

# THE RED AND WHITE.

OCTOBER, 1904.

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# THE RED AND WHITE.

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Vol. VI. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER, 1904.

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No. 2

## LITERARY.

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### THE END.

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The book is closed, the tale is done,  
The play is o'er, the actors gone,  
And silently and one by one  
The shadows fall.

But still the story lingers yet,  
And leaves but one sincere regret,  
That some day soon we must forget  
Its all in all.

But while we live its thoughts shall be  
Firmly fixed in memory,  
And amid all life's pleasantry  
Its truths shall call.

T—

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### THE SECRET OF THE SAND.

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H. L. H., '09.

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In the southern part of Arizona there is a tract of arid land several thousand acres in extent, covered with shifting sands blown here and there by the wind into large heaps or rows of fantastic shapes. The cactus and sage brush are the only plants that grow in this desert,

as if in defiance of the parching sun and the treacherous sand.

In the middle of this desert one hot July day there wearily trudged two men. Their feet, sinking into the loose sand at every step, weighed like lead, and the glaring rays of the noonday sun reflected from the glistening earth sent the hot blood rushing through their fevered veins and pierced their swollen eyes like hot needles.

Two days before these partners, Sellers and Whitlow, had ridden into the little town of Mayo, their pockets lined with the yellow metal, the result of a successful prospecting tour. Spending their "dust" freely in the only saloon the place could boast of, and staking heavily at cards, they found that "a fool and his money soon part."

Kicked out of the place and penniless, they realized that they must start all over again. Sellers chanced to remember a tale that an Indian whom he had befriended had told him. It seems that the Indian had been crossing the desert and had stopped for the night in a large hollow in the sand. In this depression that the wind had swept clear of sand were massive blocks of chiseled stone. Heavy columns of granite lay broken against thick walls of masonry, evidently the ruins of larger buildings. In his tribe a tradition had been handed down for centuries, that large cities lay buried beneath the sand, built by a race of people whose civilization was similar to our own.

Doubtless the wealth of that time lay beneath the sand, waiting for some one to dig it out. Seeing this chance to mend their broken fortunes and to set them in the gay way of life again, they shouldered their packs, with three days' provisions, and set out on their quest for a fortune.

When we see them they are in a pitiable plight. Their water half gone, drinking only enough to wet their

parched throats and swollen lips, they plodded onward, hoping only for the fall of night, when the cool breezes will alleviate their sufferings.

Sunset found them camping in the bed of what had once been a river. The smooth boulders in endless confusion, and the pebbly formation of the ground, showed that what was now a desolate, unfertile spot, was once well watered and productive.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon, as she rose, lighting up the sand with a golden glow, shone on Sellers; alone, moaning and tossing in his sleep. Presently he arose and finding himself alone, raised the water flask to his lips. It was empty. With a cry, hardly human, he flung the empty flask from him. Transformed by a maddening thirst into a being half human, half animal, he picked up his gun and set out in search of his partner, muttering threats of vengeance against him for his traitorous act.

Following the river bed for several hundred yards, he was stopped by a huge wall of stone several feet in height. Walking around he saw before him the ruins of large stone buildings, such as the half-breed had told him of. Holding his gun ready for any emergency, he started to walk forward, when his attention was suddenly attracted to a dim form moving in the shadows. As it came into view in the moonlight he saw that it was his partner bearing something heavy on his back. Setting it down and glancing around he saw Sellers and the leveled gun. Quick as a flash he drew his gun and fired. The two reports blended as one.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the moon had gone and the morning sun rose above the horizon it shone on the two still figures of Sellers and Whitlow. The sand drifting before the wind covered them with a pall of silvery whiteness, but the secret of the sand was its own.

## A MEDIÆVAL IMPOSTOR.

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(Adapted in part from Chaucer.)

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As a general thing the manners and social conditions of any country at any time may be most strongly realized through its literature, and of the fourteenth century in England this is strikingly true. For even if the other literature were to be counted out, we have in the Canterbury tales pictures both clear and representative from nearly every grade and occupation in Chaucer's England. The prologue is history crystalized, and the stories following it make a picture so minute and vivid that the reading of but a few among them is worth the studying of the whole set of histories.

If, then, we who think imposture is a thing of the past (let us forget modern trust miracles and watered stock and such things)—if we should think it comforting to see how our forefathers in old England were gulled out of their money, turn to Chaucer, and open the book at the Canon's Yeoman's tale, read how the London priest paid for *his* lesson in high finance.

This yeoman who tells the story was, the student of Chaucer will remember, the one who came riding so hard with his master to join the pilgrims at "Boghton under Blee," and who thereupon began such a description of his master's tricks that the man fled away ashamed. And then the yeoman, having a clear field, began his tirade on the ways of alchemists in general, and his story of one in particular.

This new pilgrim interests us in himself, and thereby in his story immediately. His face is discolored, his eyes bleared; and he tells us that not only his former good looks but also his good sense and morals have been done for in his effort to multiply gold. Then, after roll-

ing off a bewildering list of alchemistic terms and details, and speaking eloquently of the sorrow which the false science brings upon those who practice it, he tells the story which we are to read.

The chief person of the story was a certain canon whose special traits were two—shrewdness and false-ness. People even sought his acquaintance, but these he plucked so far as his power went, and he even took pleasure in the grief he brought upon them. The other character was a London priest, of whom it is enough to say that he had plenty of money to spend, but a heart which desired more.

The canon was shrewd enough to begin by borrowing a small amount from the priest. And since he paid this back promptly, his credit was immediately good, and the priest was ready for anything that might be proposed. "And hence," said the canon, "you have been so good to me, I will, if you like, show you how we philosophers work."

"Yea," said the priest, "Will you? I pray you to do so."

When this agreement had been reached, the canon sent for some quicksilver; and, coals having been brought, he produced a crucible. "Into this," he said to the priest, "put an ounce of quicksilver, and so begin your philosopher's work. There are few whom I would teach so much of my science, but you shall see me change this quicksilver, right here in your presence, into fine malleable silver. Otherwise hold me false; for I have a costly powder here which will make everything come out right. And send your man away, in order that we may work in privacy."

When the door had been shut behind the servant, the priest, at the canon's command, set the crucible on the coals and blew away at the fire. And then the canon threw into the crucible some powder—chalk dust or

something else for a blind—and told the priest to go for coals to lay above the crucible. "For," said he, "in token of my good will, I shall see that your hands do everything that must be done."

"Thank you," said the priest, and gladly set himself to his work.

But while the priest was so busy with the work assigned him, the canon took out a piece of charcoal, which had been loaded with an ounce of silver filings, the hole being plugged with wax to keep the silver in.

And then, while the priest was so busily laying the coals, the canon said, "Friend, you are doing that wrong. Let me arrange it. And you have worked until you are hot. Take a cloth and wipe the sweat from your brow." But while the priest was so doing, the canon laid his piece of charcoal directly over the crucible, and blew till the fire was going briskly.

"Now let us drink," he said, "for soon everything will be going right, and we had as well sit down and be making merry." And so they did until the canon's trick had had time to work.

"Rise up, Sir Priest," the canon finally said, "and since we have no mold, go and get a chalk-stone, and I will make a mold out of that. And bring also a pan of water. But yet, that you may not have any suspicion of what I may be doing while you are away, I will go and come with you."

After they had got the block of chalk, the canon shaped it into a mold, working so skillfully that he was even able to take a plate of silver out of his sleeve; and having shaped the mold to this, he put the silver again into its hiding place. Then he took the metal from the fire, and having poured it into the mold, threw this into the water.

"Look," said he to the priest. "Put in your hand and



see what you can find." And when the priest had done so, he brought up a plate of pure silver. "The saints' blessings be on you," the priest said, "and their curse on me if, when you teach me your craft, I be not yours always."

Said the canon, "Once more I will make a trial, in order that you may watch carefully and be able when I am away to practice this science for yourself. Let us have another ounce of quicksilver, and change it as we have done the first one."

So the priest went eagerly to work, according to the canon's direction, while the canon held himself ready to deceive the man once more. This time the canon had a hollow stick, the end of it filled with silver filings and stopped with wax. And having thrown the powder into the crucible, as before, he stirred the coals with his stick until the wax melted and the silver fell into the crucible.

The priest was so glad when the experiment turned out well that he was ready to offer body and goods to his master in philosophy.

"Well," said the canon, "I tell you there is more to come; for though I am a poor-looking man, you will find me skillful. Have you any copper here?"

The priest got some, and of it the canon weighed out an ounce into the crucible, which he put on the coals again, throwing the powder in as before. When the metal was ready to come off the fire, it was put into the mold, and this was thrown into the water to cool off.

What could the trick be now? But the shrewd man was equal to the occasion, and this time he used the plate of silver which he had kept about him all the time. This he slipped into the water, and having slyly taken the molded copper out, he told the priest to look and see what could be found in the water.

To satisfy himself that the three plates of metal so

far produced were genuine, the priest had the canon go along to the goldsmith, who pronounced the metal pure silver.

Imagine how glad the priest was now. He was like a bird at daybreak, or a nightingale in May. No knight at arms was so eager to win his lady by a hardy feat as this priest was to learn this sorry craft. But to his question, "What will it cost to know this secret?" the canon said, "By our lady, it is dear, I tell you. For except me and a certain friend, there is not a person in England who knows it."

"No matter," said the priest. "What must I pay for it?"

"Well," the canon answered, "it is a dear secret, but if you will have it, the price shall be forty pounds. And if it were not for the kindness you have shown me, you should pay more than that."

The priest paid forty good pounds for nothing but a disappointment, and never saw the canon again.

Such is the story told by the Canon's Yeoman. Though it is fiction, we may fairly believe it true to the probabilities nevertheless, and even representative. But let it be read in Chaucer's words. They become easy to follow after a little reading, and whether one's purpose be to learn history or to read great and entertaining literature, our first great poet will pay richly for whatever time one will give him.

GEO. SUMMEY, JR.

THE STORM'S VICTORY.

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The ship is rocking to and fro;  
The waves lift high their crests;  
The winds in fury howl and blow,  
As o'er the sea they hum'ing go,  
In wild and direful quests.

In furious battle, wind and waves,  
Together clash and war;  
To subdue the one, the other craves,  
While each in greater fury raves,  
As they approach the shore.

Now bright and sharp the lightning flash,  
And deep the thunders roll.  
Against the ship the waters dash  
And try her noble sides to crash—  
To crush her mast and pole.

Within is heard a mother's prayer,  
A child in terror cries,  
And every face shows sad despair.  
There's only anguish pictured there;  
There're only groans and sighs.

The ship has stood her battle well,  
But now the storm succeeds;  
Her sails are torn, and each huge swell  
Sweeps o'er her deck a dark, death knell;  
Defeat she now concedes.

The baby's cries are heard no more  
And hushed the mother's prayer;  
The ship in splinters on the shore,  
Will never sail again; nevermore  
The storms to brave and dare.

## HER FORTUNE.

---

W. J. WALKER.

---

She was in just a shade of temper that was quite evident. She stood leaning against one of the big piazza posts, the dainty oval of her sunbrowned face upturned to the moon, one small slipper meeting the floor by moments in an unmistakable stamp.

To any other man than this very dull young man who stood beside her, this pretty girl-mood would have spoken volumes in a human way; but since it was Halloween night, and she wore a gray frock with a pointed hood—and he had so slight an opinion of his own strapping good looks—he saw her only in the light of a mischievous elf, bitter-sweet and terrible to be near.

"Well," she said, "and why weren't you in trying the cornmeal balls with us? The girls tried their fates, and the boys, too—and everything turned out happily." This with a scornful laugh, and his heart, which had begun to beat, took on a coating of ice.

"Why, it didn't seem to me worth while," he returned, rolling a cigarette with beautiful unconcern. "I may smoke, mayn't I? You see I go away early to-morrow, and I had to see about packing. Besides I hate Halloween games."

"I suppose so," she said, sweeping his big body with a look half pleased and half disgusted. "I do, too, when they are as tame as cornmeal balls. I didn't try my fate," she put in after a moment.

"You didn't?"

"No. I thought it would be nice to wait and go at midnight to the Witch's Pool. That would seem more like the real thing." And then staring pensively at the moon. "Wouldn't you like to go, too?" she asked.

"The Witch's Pool? Oh, I remember—yes—that jolly dark spot in the glen. Fine place for spooks and love, and all that sort of thing, eh?" And then, though his heart was beating like a trip-hammer, he laughed like an idiot.

If this was a game of hearts this big young man was indeed a clumsy player.

But fancying he saw a cloud stealing over the gray cloak's softened face he had wit enough to change his tactics—though not enough to grasp the situation as it was offered to him. So he inquired meekly as to who else of the house party was to go to the pool, or if all the "other girls and fellows would be along."

The girl in the gray cloak laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh," she cried, "you are stupid! We shan't go at all, sir." And with a sweeping courtesy and a switch of her petticoats, she was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the uneven road true love had taken for Gregory Graham and Grace Murray ever since the former had accepted her father's invitation for a week's hunting and merry-making at his Lake George country place.

Gregory, who had been college chum to another brother of Grace's had quite determined in New York to propose to her the moment he got to Lake George; but though the words were ever on his tongue, somehow they were never spoken.

Truth to tell, Lake George had inspired in Gregory's modest bosom a holy dread of putting his happiness to the test. In town sometimes he fancied Grace had liked him pretty well, though only pretty well; but in this week, under the same roof with her, he had seen her in too many moods to be very certain of any particular one.

For example, in the morning Miss Grace was a very different person from what she became in the evening.

Then she was simply a willful, petticoated maid, coquettish and teasing, or cold and distant by lightning changes.

In the morning she turned out in boy's clothes—at least this is what Gregory called her natty hunting suit—and became a terrifying Diana of the chase, cold, commanding, and eager only for killing; with tweed knickerbockers, Norfolk jacket, and leather gaiters; even to a boyish cap on her head, and a cartridge belt and knife—all the bloody paraphernalia of slaughter.

She carried her gun, too, a dainty silver-trimmed rifle, with a grace that was also killing. And if she had never slain anything else in her life (she had once murdered a foolish young squirrel whose curiosity had cost him the top of his head) the mere bewitching sight of her hunting rig would have laid Gregory's heart at her feet.

However, until a man has openly committed himself, given the lady the whip-hand, as it were, he can not hope to see the course of love run smooth.

Faint heart never won a fair lady yet; and no girl in knickerbockers can be expected to deport herself as would a girl in petticoats.

So Gregory misunderstood and went unconfessed, and Cupid journeyed, as always, down a rocky path with bandage over his eyes.

And on Hallow'een night even, and up to a half-hour of midnight, here was the situation unchanged.

Then suddenly fate put another bobbin in her shuttle and the whole pattern of the web altered.

Arthur Murray, Grace's oldest brother and Gregory's chum, came up and slapped him on the back:

"Hello, old fellow! having a good time by your lone-

some? It's a pudding-head every time, I tell you, that don't take cigars to girls and Hallowe'en tricks."

And yet right on the top of this manly speech, off he set and began to talk about his sister Grace, praising her to the skies, and pitying her tenderly because she had never known a mother's care.

"Of course, she seems rough and boyish sometimes; what else can you expect of a girl who has been brought up only by a father and two rough brothers?"

"But her heart is as true as gold. And how—" and Arthur hinted delicately that he was afraid his sweet Grace had fallen in love with an unworthy and contemptible rascal.

"You don't mean me, Arthur, do you?" said Gregory humbly, and yet hoping from his soul he did.

"Good gracious, no!" But Arthur grinned broadly as he answered "But there, I've no right to tell the poor girl's secrets. Come on in and let's see what they are up to."

\* \* \* \* \*

Here, indeed, was a situation to tickle the imps of Hallowe'en! But a little half-hour ago and Gregory was giving up Grace in his heart forever; and now at midnight at Witch's Pool here was the bashful lover, a sudden tower of masculine determination, and living only to throw himself at his lady's feet.

It was Arthur's hint of Grace's misplaced affections that had brought about the rapid change of heart. With the fear of a possible rival in his hitherto unchallenged way, Gregory saw in a twinkling that a lonely life and bachelor's grave were not for him as long as sweet Gracie walked the earth.

His coming to the pool had been a simple matter. Grace had been challenged by the merry house party of young folk to go there alone at midnight, and test her

future, and no sooner had Gregory heard her accept, then he slunk off himself by another road to meet her there and learn his.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Witch's Pool was a strange basin of water, hidden in a shady glen, about a quarter of a mile from the Murray home.

It was in reality a natural spring, but it was enclosed in a great bowl-shaped rock, that, in turn, rested on a flat one; and up through both of these filtered the water so slowly that not a ripple was ever to be seen, and though the bowl was commonly filled to the brim, it never seemed to overflow, and so limpid was the water that at times it gave the illusion of there being none at all.

About this enchanting spot had been woven a pretty legend. In Indian days, said Lake George folk, a young chieftain name Black Eagle had there slain himself for love. He leaned his arrow upon a great rock and fell upon it. Then instantly the bowl formed and caught his life's stream, turning it to pure water; and upon this his mother laid a curse, willing that the spirit of her son should haunt the spot forever, and that, come weal or woe, all who looked into the bowl should know the truth.

So it came to pass that on Hallowe'en and other haunted nights the Witch's Pool had come to be regarded by romantic young people as fate's open book. Strange faces were seen in it, it was claimed. But if, on the other hand, a ghostly eagle feather were discovered, this could be taken as a warning of death within the year.

In this place of mystery and darkness, Gregory waited for a palpitating ten minutes. Dark, at its best, at this midnight hour, the glen had taken on a coat of blackness that could almost be felt. At each side of the



gorge the great trees spread out their arms and lapped overhead until the sky was hid; a yard back of the pool was one bigger than all the rest, and behind this Gregory tucked himself.

Soon an approaching light warned him that Grace was coming.

She had taken the precaution to bring a lantern, and in a moment she emerged into the glen, holding it high above her head.

Now, fancy Rosalind carrying a lantern into the forest of Arden! For, as Grace stepped along, the scattering rays of her beacon, which was of the old-fashioned sort, revealed the fact that she was in her boyish hunting dress, and never did she seem sweeter or more at ease. The difficult approach to the glen had necessitated the becoming change of raiment, and deep in the belief that she was alone, she moved about with the joy and abandon of a woodland thing.

Setting down her lantern, she paddled her fingers in the pool a moment. Then she flew to Gregory's tree, and with the knife in her belt carved her initials upon it. This being the sign agreed on to show her guests she really had been to the glen. Then back to the pool she went again, skipping, singing and snapping her fingers from the sheer glee of being.

Here her mood changed to weeping, and behind his big tree Gregory was spurred to life.

He had remained hidden from the usual enchantment the mere sight of her brought, but now with Gracie crying tender tears into the pool, for perhaps another man, his jealous rage burst its bounds, and he tore out to face her.

"Grace," he cried, "whose face are you looking for "

"Oh," said Grace, and gave a scream that rung the welkin. Then she righted herself and looked him coolly over.

"None of your business, sir," she said. "And how dare you to come here to frighten me like this?"

"Oh, Grace! my darling! Grace, sweet—" and in a trice was done the thing he had blundered over for a year.

"Now tell me, tell me quick," he concluded, "whose face were you looking for in the pool?"

"Why, yours, of course, goosey!" and with round-eyed surprise, "whose else should I be looking for?"

"Whose, indeed!" and even Jack was forgiven in the blissful thought. "Then—"

"Yes."

And over the Witch's Pool glided two shadow faces to meet in a kiss of perfect understanding. With it, strange sounds went over the glen, soft whisperings and sighs, the waving of boughs and the rustling of leaves.

"It's the Black Eagle," said Grace, earnestly. "They say it is always like this when the right people look into the pool. So! come."

And pleasing themselves to fancy they were really in a magic spot, they stole away on tip-toe, holding hands like children, and fearing to look back lest the charm be broken.

---

*Hug.* A roundabout way of expressing affection.

*Island.* A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water.

*Jury.* Twelve men chosen to decide who has the better lawyer.

*Mine.* A hole in the ground owned by a liar.

*Kiss.* Nothing, divided by two; meaning persecution for the infant, ecstasy for the youth, fidelity for the middle-aged, and homage for the old.—*From Georgia Tech.*

ABOVE ON THE HEIGHTS OF WAYAH.

BY FRANCES L. ALLISON.

Above, on the heights of Wayah,  
 I stood at the wake of morn,  
 My soul within me thrilling  
 At each new splendor born.

Below, the glistening fog-clouds  
 Wrapped closely the earth asleep;  
 They seemed as they lay there fold on fold  
 Like waves on the briny deep.

Then, lo! in the eastern heavens,  
 Came the first faint flush of day,  
 Yellowing to gold the gray-blue bands  
 Stretched lightly across the way.

Where, presently, the great round disc of the sun  
 Pierced forth from a misty sea.  
 The gold had blushed to a rosy pink  
 At sight of his majesty.

A sigh, as I turned me slowly  
 From that glorious dawning of day,  
 But the sight of its splendid breaking  
 Will linger with me for aye.

In memory, again on Wayah,  
 I may stand at the wake of morn,  
 My soul within me thrilling  
 At each new splendor born.

## IN LETTERS OF BLOOD.

BY D. W. R.

The cocks were crowing for the first hour of morning, but other than this nothing broke the silence which hung over the hills of a certain section of Western North Carolina, like a death-pall. But look! from without the woods a dozen dark forms glide as noiselessly as shadows, and close about the modest home of William Dayton, once a wealthy farmer and stock raiser; now a crippled, broken-spirited man, whose fortunes had been swept away in that dark tornado—the Civil War. He now lay asleep in his home, with his wife and three children, his older son being away attending a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan—the protection of the Southern home at that time.

The dark forms drew closer, closer, steadily, stealthily closer, and soon disappeared within the house. A single piercing scream and a child's pleading cry broke the silence, and then again all was quiet. Silently the shadowy figures withdrew, but five of them had each a limp, lifeless form in his arms which he deposited under a great oak tree in the yard, and then all disappeared into the woods whence they came. The last one had hardly passed within the shadow of the woods before the house burst into flames.

Thus had Merton Winton, carpet-bagger, scoundrel, and at last murderer, sought revenge against the man who had several times defeated his dark aims. But another hand was destined to seek revenge, with a certainty and deadliness that was appalling.

Jack Dayton brought his foam-flecked horse to a stand beneath the great oak, where several hours before his father, mother, sisters and brother had been left by their

brutal murderers. Nothing was left of the dear old home but a pile of smouldering coals. He dismounted and stood transfixed, motionless, paralyzed, beside the dead. At last he moved, and taking his hat from his head he stooped, kissed each in turn, and then with the blood of the dead wrote an oath, an oath of revenge—solemn, terrible.

A few hundred yards distant from the scene about the old oak tree, Winton and his band of negro cut-throats stood by their horses watching the tall form of Jack as he stood with bared head beneath the old majestic oak. Winton was busily giving commands and orders to his negro followers, his soulless tools.

"I want him captured," he was heard to say, "and mind you, not a shot to be fired, for I must have him alive."

Meanwhile, after standing in silent meditation for a few minutes, and covering the dead bodies with one of the blankets from his horse, Jack mounted and rode away. He had gone only a short distance when his horse began to show signs of uneasiness. Suspecting trouble any way, he very naturally decided that some one was lurking in the undergrowth by the roadside, and he accordingly unfastened his revolver and with something stronger, more striking than a mere determination written on his face, he kept on the course he had taken. Suddenly several black demons sprang into the road, but before they could seize him there were five sharp reports echoing through the hills, and five black beasts turned their faces skyward. He turned the pistol in his hand, and before they could capture him, the butt of this death-dealing instrument crushed the thick skull of another brute. It was only a matter of a few seconds then before he was overpowered, but six out of twelve had already received cash for their checks.

Three days later Jack Dayton was confined in one of

the most horrible prisons that human ingenuity and brute cunning could devise. It was an old grave-yard vault. Dark, ill-smelling and hideous was this strange prison. Six caskets were the only articles made visible by the light that crept through a crack in the heavy iron door. For the first night he sat upon one of these gruesome boxes and in silence planned for his escape, for he had been told by his merciless captor that unless he disclosed the hiding place of a large sum of gold which his father was thought to have buried just before the war, he would never escape with his life. He knew that it was only a device to secure the money, and that his life would not be spared any way, so he determined not to disclose what he knew concerning the treasure. In fact, he knew very little about it; simply that it was hidden somewhere in the very grave-yard in which he was then held a prisoner.

"I have it," he said, as he slapped his knee with his open hand, "I will just dig out of this infernal hole if it takes me a year. I will dig at night, sleep in day time."

He yawned. "It is about time that black cuss was bringing my bread and water for to-day's grub. Ugh, it's tough living, but I can stand it," and his black eyes sparkled in a strange way as he said it.

After he had laid aside enough of the day's supply for dinner and supper and had eaten the rest, apparently without noticing the two burly negroes who stood with cocked revolvers in the doorway, he laid down upon one of the caskets which he had taken from the bottom rack, or "pigeon-hole" as he termed it, and with his arm for a pillow he went to sleep.

Getting up late in the evening of the same day, he ate his supper and then carefully opened the coffin upon which he had slept. If any one should have happened to see him at that time they would have doubtless wondered why he carefully removed the human bones, the

larger ones at least, and then fastened the "box" as he found it; but they would not have remained in doubt long, for he crawled into his "pigeon-hole" and began his long and tedious job of scratching away the brick wall with these human bones.

Day after day he slept, and night after night he worked for his freedom, while the negroes continued to bring his food and water. Occasionally Winton came with them to taunt and tease, but it was little satisfaction he received from his prisoner. For months and what seemed to him years he continued to dig in the hard, tight soil with his crude though novel instruments. To keep it from being known that he was trying to escape, he put every particle of the dirt that came from his tunnel into the coffins.

As the weeks went by, a great change was noticeable in this man who lived in a tomb. His eyes sparkled and his skin assumed a whiteness and a clear transparency that was indeed striking. Yet this pallor was not an indication of weakness, for when he moved the muscles in his arms and chest could be seen to contract and writhe almost like huge snakes confined under some close covering.

One night as he dug slowly toward freedom, the point of his bone pick caught in something like cloth. He determined to find out what it was, and after many hours of slow scratching he pulled out four canvas sacks. Noticing their great weight, he wondered what they could possibly contain. Upon opening them, to his surprise and astonishment, he found that they were all full of gold coin!

Instead of stopping his work, he seemed to begin again with renewed vigor, but instead of continuing his tunnel he enlarged the hole in which he found these sacks. The days and weeks passed by, and he continued to enlarge the cavity until it became so large that ten



men could have gotten into it. Laying down his faithful tool, he smiled in a peculiar way as if a happy thought had struck him.

For the next few days he worked earnestly in shaping a dagger of bone by wearing it away against a brick. When it was finished and he had concealed it about his person, he sat down and waited for the coming of the negroes who brought his food. When they came he took a hand full of gold from his pocket and handed it to them, saying, "Take this, and if you will go to your friends who have been coming here to bring me bread and water and tell them to come back here with you, I will show you where there is more of it than all of you can carry away. No, I don't want you to release me. I simply want to make you all a little *present*. Be sure not to tell Winton about it, though."

Of course it was not their nature to refuse such an offer as this, and they were soon back with the other three.

"Now," said Jack, "follow me one at a time just as I call you, and you shall each have all the gold you can carry." With these words, he crawled into his "pigeon-hole" and went back to the large cave he had worked so hard to dig out. When he had gotten in a position to suit him he called the first negro and then slipped the dagger of human bone from his bosom. He quietly waited as though he were in his own home waiting for a friend with whom he expected to have a pleasant time. As the first black head came through the tunnel he clutched the throat of the black fiend to be sure that he made no noise, and then after pulling him in the cave he buried the dagger of human bone into his black heart. Then came the next and the next, until all five had felt his steel-like grip about their throats and the cold piece of bone sink into their hearts.



"One more," he said, "Merton Winton, too, shall feel this terrible death-messenger of bone."

The next day a quiet-appearing man stepped up to Merton Winton and informed him that at sunrise, on the morrow, he was to meet Jack Dayton on what was known as the Great Flat Rock, in the Morley woods, a lonely, desolate place, to fight a duel.

"And if you don't come," this man said, "you will be hanged to a tree before sunset to-morrow. Bring as many attendants as you please, just be there—that's all."

With that he turned and left the bewildered and frightened coward to think it out for himself.

Jack was up early the next morning, and after eating a hearty breakfast and chatting with some of his friends, he prepared to go to the duelling ground. As he was combing his hair, fixing his collar and neck-tie, etc., he said to one of his friends and his second, "You see I must fix up a little, for I am going to see Elsie in a short while, and I know she wouldn't want me to look so rough," and his strange molten-diamond eyes sparkled in a peculiar way.

When the sun peeped over the distant hills a strange spectacle was seen on the Great Flat Rock. A hundred white-capped men stood on one side; two with drawn sabers stood in the center; and a gang of motley ruffians stood upon the other side of the old rock. The first were the Ku Klux Klan; the two in the center were Jack Dayton and Merton Winton; the last were Winton's followers.

At the pistol shot the sabers flashed and came together. At first Winton seemed to have the advantage, and the crowd stood breathless as he made thrusts and parries that endangered Jack's life. But suddenly there was a change, again that strange light came in Jack's eyes, and Winton trembled before his gaze. Now the tables were turned, and the spectators saw that

Jack Dayton had only been playing with his enemy. First one ear and then the other was severed from Winton's head, and it looked as baby play for Jack. Then, and apparently without the least trouble, Jack Dayton's saber was plunged into his enemy's side. Winton fell over with a groan, and Jack stooping over him and taking the dagger of human bone from his vest-pocket, said, "Merton Winton, you are the murderer of my father, mother, brother and sisters, and now this dagger of human bone shall pierce your heart as it has the hearts of your cursed assistants," and before anyone could prevent the act, the dagger sank into the heart of Merton Winton.

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#### HER DAY DREAMS.

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Soft the shadows sleep within her eyes,  
As on quiet moors the darkness lies,  
Shadows full of mystery.

Deep, unfathomed deep her eyes, and still,  
As in shelter of a beetling hill  
Depthless waters tranquil lie.

Now an opal change of shade and light,  
Pulsing light and shades, as when the night  
Falls beneath the morning star—

Dreams of life that flit before her eyes,  
Day-dreams of a life 'neath sunny skies  
And of love that's seen afar.

—*From Davidson College Magazine.*

## MIGNONETTE.

BY B. R. W.

Mrs. Stanhope paused in the doorway, loosened the rich gray fur that clasped her throbbing throat and captured a straggling black curl that had escaped from bounds.

Her gray eyes, large, brilliant, yet full of lights and shadows, traveled over the luxuriously furnished office-den of the lawyer. She settled her furs and slowly advanced toward the man seated at his desk, wholly unconscious of her presence.

"Mr. Harding."

The man wheeled suddenly, abruptly in his chair.

"Mrs. Stanhope!"—he rose and clasped the soft hand extended to him—"I am delighted. Here, sit up near the fire"; and he drew a chair close to the cheerful, open blaze. She seated herself. He remained standing, his arm resting on the mantel, his face in the shadow.

Mrs. Stanhope nervously clasped and unclasped a fastening of her glove.

"Mr. Harding, I have come to consult you on business." Her voice faltered, and she hesitated.

"Ah, some trouble with your tenants?" he queried; yet his eyes searched her face earnestly and perhaps unconsciously to himself carried his deep admiration in their gaze.

"No, not that—it is—I have decided to apply for a divorce." She noted the surprised glance, and hurried on. "Mr. Stanhope has not—we have not lived together for two years, and for the past year I have had no word from him, except through others."

"Has he contributed to your support?"

"No, I have my own money."

"Ah, then, it will be easy—on the grounds of desertion."

"Yes, of course," she interrupted, "that is the best way—not so sensational—yet he has—well, to speak very plainly, Mr. Harding, he has been supporting an actress for at least three years."

"That, of itself, is sufficient for an absolute divorce, Mrs. Stanhope, but the less notoriety the better. I am sincerely sorry for you, Mrs. Stanhope." His deep, rich voice gave more to his sentence than the words, and his brown eyes spoke volumes unheard.

He then questioned and cross-questioned, noting down the necessary points, until at last having enough he threw down the pencil and pad.

Mrs. Stanhope had been studying his face with great interest. There was a story concerning him—an eccentric aunt had left her fortune to her nephew with the condition that he take her name—Harding—as his own. She wondered what his name had been, he looked so like—her heart beat wildly as she said:

"Mr. Harding, do you know, it seems as though I must have met you somewhere, sometime—I can not think, though—you are so familiarly unfamiliar. Ah! I have it!"—she gazed at him and flushed—"you remind me of an old, old friend of my girlhood—a very dear friend." Her voice trailed off musingly, and her gray eyes grew misty with tender recollections. Robert Harding had risen quickly when she began to speak and crossed to the window—his hand caressed lovingly a spray of the blossoming, fragrant mignonette growing in a window-box. His face worked nervously for an instant, but soon he had it under control again, and turned composedly.

"It may be one of those queer coincidents."

"You are just such a man as I imagined he would have made." She stopped short and rose. "Good-bye,

Mr. Harding. Oh! mignonette!" she cried, ran to it, buried her face in its fragrance and pulled a branch.

"For old times' sake," she said; "it was the favorite flower of my friend of long ago."

Her face had softened somewhat and lost its rather cynical expression and stern, studied composure. The man started forward, but paused.

"Good-bye, Mr. Harding." She extended her hand.

All the way down the avenue she wondered why the reserved Mr. Harding had so fervently grasped her hand with both of his, then she fell to dreaming of a face—brown eyes—longing, passionate eyes; a tender, firm mouth, and waving brown hair. The sweet breath of the mignonette floated up from her belt. She lifted the spray to her face and kissed it gently. "Sweet mignonette," she murmured, "dear old days."

The court room was all life and stir, but gradually silence gained the sway when the case of Stanhope vs. Stanhope was called. It was the third day of the divorce proceedings, and to-day the attorney for the plaintiff was to make his plea.

Preliminaries disposed of, Robert Harding arose.

"Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury: You have heard the testimony pro and con, the arguments, the squabbles. Now I want to relate a simple little narrative of the events, and then to you, gentlemen,"—he bowed to the jury—"will be left the rest.

"Let me take you back twenty years—away from the mountains of the west to a quiet little village nestled among the hills of Maryland. It is a dreamy spot—a place for romance and for story.

"In the center of this village stands an old-fashioned mansion, deep set in a garden of roses, lilies, thyme and mignonette"—his voice softened to almost a whisper—"sweet-scented, old-fashioned mignonette. It grew along the walk, and down near a vine-covered arbor.

Under the green vines of the arbor—her fair face framed in its tendrils—stands a young girl. She waits, her face turned toward the mignonette-bordered path. Ah, there comes a youth down the path, tall and straight, with eloquent brown eyes. 'My Mignonette,' he murmurs, and draws the dear face to his own and clasps her close. And then amid the green and fragrant foliage of the garden they dream 'Love's old sweet story.' "

Mrs. Stanhope was leaning forward, forgetful of all but one face—one place—his face, and the old garden—her eyes tender and misty, her delicate mouth trembling. Harding's eyes were on her face, and fascinated he spoke on, thrillingly, intensely:

"A month later. The leaves from the vines are beginning to fall—the flowers are gone, all but a few chrysanthemums and lingering roses, and the mignonette—always the sweet, fragrant mignonette. The girl is again in the arbor, but her face is drawn with weeping and she brushes her dark hair back with a hopeless gesture. A step on the path—a man—not the youth of love's dream—but a man with hungry, covetous, triumphant longing written on his face. He stops. 'Well?' he queries, 'so you come to terms at last, do you?' 'Ah,' she cried, 'I will marry you, but I love another.' She stoops and gathers a spray of the mignonette and holds it close to her throbbing heart. 'My father's honor is more to me—I can not kill him by disgrace in his old age—and it will be for only a short lifetime.' 'Darling!' he cries, and seeks to clasp her in his arms—she struggles, but her strength is spent—he lifts her face and on her lips prints a passionate kiss. She shudders and clasps the mignonette closer, but it is only a dream—love's dream shattered."

The lawyer's voice ceases, and for an instant no sound is heard save the sobs of some woman; then in a voice fraught with emotion he continues:

"It is by the bedside of an aged man. The bleak shadow of death's wing has already fallen over his wasted, gray face. He tries to rise—'A drink,'—it is given, and with a supreme effort he speaks:

"'Mary, daughter, before I cross to the other side I must ask your forgiveness. Daughter—I—I—wronged you. Robert never forgot you.' At the name Robert the woman raised her head and gazed in her father's trembling face. 'In my desk are all his letters to you—unopened. My—my honor—as it was called, was nothing—it was but a scheme to marry you to Richard Stanhope.' The woman rose. 'Dear, I am dying—kiss me—say you forgive me.' She sank to her knees beside the bed, then lifted her face and kissed the dying man. He sighed, and his soul had crossed to the Great Beyond.

"Then for the woman came days of torture—life with the man who had so basely deceived her—had broken her dream of love—had ruined her life. At last it became unbearable. Then he left her to herself, and this was joy, but there always remained the shame, the disgrace of bearing his name. And so before this court this woman pleads to be given a taste of happiness. It is a small thing to release her from dragging chains. To you, gentlemen jurors, is left the fate of Mignonette, dream girl."

He sat down amid perfect silence, then came applause—loud and tumultuous. The grave old judge furtively wiped his misty eyes, and to hide his emotion ordered the bailiff to maintain order in the court, and pounded wildly on the bench for silence.

Under cover of the confusion, Mr. Harding leaned forward. "Mignonette," he whispered.

Mrs. Stanhope's gray eyes gazed into the depths of his brown ones, and—"Bob," she sighed.



## VIOLETS.

The long train journey was about done, and to the man within the Pullman this fact brought great relief. Through the open car window floated a gentle fragrance from the fields, the touch of spring was in the air and the green of the forest shown resplendent against the background of the afternoon's blue sky. Along the track wild flowers were bursting into bloom, and tiny streams released at last from their frozen confines of winter trickled merrily along grassy banks. But to Denning these things were not noticeable. The train passing swiftly through so much woodland loveliness was bringing him back to toil and sorrow, dishonor and disgrace. However, the man at his side, stern and silent, had eyes for all these things. Filled with contentment, because he had gotten his man after a chase across two continents, and amply rewarded financially, it was no wonder that he should feel at peace with the world and take occasion to meditate upon its loveliness.

So the train swung on, mile after mile on its eastward journey, and Denning prayed that the end might not be long. Town after town was passed, each one like its predecessor, a long row of stores and houses strung out along each side of the railroad, a few people scattered about the dusty streets. It was the accidental reading of a depot signboard at one of these country stations that roused Denning from his lethargy and caused a floodtide of memories to surge through his brain. The man at his side noticed the change of expression that flitted across his face and wondered idly at its suddenness. At the next stop Denning gazed eagerly from the window, and reading the station's name, settled himself in his seat determined to miss no more of the passing landscape. And as the train drew slowly



away from the depot, a fragrance of violets, growing pure and sweet in some nearby flower garden, was wafted to those within the car. And again a hoard of recollections crowded one upon another in Denning's memory. Violets, beautiful and refreshing, dear to him always because they were the emblems of his better days. He was no longer in the crowded car, no longer in the hands of the law, but he was back in a country village not so many miles away. The touch of spring was in the air, and from every flower garden in the town masses of blue violets were sending forth their fragrance, a springtime offering up of incense. He and a fair young girl were walking down one of the pretty village streets in the soft glow of an early springtime twilight. At last they reached a gate and the girl entered and leaned upon the fence, where he lingered a while outside. The talk drifted along different channels, and finally they were speaking of flowers. And as he turned to go she leaned toward him and said sweetly, "When you think of flowers, don't forget the dear little violets, and when you think of violets let them cause you to remember me, for they are my favorite flowers."

The words themselves did not seem of so much weight when she uttered them, they were merely a part of an afternoon's pleasantries. But the few years that followed saw them firmly entrenched in his memory.

"Don't forget the dear little violets"—that was the sorrow of it all; he could not forget. A fugitive from justice, he had never failed to recall her face at the faintest odor from the violets; miles from home he had hastily buried his face in a bunch of them at some city flower stall, murmured her name softly and hurried on, for fear that some officer of the law might be close upon his heels. And to-day how painfully true was his memory in regard to every detail of the varied happen-

ings since that afternoon of long ago. The girl's love for him, her trust and confidence in him, and how had she been repaid. The temptation that came to him in an unguarded moment a forged check, a large amount of money in his possession, and suspicion, as he thought, thrust upon another man. He felt that night, with the money in his hands and the girl's love in his heart, that he had found true happiness at last. Some days later the suspected man died suddenly. A rigid investigation of his affairs followed closely upon his death. He was found to be blameless, and the whole wave of accusation recoiled upon the guilty man. And Denning realized that he had unearthed a fool's Paradise, whose gilded walls had crumbled to ashes because an innocent man had died. The girl had not stood by him in his trouble; she had severed all relations between them, and in spite of himself Denning could not blame her. Because he had fallen, there was no need of dragging her down with him.

The train stopped joltingly and roused Denning from his reverie. Again he glanced at the depot signboard, and again the heavy odor of violets came into the car, sweet but deadening. And again the train moved slowly away.

He had fled from justice and spent many weary months in the far West. One day word came to him that the girl had died, her last words his forgiveness. And that night in his lonely prairie tent he knew that the beginning of the end had come. Up until then it had been worth his while to spend his days dodging the detectives upon his track, because of a forlorn hope that had grown in his sturdy soul, a hope that some day things would change, that some day he might regain the girl. But now matters were different, she fresh and pure and beautiful was gone from him forever, and he,

degraded and sin-stained, was left alone. So it was of little surprise to him when a month later a detective had quietly arrested him in a San Francisco gambling den. On the way back East he had asked the stern man at his side many things, and in the conversation had learned that the detective had known the girl and had been present at her funeral.

"They buried her in the little village cemetery that stands upon a bluff above the railroad. We pass it soon, you know, and her grave is a mass of waving violets," Graham had told him that morning in his blunt manner. He did not know how things had stood between Denning and the girl or perhaps he would have mentioned matters more gently. But Denning forgave him because of the information.

The train was moving slowly now and Denning's face was pressed against the window as he gazed earnestly upon the now familiar landscape. It was almost sunset and the western sky was in a glow of mellow radiance. Suddenly the train swung around a curve, and on a bluff above rose the white markings of a country burial ground. Denning raised the car window and leaned out. The man at his side touched him on the sleeve, but he did not feel it. The sun was down behind the hill, but its golden glow turned the graveyard into a magic city of marble palaces and golden thrones. The balmy breath of violets was everywhere, filling the air with sweet perfume. Denning saw a grave that stood out from the heights above, a beautiful bank of blue, resting at the foot of a marble shaft.

"When you think of flowers don't forget the dear little violets, and when you think of violets, let them cause you to remember me, for they are my favorite flowers," he murmured softly, and as the train swerved cityward he came back to his life's reality with a new sense of purity and peace within his soul.

KENYON.

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

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BY E. B. STACK.

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The best theories of to-day show that electricity is a wave motion set up in the ultimate molecules of bodies.

It has been fairly proven that it is not the atmosphere that transmits light; and as light is a kind of wave motion, and in all wave motion something must be moved, we naturally come to the conclusion that there must be some medium permeating all space capable of wave motion, and scientists have called this medium the "ether." As far as we know, the ether is not affected by gravity, nor does it offer any resistance to a body moving in it.

Although the ether is not considered as matter, stresses of various kinds may be set up in it, sometimes in straight lines, sometimes in curved lines. It was between the years of 1886 and 1891 that Dr. Hertz, the German physicist, by means of a series of experiments, gave to the world the knowledge of these ether waves, and their effects on surrounding bodies, so that we can now put them to practical use. Hertz's results were all obtained with only a simple resonator, a detector of the presence of ether waves. These waves do not undulate as rapidly as heat waves, and, as far as can be learned, vibrate at the rate of 230,000,000 per second, and travel at a velocity of 186,400 miles per second. They are longer than those of light, and are capable of reflection, refraction and polarization. They may be set up by any sudden discharge of electricity, such as that produced by an induction coil, Leyden jar, as a flash of lightning. In order that these waves may be made evident to our senses they must be received by something which is capable of taking up the same rate of vibration, or that is,

in time with them, as I will say comparing them to sound waves.

Dr. Hertz proved experimentally that the discharge from a Leyden jar is not the mere leveling of the difference of potential between the two coatings of the jar, but he proved that there was a series of extremely rapid surging waves, oscillating until an equilibrium was established. He also proved that the surging waves were capable of inducing similar waves in bodies near these, provided these bodies were of such electrical capacity as to be able to vibrate electricly and at the same frequency as the body which emitted them.

This is precisely what happens in the vibrations of sound waves. For example, if a tuning fork be set into vibration, and another fork is brought in close proximity to it, it will set up vibrations and emit a musical sound, provided they are in tune with one another. Professor Lodge showed by experiment that an electric conductor may be adjusted or tuned to respond to the oscillations set up by the discharge of a Leyden jar.

Now to illustrate the operation of wireless telegraphy this may be done by striking a tuning fork in a room a blow, and noticing the effect upon another tuning fork of the same pitch. The sound from the first tuning fork would be taken up by the second, and continued even after the first had stopped. This is the operation of sound waves. In wireless telegraph, ether waves are used, which fog, nor stone walls, nor anything else can stop. Every student of science knows what an induction coil is, and how it operates. This is called the transmitter in wireless telegraphy, because it generates these penetrating waves. The next thing to consider is the receiver, which is too complicated for the amateur, but I will give a brief description of its operation. When the transmitter produces these waves they travel in

every direction with the velocity of light and act upon a little tube filled with filings known as the "coherer." Through this coherer a current of electricity of constant potential from some battery must flow and in the same circuit with the battery and coherer there must be a relay. The coherer in its normal state is of very high resistance, and when these ether waves impinge upon it, its electrical resistance is lowered to a considerable extent. This being true, a greater current of electricity will be allowed to pour through the relay, which in turn closes a very powerful circuit which will operate a Morse sounder, an electric bell, a small motor, an incandescent lamp, or any instrument that requires a low potential of electricity.

Wireless telegraphy is now being rapidly extended almost to every quarter of the earth, and it is only a question of months, not years, until practical communication without wires will be established between every continent.

Marconi has invented a "reflector system" of wireless telegraphy. This is an arrangement whereby the receiver answers only to waves coming in a certain definite direction. This apparatus differs a little from the one last described, in that the vertical wire and earth connections are done away with and are replaced by a parabolic cylindrical reflector so placed that the tube of the coherer lies with its axis in the focal line. In regard to this system a paper was read before the Institute of Engineers, as follows:

"There exists a most important case to which the reflector system is applicable, namely to enable ships to be warned by lighthouses, light vessels, as other ships, not only of their proximity to danger, but also of the direction from which the warning comes.

If we imagine that 'A' is a lighthouse, provided with

a transmitter of electric waves, constantly giving a series of intermitted impulses or flashes, and 'B' a ship, provided with a receiving apparatus placed in the focal line of a reflection, it is plain that the receiver is within range of the oscillator, the bell will be rung only when the reflector is directed towards the transmitter, and will not ring when the reflector is not directed towards it. If the reflector is caused to revolve by clockwork, or by hand, it will, therefore, give warning only when occupying a certain section of the circle in which it revolves. It is therefore easy for a ship in a fog to make out the exact direction of the point 'A,' whereby by the conventional number of taps or rings, she will be able to discern either a dangerous point to be avoided, or the port of harbor for which she is endeavoring to steer."

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#### THE SPENDTHRIFT.

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A dreamer he was amid the strife,  
Who gayly threw his hours away.  
The golden moments of his life,  
He did not hoard from day to day.

Sometime I'll live my dreams and more,  
"Some day the treasured hours I'll save"—  
But Death swung open wide the door,  
That guarded the dreamer's grave.

—A. T.



THE VALUE OF ENCOURAGING IMMIGRATION  
TO NORTH CAROLINA.

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BY D. W. R.

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For some mistaken reason it has been the policy of the Southern people to discourage the immigration of foreigners into their Southland, and North Carolinians are no exception. The natural resources of North Carolina are as great, if not greater, than those of any other State in the United States. Then why is not North Carolina among those that are classed as the greatest States in the Nation, along industrial lines? It is simply because there are not one-half enough people in this "Old North State" of ours to utilize her wonderful resources. We walk around in a blind stupor while millions of dollars worth of valuable property is idle, just because there are not enough native North Carolinians to utilize it.

Along agricultural lines, the possibilities of this State are almost limitless. Vast areas of land stand idle while cotton mills stop operations for want of material with which to work. Are we going to shut down our mills? Do we intend to buy cotton from other States to supply our mills with material? No, we should do neither of these things. We want more factories, but we must have more men to work them, and more men to put into use our idle lands. The negro has been tried along cotton manufacturing lines, and found incapable of successfully doing the work. It has been shown that he can not be trusted as a farmer, or as a farm laborer; then it is plainly evident that he is not the best for even the commoner class of labor, although he has been classed as the cheapest and best labor obtainable. That theory has been proven a wrong one, and it is time that



our people were awakening to the fact that it does not pay to stick to old, dead and buried ideas just for the purpose of being different from everybody else.

Supposing, however, that he is capable and reliable; we then haven't enough population, including him, to supply the demand for needful labor, if we take one-half the advantages made available by our natural resources.

There is but one sensible thing left for North Carolina and the South, generally speaking, to do, and that is to put forth some effort to attract a part of that home-seeking mass of humanity that daily pours through New York City into the West. The States of the North and West have found it profitable to spend money for the purpose of obtaining a portion of this foreign element; then why not take advantage of their experience? The world can see, North Carolina can see, what immigration has done for these other sections, and narrow-minded prejudice should certainly no longer keep us from doing the thing we know to be best for our advancement.

The statement has been made that foreigners are an undesirable class of people, but it is by reason of the fact that Southern people have not really seen enough of them to know. They are, as a rule, industrious and very readily adapt themselves to circumstances and surroundings, making in a short while first-class citizens. I can at least say that *any* white people are better than the negro.

For a country to get rich easily it must have natural resources, and then develop them. To develop them, labor is required. We have the natural resources, but the labor is lacking; so it seems to me that it is our duty to get the labor required. The railroads of the South have found it profitable to spend thousands of dollars to encourage people to come in the neighborhood of their lines to make their homes, and it would certainly be of

more value to the State to spend money in this direction than it is to a railroad company.

With her forests, her water-power, and her arable lands, there is no excuse for the fact that North Carolina is not among the wealthiest States in the Union. An old negro, when asked what was better than 'possum and potatoes, replied, "Moah 'possum and taters, boss, moah 'possum and taters," and that illustrates pretty well the case of the South. She has good people, but what is needed is *more people* as well as the good ones she has.

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#### AMBITION.

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All hail, yon bright and glowing lord of day,  
We watch your dawning with a welcome bright;  
Yet, ere the noon has passed, nor heat is done,  
We wait with longing for the gentle night.

We ask for wealth, for all that might can bring,  
We ask success, nor yet content are we  
Until possession shows us how forlorn  
Just that same wealth, just that success, may be.

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#### AUTUMN.

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Autumn! what magic deeds are wrought  
In thy bright, all-inspiring name;  
The dying fields with gold are fraught,  
The woods are bursting into flame!

—C. B. S.

# ATHLETICS.

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## FOOTBALL.

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As was predicted in the September number of the RED AND WHITE, something has been doing for A. & M. recently along the football line. Although our team isn't the best that ever played in the South, it will be the best we have ever had by the end of the season. Yes, it's a good team already, and a mighty good one, considering the comparatively short time that A. & M. has been in athletics.

The men who compose the team have already demonstrated ability and willingness, and we are proud of every one of them.

The opening game on A. & M.'s schedule was with Guilford College on September 24. The result was not doubtful at any time; but the game furnished opportunities for detecting weak points that have since been strengthened.

The following clipping is from the "News and Observer," of September 25:

A. AND M., 59; GUILFORD, 0.

Yesterday on the home grounds, in a fast and furious game of football, the A. and M. College met and defeated the Quakers from Guilford fifty-nine to nothing, in fifteen minute halves.

It was a game in which concerted action by the eleven A. and M. cadets working as one powerful machine swept the Guilford boys from one end of the field to the other.

The A. and M. team is composed of men, nearly all of whom never represented the college before, and their perfect playing yesterday reflects great credit upon Mr. Kienholz, the able and efficient coach.

The whole A. and M. team played like one man, and that is the best that can be said of any squad. The feature of the game was the spectacular playing of Arthur Wilson, right half for A. and M. He was in nearly every play, and his ability as a football player was demonstrated from the first rush to the last. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest players in the South, and if he doesn't make the "All Southern" it will be a big surprise to those who have seen him play. He weighs one hundred and ninety-two pounds, and can run one hundred yards in ten seconds, which is remarkable for a man of his weight.

On Thanksgiving day, A. and M. meets a stiff proposition when they go up against the successful Clemson squad. This will be the game of the season, and there is already talk of excursions.

The line up for A. and M. was as follows:

L. E., Gregory; L. T., Abernethy (Capt.); L. G., Tull; C., Lykes, T.; R. G., Perkins; R. T., Gardner; R. E., Lykes, L. G.; Q. B., Sadler; F. B., Watkins; R. H., Wilson; L. H., Hardie.

Subs—Bullock, Bell, Cox, Lattimore, Graves, Sykes.

---

A. AND M., 6; V. M. I., 0.

The next game that the "Farmers" went into was with Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., on October 1st.

The V. M. I. had the reputation of not having been defeated on its home grounds for the past twelve years, including games with the University of Virginia and others. They presented an exceptionally strong team, that has been well coached by a Princeton man of determination and grit that are characteristic of V. M. I.

The game throughout was in A. and M.'s favor. Only once was V. M. I. within scoring distance, the ball being brought to the five-yard line by a series of quarter-

back kicks. From this point they expected to score, but A. and M.'s defense was impregnable. At the end of three downs, V. M. I. was able to advance the ball only two yards.

A. Wilson scored a touchdown for A. and M. by a phenomenal run of thirty yards, and with the goal kicked by Watkins, the score remained 6 to 0. It seemed that the officials slightly favored V. M. I. In several instances there were twelve or thirteen men opposing A. and M.'s rushes. Substitutes were put in without removing others.

Spectators state that the game was a very clean one. Our coach tells us that the treatment of the team off the field was extremely courteous, and that the Washington and Lee students also were very kind.

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#### UNIVERSITY OF VA., 5: A. AND M., 0.

Football enthusiasts were somewhat surprised at the small score in the game with Virginia at Charlottesville on the 15th of October. We knew that we were going up against a strong team, but we also knew that we had a team that would not fail to do its best.

The following is from "*College Topics*," University of Virginia's weekly, of October 19:

"Virginia won on October 15 from the Agricultural and Mechanical College by the small score of 5 to 0. The Farmers made things interesting throughout the game. Their line especially was a stumbling block to the Old Dominion lads. Time after time they stopped the close formation, and it was only by the fiercest kind of plunges that any gains could be made through the line at all. On the other hand, the visitors were slightly weak at the two ends, and this combined with the way in which they played their halves up in the line, made substantial gains on end plays easy for Virginia's fast backs. At times the play was as smooth and well round-

ed as could be expected on Thanksgiving Day, while the men when heated up by the stubborn resistance played fast and furious. Had Virginia resorted to end plays more, the score would doubtless have been larger. However, the North Carolinians have a good team, and deserve great praise for their plucky stand when they held the Orange and Blue with the ball on the one-foot line. For them the best work was done by Gardner, Hadley, and the two Wilsons. For Virginia, Council, Cooke and the entire back field did well. An unusually large crowd witnessed the contest.

"The line-up: A. and M.—Lykes, T., c.; Hadley, l. g.; Perkins, r. g.; Abernethy, l. t.; Gardner, r. t.; Gregory, l. e.; Lykes, L., r. e.; Saddler, q. b.; Wilson, H., l. h.; Wilson, A., r. h.; Darden, f. v. Virginia—Beckett, c.; Johnson, l. g.; Kite, r. g.; Cooke, l. t.; Council, r. t.; Springer, Yancey, l. e.; Williams, r. e.; Pollard, q. b.; Johnson, E. H., l. h.; Purcell, r. h.; Bosher, Yancey, f. v.

"Referee, Mr. Whitaker, of North Carolina; Umpire, Mr. Williams, of Virginia."

---

At this time it is not definitely known that we shall play the University of North Carolina. They offer two dates for a game, one on the same date of our game with V. P. I., and the other three days after our South Carolina game. If they really want to play A. and M., it seems that a date might be more acceptably arranged. We are very anxious to see a game with Carolina, and want it to be played before the season is nearly over, so it's up to them to say yes or no.

Other games that A. and M. will play:

Oct. 29.—Guilford at Greensboro.

Nov. 5.—South Carolina College at Raleigh.

Nov. 12.—V. P. I. at Roanoke, Va.

Nov. 16.—Probably U. N. C. at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Nov. 25.—Clemson at Raleigh.

## LOCALS.

EDITED BY STERLING GRAYDON, R. C. LEHMAN, J. H. PEIRCE.

Mr. W. S. Tomlinson spent last Sunday and Monday with his people in Goldsboro.

Most of the uniforms have arrived, and the rats present now a more favorable appearance.

Our coach, Mr. Kienholtz, is all smiles these days. Mrs. Kienholtz and her mother are in the city.

Prof. Williams, instructor in English, is confined to the hospital with fever. We hope to see him out soon.

Mr. John Parker, class '03, has returned to Raleigh, and expects to enter college for a post-course in a few days.

Mr. Wilson, "Babe's Brother," has entered the Junior Class, and promises to be a strong candidate for the football team.

The foundation of the new Agricultural Building is well under way, and promises to be ready for the farmers in a short time.

The campus was improved considerably last week by running the lawn mower over it. We hope they will do it as often as necessary.

Mr. Walter Darden, class '03, has returned to college to take a post-course in Civil Engineering, and will add strength to the already Iron Wall of backs on the Varsity Eleven.

As soon as the Exchange Editor is through looking over the exchanges, he puts them in the library. We hope that the students will take advantage of this chance of seeing what college journalism stands for.

Athletic relations have been re-established between the A. and M. College and the University. A game of football has almost been agreed on for this fall, but the date is not yet fixed.



Mr. Broadfoot, a last-year student, is spending a few days with friends. He is on his way to St. Louis.

Mr. A. T. Kenyon, editor-in-chief of THE RED AND WHITE, has returned to college, and we hope to see an improvement. He is the man to improve any paper.

The work of repairing the car track, which is done annually to aid transportation during the Fair, has been going on. A man was seen greasing the rails last week.

The Senior Class met Saturday, and as several of last year's *Agromeck* editors were missing, a new board was elected as follows: Editor-in-Chief, A. T. Kenyon; Business Manager, Sterling Graydon; Assistant Business Manager, J. H. Peirce; Associate Editors, J. H. Spinks, R. H. Harper, L. R. Hunt, L. H. Hoffman, H. M. Lilly, O. L. Bagley, J. O. Morgan, R. C. Lehman, L. G. Lykes, F. W. Hadley, G. G. Lynch and R. B. Wilson.

The first dance of the session was given on Friday night, October 7, in Pullen Hall, by the Thalerian German Club. Chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Bowen and Mr. and Mrs. Kienholtz.

Mr. L. G. Lykes, recently elected leader, showed his ability to lead a delightful german.

The dancers present were Capt. Porter with Miss Pattie Carroll; Prof. V. W. Bragg with Miss Lillie Skinner; Prof. G. A. Roberts with Miss Daisy Moring; Sergt. L. T. Winston with Miss Staley, of Atlanta; Lieut. L. G. Lykes with Miss Nannie Rogers; Capt. J. H. Pierce with Miss Emily Higgs; Sergt. T. M. Lykes with Miss Rosa Skinner; Major W. M. Chambers with Miss Mary Andrews; Capt. R. H. Harper with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Mr. W. F. Kirkpatrick with Miss Louise Linton; Sergt. C. M. Walton with Miss Lucy Haywood; Sergt. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Lucy Andrews; Corp. E. M. Watkins with Miss Mary Barbee; Prof. J. C. Kendall with Miss Mary Smedes. Staggs: Prof. A. A. Haskill, Prof. G. M. Smith, Prof. C. W. McClelland, L. R. Hunt and W. L. Darden.



## ALUMNI NOTES.

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Mr. F. H. Bernhardt, '01, is drawing for Phoenixville (Pa.) Bridge Co.

Mr. E. E. Culbreth, '03, is with the E. M. Uzzell Printing Co. of Raleigh.

Mr. R. P. Reece, '04, and G. M. Davis, '01, are with the Salem Iron Works.

Mr. L. O. Lougee, '01, is now with the H. C. Frick Coke Co., at Scottdale, Pa.

Mr. Z. M. Bowden, '02, is with the Prairie Pebble Phosphate Co., at Mulberry, Fla.

Mr. F. C. Phelps, '04, is enlisted in the Sixth Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Monroe, Va.

Mr. J. W. White, '04, is in the dyeing department of the Balfrom Knitting Mill, at Henderson, N. C.

Mr. J. E. Porter, '00, is in the Engineering Department of the Atlantic Coast Line at Wilmington.

Mr. D. S. Owen, '04, has a position with the Weed Distilling and Manufacturing Co., at Fayetteville, N. C.

Messrs. M. E. Weeks, William Richardson, P. S. Grierson and W. M. Rankin, of the class of 1904, are at the Newport News Shipyards.

Mr. Jos. K. Waitt, '04, has a position with the Seaboard Air Line at Ellenton, Fla. He is in charge of track construction of a branch road at that place.

A. and M. men who happen to strike Newport News, Va., will find surroundings most congenial, because of the colony of alumni and former students there. Among those holding positions with the shipbuilding company there may be mentioned Messrs. Weeks and Richardson, '04, draughtsmen; Huggins and Grierson, '04, electricians, and Hodges, '04, machinist. These men, together with the other alumni and former A. and M. students, are doing well, and extend to all who come their way a hospitable welcome.

## Y. M. C. A.

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### THE Y. M. C. A. AND ITS GROWTH.

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The Young Men's Christian Association is a home missionary agency. It is not a charity. It was organized by a young dry goods clerk, George Williams, June the 6th, 1844, in London, England. His object was to aid the religious life of young men by bringing them together in prayer-meeting. The platform of the Young Men's Christian Association seeks to join those young men who regard Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour and is their doctrinal desire to associate their efforts for the advancement of God's Kingdom.

Soon after the Y. M. C. A. was organized in London, it was organized at Boston and at Montreal, and from these American cities it has spread nearly all over the United States and back over a great portion of the Old World.

There are at present in the United States 1,439 associations, with a membership of 250,000, of whom 32,000 are college students.

Every student wants to stand for the true, manly thing in his college, and the Y. M. C. A. strives to stimulate and cultivate the tendency of the student life toward an ideal condition by its Bible classes, religious meetings, and friendships with one another. The true college student can not only stand for the right, but also seek opportunities to do some small service for his fellow student. Christianity demands that we *be* something and then *do* something. A student's power is not determined by his learning alone, but by what he does while in college to promote the physical, the social, the

moral, the intellectual, and the religious life of the college.

Thus the purpose of the Association is, first, to strive to develop the character of its members, and, second, to give them an opportunity to serve the college.

Mr. W. B. Pettu, of Columbian University, will be here the 29th of October to look after committee work.

Dr. A. L. Phillips, of Richmond, Va., will deliver four lectures before the student body of A. and M. C. on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of November. Dr. Phillips is a fine speaker, and knows how to interest the college man. He was one of the prominent lecturers at the Southern Student Conference at Waynesville in June.



# THE RED AND WHITE.

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

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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 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.

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## STAFF:

A. T. KENYON, . . . . . Editor-in-Chief.

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

## Associate Editors:

R. B. WILSON,

STERLING GRAYDON,

T. J. OGBURN,

D. W. ROBERTSON,

R. C. LEHMAN,

W. J. WALKER,

J. H. PEIRCE.

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The editor-in-chief of this magazine wishes to express his thanks to the business manager and others of the staff who looked after the editing of the September issue, which was published during his absence. The copy gotten out by them was a most creditable one, especially when we remember the conditions that existed at the time of publication.

\* \* \*

The board of RED AND WHITE editors have set before themselves this year the task of making this magazine one of the best of Southern College publications. In order to accomplish this object, and by so doing to place the magazine upon a high plane, we must have the hearty co-operation of the student body. We hope that all those interested in the welfare of this monthly will en-

deavor to contribute something for its pages at least once during the college year. If all will do this the editors will be able, because of the abundance of material, to publish a creditable issue each month. And then we expect every man in college to subscribe to at least one copy of the magazine. And in this way there will be money enough and contributions enough turned in to effect the carrying out of the high ideal which the editorial staff is struggling to attain.

\* \* \*

The action taken by the Senior Class in regards to this year's annual was very commendable indeed. There had been much talk of not publishing an *Agromeck* at all, but minor difficulties were overcome, a board elected, and work has already been begun on the '05 annual. After the two creditable volumes just issued by the classes just preceding this year's Senior Class, it would have been nothing short of a calamity to have missed a year. The *Agromeck* as a souvenir of the College is highly prized by the friends of the institution, and as a pleasant reminder of college days and college happenings is worth its weight in gold to every A. and M. cadet.

\* \* \*

The Faculty has lately taken two steps concerning college affairs which should meet with the hearty approval and co-operation of the student body. First they have offered a silver cup which is to go each year to the champion class football team. This championship is to be decided by a series of games between the classes and the winning team each year is to have its record engraved on the cup. The cup is to be placed in the library, where all may see from year to year how class football honors lie. This movement accomplishes a double purpose, it causes a rousing up of class spirit and enthusiasm, and helps materially to build up and create football players.

The other movement spoken of is the organization of a press club. This club has long been needed in the college as a means of keeping the outside world in touch with the things being accomplished at our college. Similar organizations exist in the other institutions about us, and we have been, because of the lack of such a club here, at a somewhat disadvantage from the lack of newspaper representation. The club is open to all who care to join, and three prizes of fifteen, ten and five dollars each are offered for the best work done during the college year.

\* \* \*

A recent issue of the *Red and Black*, published by the University of Georgia, says that two surprises in the southern football world have already been sprung this season. One of them, the writer says, was when Clemson was defeated on her own grounds by Auburn, and the other one was when A. and M. College held the strong Virginia eleven down to a score of five points. It was indeed a surprise to us, as well as others, when we lost to U. Va. by so narrow a margin. And doubtless the greatest surprise of all was Virginia's, when in the last half, with only a foot between him and a touchdown, the far-famed Council was given the ball and was thrown for a loss. The whole team deserves great credit for the magnificent game they put up against the Virginia veterans, and the game though lost, was a glorious defeat.

\* \* \*

In two recent issues of the *Saturday Evening Post* there have appeared two articles, the subject of which should be of intense interest to every young man in the United States. The articles referred to are "Why a Young Man Should Vote the Republican Ticket," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, one of the brainiest and

most prominent young men in public life, and "Why a Young Man Should Vote the Democratic Ticket," by ex-Pres. Grover Cleveland, who has been called "the greatest private citizen in the world." The subject of each is the question of party affiliation, and this question is one that should be thoughtfully, and very carefully considered by every young man about to assume the responsibilities of citizenship and participation in the guiding of our government. It is through the instrumentality of one of the great political parties that certain governmental measures are inaugurated and certain principles made the guides of governmental action. Therefore the young man about to cast his first vote should carefully study the principles underlying the two parties, and only after serious deliberation decide which will carry out the policies which he believes best for the welfare of the country. The day has passed when a young man can afford to associate himself with a party merely because it is the one to which his father belonged, or because it happens to be the most popular one in his community. The fact that certain natural prejudices incline him to either one or the other should have no weight. The question to be decided is one calling for honest, unimpassioned thought and a manly decision as a result of such deliberation. The question is one of vital importance and should be of intense interest to all young men.

—WILSON.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITED BY R. B. WILSON.

Again the editor sits at his table, but a great disappointment weighs heavily upon him. For, though it is now nearly the middle of October, there have come to the editor's table but very few magazines from other colleges. Either others have been very slow in getting out their first number or else we have been overlooked. The last we do not believe to be the case, and so must conclude that of the two the first is the cause. And this is not as it should be. Surely all could publish the first issue by the first of October. By next month we trust that we will have heard from many others besides the few that have so far reached us.

The *Wake Forest Student* comes to us in its old familiar dress, staid, unassuming. But its contents are certainly of interest. "The Convict" should certainly strike a responsive chord in all who read it; should excite a longing for some of the better things of the past. It is a poem above the average of the usual college magazine poetry, and we shall expect more and better things of its writer. The other two poems are also good, but not quite so pleasing as the first, though "To the Mountains of North Carolina" should appeal strongly to any one who has had the good fortune to spend any time among the mountains.

Of stories there are four. "A Leap-Year Story" is interesting and sympathetically treated. "A Tragedy in One Act" is very amusing and well worked up. The other two are hardly worth the mentioning.



Of the essays, "Byron's Place in Literature" is very unsatisfactory. It is a jumble of the different opinions of several critics and after reading it one is still as much in the dark concerning Byron's place in literature as at the beginning. But "George Peele—A Study of His Works" is very good indeed, and will make the reader want to know more of the man concerning whom the author says, "The air of all his works is fresh and wholesome as an English summer morning."

To sum up, the "*Student*," though weak in places, is, on the whole, good, and we shall expect it to live up to the standard set by its first issue.

---

Two more delightful stories are rarely found in a college magazine than "How I Met Grandfather" and "A Love Story," both by the same author in the October *Gray Jacket* from V. P. I. From beginning to end both are coherently written and so arranged that the interest is sustained throughout. The author of "Peaches" has evidently experienced whereof he writes, and our sympathy goes out to him, for we too have been there and can testify that the average mess-hall is a "Hall of Disappointment." The poem "Peace" is of high tone and very good indeed. "Making an Average" is good poetry and better truth, and shows that its author is somewhat of a philosopher. "The Soldiers of Fortune" is a poem also, but—well, we can't see what end it serves other than to fill space. Two essays, "The United States Senate" and "Richard III of History as compared with Richard III of Shakespere," are very well written, and these with several strong editorials written by one evidently unafraid to express what he thinks round out the magazine. May the *Gray Jacket* visit us often.

From far away Iowa comes *College Chips*. Aside from one thoughtful, well written editorial there is nothing to merit praise. A review of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is so short and unsatisfactory that we are surprised at its appearance in print. The subject is one deserving of more intelligent, appreciative treatment. A poem of nine long verses extolling the praises of President Roosevelt is written to the tune of "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the Boys are Marching." As a campaign song it is very good, but as poetry for a college magazine it is strictly out of place. If there is any place where partisanship should find no sympathy, surely it is between the covers of a college magazine which, being published for the student body, should be strictly neutral.

---

*The Academy* from Salem Academy is very attractive in appearance. But unfortunately its attractiveness does not extend beyond the covers. An article on "North Carolina Fungi" is good in its way, but it is not of a nature to appeal very strongly to many people. Aside from this one article there is—nothing. We certainly hope that the *Academy* will improve.

---

We beg to acknowledge the receipt also of several copies of the *Seewanee Purple* and the October number of the *Park School Gazette* from Trinity Park High School. Later arrivals are the *Converse Concept*, *College Topics*, *Harvard Illustrated Magazine*, *The Collegian of Washington and Lee*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Purple and Gold*, and *Queen's College Magazine*, of Canada.

## **“ONE ON YOU.”**

EDITED BY T. J. OGBURN.

Telegraphic dialogue plus another kind. Stack (thro' his window).—“Did you get that?”

Hewlett.—“Yes”; ————, etc. “Did you get that?” (with his head out of window).

Unknown, from above, pours water, saying.—“Did you get that?”

Prof. Hill (reading from Holmes).—“I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie” (pause) —“Mr. Gregory, what would be your remedy?”

Gregory.—“I wouldn't have anything to do with her, Professor.”

Prof. Hill.—“Perhaps she would not consider that very serious punishment.”

Culbreth (at summer school going through Watauga).—“Look out, look out, man a-coming.”

Some of the girls looked out and said, “Where is the man?”

Prof. M.—“Mr. McBrayer, how do you extract the square root of a binomial?”

McB.—“I—I forgot. You can find it in the book.”

Prof. Riddick (on mechanics).—“Mr. Asbury, what is your weight?”

Asbury.—“W.”

Mr. Haskill (turning suddenly from the blackboard). —“Mr. Ashe, do you see this?”

Ashe (in vain attempt to repress a yawn).—“Yes, sir.”

Mr. H.—“How—with your mouth?”

Freshman.—“Cap’n, may I be excused from drill this evening?”

Capt. Phelps.—“To whose squad do you belong?”

Fresh.—“To Sergt. Dutchy’s.”

Capt. Phelps.—“Who is Sergt. ‘Dutchy’?”

Fresh.—“I don’t know—just Dutchy.”

---

Dr. Winston’s “Charge to the Cadets” (by Mr. Billings) :

“Be good, be good,” Dr. Winston says,

“Although your way be stormy.

You may become the President,

Or a general in the army.”

---

In joke I called her lemon-nice,

And said I’d be the squeezer.

But I felt more like a lemon ice,

And she—well, she was the freezer.

---

Prof. McCall.—“Mr. McBrayer, you are a little late. What is the matter?”

McB.—“Professor, I went to sleep and forgot to wake up.”

---

Sergt. Morrison (to his squad).—“Double time—march!”

Lattimore (while executing falls down).

Morrison (as Lattimore rises).—“As you were.”

Lattimore lies down again.

---

A short-course doc went in with the Senior Class the other day and took a seat between McGirt and Morgan. Not understanding explanations on the board, he asked: “Isn’t this the second division short course?”

The doctor thinks the short course will soon recover from his bruises.

Lipi (while hunting plant-disease specimens).—"Professor, take us to the asylum."

Professor.—"Don't hurry, Mr. Lipi."

---

Fresh. (at persimmon tree).—"What are those things?"

Answer.—"Pineapples. On the tree they are best."

Fresh.—"They are the d—st pineapples I ever tasted."

---

Juniors will some day be expert in the art of blacking their faces and attending shows.

Seniors must learn to catch the car while it is in motion.

Sophs. already know how to cut hair.

Freshmen know what it is to have the hair cut.

---

Huband says that when he goes on steam he pops off before he reaches sixty.

---

Dr. W.—"Mr. Poindexter, when there is a trade between two parties, who makes the better of the transaction?"

Mr. P.—"The one that gets the best bargain."

---

D.—"Has Hardison been reduced?"

P.—"Not a bit, he has been enlarged."

---

Little Dean is a small tot of the "kindergarten" company, is about four feet nine and of corresponding weight. The other day he was monkeying with the big two-horse lawn mower while the driver was away feeding the horses. An officer yelled at him, "Hey, there, leave that alone." Dean looked frightened and replied, "I ain't going to carry it anywhere."

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, in Strand

1704

By Authority

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By Authority

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