thrown out into the devil-possessed waters.

A dim light was at last welcomed in the distance. I could see flitting piles and pillars of stone, as I was being whirled by. A distant roar rose above the sound of the lashing of the stream against the confining and irregular walls which led it on. The light grew brighter, and ahead of me the rushing channel of water ended in a foaming, roaring sheet of spray. Here the waters boiled, rolled, tumbled and threw themselves in violent contortions. Wild thoughts flitted through my brain. Must I go to certain death in this seething, gyrating, lashing pool? Closer and closer I glided. I clenched my teeth and prepared for the worst. With a deafening roar the dark river threw me straight through the sheet of water and spray, and the light of the outer world burst upon my gaze. I then understood. I had been borne through a water-fall by a stream which leaped from beneath it.

My subterranean voyage had ended. Out on the glittering, glimmering waters of a picturesque little stream I floated, from darkness to light, I again saw the serenity of nature before me. About me were majestic trees, numberless brightly plumaged birds, and the glory of the noon-day sun.

—D. W. R., '06.
THE VANITY OF LIFE.

One cannot help but be impressed, as he reads the current topics with the wonderful developments and improvements that the world has made within the last few years, and the vanity of this little existence we call life—the pathway from the cradle to the grave. You cannot pick up a paper but what has the mention of some wonderful stride of progress.

We are to-day moving onward toward a more perfect civilization than any upon which the sun has ever shone. The human mind as it rises higher and higher is drunk to every passing hour. The mind of man has laid bare the secrets of the starry heavens, and has tunneled into the bowels of the aged mountains, and brought forth their hidden treasures. The strong hand and mind of man have reached into the clouds and made the fiery lightnings lift their head and be submissive to the bidding of man. The mind of man laughs at the great and mighty ocean, the very air we breathe has become our willing slave, and, in almost contempt, we look into the blazing face of the sun as it journeys past, and we seem to make the King of Day submissive to our smallest wants. So great has been these achievements of man, the creature, that he has been magnified, and the great Creator has been forgotten. Man seems to think that there is nothing beyond this little existence of the present. Yet in all these developments which are taking place, the still small voice of God whispers, and we fold our hands and leave the unfinished task to others, who, perhaps, can complete it better than we could have done. Never before in any age has the vanity of life been more prominent.

Death is no respecter of persons. Many have waved a sad farewell to their friends and have crossed over into the great and silent beyond. At one moment it takes the wailing infant from its mother's arms, at the next it strikes the man of business as he is in the midst of his career. Death steals the roses from the cheek of the maiden; dims the lustrous eyes of the youth; pushes with brutal force the tottering steps of old age
into the grave. Death takes the loving mother or father, husband or wife, brother or sister, or breaks the loving ties of friends and relatives. Life is but a span, and yet to enjoy the pleasures of a brief time, men will risk an eternity beyond the grave.

We toil, suffer and struggle, and then soon drop out and are forgotten; but, at this point, the voice of God speaks to us and says—

"There are brighter worlds than these, I know,
Lands where no shadows lie;
Fields where immortal flowers blow,
And fountains are never dry."

I have often thought that if there were nothing beyond the present, it were worth a lifetime of devotion to God to receive the comforts that would come to us in the closing hours of life. The contrast between the Godless and the Christian presents a beautiful picture. The Godless asks for a few more days, so that they may prepare for the great change that awaits them, while the Christian, with a calmness that is beautiful to behold, bids his loved ones goodbye, folds his arms, and closes his eyes as calmly as an infant falling to sleep on its mother's breast, and yields his soul back to the God who gave it, trusting in His grace to remove all imperfections.

God gives us our lives to use and not to abuse. He gave them to us to prepare for the life that awaits us beyond the grave. We may make all the money we can, have as good a time as we may, but let it be done in such a way that we can feel that we have fallen into the plan which God has created for us, and that we have spent the few years of our life in helping the world onward to Him.

When our time comes let us not look upon death as an enemy, but as a friend who comes to bear our soul, with its earth-worn feet, to its eternal resting place, where, while the ages of eternity roll on, it shall be at peace with the God who gave it.

Let us so live that our friends can say, when they look upon the coffined clay—
"That which ye lift upon the bier,
Is not worth one wistful tear—
'Tis an empty sea shell; one
Out of which the pearl is gone!
The shell is broken, it lies here—
The pearl, the all, the soul, is there.
This is an earthen jar
Whose lid our God has sealed."

To you who may read these few lines, strive so to live that your friends can say, when you have taken your departure, that

"Life's work well done;
Life's race well run;
Life's crown well won;
Then comes rest." —Willie D.

DEAR DREAMS OF YOU.

Gray are the dreary skies,
And cold the winds that blow;
High in the air a lone bird flies,
South-bound and sailing slow—
But thoughts of you and dreams of you
Make bright the day to grow.

And when the sun has set,
And all the world grown gray
As if the earth had sadly met
The touch of dying day;
Then dreams of you, and thoughts of you,
Will hasten the clouds away.

And thus it is always,
No matter the hours are drear,
Your memory comes across the days,
And I feel that you are near,
And dreams of you, sweet dreams of you,
Cause me to hold you dear. —A. L. P.
Trellaine climbed slowly the long flights of stairs that led from the first to the eighteenth floor of the twenty-story skyscraper. It was Sunday afternoon, and hence no elevators were running. When he reached his office he opened a window and gazed out and way down the bay. The scene was one of usual Sunday quietude. The vessels tied up in the harbor seemed deserted, and along the docks there was manifest none of the weekday activity. Instead but for a packed excursion steamer, moving swiftly upon the smooth waters of the bay, a noisy band playing on one of her upper decks, everything seemed dead. Trellaine turned from the window to a pile of work upon his desk before him and began some calculations.

A Western man and a graduate of some Western technical school, he had been a little dubious as to whether success would attend the efforts of a young civil engineer in an Eastern city. Or whether the East, with its intense business spirit and crowded professions, would not give him but a cold welcome. But he had made well his way during the five years spent away from his home country and had made a name for himself amongst the followers of his profession. On this particular Sunday, with a great amount of work ahead of him for the next week, he had quite unwillingly left pleasant company and come down to his office prepared to work well on into the night. About an hour later he stopped his work almost in disgust. He had suddenly grown tired of everything. His profession, his life’s work, seemed to lose in a moment its old time relish. And he found himself tired with the weariness of it all—at odds with the world. Even through the quietude of the Sunday afternoon the clamor and strife of yesterday beat upon his ears. The struggle for existence—was it worth while? Wasn’t the world too slow to recognize true merit, and too quick to forget one man’s existence for life to be worth the living? He remembered how only the day before the street-car which was taking him to his work ran down and killed a man. He remembered
the peaceful expression upon the laborer's face, as if he had passed beyond the turmoil into rest. And then he recalled the remark made by a cynical passenger to the effect that life was rapidly becoming cheaper. Yes, that was it. Life that meant so much to the individual was losing its value in the world. Perhaps—but here he checked himself. Why should a healthy, strong man, with no shadows worth speaking of upon his future, give way to such gloomy thoughts? And then he knew the cause. Some days ago he and the girl to whom he was engaged had quarreled, and as yet they had not made up. He had been hasty, but she had been unkind, and as they both were proud, neither one would make any advances toward reconciliation. Pulling open a desk drawer, Trellaine took from it a photograph and gazed longingly at her likeness. The photograph was easily that of a queenly woman. One felt by the very poise of her head in the picture, that she had a host of worshippers. To the man who now looked upon it and who loved the girl solely for herself, the photograph appeared as a paragon of loveliness. Putting the picture away sadly, he plunged again into his work.

The afternoon wore on and dusk approached. Trellaine had become so absorbed in the work before him that he was lost to all else. But a hoarse cry of "Fire!" in the street far below, aroused him from his labors. At first he did not notice the cry, so common a thing is a fire in a city, but from curiosity he went to an office window and leaned out. The street was quite as deserted as before, save for a few people running swiftly toward the block in which the sky-scraper was located. A man beckoned to him and shouted something, but the words were lost before they reached Trellaine. "I wonder where the fire is," he said aloud, "it must be somewhere near here."

And then the curtain rang upon the first act of his life's tragedy. He had gone back to his desk to work when a stray breeze brought him a whiff of strong smoke, and glancing up again, he noticed a curl of smoke blow in at the window. Rushing to it and gazing toward the street his eyes met a scene that sent terror to his heart. For flames were bursting from the windows of the fifth story of the sky-scraper.
In a moment he had rushed back to his desk and secured some valuable papers. In another he was rushing pell-mell down the long flights of stairs. Down and down, would the steps never end? Ah! now they had and suddenly. At the seventh floor he was met by a mass of thick smoke, but he pushed through this, but at the sixth a roaring wall of solid flame mounting upward fanned him in the face. His retreat was cut off. Now he rushed, choked and blinded with the severe smoke, as fiercely up the stairs as he had down. Finally reaching a floor untouched as yet by either fire or smoke, he ran to the fire escape. The long iron ladder was there, a sinister link between him and safety. But even as he prepared to descend, the flames swept through windows below him and enveloped the lower part of the escape in a cloud of fire and smoke. "God!" he muttered, "the last way cut off!" He stopped for a moment now to think; crossing a corridor he went to a window that fronted on the main thoroughfare of the city. The street beneath was rapidly filling with people, and fire companies were coming on the scene every moment. Trellaine shouted something to some firemen—a loud cry for help. But his voice was swallowed up in the roar of the flames. Again and again he shouted, but to no avail. Some person in the crowd saw him beckoning madly and pointed to him. But the firemen failed to understand, and so no move was made to save him.

Trellaine turned from the window now in despair. To jump over a hundred feet to a flag-stone pavement would be less than useless, so far as saving his life was concerned. The horror of his situation broke suddenly upon him.

"I am going to die!" he shrieked, and rushed headlong at the massive walls of the building as if to crush out life before the death down stairs should come. And then he grew calm. Yes, the end had come. But he had known ever since he had been able to understand, that it was to come some day. So now that the sands in the hour-glass of life were nearly run out, why should he lose control of himself? He had lived a man's life in a man's world; so let him die a manly death, not a cowardly one. Mechanically he went up the
stairs that led to his office. Here all was quiet as if in preparation for the disaster to come. The throbbing of the fire engines in the street came to him in subdued tones, bringing no noisy message of the holocaust that was over everything. He flung himself into his chair and leaning on his desk buried his face in his hands. Suddenly the little bell of the desk phone rang. He picked up the receiver in a dazed way, scarcely knowing what he was doing. “Yes,” this was Trellaine, “Yes,” and then some one spoke; some one whose voice he loved to hear, and whose words were soothing to him in his last earthly hours.

Ah! she was forgiving him everything. Was making their quarrel a thing of the past. A dear college friend of hers had just come to visit her and she was inviting him to supper to meet her friend. And now the awfulness of everything gripped again at his heart. Below him a floor fell crashing in the fire. A quiet space followed, and then the flames roared again, mounting higher and nearer him.

“No, he couldn’t come,” he was telling her. And he was trying to say how sorry he was that he couldn’t. He would not tell her why—she would know that soon enough, and if grief was to come to her because of this, he, at least, would not be the one to hasten it. She was asking him why his voice sounded so strange, and he was giving her some little excuse—

“Dear, have you really and truly forgiven me?” he asked her.

“Why, certainly, James,” her voice came sweetly over the ‘phone, “why it wasn’t anything after all, was it?”

“Why, no, no, of course not,” he said, “and Ruth please remember that I love you, love you dearly, with all my life. Will you remember always?”

“Oh! James, you are so foolish. As if I could forget,” she said. And to the man at the desk-phone her words brought with them a consolation that his soul stood in sore need of. She would not forget; so he found the end easier to bear.

The flames were nearer now, and smoke was filling the office. The ‘phone connection had been broken, and Trellaine no longer could hear the girl’s voice.
"Central," he pleaded, "Central ring 1320 again." And then again he talked to the girl he loved. Smoke began pouring rapidly into the office and the air was getting hot. A streamer of red flame waved about the office door. Another crash sounded beneath him as the heavy floors gave way. The plate-glass in the corridors cracked loudly and let the flames come leaping through into the offices. Trellaine relinquished his hold on the 'phone, and fell across his desk. Somewhere on the line a woman was asking for a number. "Can't get them," Central was saying, "some trouble with a fire down town."

"Please try again," the woman was asking, and now the little 'phone bell in the office began ringing. The flames were wrapping the office in a splendor of scarlet and gold. Their lurid glare penetrated the thick brown smoke and showed a man fallen across a desk, his hand near the receiver of a 'phone. The last act of the tragedy was near its close, and soon would the curtain fall. The fire was sweeping everything before it now, but the man at the desk was beyond its cruel power. The little 'phone bell continued ringing for a moment and then stopped suddenly.

—KENYON.

EVENING.

Slowly the summer day draws to its close,
Softly the shadowy twilight comes stealing,
Richly the purpling sky tinges with rose,
Surely the glories of Heavens revealing.

Slowly the crescent moon rides to the zenith,
Brightly one early star burns in the west;
Gently a silence, a calm all-pervading
Softly enfolds us. Earth is at rest.

—C. B. S.
A VACATION EPISODE.

Home again, but yet trouble and sadness were none the less, as one glance at Clinton's Monday's face would have shown to any of his schoolmates who knew his secret and knew that expression of sadness that had been so often seen on his face in the last month or more. Clinton, up until this time, had always been a bright, jolly boy, witty, and a good conversationalist, and this sudden change had created much gossip in the town. The girls gossiped frequently and diligently as to the cause of this great change, each in their turn offering reasons why he should be so sad. This continued for a week or more, but no one being able to offer a satisfactory explanation, the gossipers ceased to speak of it and were patiently waiting to see what would prove to be the cause.

At the close of the second week of his vacation Clinton decided there must have been some mistake, for Annie Bell did not act as if she were angry with him, but instead, appeared to be very glad to see him. After making this observation he did not hesitate longer, but seating himself at his desk, he wrote her a note asking her permission to call. He must have been very nervous, as he was unusually particular in the way he wrote the note, for he copied it three times, compared the copies for some time, and at last took the first he had written, addressed it to Miss Annie Bell Phillips, then stepped out on the street, gave the note to a boy, who was standing near by, telling him at the same time to wait for an answer. Having thus finished his note, doubt as to the accuracy of his observation began to flow through his mind, as he paced back and forth across his room floor. A sudden knock on the door changed his doubt into fear; he quickly opened the door and snatched the note from the boy's hand, mechanically dropping a dime into it at the same time, and the door was closed again. As doubt changed to fear, so fear changed to love and love to a tear, as he read the note which was as follows:

MY DEAR CLINTON:—I have been longing and hoping for this since you have returned, and I will be very, very glad to have you call. Your loving friend, Annie Bell.
The boys at the club that afternoon were as puzzled now as they were before at seeing Clinton in his old jolly humor again. He was in favor of every party, dance or picnic that was proposed, and suggested the idea of having something every night for a week; in fact, he went so far that the boys began to think he was trying to make a joke of the whole affair. He was in the same good humor at supper, but ate very little and was soon in his room dressing to make the first call. About eight o'clock he walked down Main street to Smithwick street, where he turned. Before long he was seated on a settee looking down into the depths of two blue eyes that had been haunting him for months. The conversation went on and on until finally Clinton heard a clock in some other room strike eleven in slow and measured beat; there was a pause, his face became firm as he said, "Annie Bell, did you intentionally break our correspondence?" There was a short pause, and then she said, "Yes." "Annie Bell, are you sorry you broke it?" Again came a brief answer, "No." Seeing the troubled look that came over his face, she continued, "But, Clinton, something you said caused me to stop, and it hurt me very much." Clinton's face filled with hope; he looked into those eyes that were now looking so innocently up into his, and said, "What was it, dear?" Getting up from her seat, she said, "Wait a minute, and I will show you," and she was out of the room. In a few minutes she returned, holding in her hand the letter that had proved so fatal. A brief half hour was spent in reading and explaining. "Now, Annie Bell, do you understand, and are you sorry?" Clinton asked. "Yes, Clinton, I see now, and am very sorry; it was so foolish in me; I will never do you that way again. I will always trust you, Clinton." Clinton quickly took a little hand in his and pressed it to his lips; then looking into those slate-colored eyes, he said, "Annie Bell, you are the dearest, sweetest girl on earth. I knew my love would never fail, and that you would prove true." There was another pause, and he said, "It is late, and I must go. Will you go with me to the dance to-morrow night?" "Yes," she said, as Clinton pressed a parting kiss on her upturned cheek.
As Clinton passed out the gate and started up the street he muttered to himself, "God can be merciful, even unto a sinner." A half hour's walk put him in his own room and, falling across the bed, he fell into a deep sleep. But, instead of being haunted by two slate-colored eyes, he now saw a pretty girl, with her sweet voice ringing in his ears, as she said, "Clinton, I will always trust you." —J. E. M.

CLOUD-SHADOWS.

Cool are the breezes that ever blow
Adown the mountain side,
Clear are the streams that ever flow
To the winding river wide,
But the breezes cool, and the crystal pool
No longer joy betide.

Bright are the little flowers that bloom
Along the river's bed,
And sweet their odor in the gloom,
When their bright light has fled,
But the blithesome flowers lighten not the hours
Of those whose hopes are dead.

Soon will the breezes cease to be,
Their brief, short day will end,
The streams that go to make the sea
Will cease their drops to send,
The flowers will fade, the forest glade
Will miss their fragrancy.

And life will set in its western sky
As does the sun at night,
For that which lives, lives but to die,
And quickly pass from sight,
So here's to life, a weary strife
For a few short hours of light. —H.
LOST AT SEA.

I hear a sad voice trolling
A minor melody,
Whose tender notes come rolling
In a quaint but dreary way.

But the magic of that singing
Is weird and strange to me;
I hear a clear bell ringing
Far out upon the sea.

I see a great ship sailing—
A ship with golden store;
I hear her captain railing,
As they near the rocky shore.

And then a maiden fair
Comes out upon the deck;
I hear her breathe a prayer
That there may be no wreck.

I see the good ship turn
And sail far, far away;
And 'tis for her return,
That I wait day by day.

But the bell-buoy still is ringing,
And the ship has not come yet;
So the melody sad is bringing
A dream I can't forget.

—T.
Farmers, everywhere, are doing all in their power to lighten the labor of growing and harvesting their crops, yet very few have given any attention to the birds to be found on their farms. Many of them have failed to appreciate what a tremendous force the wild birds are for doing good to the agricultural interests of the country, simply from a failure to observe them closely. If we believe what many scientists have revealed, what many State Agricultural departments tell us, what the United State government publications declare, and what we can all see with our eyes if we stop to observe, one incalculable value of our birds lies in the tremendous number of harmful insects which they destroy, and the vast quantity of harmful weed seeds which they consume.

While we so often fail to give birds credit for the good they do, but few men neglect to condemn them most heartily for any act which may be regarded as detrimental, no matter how superficial the data may be upon which the charge is based. Many farmers often assuming that a certain kind of bird is eating their fruit, or bees, merely because they notice them around. They immediately begin a wholesale slaughtering of the birds, resulting in a loss of all their fruit, from the insect pests which the birds would have held in check. It is time for the farmer to begin looking upon birds not as a pest but as an ally, and when every farmer unites in the worthy work now being carried on by the Audubon Society, his cares and labors will be lessened to a very great extent, because of his faithful friends.

THE CIVIC VALUE OF BIRDS.

Game birds, to some extent, by virtue of their already deplorable scarcity, have elicited protective legislation. The mind
of man imperatively demands recreation. Hunting has ever been the sport of kings, peasants and savages alike, and the chase will always hold for man an incomparable infatuation.

When America was first discovered, here abounded an idealistic sportsman's paradise, every kind of animal and bird being abundant. Practically, all have been slaughtered, and the great sport once enjoyed by primeval nimrods lingers only in tradition. The few remaining species of game birds must be vigilantly protected against annihilation, and so propagated that gentlemen will find their pursuit interesting. The great question of the cause of the prevalence of plant maladies and the problem of weed control, each year grows more harassing to farmers. The reason for this is simple. Our most beneficial birds, among them doves, robins, fieldlarks and hillbats, have been so ruthlessly destroyed that in less than a generation their number has decreased eighty per cent.

When the fact is recalled that the crop of one dove, recently killed in Tennesse, contained over 7,000 weed seeds, and when it is understood that a healthy dove will destroy each feeding day at least 5,000 prospective weeds, more than two negroes could uproot in double the time, it is easy to see, from the immense quantities of weed seed (besides insects) that this bird would destroy each year, that our most efficient and cheapest hoe hand proves in the end to be the dove.

As an insect devourer, the hillbat is equally serviceable. Its stomach is elastic, and will hold more than that of a pigeon.

The part borne by the hillbat in mosquito destroying, especially in the extermination of the malaria-spreading species, transcends the combined work of a case of quinine and a tank of kerosene oil.

Besides the robin and the fieldlark, already mentioned, there are many other birds that do invaluable work for the farmer without pay. If our people could fully appreciate the value of preserving the existing remnant of our birds they would realize that it means little less than the preservation of our agriculture itself.
Song birds, aside from their brilliant plumage, and their sweet music, have a civic value of inestimable intrinsic worth, that, if truly known and comprehended, would win millions of friends for these choristers of the fields and forests, who would indignantly halt the crusade of relentless extermination now waged, giving promise of ultimately depopulating all creation of man's valiant army of feathered coadjutors. All those who dwell in an atmosphere of intellectual refinement yearn for brilliant things in flowers, birds, sunsets and in their fellow mortals. A boy who recklessly slaughters birds will inevitably develop into a relentless man. If taught to hold the law in esteem when young he becomes a patriotic man, with a profound reverence for the statutes of his State, and for the wild creatures these should protect.—Extracted from the "American," Nashville, Tenn.

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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.

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EDITORIALS.

An editorial appeared in the last issue urging the students to contribute to this magazine. We wish to ask again that every man who can write an essay, a poem, a short story, or any article whatever of some literary value, to do so, and to hand it in either to the editor-in-chief or to any one of the staff. By persevering effort and by interest shown in this way on the part of the students, we can easily make the RED AND WHITE what it ought to be, a magazine of true merit.
The Dramatic Club is at present hard at work upon a play they expect to present to the public on Easter Monday. This Club is a comparatively new organization in the College as it was started only two years ago. It has met with success from the start, and doubtless this year will be even more successful than it has been in the past. The plays are given solely for the benefit of the Athletic Association, every penny over expenses of the proceeds being turned into the Association treasury. Dr. Burkett's kind and careful supervision of the Club has made possible its success, and that the playing is of high merit is largely due to his skilful training. We hope that every man in college will attend the play when it is given, and thus show to some extent the appreciation felt for the time and labor spent by Dr. Burkett and the members of the Dramatic Club in getting up the play. And at the same time you will greatly help the finances of the Athletic Association.

Before many days longer a call will be issued for candidates for the baseball team. We have good material here this year, and the prospects for a winning team are excellent, but over-confidence has lost many a championship; so by no means let us overrate our abilities. Instead, we would urge every man who can play baseball to any extent, to go out and play hard for a position on the team. If you don't make it yourself, your going out there will have at least made the other fellow hustle for his place, and in that way you will have improved his playing. If this is done, if every man who can play, will, then the the standard of the entire team will be raised, and the spring will see a winning team on the diamond.

We take great pleasure in publishing in this issue an article written by one of our alumni, Mr. John D. Ferguson, of the Class of '03, and at present situated in Lynchburg, Georgia. This is a move in the right direction on the part of Mr. Ferguson, and we hope that it will prove an incentive to other alumni to help our magazine by contributions of this sort.
There exists at present in the College a system of obtaining the different offices and honors, bestowed by the students upon their fellows, much to be deplored. We refer to "politicing." To one who has carefully reviewed the situation it would seem that true worth and ability have been made to stand aside and to yield first place to skilful electioneering. Politics of any sort at their best are apt to be more or less corrupt, and college politics, unless very carefully looked after, are often very corrupt. The day when an office or an honor was won solely on account of merit, seems to have passed away, and now it is the man who is first on the ground and who succeeds in pledging, by political means the most votes, who wins the honors. That the students will realize sooner or later the trend that affairs are taking is to be sincerely hoped, and they should recognize it before it is too late. When you discount true merit by the introduction of extensive "politicing" then you lower the standard of the honor in question. The best man for the place, regardless of everything else, should be the thought pre-eminent, and in this way and only in this way will the College honors be justly distributed.

That many of the students fail to realize the relation of the library to college life and to their college course, is a positive fact. The influence exerted by good reading is always a refining one, and those who fail to take advantage of this influence miss much more than they think they do. The habit of reading, carefully carried out, is a good one, and the time spent in this way is never lost but will instead repay the person with interest. The books of the library are at the students' disposal for pleasure reading and for research. So he who turns his back upon the reading room leaves both a pleasure and what would be a help to him in the pursuance of his studies. Let us all read more, and in that manner broaden our views and opinions as well as give ourselves pleasure. And we must remember that broadmindedness is one of the great factors of success.
College Notes.

Some Folks Seen About the Campus by

W. M. CHAMBERS, S. D. WALL, A. W. GREGORY.

The German Club met some days ago and elected the following men for the March term: President, Hunter, H. M.; Vice-President, Phelps, F. C.; Secretary, L. Winston; Treasurer, Gregory, A. W.; Censor, Harper, R. H.; Leader, Neal, L. A.

The following men were elected as marshals for the Athletic hop. From the Senior Class: Neal, L. A., (chief.) From the Junior, Howard, J. M., and Lykes, L. G. From the Sophomore, Watson, C. M., and Winston, L. T.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, some weeks ago, the following men were elected to office: For President, Hunter, H. M.; Vice-President, Seifert, C. A.; Secretary, Smith, W. L.; Treasurer, Hadley, F. W.; Auditor, Bailey, E. P.

At a Senior Class meeting, held last week, the following ball managers were elected for the Senior Ball: Chief, Bailey, E. P.; First Assistant, Neal, L. A.; Second Assistant, Phelps, F. C.; Third Assistant, W. W. Finley.

Mr. D. A. Witherspoon, a former student of this college, stopped with us a few days ago. He came to Raleigh to stand an examination to practice law.

Mr. R. F. Richardson, a graduate of the Class of 1900 in Electrical Engineering, has returned to college to take a course in Civil Engineering.

Mr. J. M. Kennedy, Class '03, was a visitor on the hill several days ago.

Mr. H. M. Hunter went to Durham last week and spent a few days.

Repair the bath-room.
The following list gives the Captain of each Company with his Sponsor:

Battalion—Major J. B. Harding, Sponsor, Miss Mary D. Higgs, Greenville, N. C.

Co. "A."—Capt. Wm. Richardson, Sponsor, Miss Mary Slocomb, Fayetteville, N. C.

Co. "D."—Capt. H. M. Hunter, Sponsor, Miss Margaret Connor, Wilson, N. C.

Co. "B."—Capt. G. H. Hodges, Sponsor, Miss Mary L. Oliver, Mt. Olive, N. C.

Co. "C."—Capt. L. A. Neal, Sponsor, Miss Julia Haughton, Washington, N. C.

Co. "E."—Capt. F. C. Phelps, Sponsor, Miss Emily G. Higgs, Raleigh, N. C.

Co. "F."—Capt. E. P. Pailey, Sponsor, Miss Sarah Jones, Charlotte, N. C.

"Band."—Capt. H. L. Alderman, Sponsor, Miss Alice Love, Raleigh, N. C.

For the next few Dress Parades the Captains will act as Major and Adjutant, taking the two positions, according to successive rank.

The 1904 Agromeck has been sent to the publishers, and is expected to be out by the first of May. Among the interesting features of the Agromeck are the sponsors for the battalion and companies.

Mr. Shannonhouse who had the misfortune to fall on the ice recently broke his collar bone. After a few days in the hospital he is again at his studies.

On account of trouble with his eyesight Mr. S. S. Lockhart, of the Junior Class, has gone home.

Captain and Adjutant M. E. Weeks is again at his post of duty after a severe case of measles.
Our Exchanges.

STERLING GRAYDON, EDITOR.

The Chisel, published by the Woman's College of Richmond, comes to us this month for the first time. It contains so much interesting reading that it makes us think that we have been missing something that we should have had.

*Books of the Hour* is a good department.

*Looks Are Sometimes Deceiving* is very interesting.

*Miss Nettie's Sunshine* is a good story and is well written.

*When The Holidays Come* is a pretty little Poem, and makes a good front piece.

*An Every Day Hero* is too every day, while "A Tale of a Traveler" is very good.

*Princess* is one of the best stories we have seen in a college magazine. It does not end so story-like.

*The Catawba College Educator* is a very creditable little magazine, but would be helped by a few stories of interest to outsiders.

*The Folio* is another good magazine, that came this month for the first time. It contains some good advice to athletes and good stories.

Our friends in Chicago do not seem to be very familiar with opossum hunting though, as they send their hunters out in the afternoon instead of at night.

It seems funny that such a story as "Head at Jacks, should be found in *The Wake Forest Student*, the Baptist school of our State. Where the mind is, there the body goes also. However, it is very good, and we give them the benefit of the doubt, and believe that it came from the imagination entirely.

We are glad to welcome our old friend, The Chronicle, from Clemson, after an absence of a month. The weak little excuse given might do for its being late, but it is certainly out of place for an entire absence. We are glad to say that it is good when it does come, which made us miss it the more. “Sweet-heart and Mother” is very interesting. “A Wholesome Lesson” is well gotten up. “A New Year’s Resolve” is good, and the poetry deserves credit.

“A Misunderstanding” in The College Paper from Stillwater, Oklahoma, is very good. “How the Mail Was Carried” is very dry, however, and makes us think it was written by the editor in about five minutes, and put in to fill up space. We would suggest their adding a few more exchanges to the very short list.

The Raven, from The Denison High School, is a very attractive little magazine, and reflects credit on the school, when it is taken into consideration that it is a high school. “The Croakings of a Half-back” is good, and the comic department deserves credit.

Conquered by Indifference is a well written story, but “Diabobus” reminds one too much of the five cent novels he use to read before he had the advantage of a college magazine. The poetry is good, and the magazine as a whole very interesting.
From the News and Observer.

DANCE OF THALERIAN CLUB.

The Thalerian German Club gave their last dance before Lent, in Raney Library Hall Friday night, complimentary to the young ladies of the city and their visiting friends. The hop was successfully led by Mr. James McKimmon and his assistant Julian Howard with Miss Bessie Scott.

Music was furnished for the German by Levin's orchestra, and the following couples participated: Mr. Lewis T. Winston with Miss Lucy Haywood; Mr. J. H. Pierce with Miss Sarah Tyler, of Georgia; Mr. E. M. Watkins with Miss Mary M. Barbee; Mr. W. F. Kirkpatrick with Miss Loula McDonald; Mr. C. M. Walton with Miss Helen Smedes; Mr. Horace McCall with Miss Frances Jones; Mr. William G. Morrison with Miss Morson; Mr. L. M. Smith with Miss Emily Higgs; Mr. C. L. Mann with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Mr. C. K. McClelland with Miss Mary Davis; Mr. E. R. Hunt with Miss Christine Busbee; Mr. W. L. Darden with Miss Winters; Mr. John C. Kendall with Miss Marguerite Smedes; Mr. W. M. Chambers with Miss Paul Jones, of Maxton, N. C.; Mr. T. M. Freeman with Miss Pattie Carroll; Mr. C. T. Venable with Miss Lucy Andrews; Mr. Julian M. Howard with Miss Bessie Scott; Mr. E. G. Porter with Miss Frances Gilbert, of Jacksonville, Fla.; Mr. F. C. Phelps with Miss Mary Andrews; Mr. L. M. Hoffman with Miss Eliza Brown; Mr. L. G. Lykes with Miss Ellen Dortch; Mr. Leon A. Neal with Miss Lily Skinner; Mr. J. G. Ashe with Miss Margaret Mackay; Mr. T. M. Lykes with Miss Rosa Skinner.

Stags—Messrs. Haskell, James McKimmon, V. W. Bragg.

Chaperones—Mrs. Higgs, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Skinner, Miss Mattie Higgs.
The Senior Class received a very cordial invitation to attend the French play given by the Senior Class of St. Mary's last Saturday night. Quite a number attended and most thoroughly enjoyed the play and also the few minutes aftertalk, in which they could personally thank the senders of the invitation.

The German Club and several other boys were invited to attend a Bal Poudre given by the young ladies of Raleigh, January 29. Quite a number of the boys were fortunate enough to receive invitations to go with young ladies, and carried out their part to the fair sex by giving a banquet at Gierch's cafe after the dance, complimentary to their partners.

[From the Morning Post, February 1, 1904.]

SENIORS ENTERTAINED.

CLASSES FROM ST. MARY'S AND THE A. AND M.—MISS ELIZABETH MASSEY'S GUESTS.

Miss Elizabeth Willing Massey charmingly entertained her fellow-members of the Senior Class of St. Mary's College at the suburban home of her father, Prof. W. F. Massey, just west of the city, last evening. The Seniors of the A. and M. College were invited to meet the young ladies there and the merry party spent a memorable evening.

The rooms were prettily decorated in white and blue, the colors of the Senior Class of St. Mary's, and adorned with flowers. Progressive sniff was the game of the evening and created no end of mirth. Miss Thomas won the ladies' prize of a Gilbert picture, and Mr. Temple the gentleman's, an A. and M. pillow. An elegant course of refreshments, including oysters a la creole, and ices, served in oranges, followed.

Miss Massey proved an ideal hostess, and the event will be cherished as one of the most delightful occasions in the Senior life of the young ladies and gentlemen.
The members of St. Mary's Senior Class are: Misses Kittie Coleman, President; Minnie Burgwyn, Virgie Eldridge, Daisy Green, Margaret Herbert, Eliza Brown, Lily Skinner, Margaret Stedman, Lucy Redwood, Isabel Brundy, Margaret Hughson, Carrie Helen Moore, Ethel Means, Orin Grifford, and two honorary members from the faculty, Miss Jones and Miss Thomas.

The A. and M. Seniors are: Messrs. Adams, Alderman, Bagwell, Barber, W. W. Barber, Eldridge, Farrior, Finley, Foushe, Gaither, Gulley, Huggins, Hill, Hunter, Kerr, Lincoln, McIntyre, McKimmon, Moore, Morson, Neal, Patton, Phelps, Rankin, Reece, Richardson, Temple, Waitt, Weeks and Wharton.

Besides the above there were present the hostess' sisters, Misses Massey, Misses Pauline Hill, Lula Brewer, Anna Morrison, of Charlotte; Caroline Sherman, Belva Huntington, Minnie Carter, Isabel Turbin, of Centreville, Md., and Elsie Rid- dick, Dr. and Mrs. Weihe, Mrs. Fendorn and Dr. Pickel.
Comics.

C. W. Martin, Editor.

Little drops of water,
Little daubs of paint,
Makes the girl that's freckled,
Look as if she aint. —B.

Prof. Withers was lecturing on Chemistry a few days ago. "Foxfire," he said, "is a corruption of the word 'phosphorus,' and is the name given to the lights which are sometimes seen floating around at and in low damp places; they are sometimes called 'ghost lights.' Did you ever see any foxfire, Mr. H.?"

"Yes, sir," said H——, who was looking interested, "I saw some in a graveyard one night, but I didn't stop to examine them."

HANDS.

(One of the Watauga men who read the little verse on Hands in the last issue handed in the following.):

The hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand rules the world;
The hand that runs the buzz-saw,
Is the hand that makes it hurl;
The hand that holds the tiller,
Is the hand that falters not;
But the hand that holds four aces,
Is the hand that takes the pot.

Prof. W——: "Mr. Moore, can you tell me the name of a good reducing agent?"

L. Moora: "Milk, sir!"

Garner (on forge shop examination): "Professor, do you want us to write the questions?"

Deal: "No, I want you to write the answers to them."
Bob Lehman was talking to one of the Co-Eds. in a quiet corner of the hall the morning when "Kid" Wilkerson came trotting up. "Gee!" said Kid, eyeing the numerous class pins, etc., she had collected from innocent freshmen, "You belong to pretty near everything, don't you?" "Yes," answered she, "everything but the Buffaloes and the Goats." Adn then the Kid 'butted-out.'

Graves (while writing): "Say, 'Shorty,' what day of the month is it?"

'Shorty': "Yesterday was the fifth."

Graves: "Well, dog-gone-it! I want to know what to-day is. Look at the calendar and see, I am in a hurry."

Freeman: "Doctor, if a wind was blowing hard enough to blow me along, and a force was pushing me up, which way would I go?"

Dr. Weihe: "You may go to de board, Messter Freeman."

Prof. W—— (looking at new cow-puncher): "Well, I declare, if the longest men don't always take the shortest course."

Prof. Williams: "Mr. Burnacker, what is manual training?"

Burnacker: "It is the training of horses, Professor."

Prof. Williams: "Mr. Graves, you tell him."

Graves (laughing at Burnacker): "Why, its the training of the mind sir."

Dr. Weihe: "That is not right, Messter Allen."

Allen: "That is what the book says, Doctor" — (shows place in book to him).

Dr. Weihe: "Well, vell, de book does say so, but you should have known better, Messter Allen."

? WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW?

Who was the man who swiped wood from Dr. Stevens' shed and left his ruler with his name on it behind?

How McIntyre cleans his chevons?

Where Winston gets those unspeakable stoggirs?
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