THE RED AND WHITE.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

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THE RED AND WHITE.

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LITERARY.

TO A. L. P.

Into the west the sun is sinking
And its last rays gently fall
Like a rain of gold: and the earth is drinking
In the beautiful brilliancy all.

I turn to the west where the shadows are falling,
Shadows of crimson and gold.
I hear from the hillside a shepherd's voice calling
The stray wandering sheep to the fold.

And into the twilight comes creeping
A vision wondrously fair—
And safe in my heart I'm keeping
A dream, dear, of you and your golden hair.

A——

A TALE OF THE TURF.

Harry Averil threw down the end of his sixth successive cigarette with a gesture of disgust and yawned. Rising he crossed the deserted studio and, drumming idly on the window pane, watched the crowded street below. The figure of a girl in a dashing runabout caught his eye; impulsively he threw open the window,

letting in a whiff of the fresh April breeze and leaned out, his gaze eagerly following her. At the corner she turned and looking up saw him—a handkerchief fluttered toward him for an instant and she was gone.

"By Jove! I'll do it!" he ejaculated, emphatically slamming the window down. "Its the last chance—if it fails—then I'm not the man for her—if it works out all right—oh! that's too sweet to dream of. I will try it and will see what Pire Preston is good for."

Going to the telephone he called: "West 2301—Yes Is this the Governor's?—May I speak to Miss Preston? —Oh, all right!—Hello, Dorothy!—Just got in?—Yes— I've got an idea—Yes, no joking, an *idea*—now listen, dear—If you should happen to go to the races this afternoon, and should happen to bet a little—No, of course, I'd never tell—and should have the appearance of having a first-rate lark—Catch the idea?—Yes, that's just right —You're fine, old girl—What's that?—Oh! of course, I meant *little* girl!—Now, I'll be somewhere in the crowd with a camera and, accidentally, I'll snap when you are betting and get two or three good poses—Oh, it's all right—Yes, I'll take good care of them—You stand in and be ready to help me if I need you. Good-bye, sweetheart—Don't forget!"

The crowd at the tracks was the largest of the season and well sprinkled with members of the Four Hundred. Dorothy Preston, of the said Four Hundred, was holding court on the club house veranda—the prettiest girl in the lively group—at least so thought a certain young man watching her.

"Oh, Mr. Barker," she called to an animated young fellow standing near, "please come here and tell me what in the world the man with the book is doing."

"Why, that, Miss Preston, is a betting commissioner —he is getting the people's bets—saves us going to the ring. Want to put some money on? Shannon Bell's a

good horse—sure to win. Just between you and me his jockey put me wise to a thing or so this a. m.—See? What! don't want that? Oh, well, then here's the list—Monrose, Laura L., Firefly, Bon Ami, Mon Amour—What, Mon Amour? Ah, of course, when a woman will, she will—"

"Mr. Arnold!" Dorothy's voice rang reproachfully—"This is no joking matter. I'm sure Starlight will win."

"If she knows you betted on her of course she will—couldn't help it. I would in her place—"

Dorothy turned to the waiting commissioner.

"Put me down twenty-five on Starlight." She thrust the bills in the man's hand—click! click!—and a certain young man had an excellent picture of Miss Preston. Half an hour later—

"I told you so! Starlight came through all right—aren't you sorry? Beginner's luck? Well, I guess not—let me tell you—I had a tip—don't believe it? You needn't! I'm going to bet on Bon Ami now. Here, you take the money and put it on"—she turned to Arnold and handed him her cash. Another good picture of Miss Dorothy Preston and the certain young man chuckled wickedly to himself.

Intense excitement prevailed, and Dorothy—her cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling—leaned forward, eagerly, earnestly watching the race—another picture. Now just one more and the set will become complete. There! he has it—Miss Preston in the act of triumphantly showing her winnings to Senator Morcom.

Scene—Library in the Preston house. Time—Early next morning.

"What! You say you've *seen* the pictures? You've seen them? The scoundrel! Wait till I catch him!"

The other man retreated a step before the wrath of Governor Preston.

"And Dorothy—the minx—betting on the races, eh? What *can* we do! You say the *Times* has them—how did they get them? To the highest bidder? So! Who is that rascally photographer? Harry Averill! Oh! oh!" The Governor sputtered on in his indignation: "Impudent cur! Might have known it! Marry my Dorothy!" he actually snorted. "Marry the daughter of the Governor! Huh!" he stopped at last from sheer lack of breath, still pounding the desk with his clenched fist. "Send for him! I'll fix him! Telephone, telegraph—anything! Get him here! Where's Dorothy? Gone out, has she? Send for her to come back."

"But"—

"No buts about it—do as I say." The man retired precipitately, gaping in wonder at the red face of the usually cool-headed, dignified Governor.

Fifteen minutes later—

"Well, Mr. Averill, you didn't waste any time."

"Of course not, Governor—a request from you is regarded by me in the light of a command."

The Governor glared at Averill, but his tone perceptibly softened.

"I'm not here to listen to compliments—save them! I want to know, young man, what business you have offering pictures of my daughter for sale? Haven't you any sense of honor? You look like a gentleman."

"Business is business, sir, as you know, and a man's got to live."

"So it's a question of life or death, is it? What will you take for your pictures? I'll double the highest bid."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I've promised them to the *Times*." Averill's tone was firm but respectfully regretful.

"Promised to the devil! I don't care if you have! I've got to have them. There are my terms—double the *Times*' price." Accustomed to dictating, the Governor turned to his desk and commenced writing a check.

"One minute, sir!" Averill stepped closer: "I didn't agree"—

"What! you won't accept my terms?" the Governor's voice rose indignantly, incredulously. "You refuse my offer?"

"With all due deference to you, Governor Preston, I believe that I am in the position to name the terms." The younger man spoke quietly but with force.

The Governor glared for an instant, then inquired sarcastically—

"And what, sir, are your terms?"

"My terms, Governor, are simple but unconditional: the hand of your daughter or the appearance of the photos in the *Times*—whose circulation is, you know"—

"Stop!" the Governor rose excitedly. "There, sir, is the door! Now go before I assist you!"

"One minute!" At the sound of Preston's voice, Averill turned with his hand on the door-knob. "Mr. Averill"—the voice was courteous and suave, the politician asserting himself—"if you will kindly be seated we will carefully discuss this matter and see where the trouble lies."

Still standing, Averill replied:

"There need be no further discussion, Governor—it is simply a matter of whether you reject or accept my terms."

"But can't you see your terms are simply impossible? Marry my daughter! Never, sir, never! Furthermore, I decline to have her name brought into the affair in any such ridiculous light."

"Very well, sir; then there is nothing further to be said. You have signified your preference. The pictures will appear to-morrow morning. I suppose you take the *Times*—if not"—

"Enough, sir!" the Governor paused, then broke out

anew—"Can't you see, man, that such a proposition is beyond my jurisdiction."

"Then, may I suggest, sir, that you leave it to Dor— to Miss Preston to deal with as she sees most fitting?"

"Leave it to Dorothy! Why"—the audacity of the proposition fairly made the Governor gasp—"why she couldn't decide sensibly."

"If you will just leave it to her"— Just at this minute Dorothy tripped in.

"Did you send for me, papa? Why, Harry—Mr. Averill—what"—

"Your father, Miss Preston," Dorothy glanced up quickly, "has just decided to leave a most important question to your decision."

"What, sir?"

"Did I mistake? I beg your pardon, Governor; what, then is your desire?"

The Governor looked at Averill, then at the blushing Dorothy, and rising slowly, he moved with his usual dignity toward the door. His hand on the knob, he turned and with a slight twinkle in his keen gray eye, said—

"I have, after due consideration, concluded to let Dorothy settle this difference in any way she sees proper, and, Mr. Averill, I trust that you will feel in honor bound to abide by her decision."

He opened the door, but Dorothy was before him—a kiss—"Dear Dad," she murmured, and the door closed behind "Dear Dad." B. R. W.

A MAIDEN DEAR.

Like the pure white lilies that bend and grow,
Out where the evening breezes blow;
Like the tender skies at the close of day,
As the purplish shadows fade away;
Like the gentle calm at the hour of rest,

When the weary birds have sought their nests,
Is the heart of a maiden, pure and free,
A maiden ever loved by me.

Her eyes are like the clouds above,
The gray that all true artists love;
Her hair is like the sunset light
That floods with gold the landscape bright;
Her voice is soft like the peaceful hush
That comes before the storm's wild rush.
Like all things lovely and bright and clear
Is she whom I love and still hold dear.

A. L.

THE QUEEN OF THE MOON-BEAMS.

The notes of a mocking-bird came, softened through the evening air, from far away, and the moon threw down upon the majestic wood, the sweeping fields and the white sandy road, a silvery veil of mellow beauty and radiant holiness. Just within the shadow of the woods at the side of the road stood two figures. One was a girl—a girl whose beauty it is almost useless to try to describe. A single ray of moonlight fell through an opening in the foliage above, down upon her head and face. The silver of the moon-beams blended with the gold of her wavy, massive locks and formed a halo of silvery, golden glory about her innocent, almost childish face.

"Robert," she said, looking up into his face so that he saw the reflection of the moon and stars down in the liquid depths of her pale blue eyes, "I am so happy. I can hardly realize that it is not a teasing dream, a mockery, that will leave me even more miserable than ever before. It is so good to be with you again. I will be happy for a while, at least."

"My darling little Ethel, it is not a dream, but a sweet, happy reality, and although I must soon leave you again to go and complete my college training, it is only two more years until—until we may be together always. Don't look so dreamy and far-away; it is not a dream nor a vision that will fade in the light of truth—feel the pressure of my hand, it is real. Surely it doesn't feel like the touch of a spook, does it?"

"No, dear," she said, laying her hands upon his shoulders and looking solemnly into his clear, dark-brown eyes; "I know it isn't the touch of a spirit and that your words are not the words of a dream, but it is too good to be true. It doesn't seem possible that fate will be kind enough to give me the complete happiness which being forever with you would bring."

"For me, too, Ethel, it is hard to realize that the love of your pure angel soul is mine to cherish and in a poor way to pay for by my own heart's whole love and devotion; and that it is your wish that some day we be united by love in the sight of God and man. But, dearest, I'll trust to Providence. I know I love you; that is sufficient."

He put his arms around her and sealed his words with a kiss. Throwing her arms about his neck she clung, trembling, to him as though she feared he would leave her. Thus they stood in loving embrace, bathed in the soft, thrilling flood of the pale moon's light. They were happy, for they were ignorant of the many sorrows and long months of anxiety which they must endure before they could again stand together in the kindly light of the moon.

In a few short weeks Robert left her again, to complete his education and prepare himself for the great battle before him—the battle with the selfish world. Before he left, Ethel promised him that when his graduation day came she would go down with her mother to

see him receive his diploma and attend the graduation exercises.

Christmas came, but Robert could not return to see the girl of his heart. Business which could not be neglected called him away. Then as the summer of his last college vacation drew near, for some reason unknown to Robert, a chilling coldness and formalness came over Ethel. Her letters changed, and finally four weeks had passed and not one word had he heard from the girl he loved so dearly.

Of a proud nature, he scorned the thought of trying to persuade her to write to him again, and when, just a week before the close of the school year, he received a letter from her, he burned it without reading its contents. Then, to make her believe that he cared absolutely nothing for her, he spent the summer in the country with some relatives, although his heart was almost bursting, so intense was his desire to return to her.

Thinking that perhaps he could relieve his mind from thoughts of Ethel, he allowed himself to be thrown with Virginia, a demure little country lassie whom he knew to be in love with him, although he cared nothing for her except as a mere friend. The summer before he had told Ethel of Virginia and the relations between them, so he soothed his conscience by saying to himself that he had not kept it a secret. Very wrongly, he allowed Virginia to believe that he in a measure returned her love, and as a result she came to believe that without him she could not live.

Toward the end of the vacation he saw and realized what he had done—wrecked an innocent girl's happiness, probably forever, and made himself miserable in the knowledge of the wrong he had committed and the sorrow and misery he had caused.

Returning to college, he decided that he must forget

Virginia and starve to death his love for Ethel. Neither of these things, however, was possible. Visions of the past haunted him by day and by night, his conscience continually burned him, and heart-broken by the thought that he had loved in vain he became a physical and mental wreck.

"I will!" he said one day with set teeth and clenched fists, "I will in spite of the devil and all his demons! I will speak to her during the holidays and tell her all if she will hear me."

In accordance with this determination, the 26th of December, 8 p. m., found him pressing the bell button at the door of Ethel's home. His heart was in his throat at first, but by a supreme effort of will power he made himself appear as calm and unexcited as though nothing out of the ordinary was going to happen. Ethel met him at the door. She started in surprise when she saw him, but immediately regained control of herself and faced him with a cold, scornful gaze.

"Good-evening, Miss Burton."

"Good-evening, sir; come in, if you will."

Robert stepped in, but instead of taking a seat he stood squarely in the centre of the room.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Karlton?"

"No, I thank you," he returned, "I had rather stand. I have only a few minutes to stay, and if you will permit me I should like to ask a question."

She did not reply, so he continued:

"I came for an explanation—an explanation for the fact that I did not receive an answer to my last two letters until after four weeks after they were written."

"Robert, forgive me," her head dropped and two great tears rolled down her cheeks and to the floor. "I told you—all—all the reason I had. I know it wasn't sufficient, Robert, but please, please forgive me."

"If you ever gave me any reason at all, I heard noth-

ing of it," replied Robert. "Perhaps you speak of your last letter? Well, if that be the case I did not read it, but burned it without breaking the seal."

"Then, Robert, I will tell you now. I was afraid that I did not care so much for you as I once thought I did, and I stopped writing to you as a test. The 'test' was no test at all. I am sorry I acted so, Robert; forgive me, please, I beg"—she fell forward in a faint. By presence of mind rather unusual under the circumstances, Robert caught her in his arms and laid her down upon the sofa. When she regained consciousness, he was holding her hands and looking smilingly into her eyes. She smiled, and "Robert" came softly from her lips. There was a low, whispered "Ethel" and she was clasped in his strong, loving arms. Both were repentant, both were forgiven, and both were happy in their repentance and forgiveness.

* * * * * * * *

It was a hot, sultry day in the latter part of May. The graduation exercises were being held in the college auditorium. As the representative of the senior class, Robert Karlton stepped out upon the platform to deliver his oration. Glancing over the audience, his eye rested upon Ethel, who sat very near the front and very closely and interestedly watched him. Inspired by her presence, he launched into his speech with all the fire and eloquence of a true orator. Toward the close of his speech, while in the middle of the sentence, "Ignorance is a poisonous dart in the heart of the nation," he saw, far back in the rear of the hall a familiar face. It was the face of Virginia—Virginia Darvel. He turned pale as death and spasmodically clasped his hand over his heart.

There was a cheer which made the building tremble, for the people had taken his actions to be a part of his delivery, and it was so real that it called forth a deafen-

ing applause. During the time thus taken up he recovered his wits and by a mighty effort he concluded the oration.

Immediately after the services were over he went to Ethel and told her the real reason why he had turned so pale at that part of his speech.

"I must stay with you all the afternoon," he said, "for it would never do for me to meet Virginia."

Accordingly, he spent the afternoon with Ethel, indoors.

In the evening, however, they went out for a walk on the college campus. 'Twas a beautiful place. The wide stretch of lawn, the great trees, the many roses, the sweet scented magnolias and the gracefully curved lanes walled in by dense rows of cedars, made, in the bright moon-light, a striking picture.

"Suppose we sit down here upon this rustic seat," suggested Robert; "it is quite a cozy little nook, and I am tired—worn out by the high tension to which my nerves have been pitched for the past two weeks. It is all over now, though, I hope. My examinations are over, my diploma is in my trunk, and best of all I am with you; and, Ethel, but for the thoughts of that face I saw today, I would be happy."

So they sat and talked of all the things of interest to both of them, of the past and of the future.

The overhanging leaves and branches of a wild-orange tree screened them in the rear. To the front was a stretch of smooth- well-cared lawn, while beyond were trees, flowers, bushes and a lake, from which came the sound of croaking frogs. Then the sweetly uttered notes of the whip-poor-will floated across the still night air.

Scattered about the campus might be seen lovers in happy conversation, or perhaps a troop of girls and boys laughing and singing merrily as they tripped across the grass.

While Robert and Ethel were sitting in happy silence, one of those happy silences which no one may appreciate the intensity of, unless, having experienced it under similar circumstances, they know for themselves what it really is, a mocking-bird sings in low, melodious notes, soft and clear.

"Do you remember," asked Ethel, turning quickly, "the last time we heard the notes of the mocking-bird?"

"Yes, it was while we were standing in the shadow of the trees by the moon-lit road at Chevy Chase, a little less than two years ago."

He was looking absent-mindedly out across the lawn, but turned as he finished speaking and looked at Ethel.

Looking for a moment, he started. "Ethel," he said, "there is one more thing that recalls to me, yet more vividly the scene of two years ago. The moon has climbed higher in the heavens and the light falls through a break in the foliage upon your head as it did that moon-light night two years ago. Thou art crowned again with a crown of silvery, golden glory, but crowned, this time, my queen!"

He clasped her to his throbbing bosom and printed a kiss upon her warm, rosy lips, and it was truly then a repetition of that beautiful night two summers previous. They remained thus in one long, lingering, loving embrace until they heard some one approaching on the gravel walk, when both arose and turned to look. No one could be seen, as the walk was hidden by shrubbery, but in a few moments a girl came around the shrubbery and started across the lawn in a direction which would cause her to pass immediately in front of them. Robert stood with Ethel's arm locked in his own, intently watching the approaching figure. He thought he recognized the girl and feared the worst, but did not hint his thoughts to the unsuspecting girl at his side.

When she got directly opposite them, and so close that she might have been touched by an extended arm, she turned and looked Robert full in the face. She stopped, swayed, and with one hoarse cry of "Robert! my Robert!" she fell forward, at the same time throwing her arms about his neck. It came so suddenly and so entirely unlooked for, that Robert came very near releasing Ethel's arm, in his surprise, but fortunately he did not let either of the girls fall, although both had apparently fainted. He very gently laid them upon the grass and went to work in an endeavor to restore them to consciousness the best he could.

Ethel soon began to breathe more regularly, but to his horror he found that Virginia, for Virginia it was, was dead! Beads of cold perspiration stood upon his brow.

"My God! what shall I do?" he groaned.

As if in answer to his query, one of his class-mates came around the end of the hedge.

"Hans, for God's sake come help me! Quick, take this girl to the hospital," he said, pointing to Virginia.

Robert followed close behind him with the limp form of Ethel in his arms. The hospital, which was only a few steps away, was soon reached.

The doctor being called in, pronounced death by pericarditis. Ethel soon recovered, and Robert explained all that had happened. The brave girl listened to it all without a word of reproach or praise, and then looked up into Robert's eyes in a way that told him more than words ever could hope to convey.

"Now, dearie, I am going to leave you here with your mother until I can go to the home of the dead girl and return. Then I will take you home where you may forget some of these awful happenings. Expect me back some time to-morrow evening."

* * * * * * * *

Robert returned as he promised and saw Ethel and her mother safely home, but most important of all there was a wedding ceremony a few months later, and Robert and Ethel were the principal actors.

THE REAL OFFENDER.

One morning while Washington's headquarters were at Morristown, N. J., in a house now set apart for Revolutionary relics, Colonel Alexander Hamilton of the staff sat writing in the General's private office. Lieutenant Ralph Tower, about Hamilton's age—they were both about twenty-five—entered.

"How are you, Ralph?" said Hamilton. "What can I do for you?"

"I understand you represent the General in his absence?"

"I do."

"Have full power to give passes?"

Hamilton smiled assent. He was Washington's right-hand man for far more important matters than writing passes.

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked.

"To Trenton to visit my sweetheart, Marjorie Hastings."

"What! the daughter of that old Tory, Humphrey Hastings?"

"The same. The daughter is heart and soul with us. One of Howe's staff is in love with her, and her father is trying to force her to marry him. She has sent me a message that she needs to see me on a matter of great importance."

"But if you enter the enemy's lines in civilian clothes and you are caught, you will be hanged for a spy."

"I will take the risk."

"Very well. If you insist I will give you permission in the General's name. You might as well be hanged for an old sheep as a lamb, so keep your eyes and ears open for information of Howe's movements."

At 9 o'clock the same night, Major Tarbel of General Howe's staff was sitting with Marjorie Hastings in her father's house at Trenton.

"There must be some reason, Marjorie," he said, "that you have not given me why you decline my offer."

"There is, but I can not give it to you without incurring a risk of my father knowing it. If it should come to his ears he would send me to England."

"I promise on my honor to hold it sacred."

"Well, then," replied Marjorie, "I am betrothed to an officer in the Continental army."

With a sigh the Major arose and respectfully touching Marjorie's hand with his lips, was about to withdraw, when both were startled by the sound of shots without. Marjorie turned pale. Major Tarbel strode to the door. As he threw it open he saw two orderlies who were awaiting him standing without, and between them the figure of a young man of refined features dressed in the clothes of a countryman, his coat being of the coarsest texture and his hose of common yarn.

"Who are you?" asked Tarbel of the captive.

"Lieutenant Ralph Tower of the Continental army. I am neither spy nor skulker, but am here at the bidding of my betrothed, Marjorie Hastings."

Tarbel looked from one to the other, then directed his orderlies to remain without, while their prisoner was invited to enter, and the door was closed.

"Marjorie," said the Major, "I find myself in a position from which I would gladly be free. It is my duty to turn over Lieutenant Tower to be dealt with by court martial."

During this brief interview Marjorie had stood pale, her hand on her bosom to still the violent beating of her heart. When Tarbel announced his intention, she drew a few convulsive breaths, preparing for a desperate move, then said:

"Major Tarbel, if you hold Lieutenant Tower he will be hanged for a spy. He is not the real spy. Yesterday I sent him a message to come to me. He doesn't know what for."

"Marjorie," said Ralph, "I am sure I know. Your father is about to force you to marry against your will."

"You are wrong, Ralph. Only a few moments ago I cosfessed to Major Tarbel that I was your betrothed, and he was about to leave me, like the gentleman he is, free to act my own pleasure. It is for another matter I summoned you." She thrust her hand into her bosom, drew forth a paper and handed it to Tarbel. He opened it, scanned it, and saw that it contained important information concerning General Howe's army, then looked up at Marjorie in consternation.

"Do your duty, Major Tarbel," she said. "I confess that I summoned Lieutenant Tower without his knowing my purpose to send this paper by him to General Washington. I am the real spy."

Tarbel stood spellbound for a few moments, then began to rapidly think.

"Marjorie," he said presently, "give me that paper."

"Now," he continued, when she had handed it to him, "you must leave our lines at once. It would be criminal in me to permit you to remain here after what has occurred."

"And Ralph?"

"Upon your confession I am not bound to detain him."

Ten minutes later one of Major Tarbel's orderlies called a dominie who lived close at hand. Ralph Tower

and Marjorie were made one, and at midnight passed the British lines. The next morning they stepped into Colonel Hamilton's office.

"Colonel," said Tower, "I have no military information for you, but I have brought a wife. Permit me to introduce Mrs. Tower, *nee* Marjorie Hastings."

"He who gains a woman," said Hamilton with a smile, "gains information as well. Doubtless Mrs. Tower will tell us all we need to know."

But in this Hamilton was mistaken. The lady was too honorable to take any advantage of Major Tarbel's magnanimity.

W. J. W.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

I gaze upon a lock of golden-brown,
And in the faded picture of the past
I see a little one with curly crown—
A darling one for whom my love shall last.

But Time, old hoary chap, has wrought a change:
The head that bore the curls so long ago
Would now in curls look very strange—
But love will live though time may cease to flow.

When frosts of years have changed her silken hair
From brown to white, my love will be the same—
To me she'll ever be as sweet and fair
As though the frosts ne'er knew her face or name.

JACK DILLON'S LOVE.

It was commencement day in the little college of "New Haven," and the city was alive with young people who had gathered to see the close of the college. On a bench on the lower side of the campus there sat a young couple engaged in a deep conversation. The man was a senior in the college, and the girl, a pretty brunette of eighteen summers, was a junior in the girls' seminary across the town. They had known each other from childhood and had been to school together all their lives. Since coming to college a strong attachment had sprung up between the two, and it was with sad hearts that they had sat down on the campus that beautiful commencement day, for they knew that it would be a long time before they would see one another again. She had promised before that she would marry him as soon as she graduated from college.

"You leave for Canada to-morrow, do you not, Jack?"

"Yes, and I will be gone three years," he replied in a sad tone of voice.

"Oh! Jack, you must not go," she cried. "How can I live through that long period without seeing you. If you will wait one more year till I graduate all will be well."

"I must go, Katy mine, as business of great importance calls me to Canada, but I hope that during our separation our love for each other will not diminish."

"I'm sure I will love you more, if possible, at the expiration of the three years than I do at present," she replied. "I hope, dear Jack, that you will always love me as much as you do now."

He arose to leave, and as he planted a parting kiss upon her beautiful upturned face, he thought that there was not a fairer woman in all the world.

He reached the depot just in time to catch the train for the north, and in a short while he was in the little village of Ottawa, Canada.

Upon his arrival he immediately started in pursuit of his work. He felt like he might be able to return to his home and claim Katy as his bride in about two years. He worked hard, and in a short while was one of the leading lawyers in Ottawa.

In the meantime he had been writing to his fiancee twice a week and getting two letters each week in return. All went well till one day he failed to get a letter which was due him. He wrote to her again, but received no reply. In vain he wrote letter after letter, and then receiving no reply he gave up writing to her and decided that she had played him falsely. On the other hand, Katy wondered why it was that her last letter was not answered. She wrote to Jack two or three times, but failed to get a word in return. She formed about the same opinion of him that he had formed of her.

In a short while she lost all the love that she had ever had for Jack and fell madly in love with the post-master of the town, a young man named Howard. Her old lover thought of her day and night and wondered what had become of her and why she didn't answer his last letter.

About two months after the correspondence stopped, Katy and the post-master were married, and when Jack returned from Canada he found that the woman who was to have been his wife was married to another man. He thought that he saw at once why she had stopped writing to him, and never said a word to her, although he still loved her as much as ever.

About a month after he arrived Howard became very sick and in a short while lay upon his death bed. When told by his physician that he was dying he called Kate to his bedside.

"Kate, I have a confession to make," he began. "Do you remember two years ago when you were corresponding with Jack Dillon? You failed to receive a letter from him one day, and after that did not hear anything more of him. I was the cause of the cessation of your correspondence. When I first saw you I fell deeply in love with you and resolved to win your love from Dillon. As I was post-master I saw that it would be an easy matter for me to stop your correspondence with him, and then I might win your love. I held up all the letters addressed to you from him and those you sent to him. I could not die and rest easy in my grave with this load upon my mind. We have lived happily together, Kate, but now I see by your face that you hate me. As a dying request, I ask your forgiveness for what I have done. Is it granted, dear Kate?" He uttered these last words in a whisper, and before she could answer he gave a gasp for breath and Frank Howard was no more.

She wrote Jack Dillon a long letter that night, begging him to come to her and let her explain why it was that their correspondence had ceased. The next day he came, and when he left he was a happy man. She told him that she had never really loved Frank Howard in the true sense of the word, but had fell madly in love with him at first sight, and she had regretted it many times, although he was a good husband to her.

A short while after Howard's death, Jack and Katy were married and declared that nothing in the world would ever separate them again. W. J. W.

GOOD PRICES FOR COTTON: ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE SOUTH.

RONALD B. WILSON.

As the full moon of the last days of August rose over the Southland, it shone down upon broad fields beginning to whiten with that staple once called "King Cotton." And when the planter having gathered a few bales of the early crop took them to the market and received twelve cents, and sometimes more, for each pound, was he not justified in feeling that the king was returning to his own? The world to-day requires for current use about twelve and one-half million bales of American cotton, and this demand is steadily increasing. During the past two years we have raised only about ten and one-half million bales each season. We are therefore about four million bales short on the supply for the two years just passed. The law of supply and demand obtains here as everywhere else, so that, even though temporary fluctuations may take place, cotton, like every other commodity, will seek a normal level produced in a natural way by this fundamental law which governs commercial values the world over.

Every new mill built in this Southland of ours increases the demand. And all over the section new mills are being built and old ones enlarged. Thus we are beginning to use more and more of our cotton right here at home. But at the same time the mills of New England and those of England must have cotton. They can not stand idle, for the investors who have built them can not tie up their money and leave it where it will bring in no returns. And so, in view of our short crops for the past two years, and in view of the continually increasing demand for cotton, the cotton acreage could

be materially increased without any appreciable fall in price.

Now, what does a good price for cotton mean to the farmer? After all, it is upon the farmer that all other enterprises depend. When the Southern farmer gets a good price for his cotton, it means material progress to the entire section. Our people can get better homes, better food, better clothing, better education; all necessities may be provided for and a reasonable amount of luxuries. Our people can live better, pay their debts, and be comfortable. Low-priced cotton produces a general stringency, but good prices make all of our people enjoy a reasonable share of general prosperity.

Yet as cotton seeks its normal level, regulated by the law of supply and demand, cotton manufacturers everywhere are bewailing their fate and predicting ruin to the cotton manufacturing industry should the present high price of cotton continue to hold. Can they not see that they, too, will share in the general prosperity of the people which results from this present good price for cotton? Will not the prosperous farmer and those directly benefited by his prosperity be ready to use a greater lot of cotton goods? Certainly they will. Their wives and children will no longer be confined to a very meagre wardrobe. They can afford to have and use more and better grades of cotton goods. And by this increased demand for cotton goods the manufacturer will profit, even though he does have to pay a little more for the raw cotton. Of course mills will have to be run with more care. Economy will have to be practiced to a greater extent. Also, it seems that it is only a question of time when the cotton factory will have to move to the cotton field. Climatic conditions, cost of transportation, the price of labor, everything, tends in that direction. Just the other day a large order was sent to a Southern mill for a particular grade of cloth heretofore monopolized

by the Fall River mills. To-day those great mills stand idle, while their business is going to the Southern mills which, being right in the field where the cotton is raised, have been able to continue running at a good profit.

In view of the good price for cotton and our prosperous financial condition resulting therefrom, our farmers are becoming in a large measure independent. They can regulate the price of cotton by holding it until the world will give a fair price for the staple. Our farmers do not now have to part with their entire crop in order to pay themselves out of debt. This puts him in a position to control the price, for the world must have the cotton, and if he can hold it until he can get a fair price, it but insures him a fair return for his labor and at the same time it benefits the whole section. The present is bright, the future brighter, not only for the farmer but all classes of business. As long as the farmer is prosperous, the whole section in which we live can but enjoy healthy business activity and remunerative returns.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Summer was passing sleepily in the little town of Walden. Each day saw merely a repetition of the days that had passed, a drowsy dullness seemed to have enchanted everything and imbued everything with a contented laziness. Birds warbled in the freshness of the morning, but when the purplish shadows deepened across the gravel walks they retired to cooler haunts; and droning locusts sang the song the birds had begun. Reclining comfortably in a spacious hammock swung in the green depths of an old oak grove, the girl listened contentedly to the song of the birds and indolently watched the shifting of the shadows as the sun swept

across the deep blue sky. She felt very happy this morning of all other mornings, because the mail had brought two letters of first importance, one from the Boy and one from the Man. Now this distinction drawn by the Girl between the two who held her dear was original with her. Because to designate Weatherell as "the Boy" and Lorrance as "the Man" was hardly a designation at all. With only a difference of a few years in their ages, and one could scarcely have told on first acquaintance who was the older of the two; but knowing them intimately as the girl did, she had found a difference in their dispositions far greater than that called for by the difference in years. Weatherell was frank and boyish, and went gaily through life with that half confident, half boasting air of the college man. He saw defeat and victory in the same light, and his gloomiest moments were brighter than the happy hours of many. Not that he lacked depth, for at heart his was a life of great possibilities, his ideals were those of a man with a high sense of honor and trust to friends, but on the surface he was the careless man of everyday who met the world openly, a smile upon his face and a feeling of victory assured hidden away within his soul. The girl had come under the mystic spell of his wholesome optimism and liked him for his merry, jolly ways, and laughed with him over his light-hearted views of life. But Dayton embodied within his character little of this boyish faith and confidence. He was a man who wished the world to give security for its every deed, he trusted few and deliberated long before he sought the friendship of a man. Broad-minded as he was, he held liberal views of life in its each and every aspect, but he lacked congeniality and kept himself rather aloof from his associates in both business and social affairs. The girl, however, had found him a good conpanion, a man of splendid education who did not have much to say, but who said much.

Gallant and holding the highest regard of women attainable, it was not unusual that the girl should like him. He had to go out of his way to make himself agreeable to her, an act that he had rarely been guilty of, and thus she had obtained a true insight of the man's character, and had seen that beneath the cloud of seclusion and semi-pessimism that he had cast over his life, lay a soul with lofty aims and high-minded aspirations. And so the girl swung idly to and fro in the hammock and thought of the Boy and the Man, and smiled pleasantly over the letter of each, the one jolly and full of airy conceptions, the other serious but not heavy, deep but not tiresome. And presently she fell asleep and a summer breeze crept into the woods and kissed her fair white forehead and tossed her golden hair across her face and over her closed gray eyes. And because of the breeze the birds sang longer than usual that drowsy morning as they hovered protectingly above the woodland Princess, and the music of their singing crept into her dreams. Years after she often smiled through tears of sorrow at the memory of that morning of pleasantness.

It was some days later when Weatherell swung from the steps of a dusty local train to the hot, unprotected platform that the town boasted of as the depot. Refusing to ride in the solitary hotel hack, he sauntered carelessly up the street toward the town. Here the stores were placed in the form of a hollow square about the century-old court-house as if they held it prisoner. Laziness seemed to have cast its mantle over everything, and Weatherell wandered around the square filled with a strange sense of peace and quietude. How different it was from the noisy turmoil of the city not many hours behind him. There the people pushed and fought for everything, caught in the toils of a race eternal; here was the peaceful sea of the world ocean,—no rush, no hurry

was evident in the actions of those who were about the streets, life itself was short they seemed to argue, why hasten things. And thus they drifted easily through life, too far from its swirling currents to know its many storms and tempests. Weatherell stopped his musing, inquired from a nearby store-keeper the way to the house of the Girl, and started jauntily up the street on his quest. A few minutes walk and he was at her side in the shadows of the old oak grove.

"Why, what a surprise this is," she said gaily, "I didn't think you were coming until next week."

"Well, I really didn't intend to," the Boy said, smiling at her in his jolly way, "but you see I just couldn't wait. I ought to have let you know, but yesterday I felt that I just must see you, and so I got on the train and here I am," he concluded suddenly.

So they sat out in the swing and talked merrily of life's pleasantries, and that night found Weatherell again at her side on the moon-lit piazza. But Fate, who deals out the world's goods in measures so unequal, caused Dayton to come to the little town by way of the evening train, and he, alighting at the depot, took the hotel hack and soon was at the girl's house. She heard him speak to some one as he came up the winding pathway that curved from the street to the house, and recognizing his voice smiled to herself. She was glad because he had come, she was also glad that the Boy and the Man were to meet, as she had planned, in her presence, with her smile bewitchingly encouraging their conquest. As the Boy grasped the hand of the Man in introduction, he felt a sensation hitherto unknown to him. He suddenly hated the easy grace of the one standing before him and gazing fondly upon the Girl. A sudden enmity had sprung up in his heart toward the one who had disturbed a tete-a-tete most charming, and in the instant he built up a hatred inconceivable and firmly rooted which was

to extend throughout the years, even though he tried to conquer it. And he swore to himself that his great pleasure would be this man's discomfiture, but smiling pleasantly he acknowledged the introduction. Dayton, appreciating the situation, and with the assuredness of one confident of success, turned in a little while to go. "Yes," he said in reply to the girl's remonstrance, "I will be here several days and will see you often, of course, but to-night I must deny myself and attend to some matters of business importance."

When he had gone, Weatherell began talking to the Girl with a sudden tugging at his heart. He had heard much of the person he had just met, both from the Girl herself and from friends. If there was to be a fight for her, he was only too glad to enter the lists and do battle with men in men's fashion, but if she had been already won, why then the struggle? Would it not be another one of those up-hill fights his soul had known before, to end with him at second place but not a point beyond? Second place! How he sneered at the picture the words brought before his mind. But he need not be second all the time, he reasoned to himself. Long indeed would be the lane that knew no turning, and steeling his heart against refusal, he turned to the girl at his side to find out for once and always whether Fate had swerved from the beaten way and left one first place within his grasp.

There was a springing step on the gravel walk, and a boy breathless from his hurried trip thrust a yellow bit of paper into Weatherell's hand. It was a telegram, and Weatherell, taking it with a feeling of uneasiness, signed the book the messenger extended. The message was from the office of the newspaper with which he was connected. He read it hurriedly and handed it to the Girl. In the reflected light from the hallway candelabra she read the message—"Can you leave for Japan to-

night. Wire us at once." But as she read it she could not know what honor it had brought to the Boy. She did not know that the Japan commission was the most sought-after thing of the newspaper year, but a glance at his face told her to some extent how much the message meant to him, and she handed it back silently. He took it and turned to write his answer, but—and then he faced her, the yellow paper fluttering in his hand. The messenger boy, weary of waiting, had wandered down the pathway toward the gate. Weatherell cast aside for the moment his boyish, careless air, and became all seriousness. He and the girl walked slowly into the old oak grove, its depths silvered by the moonlight until it seemed some ancient temple of the years magnificent; the wind blowing softly through the leaves overhead furnishing nature's music for one of nature's masterpieces. But though he pleaded long in the shadowed moonlight as he walked about with the girl with golden hair and grave, gray eyes, defeat stared him in the face. Kismet had decided that he should not know victory yet, and when he left that night the Boy had won another second place, with the Man as first choice. And that night, too, the newspaper office received over his signature the one word "Yes."

Five years later, bronzed and weatherbeaten from his Oriental wanderings, Weatherell landed from a mail steamer at San Francisco and started on his cross-continent trip for New York. During the long months spent away from the country of his birth he had heard from the Girl but once, and this once consisted of an invitation to her wedding; but he had thought of her constantly. The eventful years spent amid the thrilling scenes of a great world struggle had taken from him his careless, boyish ways, and now he was the serious, hard-working war correspondent. A man who because he had walked with

death across many a far-Eastern battlefield had ceased to regard life as a mere bagatelle, a mere something to live and have done with; but still his jollity of manner had not been quite obliterated, and he still retained many of his old characteristics.

Some days afterward, in New York City, that conglomeration of unfinished streets and sky-rending buildings, he was riding in an up-town car with an old college friend when the Girl became the subject of the conversation.

"Oh, yes, Lucile Dayton, who was Lucile Glazebrooks," his friend said meditatively in reply to Weatherell's eager questioning, "why she lives here in the city, Fifth Avenue, over here. I believe you know Dayton is a wealthy railroad man, but an inveterate gambler, they say."

"Well," said Weatherell, who was something of a gambler himself, "if he does nothing worse than gamble his wife can have but little to complain of."

And then the conversation turned into other channels; but Weatherell was thinking of a summer night, a girl and the last words she had said. So they were living in the city, and he at once began planning to see the Girl at some not distant day.

A few days later he turned from a mass of "copy" on his desk in the newspaper office to thoughts of his friend of the years now dead and gone. He had made her a visit and found her as charming as of old and seemingly glad to know him again. But he had also learned from her sad sweet face that sorrow had stolen into her life. She had made no mention of it, as a matter of course; but he had read for himself that sorrow and not time had made lines across her forehead and put a droop into her youthful shoulders.

"If that fellow is unkind to her, curse him," said Weatherell gloomily to himself. "If he doesn't appreciate

the sweetest woman God ever gave the world, then I hope that he may lose her"—and in his mind the hatred born that night so long ago began to assume a definite shape, and a busy brain began planning things that boded evil for the man who had won but who had failed to appreciate his victory.

"Only four years of married life," continued Weatherell, reflectively, "and how weary of it all she looks. Dayton, deep in his railroads, deeper in his gambling, has starved the woman's soul of what she craves, his sympathy and love." And turning to the desk 'phone he made an engagement for the evening with the woman who had held him at second place.

The months that followed saw the steady perfecting of a growing change. Weatherell became an habitue of Dayton's house, seeing little of the host but much of the hostess. Intensely preoccupied with his business arrangements, Dayton had failed to recognize in Weatherell his rival of the Girl of the far Southern town. The chance meeting that night at her house had meant little to him, but to the other man it had represented a lifetime. So he saw no cause for fear in the intimate relations observed by his wife with one of her old friends, and he drifted along unaware that his honor and his happiness were placed upon a tottering pedestal. But affairs had been moving rapidly, and at last the crisis was reached. Weatherell, sitting in his office reading a note Dayton's wife had written, realized with a sudden thrill of pleasure that for once he had a situation completely under his control. The note was in answer to a question he had asked the night before, in her blue and gold reception-room, brilliant with its many lights and enchantingly beautiful, decorated as it was with all the luxuries that money could afford. She was standing in the room, beautiful but lonely, surrounded by magnificence but yearning for love and sympathy, and Weath-

erell's question had come in a moment most opportune. He read the answer through, and as he read his face lit up with its one-time boyish glow of youth and confidence. The lane had turned, the fates had swerved from the beaten way, he was at first place and no longer need his soul cry tauntingly to him that he had never attained first honors in any conquest. The Girl had written, and she had expressed her willingness to leave husband, home and everything for him, to go with him, to be with him always until life's struggles ceased, and with a feeling of exultation he put the note in his pocket and sauntered out into the street.

Late that night, flushed with victory sought so long, he stumbled into a dimly lit gambling den in an unfrequented part of the city. Little groups of players were gathered about the green-covered tables, and in the farthest corner of the room was a table whose occupants were leaving. All but one, who remained seated gloating over a pile of gold and bank notes, his newly acquired winnings. Weatherell walked softly to this table and seated himself. Then glancing at the face of the man who still remained, he recognized with a gasp Dayton. And again the old hatred surged through his blood, and leaning across the table he caught at Dayton's sleeve. The man started suddenly, and then gazed coolly into Weatherell's upturned face.

"I wish to play you at dice," said Weatherell thickly, "from now until morning and no limit." Dayton gazed at him fixedly, then replied suavely: "As you like, my friend, but mind that you don't regret this night's work."

And then Dayton the millionaire and Weatherell the war correspondent began what was to be the fiercest gambling struggle the famous den had ever witnessed. Weatherell started off with a jump, got well in the lead in the first few moments of play and kept winning stead-

ily. Dayton played coolly with the steady hand of one who knows that he has plenty of money behind him, but he won but seldom. The other players had left their tables to gather around the scene of a battle royal. Dayton looked up quickly on a throw of the dice and muttered something to himself. He had lost the last cent he had with him, and Weatherell gazing at him over a pile of gold and bank notes and silver, urged him calmly to commence giving checks. And then began a struggle indeed. Luck turned suddenly, stayed with Dayton for awhile, and then was Weatherell's once more. And Dayton, casting check after check at the croupier's hands, saw his money flow in a golden stream across the table to Weatherell, who sat silently in the shadows of the room. At last he rose to his feet, a check in his hand; the players were looking eagerly at the culminating period of the struggle, and the room seemed rife with interest and excitement. "Damn you," he cried shrilly to Weatherell, who sat unmoved, "I am going to draw my last cent here and play it with you against the pile," and he waved at Weatherell's winnings. "Do you understand?" he thundered, as Weatherell still was silent. "My last cent, six hundred thousand dollars against my losings; are you willing?" and Weatherell nodded assent.

The check was cashed, and Dayton pushed the shining heap of gold out upon the table. "One one throw of the dice," he said, with a gesture of almost despair. "One throw," he repeated to himself as if the words contained a hidden charm, and again Weatherell nodded. He threw; the little ivory cube spun merrily upon the green baize and stopped. Dayton, Weatherell and the players leaned over it; a five lay upturned. Dayton turned away rudely and then glanced toward Weatherell, who took the cup almost gently as if it was some sacred relic. "Five, al-

most six, years ago," he murmured, "and me at second place. The cube rolled out upon the table and the croupier, wrought up with the excitement the throw had caused, looked at it without speaking. Dayton bent across the table—the throw was a six. Weatherell was raking the gleaming pile of gold to him and was turning it over to the croupier to receive a check for the amount. Weatherell turned to Dayton as he and the players were filing silently out of the room, and said, "Things have changed since the night we met at Walden, haven't they?" Dayton looked up at him and remembered suddenly, and then he buried his face in his hands across the green-covered battlefield, the battlefield that had seen the last of his accumulated wealth taken from him. At the door Weatherell glanced back; the room seemed bare and desolate, and Dayton was stretched out across the table, the picture of despair. His most treasured possession, his money, was his no more, and in the dimly-lit den he seemed forsaken and forlorn. "To-morrow night," mused Weatherell, "I will take one more thing from him—two, in fact—his wife and his honor," and shutting the door softly he went out into the gray gloom that night had cast about the city.

Weatherell at length reached his office, switched on the electric light and flung himself into a chair. It was then that the reaction set in. Dawn was drawing near, and soon mystery was to give way to bright sunlight that would creep across the sky in streamers of pink and gold. In the basement far beneath him he could hear the throbbing of the mighty presses as they poured a steady stream of fresh newspapers across the basement floors. And through their throbbing Weatherell could hear the words, "First place, first place," hammered in the gigantic tune of the almost-alive machines. Yes, he had won; the check in his hands, the letter in his pocket, both told him that, but what after all did his winning

mean? The long years of voluntary exile, the pangs the wedding invitation brought, and the many nights spent in ceaseless vigil because of thoughts of her, were these things that the present victory could erase from memory? And then the look on Dayton's face as he lost his money on that last costly throw, and the thought of Dayton's honor and happiness that to-morrow would be sacrificed—did the Girl's love soothe the hurt these things caused? And in his hour of victory Weatherell fell across his desk, his face in his hands, even as Dayton had done in bitter defeat.

Loraine came up from the press-room not long after for some information from Weatherell. "God! man, how pale and worn you look!" he cried at the sight of Weatherell's figure drawn and shrunken before his desk; "been working too hard lately, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Weatherell gently, "been working too hard, old man, but now I'm almost through," he finished.

"By the way, Loraine," he called as the man turned away, "I wish you'd post these two letters for me at once; be careful with them, please, they are very important. And I'll tell you good-bye," he said, as the man taking the letters went toward the door.

"What! you going away again?" said Loraine in surprise; "why you haven't been back but a little while; tired of New York yet so soon are you?"

"Yes, I'm going," Weatherell said in reply to the first question, "but not because I'm tired of New York."

And when the night fled before the rosy tints of dawn Weatherell fled, too. Without saying good-by to those of the office, he crept into the street and went out again into the wide world as he had done that summer night in the years past.

And that morning, after receiving his mail, Dayton stared dazedly at an endorsed check that stood for all

that he had lost the night before, and wondered how Weatherell could be so generous a foe, and swore that he would grant the little request that Weatherell had made and be loving and kind forevermore to the woman he had won. And in another room in the house the Girl sobbed over a letter that he who had been the Boy had written. A letter telling how the memory of the days that had been would not let him bring a stain upon the pure white soul of the woman he loved. He plead forgiveness for his seeming cowardice, but time, he said, would place him in the right at last. And the woman, weeping silently, forgave, and turned, smiling through her tears, to greet her husband, who was bending over her with the first loving words upon his lips that she had heard for years.

KENYON.

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

I am tired of dinners and ball,
Of flirting by night and by day
With men who do nothing but drawl
In an utterly ludicrous way.
I am tired of opera and play,
Of wooers who never have won;
They are all very well, I dare say,
But I've never yet met the right one.

My love must be handsome and gay,
With virtues unequaled by none,
And of gold he must have a relay—
But I've never yet met the right one.

W. J. W.

A SEPTEMBER DAY.

MORNING.

The cool, fresh green of late summer leaves glisten as they rustle crisply in the early morning breeze. The birds call briskly as they flit from bough to bough, the flowers flash a welcome and the dewdrops sparkle with delight to behold the dawning of the September sun—sure promise of another bright autumnal day.

NOON.

The soft gray lining of the maple leaves shows dull and hazy as the foliage droops in the noonday sun. The red rose, erect and glowing at dawn, nods heavily with dizzy thirst. All life seems still, and the tired earth pants with weariness. Surely the dusty hand of noonday heat has laid a veil over the vividness of morning.

NIGHT.

The red sun sinks in the purple distance beyond the hazy horizon. Once more the grass is wet and cool with heavy dew, once more all life is astir in the whispering trees and a chorus of autumn singers welcomes the coming of the gentle dusk.

THE JUDGE AND THE DEVIL.

A German Legend.

In a certain German city there once lived a man named Schwarz, who owned whole safes full of gold and silver, but who was so hard in his dealings with the poor, and so wicked, that people wondered why the earth did not open and swallow him up. This man was a judge,

and in this office took opportunity to commit every kind of iniquity.

Now, one morning he went out to see his vineyards, and on the way met the Devil, who, as it happened, was dressed like a fine gentleman. Schwarz made a low bow, and politely asked him who he was and where he came from.

"It would be better," replied the graceful stranger, "if I should not answer your question."

"But I desire that you answer me," replied the Judge, "and it is necessary that you decide to do so. I am a man of authority, and nobody dares to resist me. If it suits my pleasure, I can have you put in prison and see that you receive punishment."

"If that be so," answered the stranger, "I yield to your curiosity. You ask who I am. I am the Devil."

"Hum," said the Judge, "what are you here for."

"It is market day in your city. I have come to get whatever they will freely give me."

"Then," said the Judge, "you have some business here. I have no mind to hinder you, for I desire to go along and see what they are going to give you."

"It would be better for you not to be present to see that."

"I wish to see how you will take whatever present they give you. I desire this though it be at the cost of my life."

"Well, then, come on."

The two went accordingly to the market place, where there were many people buying and selling, all of whom bowed humbly to the terrible Judge and to his companion.

To begin matters, Schwarz had two vessels of wine brought, and handed one to the Devil, saying, "Take it. I give it to you." But the Devil refused, knowing that it had not been given freely.

Near them there now passed a peasant woman driving a cow, which ran to right and left, pulling at the rope, and wearied the poor woman so much that in a fit of anger she exclaimed, "You wretched beast, may the Devil take you!"

"Do you hear that?" said the Judge to his satanic companion. "Take the cow. She is yours."

"No," the Devil answered, "it is not sincerely given. If I take the cow, this woman will be sorry a long time."

A little farther on they saw a woman reproving her son; and seeing him rebellious against her, she cried out in desperation, "May the Devil take you!"

"There," said the Judge, "is a boy whom they have given you. Take him."

"No," answered the Devil, "this again is no free gift. If I take the boy, his unhappy mother will never cease to grieve for him."

Schwarz and his companion continued their walk among the crowd, and shortly met two laborers, who were in an angry dispute. One of them ended, after uttering a torrent of abusive words, by saying to his antagonist:

"The one thing I desire is that the Devil may take you!"

"Take this stout fellow," said the Judge. "See how he is given to you."

"Ah!" said the Devil," the one who appears to give the fellow to me is actually very fond of him. At this moment angry passion blinds the man; but if he goes so far as to lose his companion, he will regret it very deeply."

At this moment a poor old woman, whose clothes gave evidence of her poverty, and in whose pale, meagre face were signs of great sorrow, stopped before the Judge and said to him:

"May all the plagues take you. You are rich and I

am poor, and you have taken away from me my only cow, which was my last dependence. I have done you no harm, and you have brought me to the last degree of misery. I call upon heaven for justice. I pray for punishment of your iniquities. I pray that the Devil may take you, body and soul, to the bottom of hell!"

"Ah! this time," the Devil said, turning to the Judge, "a sincere thing has been said; a desire has been uttered which comes from the heart. I accept the gift which has been offered to me with such good will."

And thus speaking he hooked his claws into the Judge's neck and vanished with his prey.—*Translated by Dr. Summey from a Spanish version in El Regidon.*

SONG AT TWILIGHT.

Veiled in the mists of the twilight time
When the crescent moon is low,
Dim as the dream of a fleeting rhyme
Come visions of long ago—
And voices, faint as a distant chime
That peals in the afterglow,

Call through the dusk, and they bring to me
The fields by the river shore,
Where the iris flung its fragrance free
The dew bedecked meadows o'er,
Where I wander again, dear heart, with thee
Through the days that are no more.

Dear little maiden, the day is done,
And the swallow seeks its nest;
The lengthening shadows, one by one,
Stretch far from the dark'ning West;
But dreams fade not with the fading sun,
Nor die when the world's at rest.

—*J., in University of Virginia Magazine.*

ATHLETICS.

FOOT-BALL COMMENTS.

The foot-ball season is again here, and the heroes of the gridiron are recklessly applying the boot to the pig skin. On the lower campus, every day between the hours of four and six, Coach Kienholz hurries his colts through formations that would make one think that something will be doing at A. and M. this fall. We have a coach whom everybody speaks of as being superior to any man that has ever handled an A. and M. team. It looks now as though he is going to turn out a fast team from very green and untrained men. He has a tremendous task before him, for he has only two or three old team men on the eleven; and if he is successful all the credit is due to his careful training and ability.

At the outset it might appear that good material is in great demand, as only one or two of the old players are back, but there is still some material in school, although green, that can be whipped into shape before the close of the season. About thirty candidates are out in uniform, and it all looks like business. The boys are rapidly awakening to the fact that aggressiveness is the chief essential in foot-ball, and as the days pass by, marked improvement is noticed. This awakening process is renewed each day with a lightning passing process in which the coach passes the ball to the men in every imaginable way. The men are required to receive the ball without fumbling—whether it be on the nose or on the shoe-laces. It is encouraging to note that the boys are getting smart in handling the ball. The teams have had a number of "line-ups," and it yet appears that the scrubs can not gain an inch, but they do not stop at

that, but work and even sacrifice in order that one good team may be turned out.

Abernethy at left tackle is playing a steady game, and much is expected of the brawny tackle from Hickory town.

Gardner, at right tackle, is playing in his old-time form, and will be a great addition to the team. In the new style of play he will be a most excellent man in advancing the ball.

Graves, candidate for tackle, is working hard, and will make somebody work for his place. Graves is steady and works all the time.

Tom Lykes has been playing the position of centre, and it would appear that he is a fixture. He will need much drill in passing the ball. His defensive work looks good to the spectator.

The guard positions are still open to the best men. There is a hard tussle between Bullock, Perkins, Sykes, Tull and Bell. They are working hard, but all need still more aggressiveness.

Gregory has been doing good work at left end. He is fast and tackles well.

Right end is still a mystery. Dick Lykes is the most likely man. If he returns, that end of the line will be well cared for.

Hardie has been playing nearly every position behind the line and at end. He shows much good foot-ball sense, and will be sure to accompany the team on trips.

Sadler at quarter is improving rapidly. He has much to learn in this position, but his cool head ought to make him a good field-general. He needs to display more ginger, and to hurry his men to work faster.

Watkins at full back is learning the game and playing with much enthusiasm. His weight and speed will make him a valuable man. He is improving in his kick-

ing, and everybody expects him to discount his brother, who starred on the Virginia team.

Wilson at right-half is a man of great speed and weight. He carries the ball well, and acts like a real foot-ball man. We aren't worried much about right-half.

At left-half there is still much doubt. Lattimore, a new man, has been working hard, but has much to learn as yet. His speed and weight should win him a place. Seifert is expected back, and will be a candidate for the place also. Seifert was the most promising half-back on the second team of last year.

Among the other men on the squad there are several likely fellows. Harris, Huggins, Shugart and Cox are playing good ball, and as much may be said of Asbury, Drake and Valear.

Most of the other men are still unknown quantities, but show some foot-ball ability. The scrubs will have some games to play, and it is hoped that they will play hard, and do credit to themselves and to their institution.

At the present time the following foot-ball schedule is given out for the season of 1904:

Sept. 24—Guilford College at Raleigh.

Oct. 1—Open.

Oct. 8 or 10—Davidson at Charlotte.

Oct. 15—University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va.

Oct. 26—A game at Charlotte.

Nov. 5—South Carolina College at Raleigh.

Nov. 12—V. P. I. at Roanoke, Va.

Nov. 19—Georgia Tech. at Atlanta, or Guilford at Greensboro.

Nov. 24—Clemson College at Raleigh.

LOCALS.

"Howdy-do." Glad to see you back.

Mr. Hill Hunter '04 was a welcomed visitor at A. and M. a few days ago.

Mr. C. V. Garner recently spent a few days at A. and M.

Mr. St. Clair Ireland, an old student, was with us lately.

Mr. G. W. Rogers, '03, is taking a post-graduate course in Civil Engineering.

The Glee Club will soon be ready to begin work in order to put on several concerts this winter.

Ground has been broken for the new Agricultural Building, and workmen are busy on the foundations.

Former Major J. B. Harding '04 has returned to A. and M., and is taking a special course in Civil Engineering.

Hurry up, fellows, with those new yells—get the rooting club organized at once and be ready when our first foot-ball games are played.

Mr. Jno. D. Bundy, of Monroe, N. C., spent a short while with us lately. Dunham is still unmarried, and has his usual collection of news and yarns.

Mr. Jno. W. Clark, '06, whose collar-bone was broken a few days ago in a foot-ball scrimmage, is improving. It is hoped that John will be out soon.

Several new machines have recently been placed in the machine shop to relieve a long-felt want. A com-

plete Westinghouse air-brake equipment has been installed, with arrangements for operating several pneumatic tools. The shop has been enlarged by removing the partition next the engine-room.

The Battalion has been formed, and drill takes place three times a week. The officers seem well pleased at the progress of the new men, and hope that company drill may be started soon.

Many improvements have been made around the campus and in the buildings. The new stairway at the south end of the Main Building has long been needed. Perhaps another in the rear of Fourth Dormitory would be useful.

The Library is indebted to Professor Sledd, of Wake Forest for the donation of two excellent books, "Watchers of the Hearth," and "From Cliff and Scaur." Capt. Phelps also kindly gave three volumes of Henty's stories and "Warwick of the Knobs," by Lloyd.

It is with much pleasure that we learn that we are to have a piano and a choir of our own boys to furnish music for the chapel exercises. It will certainly be an agreeable improvement over the old way of conducting the exercises, and will also be good practice for the boys, thus aiding in congregational singing. On each second Sunday night, services will be conducted in our chapel by the pastors of all the Raleigh churches in turn.

The new instructors in the different departments this year are: Elery B. Paine in the Electrical Department, R. L. Wales in Drawing, A. D. St. Amant in Drawing, Chas. Walker in Chemistry, and G. McP. Smith in Chemistry.

On another page we show the new Agricultural Building, which is already under construction.

This building is to be 208 feet long, 74 feet thick, and three stories in height. The building is to be made of gray press brick and covered with tile roofing. The building will be one of the most complete agricultural buildings in the country. It will far surpass anything in the South, and it has been planned to meet the true wants of agricultural education. It will be located on the new grounds of the A. and M. College in Raleigh, facing the entrance to the State Fair grounds, and work on it goes forward at once.

One-half of the first floor, which is combined with the basement, will be devoted to dairying, which will consist of 4,800 square feet of space, which will be devoted to butter-making, cheese-making and other phases of dairying. The other half of the floor will be devoted to live stock judging, and farm butchering rooms, for it is expected to teach the students stock judging, slaughtering of farm animals, cutting up of meats and curing the same, the making of sausage, and the handling of all meat products.

On the middle floor will be class-rooms and offices of the department, and laboratory for the study of farm machinery, where machines will be taken down and set up and the students given thorough instruction in the handling of farm machinery. On the same floor will also be a large laboratory for the study of soils in all their phases, also the study of agronomy and plant production.

The third floor will be devoted to botany, physiology, zoology, bacteriology, and the veterinary sciences. Each room and laboratory has been especially planned for its particular use, and the building from basement to roof is adjusted and planned as well as modern ideals in agricultural education are known.

Y. M. C. A.

The prospects for a successful Y. M. C. A. at A. and M. this session are very encouraging. The first meetings were well attended, and many new names have already been added to the membership roll.

At the Southern Student Conference, held last June in Waynesville, N. C., A. and M. was well represented by a delegation of seven, composed of Messrs. Lilly, Park, Perkins, Morrison, McGirt, Foster and J. H. Williams. Ten days were very pleasantly spent in discussing plans for Association work, and in hearing speakers of national reputation, such as Robert E. Speer, Jno. R. Mott, Dr. Edw. Bosworth, and others.

Among other attractive features of the Conference were the inter-state athletic contests, mountain climbing and the "blow-out reception." Intense college spirit was displayed in everything.

On September 18, we had the pleasure of an address by Captain Phelps on practical subjects of interest to every student.

Governor Aycock is to speak to us soon after his return from Maine. We shall be very glad to have him with us, and hope that his address will be well attended.

Preparations are being made by the Y. M. C. A., with the assistance of the faculty, to have an informal student reception Friday evening, September 30. The reception is to be given to the entire student body and their friends, and a large attendance is expected. People of Raleigh will have a good opportunity to get acquainted with the new students.

THE RED AND WHITE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
OF THE
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS.

SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, ... $1.00 Single copy, ... 15 cents.

For sale at room 28, Main Building, and by Members of the Staff.

Application made to be entered in the West Raleigh post-office as second-class mail matter.

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

Charges for advertising are payable after first insertion.

STAFF:

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J. A. PARK, ... Business Manager.

Associate Editors:

R. B. WILSON, D. W. ROBERTSON,
W. J. WALKER.

Once again, after an intermission of three months, THE RED AND WHITE makes its bow, with fond hopes of securing the esteem of all its readers and friends during the coming session.

* * *

Many changes have been made in the construction and arrangement of THE RED AND WHITE. In the first place, we have aimed at a cover that represents our college colors, and have secured one after repeated efforts. Instead of a semi-monthly, we have decided to issue a monthly magazine that shall stand for the best there is in college life. In making THE RED AND WHITE a monthly, we have followed the example set by some of our best college monthlies; believing that by so doing we can regularly get out a more creditable publication.

We want every man in the student body to consider it his personal obligation to contribute what he can to help make THE RED AND WHITE a success. Trying to write something does not hurt any one. When you graduate and become a man of affairs—if your ambitions point that way, and they certainly should—you will probably be called upon on some occasion for some kind of written expression about a subject. If you have never tried anything of the kind before, the task may be an embarrassing one. You can do what some of your classmates do, but you will never do it until you make a start or an effort of some kind.

* * *

At the beginning of his college course the student is often perplexed as to whether or not he should join any of the literary societies, clubs or other numerous organizations at every college. A certain amount of interest given to such affairs is beneficial in its results. College training does not consist solely of the knowledge that may be obtained from text-books. A man with such knowledge, and without the ideas and influences that are derived from systematic and well-conducted organizations, is likely to stay narrow-minded for the rest of his days. If one ever expects to make anything of his opportunities, he should learn how to manage men, and an active part in some organization not only teaches him to control others, but cultivates that broad-mindedness which is essential to every good education.

* * *

THE RED AND WHITE extends its most hearty thanks to Miss Williams for her excellent contributions, and hopes to be honored by more in the future.

* * *

When two factions can not agree, there is generally a difficulty to follow. Human nature is so constituted

that it is sure to revolt at anything that it may regard as oppressive or too exacting. Misunderstanding and inattention often creates rebellious feelings that sometimes develop into acts of rashness. A clash, however, is not always without its good effects in the lessons it may teach and in the experience that may be received by all concerned. One side may see the uselessness of an attack against higher and better-informed authority; while the other may learn that perfect subjection can not be expected in a moment, but that such a condition is attained only by gradual and discriminating advances.

BITS OF WISDOM.

It is a good thing to be too busy to be miserable.

You can't make a reputation on the strength of what you are going to do.

A bad memory is what keeps us from forgetting things we want to forget.

If told to take a back seat, one usually takes affront.

About the time a man realizes that he doesn't know much, he begins to know considerable.—*Ex.*

HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

1. Do not subscribe.. Borrow your classmate's copy—just be a sponge.

2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a discourager.

3. Never hand in news items, and criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.

4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or "society" when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.

5. Tell your neighbor that you can get Frank Merriwell's for less money—be a squeeze.

6. If you can't hustle and help make the magazine a success—be a corpse.—*Ex.*

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

RONALD B. WILSON.

As we lean back in our easy chair before our barren table and think of the many friends who will visit that table in the months to come, we experience a feeling of very pleasant anticipation, for it is upon this table that the hearts of other colleges will be laid bare; where one may see their very pulse-beats exposed in the magazines which they shall send forth. The magazine of a college should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and short-comings, its wisdom and its folly, the very confidant of its soul. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and so we trust that from each college will come a magazine containing the very best thought and representing the highest ideals of its Alma Mater.

We suppose that in the various colleges the magazine editors are, even as we, busily engaged in preparing material for the first issue. To all these our hearty sympathy goes out and our best wishes. They have undertaken a task harder than they dreamed, and upon them will fall much criticism and little praise. May each be successful, establishing a high standard and living up to it. Let none lose interest as the year wears away, but let each do his work with his might, energetically, enthusiastically, so that, as the months come and go, we shall have words of good cheer and praise for all who shall visit the Editor's Table. We feel that it is not our duty to merely criticise, but rather by helpful suggestions to encourage the efforts of others. And so we will be as careful as possible, pointing out in a kindly manner the weak places, withholding no praise where we feel that praise is deserved. And always, be a magazine good, bad or indifferent, as we see it we shall tell the truth.

"ONE ON YOU."

We should like to know:

How in the dickens those figures '06 got on top of a ninety-seven-foot smoke-stack.

How the faculty expects a Freshman to attend every class, when he has to figure out the bulletin-board puzzle.

Why that chemical student put sodium chloride into a sugar-dish at a certain table.

Who was the most (un) popular at the Summer School —Foster, Jordan or Tillett.

Band Director.—Is that note flat?

Freshman.—No, sir, it's round.

Intellectual Freshman.—Isn't it rather hazy this morning?

Mischievous Soph.—Guess so; it'll be nice for *hazing* to-night, too.

Why do you suppose the girl wants to know how Mason resembles a kill-dee?

Short Course.—Say, 'Fesser, can't you give me a job to-day?

Prof. C. B. P.—Why, yes; I want that coal-pile whitewashed.

New Student (looking at machine).—What is that thing?

Old One.—That is an automatic, duplex, quick-return, direct-drive fool-catcher.

He went into a shoe store,
There was some polish in a case,
That night he suddenly waked to find
The polish all over his face.

Freshman.—Say, mister, what do you do with that sword?

Park (Officer-of-the-Day).—Stick rats with it.

Freshman.—Don't it hurt 'em?

Park.—No, but they feel pretty sore by the time the Commandant gets through with them.

At the Depot.—The Green One.—Can you show me the way to the A. and M. College?

The Experienced One.—Certainly; just keep straight up the railroad, and its that big brick building on the left with the high fence around it (the State Penitentiary).

Massey continues to bring his telescope to school every morning. It is always full every morning and empty immediately after dinner.

A Doc. (at the hospital).—I want some medicine.

What kind?

I think I need a purgatory.

Junior (twelve days after the school began).—We have a well-arranged bath-room, haven't we?

Freshman.—I don't know.

Junior.—Why, haven't you been in there?

Freshman.—No, I am afraid of the Sophs.

For instructions regarding postures to be assumed while calling the roll, see Sergeant Morrison.

S. S. Teacher.—Mr. ———, do you wish to join our Sunday School. We have the very—"

The Doc.—I can't tell yet, sir. Before I decide I want to see how well I like you.

Why is Bob Uzzell called "Owl."

Ans.—Because he is like the sun—not in brightness—shows up in the morning.

Posted by Winston, Officer-of-the-Day, at 10 a. m. Monday.—Lost—My orderly. Finder please leave in Captain Phelps' office.

First Sergeant (calling roll).—Watt!

Wyatt.—Hold on. My name is spelled Wy-a-tt. It is pronounced *Wyatt*, and not Watt. Now you may go on.

Dutchy (taking on a deep bass voice, and drawing his chin back into his collar).—Herp! Herp! Herp! * * etc.

The Man with a Gun.—Gee! wouldn't that voice stop an alarm clock!!

Ogburn.—Gentlemen, would you like to join the Y. M. C. A.?

First Doc.—Yes. My name is ———.

Second Doc.—No, I reckon not.

First Doc.—D—n you, why don't you join?

Bill.—Bob, I thought you said that if a guinea pig were picked up by the tail his eyes would drop out.

Bob.—I did.

Bill.—Well, I tried it, and it didn't work.

Bob.—Where did you get the pig.

Bill.—At the hog-pen, of course.

Ask four Juniors if the grapes near the Asylum are ripe.

Y. M. C. A. Man.—Will you join the Y. M. C. A.?

Freshman.—I reckon not. Of course I shall join one of the literary societies, but I think the Textile Society is the best.

Bagley (at musical).—I wonder if it would be out of order for me to stand up in this chair to see what's going on?

Wilkinson.—The chair will certainly be out of order when you get your feet in it.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Y. M. C. A.

President ..... H. M. Lilly.
Vice-President ..... L. F. Abernethy.
Secretary ..... S. O. Perkins.
Treasurer ..... G. G. Allen.

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Poet ..... W. B. Truitt.

CLIPPINGS.

Brutus—How many oysters did you eat, Cæsar?
Cæsar—Et tu, Brute.

Teacher—"What is an Indian wife called?"
Freshman—"A squaw."
Teacher—"Correct. Now what is an Indian baby called?"
Freshman—"A squawker."

He—Don't you think this bench would be more comfortable if it had a back?
She—I think *arms* would make it just as comfortable.

To push a college paper
Is but very little fun,
Especially when subscribers
Will not remit the "mon."
(Our B. M. says "it's so.")

Little Willie died last night,
His face we'll see no more,
For what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4

"Darling, are you cold?" he asked.
"Indeed, I fear I shall freeze."
"Wouldn't a coat be comfortable, dear?"
"Thank you, I want just a sleeve."
—With apologies to S. D. W.

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every time.

So if you meet some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake;
Just laugh, don't be too wise.

TOASTS.

Here's to the girl thats good and sweet,
Here's to the girl thats true;
Here's to the girl that rules my heart—
In other words, here's to you!
—Dedicated to R. A. M.

The latest military toast to the ladies—
Our arms your defence,
Your arms our recompense.
Fall in!

—Dedicated to the '05 Sponsors.

To Woman's Hair—
Woman's hair—beautiful hair!
What words of praise I utter;
But oh, how sick it makes me feel,
To find it in the butter.

—To the Boarding Department.

THE POET LAUREATE.

A tigress wild named Laurie
Departed from the Zoo;
She wandered through the country;
A poet walked there, too.

When Laurie was recaptured
Shoe strings hung on her claws,
And masticated breeches
Were trailing from her jaws.

The people missed their poet,
But 'twas a lucky fate,
For he became thereafter
The poet laureate.

MILLENIUM.

Some day, when the negro no longer steals,
We'll ride in wagons without any wheels;
When the sun sets where now it rises,
And the poor man wins the lottery prizes—
Tramps will be delighted to work,
And dagos refuse to carry a dirk,
The automobile will be safe and sound,
And a dishonest man cannot be found.
We'll cross the ocean without any ships,
And Seniors will all be given "dips."
Money will grow on all the trees,
And checks will float in every breeze.