

# THE RED AND WHITE.

JANUARY, 1905.

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"I admit," said George, growing serious, "from a theoretical standpoint your argument holds good, but girls like something sentimental; they have to be fed on a lot of taffy and all that sort of stuff. Ethel loves you, and if you had approached the subject gently, she would have told you so. You must remember, old fellow, you are not bucking against Harvard's tackle now, for this case is the reverse. It requires but little pluck, but a deuced lot of sweet, easy talk. That is, if you want to make your gain."

"When is she coming back?"

"Came last night."

"Now look here, 'old chap,' I know you always made the gain when you knew the signals and had the coaching. I'm going to give you the signals and do the coaching; you must make the gain. While you are learning your signals you must call on her several times; when you think you know them well enough to play the game, you must do something like this.—Draw your chair up close to hers, then begin gently to tell her of when you first met her, leading her on gradually until you come to the meeting in the subway station, take her hand in yours and—

"Hold on," said Bob, taking a note-book and pencil from his pocket. "Now go on with the signals."

He took them down and learned them well, and well that he did. For though many a foot-ball game he had played, and many a black-eyed, frowning and snorting diamond had he faced, he had never before faced a foe so strong; a foe whose hazel eyes pierced his very soul, and read his signals—yes, knew his plays.

Summoning his courage as he had never done before, he drew up his chair, but the game was interrupted by a merry laugh. "You had better take a seat here on the sofa, if you don't want to scratch the enamel off that rocker."

That was a hard tackle, but he was in the game again none the worse off, except that a little too much blood was rushing to his face.

"Ethel," he said, "seven years ago, when I first met you, I was only a Sophomore at Yale. Up until that time I had but one ambition, but since then there has been more than foot-ball in my mind and heart." He paused, but she, not knowing how to answer, did not speak. "Yes," he continued, "there has been more than foot-ball in my heart, for there has been a picture—a picture of a sweet face, lingering like a vision upon me. It came like an angel of peace to my sorrows, and was a goddess of war to my fears." He was reaching for the hand, but could not find it. "Ethel, I have learned to love that little angel, she is my life, my only hope. I love you, Ethel, I love you. Ethel! Ethel! promise that you will learn to love me, promise—"

"Bob! Bob!" He raised his eyes to find her standing before him. "What on earth is the matter with you?"

The game was off. He stared at her as one awakened from a dream. "Ethel, for God's sake forgive me. I learned that by heart to say to you."

"Bob, it was like you to ask me in that subway station, and it made me love you the more, but it was such a surprise I—I could not say yes then. May I answer now?"

"Yes," he said, and this time he had the hand, and he had also won the game.

J. E. M.

## HER PEDIGREE.

His devilship, Satan, while thinking profound  
And carefully viewing his kingdom around,  
Concluded 't were needful, to perfect his plan,  
T' employ a new agent in torturing man.

Said he, "I am pleased with this mortal so well  
I surely must give him a little more hell.  
It never will answer to leave him in peace,  
But gladly his misery I'll ever increase."

So saying, the Devil cast around him amain  
To find a new agent, but searching was vain.  
All imps of his kingdom were busy as fleas—  
As active to torture, to bother and tease.

"Ah, well, " said old Brimstone, "I've nothing to do,  
I'll make a new devil—a cunning one, too—  
And when it is finished I'll wager my tail  
In 'playing the devil' 't will always prevail."

"I'll form it like woman and make it appear  
To man as attractive, as tempting and dear,  
And as I by woman first made him accursed,  
His latter temptation shall rival the first.

"This creature shall seem like the innocent dove,  
All modest emotion, inviting his love  
With sighing and blushing, and languishing eyes,  
A way to his heart it will surely devise.

"And when it has won him, and down at her feet  
He kneels in subjection, a captive complete,  
This thing of my making shall laugh and deride  
And sting him to madness through anger and pride.

“And though his ambition should raise him above  
All weakness of grieving, he can not but love;  
And thus by my devil his pride will be hurt  
In finding his angel was only a flirt.

“I’ll make it so cunning, so winning in grace,  
I’ll always be able ’spite reason or place,  
To use it in making of stronger men tools,  
And making of weaker ones sillier fools.

“And if there be some who have wisdom enough  
To tell what is real—what counterfeit stuff—  
I’ve some consolation in knowing quite well  
Large numbers will find my woman a hell.”

The Devil was pleased with his creature in fine,  
And instantly made it with clever design,  
And viewing it grinned, and is laughing till yet  
To see his creature—a perfect coquette.

—GENEVA.

## THE PICTURE OF THE GIRL.

A discordant whistle broke the lazy stillness that brooded over the old "Hill," and immediately the clamor following the remark, "Class dismissed," took its place. The change was magical—streams of gray-clad boys trooped from the recitation-rooms and filled the corridors with merry jest and laughter, while here and there could be noticed a gloomy face which denoted the lamentable fact that another "flunk" had been recorded against his name and that "failure" stared him in the face.

Pushing and shoving, the happy crowd only laughed when the O. D. sternly ordered, "Cut out that noise" and "rammed" a couple of helpless "rats" who, as usual, were as innocent as babes, to the unconcealed delight of the Sophs.

Leslie Gray hurriedly bored his way through the crowd by the aid of the sharp corners of his old red "Analytics and Steam" and clattered down the steps and hastened to the post-office. It was no wonder that many of the cadets glanced at him twice; in fact, most people did. Straight and well-formed, his gray cadet uniform set him off to perfection, and many a St. Mary's girl had asked as she watched one of the dress-parades, "Who is that handsome First Sergeant that is with Co. —," and invariably the answer was returned, "Oh, that's Les Gray, the most popular fellow in college. He's a peach, he is—the fellow that scored the touchdown on C— last year and tied the score, and gee whiz! you ought to see him pitch, too. Why, I remember—" and then the speaker stares in amazement when the fair one turns away, and he can't understand why any one could not be interested in the college idol.

And well he might be! Who else among all the ca-

dets had held more honors than he? Halfback on the varsity team, pitcher on the baseball nine, and captain for the succeeding year, and society honors galore. Only the week before had the highest honor that could be conferred on a Junior been bestowed upon him—Commencement Chief Marshal.

Then why was it that Leslie's face showed that something was amiss?—and "A Miss" it was. When Leslie had been elected Chief Marshal, his first thought had been of pretty Ethel Wilson. For the sake of seeing his marshal's regalia bedecking her dainty shoulders, he had striven for the prize, and now—now, if only he could receive an answer to his fervent note asking her to come commencement week and stay with an aunt of her's and go with him to all the commencement exercises and help lead the commencement ball, his cup would be full. To-day he was expecting the answer. "Sure this time," he muttered to himself and forgot the disappointments of the last two days when he had haunted the office and was always turned away with the reply, "Nothing this time, Mr. Gray."

But now Leslie's fortune had turned, and his heart beat rapidly as he grasped the dainty missive in his hand and knew his answer had come. Trembling with eagerness and filled with a dread that it contained "No," he broke the seal and a glad shout escaped his lips as he rapidly perused the letter and found that she would come. Joy was in his very motions, and so wrapt up was he in the prospect of seeing Ethel soon that he forgot to "stick" two "rats" who were absent from dinner formation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Commencement Ball! Who can describe the scene? Old Pullen Hall was alight from top to bottom, and the auditorium was ablaze with many lights and



draped with college and class colors. It was a brilliant ending of a memorable commencement, and though many a Senior's heart beat heavily beneath his gray coat at the thought of leaving the old "Hill" to fight his way through the world, still all was merry.

In and out tripped the happy crowd through the mazes of the intricate german figures until the crowning event—the presentation of the regalias. How Leslie's heart throbbled as he placed the handsome regalia across Ethel's shoulders and placed his arm around her for the final waltz.

"I must speak to you a minute," Leslie whispered; "let's go out for a stroll on the campus." The campus was filled with those who did not care for dancing, so Leslie and Ethel walked slowly toward the old bridge. What the old bridge heard and saw that night will never be known, for it has been pulled down for several years.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hot, blazing sun shone down upon the steaming fields and jungle as though to take revenge that the morning mists, now slowly rising, had shadowed his piercing rays earlier in the morning. A long, blue line lay extended at full length upon the ground, gasping for breath, and yet their sinewy hands only grasping tighter their almost red-hot "Krag's" as the bullets zipped over them. For hours they had lain there, and now their patience was almost exhausted and they longed to advance upon the little brown men who could be *heard* but not seen. Suddenly a tall sergeant, whose yellow striped legs denoted the cavalry, leaped to his feet and waving his rifle above his head, called out—"Come on, fellows! I'm tired of this. Give 'em h——!" and with a roar and a crash three hundred "Krag's" answered his call and from three hundred throats came a yell as the "boys in blue" followed their dare-devil leader towards the enemy's line. In the wild melee that followed no

one noticed him stagger and clutch convulsively at his breast as he reeled and fell. And the battle of San Q— was won.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little crowd of blue-clad men groped themselves around a prostrate figure. The surgeon looked up and in a low voice said, "No good, boys! Straight through the heart." "Well," remarked one, "I reckon it killed the devil he had in his heart."

The surgeon glanced at a small object held in his hand and pierced through by a bullet, and glancing at the back exclaimed—"No, not the devil—only Ethel."

F. C. P. '04.

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#### ADVICE.

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When you have nothing to say, never smile. You think you are filling in a gap, when in reality you are opening one, and showing a void.—*Lloyd.*

A LITTLE HISTORY.

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When we have in mind the magnitude of the electric light and power industries, it is rather surprising to think how recently they began. It was about 1880, following the invention of the incandescent lamp by Thos. A. Edison.

There were crude electric machines on the market at that time, but Edison designed a dynamo that came quickly into use through the efforts of the Edison General Electric Co. Under their leadership, electric lighting began in earnest. It was all with direct currents, but the growth of the business was tremendous.

Until 1887 every proposition to use alternating currents was unheeded in America. The Edison Co. were supreme in the manufacture of lamps and machinery, were doing an immense business, and were blind to any reason for promoting a new system. Other people saw reasons, and some of them got together to fight it out. Two powerful companies were formed to build alternating current machinery—the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburgh and the Thompson-Houston Company of Lynn.

At that time most of the lighting was at 50 volts. Lamps of 100 and 110 volts were considered uncertain in efficiency and length of life, just as 220-volt lamps are considered now. It was the common practice to double this voltage in transmission by the use of three-wire mains, and the result was a somewhat complicated network in large installations.

This disadvantage afforded the opposition a point for attack, and they fell upon it with such effect that by 1892 the Westinghouse Co. were installing the lighting system of the World's Fair at Chicago, and the Edison General Electric Co. had "seen their finish," and com-

bined with the Thompson-Houston Co. to get back into the race. Since then, alternating currents have been adopted without question for all the new distributions of large size, and the use of direct currents has narrowed down to isolated and small town plants and Edison plants that already had three-wire networks. It is interesting to note that even at Niagara, where the bulk of the power is used close by in electrolytic processes and must be in the form of direct current, it is transmitted in the form of alternating current and transformed at the works with motor-dynamos or rotary converters.

A. E. ESCOTT.

## THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
Filling the sky and the earth below,  
Over the house tops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet,  
Dancing,  
Flitting,  
Skipping along!

Beautiful snow! It can do nothing wrong.  
Flying to kiss the fair lady's cheek,  
Cling to lips in a frolicsome freak;  
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,  
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go  
Whirling about in their maiden fun;  
It plays in its glee with every one.  
Chasing,  
Laughing,  
Hurrying by,

It lights on the face and sparkles the eye.  
And playing dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
The town is alive and its hearts in a glow  
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow!

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song,  
How the gay sleds like meteors pass by,  
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;  
Ringing,  
Swinging,  
Dashing they go,

Over the crest of the beautiful snow—  
 Snow so pure when it fell from the sky,  
 As to make one regret—to see it lie,  
 To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,  
 'Till it blends with the filth of the horrible street.

Once I was as pure as the snow, but I fell,  
 Fell like a snow-flake, from heaven to hell;  
 Fell to be trampled on as filth in the street;  
 Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die!

Selling my soul to whoever would buy;  
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;  
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
 Merciful God! have I fallen so low?  
 And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
 With an eye like crystal, a heart like its glow.  
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace,  
 Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.

Father,

Mother,

Sister, all,

God and myself, I have lost by my fall;  
 The vilest wretch that goes shivering by  
 Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;  
 For all that is on or above me, I know,  
 There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,  
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go.  
 How strange it should be when night comes again

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan

To be heard on the streets of a crazy town,

Gone mad in the joy of a snow coming down,

To be and die in my terrible woe,

With a bed and a shroud in the beautiful snow.

Helpless, and foul as the trampled snow,

Sinner, despair not, Christ stoopeth low

To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,

And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning,

Bleeding,

Dying for thee,

The Crucified One on the accursed tree.

His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear.

Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer?

O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,

Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

ANON.

## MR. M'LEOD.

There is a flutter among the elite of Newport society. There are people who have spent years fawning, flattering, pushing, even at critical moments "putting on the screws" in the case of some stubborn insider, until they have broken down the barrier and secured an entrance into the golden circle. And now comes a young man whom nobody knows and nobody vouches for and walks right in.

Donald McLeod, with Scotch antecedents and Canadian connections, appeared one morning at Newport, was driven to a hotel and the same evening was seen at the soiree of Mrs. Van Blinkheisen, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of the old New York Dutchmen and in whose coffers are deeds to acre upon acre of Manhattan Island real estate. No one dared question her right to introduce him. All treated him with scrupulous politeness, but no one slapped him on the back and said, "Old man, command me for any invitation you want." Mrs. Van Blinkheisen led him to several of the young ladies whom it would seem desirable for him to know, but the moment her back was turned they proceeded to freeze him from their presence.

It so happened that Miss Adele Mainwaring, a young lady whose family had been well and favorably known in New York for many generations, and who for this reason was somewhat fond of snubbing the wealthiest of the social leaders, noticed the slights put upon the Scotch-Canadian, and, yielding to a natural antagonism for the descendants of those whose ancestors used to sell her ancestors garden truck, took him up and danced with him three times, holding her head very high the while, as much as to say, "Whoso wishes to knock a chip off my shoulder, let her do so." When the evening was



over, and the young man asked permission to call upon her, she gave her consent, though she had no especial desire to receive him. The truth is, that an evening entertainment is not a place to judge of a man's intellectual parts, and Miss Mainwaring had as many friends as she wanted.

When, however, she came to pass an evening in McLeod's company in one of her own little parlors, she was not long in discovering that he knew more on any one subject than she knew on all put together. This was somewhat surprising to her, for she was considered, and justly so, a very intellectual girl. She found him rather reticent and much more prone to listen to her than to talk himself. But there was something in the quiet way he sat and permitted her to pour things into his ear that pleased her.

Though Mr. McLeod's stay at Newport was brief, it was productive of a great deal of trouble. Some of the girls who had slighted him took Miss Mainwaring's acceptance of his attentions as a personal affront to them. This led to social skirmishing which soon blazed into open war. Mrs. Van Blinkheisen was much blamed for having introduced the "fellow," but on account both of her blue blood and her vast wealth she was unassailable. Then society was suddenly further startled by the report that Miss Mainwaring was about to throw herself away on that Kanuck, who showed no signs of even being able to wear good clothes.

"Excellent match," exclaimed all the girls who had quarreled with her. "She'll disappear from society and in time sink to where she belongs—a tenement house."

It was true that Miss Mainwaring had given the stranger her heart; but she hesitated to bestow her hand on one who did not seem inclined to disclose his identity. She was something of a stickler for blood, and, being without any income in her own right, felt it necessary

that if she married her husband should be able to support her in fair style. McLeod told her that he could at least give her a home and that he fancied his ancestors were quite as good as her's. Finally he gained such an influence over her that she was ready to accept him as soon as he should make known his antecedents, his family and his financial condition. He seemed in no hurry to satisfy her, and against her better judgment she surrendered unconditionally.

One afternoon Mr. McLeod was sitting in the casino, people passing and repassing, some giving him a slight nod, others not even a recognition. Several "bloods" were standing in a group, with their backs to him (intentionally), when they heard a cherry voice behind them say:

"Hello, Toots! You here? I thought you were dancing another dance on the governor general."

The party turned and saw Lord Buckthorne, a recent arrival from London.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Buckthorne. "You know my friend, Melrose—the Marquis of Melrose? He's the right hand man of the Governor-General of Canada."

The secret was out. Melrose, to escape social notoriety, had confided his identity to Mrs. Van Blinkheisen alone, and incidentally had won the heart and hand of Miss Mainwaring, who first heard of the news of her lover's position from his friend and after her engagement.

Lady Melrose occasionally visits Newport, and does not fail to snub the snubbers of her once incognito husband. However, since he is now rising to the more important positions in the British diplomatic service, she has very little time to devote to her old enemies, who hate her the more bitterly the higher she rises. As for Melrose, he has long ago forgotten the Newport incident and is very fond of America.

W. J. W.

## THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

A poem by Henry Jerome Stockard, read January 10, 1905, at the laying of the corner stone of the Agricultural Building of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Raleigh, N. C.

I see him stand mid-field among a score  
Of singing toilers, friend to each, his hand  
Upon his hoe, erect, his sinewy arm  
And rugged bosom bared to the bronzing sun.  
His vision sweeps across the verdant lands,  
O'er mead and pasture where his flocks and herds  
Browse slowly on the banks of murmuring streams,—  
Past orchards, peaceful tenements, to the grove  
In whose cool gloom gleams white his happy home.

He is sole sovereign of his fair estate,  
Descended from a long ancestral line:  
Scion of Burns is he, of him who wrought  
Immortal songs upon his Sabine farm.  
The blood of Cincinnatus fills his veins;  
An heir of Cato, he can trace on back,  
Through conqueror, jurist, poet, patriarch,  
Lineage to Isaac, Jacob, Abraham.

In His own image God created him,  
And over land and sea gave him to reign,  
Subject to Him alone of whom he holds  
Direct his charter to his rich demesne.  
He bears toward all a wise, benignant rule;  
The volant tribes feed from his liberal hand,  
The savage beasts, all things that creep or crawl,—  
Paupers and peasants,—they that underground  
Delve in perpetual night, and they that drive  
The loom and spindle, they that throng the mart,—

The money-changers, gamblers blind with greed,—  
They that go down the paths of sea in ships,—  
Prophets and bards and priests and kings,—yea, all  
Receive of him their daily dole of bread.

Let him but stay his hand, and rust corrodes  
The ponderous engine; every valiant keel  
Decays at desolate wharves; dense-peopled streets  
Are the inheritance of the hungry wolf,  
And all the light and joy escape the world.  
Where, then, O bard, your roseate hills of song?  
O minstrel, where your pipes and silver lutes?  
O sculptor, artist, where your tender dreams?  
Where then the rapture that the eye provokes,  
The jewelled firmament, the gates of dawn?  
What tongue could utter or what pen portray  
The piercing pathos of such hopeless state,  
The grave thoughts of its forward-looking years?

Imperial man, co-worker with the wind  
And rain and light and heat and cold and all  
The agencies of God to feed and clothe  
And render beautiful and glad the world,  
What mission loftier, holier than thine?

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**IN MEMORIAM.**

---

WHEREAS, on December 19, 1904, God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to remove from us our beloved friend and former class-mate, Edwin Seymour Whiting; and

WHEREAS, our hearts are humbled in sorrow under the will of the Creator, who both giveth and taketh to Himself again; therefore be it

1. *Resolved*, that we, the class of 1903, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College have suffered an irreparable loss in his death which no formal resolutions can adequately express: a member, who commanded the honor and respect of everyone; who cherished goodwill to all; bearing malice to none; a trusted friend, honored class-mate and Christian gentleman.

2. *Resolved*, that the Agricultural and Mechanical College has lost one of its most promising and devoted alumni.

3. *Resolved*, that we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

4. *Resolved*, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted family and to the college magazine for publication.

WALTER CLARK, JR.,  
G. W. ROGERS,  
W. F. KIRKPATRICK,  
*Representing Class of '03.*

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## LOCALS.

EDITED BY PEIRCE AND GRAYDON.

All are back again, much refreshed by the joys of Christmas.

Mr. G. W. Harper, an old student, was a visitor in Raleigh last week.

Mr. R. C. Lehman has withdrawn from college to accept a position at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. T. T. Ellis, who left the college two years ago as a Junior, is back to finish, and has entered the Junior Class.

Mr. Tom Peirce, who has just graduated from Poughkeepsie, stopped here on his way home, to visit his two brothers in college.

Messrs. Baldwin, McCaskill, Powers, Freeman and Helvin, all old students, were in the city inauguration day with the National Guard.

The brilliant arc lights that have just been placed on the campus were needed a long time before they appeared. The hill doesn't look quite so gloomy after dark now.

The Battalion took part in the exercises inauguration day, but on account of a mistake by some of the commanding officers who dismissed them, they did not have the pleasure of appearing in the review.

Mr. C. A. Seifert, an ex-member of the class of '05, was here recently for two days to see his many friends. Mr. Seifert was one of '05's best men, and during his three year's stay at A. and M. proved himself a student of exceptional ability.

Mr. J. S. Williams, formerly assistant instructor in English at A. and M., has accepted the Chair of Greek and Latin at the Southwestern Baptist University, at Jackson, Tenn. Prof. Williams has many friends here who regretted to see him leave.

The Library extends thanks to Mrs. Geo. T. Winston, Raleigh, N. C., for "The Lightning Conductor," by Williams; Mr. Jno. A. Park, Raleigh, N. C., for the "Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; Mr. J. W. Pierson, New York, for "Tom Keenan, Locomotive Engineer."

Several of the Civil Engineering Seniors are going to stand an examination on the 30th of this month for a Civil Service job with the Panama Canal Commission.

Dr. Joel D. Whitaker gave a highly enjoyed box-party to the "Jewel of Asia" on the night of the 10th, complimentary to the 1904 foot-ball team. The team appreciated and enjoyed this gracious act most thoroughly, and the entire Battalion feels grateful to Dr. Whitaker for his kindness to the team.

On January 10 the corner-store of our new Agricultural Building was formally laid by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina Masons. The threatening weather did not prevent a large attendance. Music was furnished by the A. and M. band. Professor Stockard, of Peace Institute, composed a poem appropriate for the occasion, entitled "The Man With the Hoe," as a reply to Edwin Markham's work of the same title. Hon. Charles B. Aycock delivered an oration, this being the closing act of his four years of faithful service as Governor of North Carolina.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

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Mr. L. Mosely, '02, was with us Inauguration Day.

Mr. P. S. Grierson, '04, dropped in a few days ago.

Mr. W. D. Briggs, '01, is with the Caraleigh Cotton Mills of Raleigh.

Mr. Jno. T. Land, '03, has a position as Senate Clerk in the General Assembly.

Mr. W. B. Reinhardt, '02, is in far-off Alaska with the Dawson City Electric Co.

Mr. J. S. Cates, '96, has entered Cornell University to take a course in agriculture.

Mr. Chas. L. Creech, '03, passed through Raleigh recently. He is selling dyeing machinery for a firm in Winston, N. C.

Mr. John H. Birdsong, '99, is first assistant chemist in the testing laboratory of the Carnegie Steel Works at Duquesne, Penn.

Mr. J. E. Coit, '03, is taking special work in Horticulture and Botany at Cornell, where he receives the degree of M. S. A. in June.

Dr. G. S. Fraps, '96, Ph.D. Johns Hopkins, '00, and Mr. S. A. Asbury, '93, are in the Texas Experiment Station at College Station, Texas.

Mr. Lester Allen, '00, who has been in the drafting rooms of the U. S. Navy Yard at Washington, is taking graduate work at Columbian University.

Many of the "old boys" were in Raleigh during the holidays. Among these were F. E. Phelps, J. E. Coit, Wm. Richardson, E. R. Stamps, W. F. Morson, E. C. Bagwell, F. E. Bonitz, L. O. Lougee, V. Y. Moss, Lee



Watson, W. M. Person, S. M. Hanff, C. D. Harriss, Jas. McKimmon, Dan. Allen, David Clark, Walter Clark, C. M. Hughes.

We should be glad to hear from members of the alumni from time to time, and will let others know what A. and M. men are accomplishing in life.

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THE PROPOSAL.

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A merry youth,  
 A maiden bright,  
 A gentle noon,  
 A perfect night.

A sparkling lake,  
 A boat for two,  
 And head o'er heels  
 In love for true.

One oar he had,  
 One oar had she,  
 And well they pulled  
 In unity.

"How well we pull  
 Together, dear;  
 Sweetheart, let's pull  
 Together e'er."

A pretty blush,  
 A sweet caress,  
 A solemn hush,  
 A trembling "Y-e-s."

—From *Aurora*.

## Y. M. C. A.

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Since holidays, the majority of the A. and M. boys have returned to college and resumed their regular college work, and we are glad to say that many of them did not allow holiday festivals and amusements to detract from their interest in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Bible and Mission Study Classes are at their regular work, meeting each Tuesday night to review their study during the past week. It is hoped that the Bible and Mission Study Committee will begin with the new year, and make stronger efforts than ever before to increase the number enrolled in these classes to a maximum.

Last Saturday night an entertainment that was in every way charming was given, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, in our college auditorium by the talented young North Carolina reader and elocutionist, Miss Eva Maria Miller. In dramatic reading, character sketching, scenes in dialectic stories and as an impersonator and monologist, Miss Miller has few equals anywhere. She is graceful and pretty, and in the various selections showed herself a clever young artist fully deserving the high praise given by the press and by the public. We hope to have Miss Miller with us again.

We expect an evangelist to spend several days with us in early spring. We hope the one sent to conduct our evangelical meeting will be Mr. W. D. Weatherford, of New York. He says he will come if possible.

Mr. G. C. Huntington, Inter-State Secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association, who is located in Charlotte, N. C., made us a short call during examination week before the holidays.

State Treasurer, Mr. B. R. Lacy, addressed our association just before the holidays. His address was of a high and instructive order. He told us of his recent visit to Arizona and how he climbed high among the cliffs to see the habitations of the ancient cliff dwellers. He said, "If we would live lives that should be lasting, we must do as the cliff dwellers; climb high and carve deeply into everlasting material." Come again, Mr. Lacy. We love everything you say.

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Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from day to day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you can not quite make up your mind that now is the time to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing others upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give some day—if you could know, and see, and feel all of a sudden that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do.—*Philips Brooks.*

# 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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T. J. OGBURN, '06

J. H. PEIRCE, '05

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Elsewhere in this issue will be found resolutions of respect concerning the untimely death of Edwin S. Whiting. Mr. Whiting was an active editor on the RED AND WHITE staff while at A. and M., and aided a great deal in making the magazine a success. His contributions to this publication and to the *Agromeck* of 1903, show his ability as a literary student. His hearty interest and patient work in the Leazar Literary Society will never be forgotten by those who were members at that time. Not only his class, but every man who knew Edwin Whiting regrets the loss of a loving friend, and extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

Several weeks ago the students of A. and M. began to take a part in the Library Voting Contest. By a few straggling votes, a desire was shown that the splendid collection of books might find its way to our library. More students began to place votes to the credit of A. and M., and whenever supplies were purchased for use in the different departments of the college, other votes were added. Gradually the numbers were increased, until the competing institutions were passed, and A. and M. now stands ahead. Don't let up, students and friends, and before long we will be the proud possessors of the useful library that would cost \$1,000 through book dealers.

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To name the things that this college needs just at present, would be quite a lengthy talk. There are a few necessities, however, that the General Assembly should give more than a passing consideration. From the students' standpoint, the greatest inconvenience is the lack of rooms sufficient to accommodate all within the college grounds. At the beginning of the session, many new students have to be turned away simply because the dormitories have already been filled. This crowding forces some to seek rooms beyond the campus, where the accommodations in some instances are very poor. If the State is able to give its young men the necessary equipment for their much-needed education, it certainly should not overlook one of the most important details facilitating the use of that equipment.

Probably it would not be a difficult or expensive matter to construct a gymnasium. Such a building would be extremely useful, and has been the crying need of this college ever since athletics were introduced. As for exercise, military drill may do very well so far as it goes. But drilling can not by any means give a man the development that may be derived from a well-appointed gymnasium and a capable instructor.

With the incoming of a new year, leaving the joys of Christmas behind, the student world now settles down again to real, earnest work. Some are beginning to see the important part that college training plays in the great battle of life; and with this fact before them, go about their duties with renewed grit and the determination that the year shall not end without the accomplishment of something worthy. In less than five months hundreds of college men all over this country will enter upon the careers that they have spent four years or more in preparation for. Whether each one will succeed or fail will depend upon the thoroughness of equipment that each individually possesses. What was the use of spending those four years at college? Do men cram their brains full of history and Latin and calculus because they will need those subjects in everyday life? No; practical men do not have that end in view. They realize that the purpose of college training is to *teach* men to *learn*. When one subject is mastered, ability to master others is acquired. The college graduate does not know every thing—as uneducated men ordinarily suppose he should—but he generally knows how to go about learning the way to carry out his ideas. That's the reason the demand for college graduates is growing yearly. The question that confronts the prospective graduate is, "Have I the preparation that I should have?" Some may be better prepared than others, but one who has had the pluck to stick to his work through four long, eventful years, and conscientiously performed the duties that fell to his lot, is more than likely to contribute a proportionate part toward his own happiness and to the good of his fellow creatures.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITED BY RONALD B. WILSON.

During December the spirit of Christmas was abroad in the land of college journalism, and the result was that the majority of last month's magazines were much better than any other issues of the year. Some celebrated Christmas by appearing in fancy covers; some by having enlarged and improved contents; some by a combination of both. In the latter case the result was especially gratifying. Altogether we should say that the work of the college journals in December showed a decided improvement and showed that something really good can be done when the proper effort is made. And so here's hoping that the spirit which spurred on the various editors to a special effort in December will not die, but will continue with them, ever urging them towards better things each of the five succeeding months of the college year.

For beauty of make-up the *Georgetown College Journal* is undoubtedly the best that has reached our table. And its beauty does not end with its general appearance. The poem "Maria Immaculata" is indeed a beautiful one, as is also the "Vigil of the Immaculate Conception," "December," and "Christmas on the Plantation" are two other poems which are also good. The two pieces of fiction are, however, rather poor. And all the serious matter in the magazine is devoted to religious subjects. But perhaps this should be pardoned, as the December number is a special one in honor of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

The most noticeable and attractive feature of the *Trinity Archive* for December is its wealth of really good poetry. Adding to this several pieces of good fiction, together with a couple of interesting essays, we have a whole which is very entertaining.

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Among the many other good things which came to us at Christmas time was the *Observer*, from Vanderbilt. "The Life of Peace" and "The Creed of a Man" are two especially good poems. And the fiction is better than ever. So we are very glad that the December number came.

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*The Wellesley Magazine* opens with an admirable essay entitled, "The Jewish Passion in English Literature," in which the author carefully and interestingly works out her theme. "A Strategy" and "Tommy Tucker" are both good pieces of fiction, and "Fishing Tackle" is a delightful little sketch. But the magazine is sadly deficient in verse. Nevertheless, it is certainly entertaining, and we trust that it will come often to our table.

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One might easily mistake the *U. of Va. Magazine* for one of the popular monthlies, both on account of its size and the quality of its contents. The December number, with its one hundred pages of interesting reading matter and its artistic cover, is undoubtedly the best example of a college magazine which has ever come to our notice. "The Inconsistency of Betty" and "The Unchanged Skin" are two stories which others will find exceedingly hard to equal. Especially is this true of the first, which is written in a style very charming, a style that would bring credit to many a more experienced magazine writer. Of the several poems, the two which are most worthy of mention are "The Grave" and "The



City of Sleep." One of the two writers found English too slow for him, so he gives us a story in French. But it's a good one, cleverly worked out. On the whole, as we said at first, this is certainly the best college magazine which we have seen.

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We would acknowledge also: *Aurora*, *Converse Concept*, *College Message*, *Southern Collegian*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Collegian*, *Erskinian*, *Clemson Chronicle*, *Peabody Record*, *Furman Echo*, *Ivy*, *Wake Forest Student*, *U. of N. C. Magazine*, *Hand and Mind*, *College Paper*, *Limestone Star*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Rocky Mount Collegian*, *Woford College Journal*, *Gray Jacket*, *College Chips*, *Purple and Gold*.

---

Teacher.—“Now, Tommie, what letter comes after H?”

Small Boy.—“Dunno.”

Teacher.—“Oh, yes you do; what have I on each side of my nose?”

Small Boy.—“Freckles.”—*Exchange*.

## GLEANINGS.

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### TAPS.

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"Time is up, my little pet,  
And to barracks I must get;  
Pause to kiss you, just for fun,  
Surely, dear—it shall be done."

J. B. E. in *Gray Jacket*.

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### SNOWFLAKES.

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Sifting down from a leaden cloud,  
From a region cold and dark,  
They wrapped the fair earth in a ghostly shroud,  
Like a corpse all dead and stark.

Falling, again, from a cloud, now bright,  
From a region no longer in gloom,  
They covered the earth in a mantle of white,  
Like a bride bedecked for her groom.

So it is with our vision of life  
The same scene, now dreary, now gay;  
And whether in us gloom or joy shall be rife,  
It depends on our mood for the day.

S. H. H., in *Davidson College Magazine*.

---

"Flunked, flunked, flunked,  
On those d— old exams, O gee!  
And I would that it were decent to utter  
The thoughts that arise in me."

—From *Furman Echo*.

## YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER.

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Same old college,  
Same old rules;  
Same old beats,  
Same old fools.

Same old snow,  
Same old sleet;  
Same old messhall,  
Nothing to eat.

Same old drill,  
Same old gun;  
Same old sophomores,  
Same old fun.

Same old dues,  
Same old beg;  
Same old dad—  
Same old leg.

Same old study,  
Doin' no better;  
Same old father,  
Same old letter.

Same old place,  
Nothing new;  
Except the year,  
And when that's through—

Same old thing,  
Same old school;  
Same old boy,  
A wiser fool.

W. P. A.

## “JUST FUN.”

EDITED BY T. J. OGBURN.

Winter Course Doc.—“Has 'Fesser come?”

Old Boy.—“What Professor?”

W. C. D.—“That fat, bald-headed 'Fesser what stays in there (pointing to President's office). I registered as 'cow-puncher,' but want to change.”

Bagley says he wouldn't shine Lilly's shoes for ten cents. There would be a great loss in polish.

Who gave Capt. Phelps the loaded cigar? It was a mean trick, and it is no wonder that the Captain used some strenuous language.

Who hangs around St. Mary's worse than Grant around Richmond.

Finch was grinding a lathe-tool when Prof. Park walked up.

Professor.—“Finch, have you got any clearance on that tool?”

Finch.—“No, sir, I wiped it off.”

Prof. Riddick.—“Where are spherical triangles formed?”

Darden.—“In nature, Professor.”

Prof. Lang.—“A mathematician deduces his formulas. Others don't. I always deduce mine.”

Bullock.—“What does *colporter* mean?”

Lilly.—“It is the short for *colored porter*.”

Price.—"McGirt, what will you charge by the month to shave me?"

McG.—"Only ten cents per month, if you will open your mouth each time."

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"How far in algebra do you go this term?"

"Down to illiterate equations."

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Watkins.—"Hello! Legs."

Smith, R. H.—"Hello! er-Feet!?"

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Murr said that perpetual motion had been proven an impossibility. Tull remarked that he saw a rough account of the same in the Sand Paper.

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Prof. Burkett.—"Mr. Clement, why do you wear that particular collar in here?"

Clement.—"To keep Capt. Phelps from sticking me."

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A report was recently found on the Officer-of-the-Day's desk reading thus: "Phelps, R., continued noise in hall and on campus; hour, from sunrise to dark."

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George Lynch is the proud possessor of a genuine one-dollar Ingersoll watch. His room-mate has specifically demanded that the watch be hung out the window at bed-time, so that sleep may not be difficult.

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"Say, red hair is not very becoming to you. Was it always that color?"

"Go chase yourself. My hair used to be iron gray before it rusted."

New Barn Hand.—"Is it safe for me to try to milk that cow?"

Old Barn Hand.—"That depends upon the position you take."

Subscriber.—“Look here (displaying a copy of *The Muse*), the girls at St. Mary’s say that they can’t see the point to some of your jokes.”

Staff Man.—“That’s no surprise; some people could not see through a plate glass window with a ten-foot telescope.”

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Certain person.—“That girl made a fool of me several years ago.”

Another person.—“My! what a lasting impression.”

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The *Red and White* has been put to divers uses during its lifetime. Several persons assert that it is an excellent remedy for the “blues”; others say that it works nicely as a fire-kindler; one genius suggests that a proper display of the cover would be sufficient to flag a train. But to cap the climax, one young lady actually acknowledged that upon a certain occasion, when about to attend a social affair, and desiring that her complexion should be rosy, she hastily rubbed the flaming cover upon her cheeks and obtained an effect that makers of French rouge might look upon with envy.