THE RED AND WHITE.

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THE VALUE OF AN EDUCATION.

About the first advice a boy receives from his father is this: "Get a good education while you are young. Then, after you are fitted for your life's work, the pleasures of this world will come to you. You can not afford to neglect your education." If a boy could only realize it, this, perhaps, is the best advice a father can give to his son,—that pertains to his success in the great battle of life.

In order to succeed, a man must have an education for the trade or profession he follows. His education may be received in college halls or he may get all his knowledge by spare-time study, but he must have an education, nevertheless.

There are several things to be taken into consideration in selecting which course to take on entering a college. A man must be suited by his natural temperament for the trade or profession he intends to study for, and, generally, a man who can learn very little about mathematics should take a course that requires little mathematics; and a man who is proficient in mathematics and finds his English subjects and languages hard, should either take engineering, or some other course that would bring into play the subjects in which he is proficient. There are schools for both technical and scientific training throughout our country, and every man must choose for himself the course he is to take in college and the profession which he is to follow. It is unnecessary to dwell on this detail.

A man who has an education may be compared with a man who has none; as two axes, one sharp, and the other dull. A man can take a sharp axe and do a good day's work, at the same time expending only a reasonable amount of energy; but the man who attempts to do a

good day's work with a dull axe not only has to expend an enormous amount of energy to do that which he attempts, but even when his task is finished, the results will not compare favorably.

One of the parables given by the Great Master may also be used as an illustration in this connection: the parable of the talents. The servant with five talents was given much because he used what he had to good advantage. The servant with two talents had less and was given less; while the servant with only one talent, who buried his only talent in the ground and would not use it, had even that which he had taken away. No truer saying was ever recorded than "To him that hath shall be given; but to him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away."

Long, long ago, two men went to an English fair. A man was selling plows, setting forth in glowing terms the great labor-saving qalities of the plow. Each man purchased a plow and carried it home. Some months after the two men who had bought plows happened to meet again. Said one to the other, "Has your plow done any work yet?" "Why, yes," answered the one addressed, "I have kept my whole farm tilled with the one I bought." "Well," said the first, "I took my plow home and set it in my field. The last time I looked at it, it was just where I left it, and covered with rust." Had this man's mind been given even the simplest training he would have known better than to leave an inanimate object and expect it to do work by itself.

A man who is so educated that he can turn his knowledge into profit can spend a life of continual gain, but a man who has no education, not only never gains anything, but, in most cases, loses that with which he has to start.

Now, education is not to be got in college halls alone. Some of the greatest men this country has ever pro-

duced never saw the inside of a college before they were well advanced in their life's work. Among these may be mentioned Henry Clay, Benjamin Franklin, James A. Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, and Grover Cleveland. A self-made man is, in many respects, far superior to others; but these men are only the exceptions that prove the general rule.

In many professions, a man could not even hope to be classed as a man of his profession without a college education. This applies particularly to physicians, ministers, writers, educators, and specialists of every class.

No man ever knew, or ever will know, all that is known or may be known, about any particular subject. There is always something to learn. Even Remsen, one of the foremost authorities on chemistry in the world and a man who has written text-books on the subject, says to-day that he doesn't even know the elements of chemistry.

A young man was once standing in the office of one of our State's best lawyers. Looking around and seeing the great number of volumes in the lawyer's library, he said he didn't see why a man who had studied law and procured his license to practice, needed so many books. The reply was this: "My boy, a lawyer need never spend an idle moment. There is always something for him to learn. At every term of court some new detail develops in some case, and we lawyers, in order to keep up our practice, have to learn all we can so we may be able to appear successfully for a client in any case that may be brought before a court."

"Knowledge is power," and knowledge is obtained by education. Several years ago a boy was preparing to enter a certain acadamy. He was being tutored by one of his old school teachers, and one day he went to his tutor and said: "Professor, I've struck a snag. I've found a masculine gender noun and can't find it's femi-

nine correspondent. Can you tell me what is the feminine for 'earl'?" Without comment, the tutor turned to the word "earl" in his unabridged dictionary, and just after the word turned to was its feminine form, "countess." Then the tutor remarked, "You will always find this difference between an educated man and an uneducated man: The former always knows where to look for information, and can generally find an answer to any doubtful or unknown question. The latter can not."

A man's education is never complete upon his graduation from college. At institutions of learning, a man usually gets more of the theoretical than of the practical, and it is after leaving college that a man's uselessness or sterling worth asserts itself. At college, a student may know his text-books almost verbatim and then be unable to master details that present themselves in his professional career. His mind has not been properly trained. This point may well be brought out in the profession of civil engineering. A graduate of the University of Virginia attached himself to a corps of civil engineers that had in charge the construction of a railroad. The young man in question was very much humiliated when he first began his work by his inability to find the difference in level between two hills. And this young man had taken the degree of C.E. from the University of Virginia.

In such a case as the one just cited may be seen the superiority of a technical to a university education; but a university education also has its advantages. Undoubtedly, the best institutions of learning are those that, in their curricula combine both theory and practice. What would a medical school be worth if the only opportunity given its students to learn were the text-books? In almost any operation to be performed, a physician would be totally at sea without the knowledge derived from the dissecting table.

I have already stated that a man's education never ends with his graduation from college. A man's college course is generally spoken of as his education, but in reality, the completion of his college course only finds his education well begun. If this were not the case, there would be only one reason for choosing our admirals, generals, statesmen, etc., from among the men whose hair has turned gray, and that reason would be, seniority of service. In almost any walk of life we may find young men filling subordinate positions, when they are intellectually superior to men whom they are under.

In order to command men successfully, a general must be properly educated. He must know how to move, with rapidity, large bodies of men, and must carefully lay his plans. A good general, in planning his campaign, will always have several different ways by which he may reach any point of strategic value. He will always try to secure possession of the fortress or city that is the key to the situation.

Before embarking on any enterprise whatever, a man should carefully lay his plans, and have several different plans for the same purpose, if possible, so that, if unforeseen difficulties arise that can not be overcome, one plan of action may supercede the other and be put into execution before anybody else is able to see that the first plan of action was a failure. It is education, and education alone, that enables a man to do this, although there are men who are born profound strategists. These remarks refer to the average man, not to the genius.

The great Field Marshal Von Moltke planned out his campaign and had a splendidly drilled and well-equipped army at his command before the first gun was fired in that quick, sharp, war—the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. Von Moltke and his army were educated to their profession. Louis Napoleon and his army were not. The result was apparent from the first battle. The

march of Von Moltke's army was a continuous succession of brilliant victories.

Even a country storekeeper must be educated to know the details of his business. If he can not keep an accurate account of his receipts and expenditures, he will soon find that he has no business to keep account of.

The value of an education is at once so apparent to clear-thinking men and women that there is no trade or profession at which a man or woman may work but institutions of learning will be found that will better fit them for their vocation.

Not only are there schools for the education of the strong, robust youth of our country, but in every State will be found schools for the deaf and dumb and blind.

The education of girls should never be neglected. The place for a mother is the home, and she need not have a business education, but she should be educated. An educated mother can raise her children to better advantage than can a mother who has no education.

All of us can not expect to be doctors, lawyers, mechanics, etc. There are very few men like F. Hopkinson Smith, of New York, who is at the same time an engineer, architect, writer, lecturer, and lawyer. A man must be educated for a particular trade or profession. Several years ago I had the pleasure of listening to an address on college life, delivered by one of our State's foremost educators. In the course of his address he brought in well the following remarks: "A few years ago, I found a nut off the small pump that supplies my tank with water. I at once procured a monkey-wrench and tried to put the nut back where it belonged. It was very hard to screw on, and I soon found, to my disgust, that I had put the nut on cross-threaded. I had to take it off, and found that I had ruined it. The result was, I lost my nut and a good deal of my religion with it. Then I was compelled to do what I should have done at first: send for a mechanic."

We very often hear pupils at school and students at college grumble about having to use certain text-books, "that never will do me any good." Every book a student uses does him good. The school boy nearly always says that Latin will do him no good, and if he doesn't study it, it won't, but men who know say that the study of Latin does do good; it furnishes an excellent method of training for the mind, if it serves no other purpose.

A man *must* master the details of his profession if he would succeed. A draughtsman may be sent out to a mill to make a free-hand sketch of the broken part of an engine. When he comes back to the office and the sketch is being made into a working drawing and even one dimension in the free-hand sketch is missing, the draughtsman finds that the time spent at the mill is practically thrown away—lost—and so is his job.

Knowing how to do a thing and then being unable to do it is not education. It may pass for education, but it is not the same thing. A well-known swimming instructor in Baltimore was in the habit of putting a life-preserver around each of his pupils and then pushing them off the platform into th tank. They would sink at first and then bob up like apples dropped into a bucket of water. After they had recovered from their fright the instructor would tell them how to make the stroke, etc. After a few lessons given with life-preservers, the pupils would be made to try to swim without assistance, the instructor exhorting them and giving them instructions all the while. One day the instructor was luckless enough to fall into the tank, just after he had given a swimming lesson. His pupils saw him struggling and blowing, but thought he was only imitating their actions when they took their first lesson. They saw him sink the third time and then one of them jumped in and got him out. To their great surprise they found that their instructor was not only unable to swim, but

that he had never taken a swimming lesson in his life. He knew how to swim, but nevertheless, he could not swim.

With education comes all the pleasures and blessings of enlightened life, greater respect for the law, for the rights of others, and for self.

As long as there is life in a man he should strive to learn more and more. No man should stop when he thinks he knows enough to carry him through this world. There is a final reckoning for everybody and every minute spent in this world must be accounted for. The greater our knowledge, the more we become like the One before whom we shall stand at the last. How beautifully the poet Holmes has brought out this thought in the lines—

> Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll.
> Leave thy low-vaulted past,
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free.
> Leaving thine outgrown shell,
> By life's unresting sea.

FRY.

YOU.

To-day the world is harsh and cold,
The sky is gray, deep gloom is over all,
And now I think of days of old,
And blacker and heavier grows the pall.

Dear, dead days, hours that used to be,
In sad procession they before me go.
Unkind it is of memory,
To drag you in the dust so low.

I loved you so, you sinned and fell;
I loved you still and came to you
To share with you your heaven or your hell,
But even to me you were untrue.

Dear dead days, shadows dancing to and fro,
Flickering flames of a dying fire,
That burns and gleams in the long-ago,
Now crumbling away to ashes dire.

My heart is cold like the world to-day,
Black the grate of its burnt-out blaze.
The heart where once you held full sway,
In the beautiful, dear dead days.

K.

THE BET OF A WOMAN HATER.

Bob Brockett, after learning a great deal in college about football tactics—he was a wiry quarter-back—and a very little of Latin, Greek, Mathematics and such annoyances to young men who go to college for fun, woke up one June morning and found himself in possession of a diploma.

Bob determined to do some more studying abroad. He was a professed woman-hater, and before he left the girls poked fun at him by betting him a box of cigars against a hundred yards of brussels lace that he would bring back a wife with him, and one little minx declared that she would be black. Bob offered to take a hundred such bets, but his teasers were quite content with one.

Six months after his departure Bob was in India. He was dining one evening with a party of Americans and British officers when the subject of the suttee or burning of widows with the bodies of their husbands was introduced.

"That's stopped now," said a British captain, "by a treaty with the British government."

"Sahib," said an Indian servant, "there will be a suttee to-morow morning at sunrise. The young widow of the Prince of Pingpore will be burned with her husband."

"The deuce you say!"

The servant being questioned, said that the prince was a very old man, who had married the wife when she was twelve years old. She was now fifteen. The party became much interested, but as there was no English garrison near, it did not seem that anything could be done to prevent this outrage against civilization. Brockett proposed that the party constitute themselves a posse to do so. The Englishmen were hard to move until they had had a number of brandy-and-sodas. Then they chimed in with alacrity.

The party arose from the table and, guided by the servant, went to the place where the pyre had been set up in the court of a ruin. On the pyre was the body of the old prince, guarded by heathen Hindoos.

"I have a scheme," said Brockett; " a real out-and-out Yankee scheme. We'll conceal ourselves in what is left of that apartment on the other side of the wall from the pyre. It isn't more than thirty feet from the pyre to the room. Suppose we dig a tunnel to a point beneath the pyre, remove the material from under where the widow will lie and let her down and out before the flames touch her."

"Good," said every one, and the Hindoo servant was despatched for spades and a wheelbarrow. With a will they set to work, all of them young, strong men, and in three hours a spade broke through the ground and struck the wood of the pyre. Then commenced the more difficult work of locating the required spot and removing that part of the pyre directly under the spot where the widow would lie. However, it was at last accomplished, the wooden platform being left supported by pieces of timber that could be removed at will.

In the morning there was a great din of the funeral procession approaching. A troop of Brahman priests, their shaved heads uncovered, carrying torches, followed by a concourse of natives, came howling into the court. In their midst was the young widow. The party of Anglo-Saxons had pushed the mortar from a chink in the wall, through which they watched the proceedings. At the foot of the pyre the widow was stripped of all her clothing except a fine silken undergarment. To see the young thing stand there, looking about her with a bewildered stare, then at the pyre with a shudder, was enough to move stouter hearts than the English and Americans. Brockett took one look through the peephole, then dashed into the tunnel and to the bottom of

the pyre, where he stood ready. When the widow ascended the pyre and lay down and a cloud of smoke concealed the bodies, the signal was given by a British officer at the peep-hole. Removing the supports, Brockett lowered the living body, receiving it in his arms. The widow, frightened at this unexpected occurrence as well as the flames, swooned and was easily carried through the tunnel to the ruined chamber. When she came to, a hand was clapped over her mouth, and she was forced to remain quiet.

It was not till night that the party, dressing the widow in the costume of their servant, Bob Brockett sacrificing his beard to conceal her features, dared to leave their place of concealment and return to their quarters. The widow, knowing that if found she would be spurned by her people and compelled to again go through the dread ordeal to its completion, begged her liberators to take her out of the country. As none of them could go where he liked except Brockett, he was assigned the post of honor. It was on a long journey on a P. and O. steamer to England, sitting with her daily on deck, talking of her past life and telling her of the western world, that Brockett lost his heart. The consequence was that when they reached England the widow of the Prince of Pingpore became Mrs. Bob Brockett.

On the arrival a few weeks later of the steamer *Lucania* at New York, Brockett's girl friends, who had heard of his marriage with an Indian, were on the dock awaiting him.

"A hundred yards of lace, please."

"I didn't lose the bet, which was that my wife would be black. She is copper colored. Nevertheless, I am so happy that I am ready to pay." And he drew from his pocket a bundle of the finest quality of lace. Then they all dined together, and Bob presented his bride.

W. J. W.

THE INDUSTRIAL APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.

The production of the best article at the lowest cost is the aim of every successful manufacturer. Therefore when he considers any change from the old method of production, he naturally asks the question, Will the proposed change reduce the cost of manufacture and improve the quality of the product?

Electric power is now employed in driving the machinery of many of the largest manufactories in the country, and it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that those who desire to keep in the front rank of their trade, find that the substitution of electric power for other power systems is an important step towards profitable production.

The cost of power is a large item of expense in many kinds of manufacturing, and cheap power is what often determines the location of new industries. If water power is available, the energy of the fall can be efficiently transformed in electric power. Using a high voltage, this energy can be transmitted, at a very small loss, to mills and factories many miles away. The manufacturer finds that this cheap power enables him to dispense with the more costly and less efficient steam plant.

The advantages to be gained by electric transmission of power are numerous. Some are self-evident, while others are being proved by everyday experience. Some of the more important are, reliability and safety; economy of power; sanitary improvement and cleanliness; increased output and a saving in time and labor.

In the point of reliability, an electric plant properly installed can not be improved upon. The degree of perfection to which the construction of electrical machinery in this age of electricity has attained, enables wear

and tear to be reduced to a minimum, and when excessive is confined to parts that can be readily replaced. On direct current machines, good design and the use of carbon brushes of high quality have eliminated commutator troubles. The perfection of the induction motor has been an important step, as they require but little attention after installment. The reduction of the number of moving belts and pulleys reduces the risk to life and limb, while the voltage used need not be high enough to be dangerous either as a fire risk or to life.

In eliminating the greater portion of the shafting, belts and pulleys, a large expense is saved. Competent engineers find the efficiency of the ordinary methods of transmission of power to vary from 30 per cent to 60 per cent, and rarely over 75 per cent at full load. With electric power, the efficiency varies from 65 per cent to 83 per cent. So we see that the adoption of electric power would mean a decrease in the expense of operating.

When machinery is driven by direct-connected electric motors, there is a marked improvement in the sanitary conditions of the factory. Instead of the numerous belts to stir the grease-laden dust and shut off the light from the work and the pulleys and shafting to sling oil and dirt over everything, there are the silently running, clean motors. What a contrast. A better and cleaner product is the result.

Experience has shown that the substitution of electric power for other motive power has increased the output from 10 per cent to 30 per cent. This is due to the steady speed of the electric motor and easy adjustment of speed when required. In transmission by belting, there is the trouble of belts slipping or breaking, requiring a shut down of that machine or perhaps the entire mill. By the use of direct-connected motors this can be avoided.

The increased output means a saving of labor and time. Each tool with its motor is complete in itself and may be placed where the work will come to it in turn, with a minimum loss of time and labor in handling, or it may be a portable machine and can be used where required. The ease by which motors can be controlled at a distance, permits one man in many cases to run several motors.

In general, it may be said that electricity can be applied to all types of machinery, and by its use economy is obtained as well as increased production. These desirable qualities should influence every prospective manufacturer to examine more closely into the merits of electric transmission of power, the solution of all power problems in the industrial field.

H. L. H. '06.

THE REDEMPTION OF BANDIT JOE.

It was a hot, sultry day in mid August; not a single cloud floated in the sky above, to shield the rugged mountains from the parching rays of a summer's sun. To the human eye there was nothing visible save the bare rocks, thick undergowth, and the towering peaks of the great mountain range; while from a distance could be heard the leaping and dashing of some mountain torrent. Sitting at the entrance of a cave, no great distance away, and screened from view by the thick undergrowth, sat a man, the sight of whom would have made the bravest Kentuckian wish he had chosen another route for his journey.

All day Bandit Joe had guarded, with an eye of a hawk, the entrance of this unknown cave. He, of whom seven years of dauntless courage and daring plans had made the most successful of bandits, for the first time in his career was left to guard the cave; while his partners executed a plan—yes—executed a plan that only his daring courage could have made possible.

"They are jealous of me," he said, "and why are they? Because they know that in all my career of devilish work, my hands have never yet been tinted with the blood of a human soul. They call me coward, and say that I am afraid of blood. Yet the day shall come when they will all know that the head of Bandit Joe is well worth the two thousand dollars levied on it."

At this time four figures could be seen making their way through the thick undergrowth, while a shrill whistle warned the bandit of his partners' return. Bandit Joe rose leisurely to his feet and looked in the direction of the noise. A short way down the mountain could be seen three men, dragging with them a girl, who, by her flushed face and tattered dress, showed that she had been gagged and dragged for some time.

"Well," said Bandit Joe, addressing the foremost of the party, "what success?"

"Oh, twan't no good. Some one saw us soon after we went in the bank, and if it hadn't been for the horses we'd all been killed. They got Brandy, as it was, poor old cuss. I guess he's got a hot corner in h—l by now."

"I snatched up this here gal while I was rushing out and flung her on the saddle behind me, so the cusses couldn't shoot me without hitting her."

By this time the group had entered the cave, and the leader of the bandits continued to talk.

"I guess she will do to keep a fellow company, and we can soon make a good cook of her, if some one don't hurry and fork up a handsome pile of 'rocks' for her release. Besides, she's a d—ed pretty gal, and I'm going to kiss her just for fun."

So saying he caught the girl by the arm, and in spite of her desperate efforts to release herself, he pulled her to him. Then came a broad smile of triumph, as he held her pretty and flushed face near his own.

"Resist me, do you, you pretty little hussy. Well, I'll show you—"

But he never finished the sentence, for as quick as a flash the report of a revolver rang through the cave; the bandit's grip slowly relaxed and he fell with a thud to the rocky floor. The other two bandits, who had been too busy watching their leader to notice Bandit Joe, now turned to him, their hands flying simultaneously to their holsters; they were too late, for each was now facing the muzzle of a Colt's forty-four, the muzzle of one of which had not yet quit smoking.

"Up with your hands, boys, and let's have a plain talk! You know I always gave fair play, and that there lies the first man that ever stained my hands with blood. I don't want to kill you, for you are not worthy to die; so throw your guns into that thicket over there, and we

will part in peace. You first, Jim. That's right; now you, Sandy— Wait there, come on up with that thirty-eight you keep in that pocket in your boot. That's right. Now, boys, we part never to meet again, and soon will Bandit Joe disappear as mysteriously as he appeared."

So saying, he left the cave, taking with him the girl who, by this time, was too frightened to offer resistance.

When he had gotten well out of sight of the other bandits, Joe's gun slipped into its holster; then assisting the girl with one arm he soon came to another cave, which, from the roar above seemed to be beneath some mountain torrent. Leading her to a hammock of bear skin, which was hung between the two walls of the cave, he bade her lie down, and producing from his pocket a bottle of brandy, he commanded her to drink.

The long journey had, by this time, greatly fatigued the unfortunate girl, and as the brandy soon began to soothe her excited nerves, she fell into a deep sleep.

Bandit Joe took advantage of his companion's slumber to change his attire.

Going deeper into the cave, he entered another chamber; and in a short time discarded his mask of beard and moustache and soon, dressed in a suit more suitable for a prince than a bandit, he came out to watch his slumbering companion.

Kneeling beside the hammock, with his head bowed as if asking forgiveness for the crime he was about to commit, he stayed motionless, noiseless, and almost breathless, for some minutes. Then rising to his feet, he took her white hand in his and pressed it to his lips. The girl sprang to her feet with a scream, glanced quickly at the man before her, and fell back in the hammock pale as a sheet.

The brandy bottle was again produced and the girl well drugged. Cold water was dashed in her face, her clear blue eyes opened—calm and steady.

"John Bradshaw, my brother," she muttered.

"True, Flossy, true. Yet I am not worthy to be your dog.—It is useless to ask if mother is well, for I saw her myself on the street three days ago.—Ah, Bandit Joe! you have deceived even a mother's love."

"Flossy, I will see you to the city, but there we must part. Give my love to her, Flossy; and tell her that to the world John Bradshaw may be dead, but yet he will return some day—some day, when he shall be worthy of a mother's love, and of the name, 'John Bradshaw.'"

J. E. M. '06.

JACK PEARSON'S STORY.

Some half dozen fellows were sitting around a camp-fire in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, smoking their pipes in silent contentment. The fire was burning low, only now and then a fitful blaze sprang up, lighting the faces gathered round.

Pearson, to whom such scenes were not uncommon, at last spoke.

"Boys, did I ever tell you about my dog Bill saving my life in these same mountains?"

On some answering "No," he comfortably settled himself back against his log, filled and lighted his pipe, and began.

"There was a party of us camped higher up than this, on the Clinche River. We were discussing what to do next, as things were beginning to be dull, when one of the fellows suggested that we hunt up and explore a cave over the ridge which we had heard of. It was at once agreed to, so in the early afternoon of the next day we all went over, Charlie Hubart's big white bull dog Bill going with us. Bill and I had always been great friends, and he would follow me everywhere I went, even in preference to Charlie.

"The mouth of the cave was nothing but a hole sloping down into the mountain. We all went down, however, and things began to open up. It was a beautiful place, passage after passage branched off all around us, many of which were columned with stalactites. Charlie and I had been looking around together for about an hour, when we got separated, how or when I never knew. I kept on, thinking he had turned back, as he had.

"Bill followed close at my heels, never varying his distance, except when I climbed up a steep crack. Here he refused to follow. I didn't want to leave him, so attempted to turn round, but couldn't; the crack was too

narrow and steep. I then began to come down backwards, but something gave way and I fell. I got up sore and in total darkness. Thrusting my hand into my pocket I drew out a box of matches, the heads of which were a glowing pulp. I nervously attempted to strike them, but they were all too wet. It was not till then that I realized my position. Then the full horror of it all came to me in one great wave. I was half a mile from the entrance with useless candles, the black path winding and boulder strewn.

"Slowly I made my way back along the path. The stillness broken at regular intervals by the dripping water had in it the unfeeling passiveness of nature. At last I knew I was lost, totally lost. The horror, hopelessness and despair of those few minutes can hardly be imagined—it overcame me; sinking down I began to think of myself as someone else in whom I had no interest. What right had fate to cast anyone away in such a place, to become a maniac and die of starvation? And this someone was me. Rebellion swept over me, I shouted, the hollow rolling of my voice was all I got for answer. Getting up I started forward in haste,—anywhere—to get away from the darkness and horror that surrounded me. I became frenzied, raving at the boulders that I walked into and stumbled over. Then all at once they seemed to be gone and I was falling, falling.

* * * * * * * *

"Bill was too affectionate, was my first thought. On attempting to drive him away from my face I found I was so sore I could hardly move—and then I remembered it all. Slowly getting to my feet and following his low whine, I came to the entrance slope. Crawling up this, I was out.

"The sun was setting behind the opposite ridge in all of its summer glory as though in sympathy with the joy that was within me."

S. M. V.

A DEFINITION.

In lovologic nomenclature the heart is referred to, not as a vital organ of life, but as the seat of affection, esteem, regard, and love, with all the errors attendant upon passion.

Comprehensively and universally considered, the term *love* signifies any irregularity or derangement of the heart irrespective of the cause which produced it or the degree of its manifestation. However slightly or severely it may be exhibited, it is love all the same. The nicest observation may be demanded for its detection and it may need the most thoroughly trained powers of discernment to identify and locate it as in cases where the subject appears to be only feigning, flirting, or professing. On the contrary, the patient may be so far affected as to refuse utterly to eat. Either of these two extremes and any of all the intermediate degrees may be designated a simple case of love.

A very erratic condition of the heart is easy of detection, but love in the form of a college fancy or a youthful caprice is often difficult to identify, and sometimes serious results have followed from the obscurity which has developed the early stages of the malady. In the absence of treatment which an early correct diagnosis would have indicated, an insiduous ailment may so take advantage of the lapse of time as to root itself too deeply into the heart to be subverted, and become transformed into a disabling chronic case—possibly incurable and fatal. Hence the impolicy of depreciating early symptoms because they are unaccompanied by distinct and pronounced characteristics.

This disease (infectious, vitiating and demoralizing) is well nigh universal, and although its different phases, signs, effects, and symptoms, together with its etiology,

have been more or less completely studied by every single solitary man and woman, there has not yet appeared any absolute cure. Under identical treatment one patient will partially recover, while another may be plunged into darkest despair and his life ended in some terrible tragedy.

But it is not our purpose to discuss the idiosyncratics of love, for in that instance descriptive terminology might be exhausted and our task remain unfinished.

A STUDENT.

THE WIND.

In a mournful monotone
The wind is weirdly wailing.
In its wake, o'er thorn and stone,
My heart is sadly trailing.

Trailing, trailing, on to death;
To those dark portals reaching.
There no sharp and icy breath
Will chill; no winds be screeching.

THE CLICK IN THE WALL.

Years ago when I was a very young man I learned telegraphy, and when I was twenty-five years old received a very flattering offer to go to Italy to instruct a corps of operators for a new line then building. From Italy I was called to Sicily on similar business, where I remained several months.

One day a ship came in from America with passengers who were mostly pleasure or health seekers, among them an American gentleman, Mr. Esten, and his daughter Alice. Alice Esten was in delicate health, and this was the reason for their making the trip. Mr. Esten was wealthy, and spent his money lavishly. He took the best rooms in the hotel and had all the servants at his beck, each striving to win the coins he kept in his pocket to secure their attention. I made his acquaintance one evening, and when he learned that I was a telegrapher, he told me that he had been an operator himself; had secured an interest in a telegraph line which had afterward been sold out to a combination for so much money that his share had made him rich.

He was very unwise in not concealing his wealth, for the Sicilian brigands are noted for kidnapping rich people and holding them for ransom. They soon spotted Mr. Esten, and one day when he was climbing an ascent back of the hotel alone took him in charge. When he did not return for dinner a search was made, and he was not to be found within a distance of a dozen miles. Then it was determined that he had fallen into the hands of brigands.

The landlord commissioned me to break the news to Alice Esten, and I confess I found it a difficult matter. She cast her large blue eyes, full of tears and pleading, at me and begged me to save her father from being mur-

dered. It was impossible to avoid seeming to acquiesce, and I told her that I would start at once in search of him. I was to go into the interior on business, but I had not the faintest expectation of being of any service to Mr. Esten. Indeed, his case was in his own hands. Probably at first he might not defer to the demands of his captors, but after awhile, with death staring him in the face, he would be obliged to yield.

I did not forget either the father or daughter, and tried to get wind of the former. I opened telegraph offices, and often in communicating with the coast asked if any news had come from the captors. A reply finally came that it was reported that the demands of the bandits, who thought he was fabulously rich, were so enormous that he could not pay them. At least this was the assumption from what the bandits had permitted to be known. I worked across the island, then back again. One night I stopped at a station in the mountains where there was only one building in which a stranger could be accommodated, but its owner and the people I saw about the place were so villianous looking that I feared to stay there. However, there was no choice, and, leaving what money I possessed at the station, I took up my quarters in their uninviting abode.

The head of my bed was against a wall, and before going to sleep I heard what at first I took to be a mouse's gnawing, though the wall was of stone and mice do not try to work their way through masonry. My surroundings were so disagreeable that I did not get to sleep easily, and this continued click in the wall did not add to my ability to do so. Finally, it occurred to me that there was, to speak paradoxically, an irregular regularity about the clicks. Besides, they would stop and be resumed at intervals which were about equal. They began to interest me. After a silence, when they were resumed again I listened attentively. Almost any teleg-

rapher from force of habit will attempt to find letters in such sounds, and I soon found myself trying to do so. What was my astonishment the moment I began to read:

"Any one procuring his release." With a beating heart I waited for the tapping which ended with the word "release" to recommence. When it did, I followed the words:

"An American gentleman is imprisoned here by bandits. He will give a large sum to any one procuring his release."

The moment the message was finished I sprang out of bed, took a large knife from my trousers pocket and with the handle telegraphed on the wall:

"Are you Mr. Esten?"

"Yes. Thank God for the question!"

"I am the operator you met at the hotel."

It was determined between us that we should wait till morning, when I would telegraph for a force to come up and release him. We chatted half the night, however, and I didn't sleep a wink. He had been sending his messages at intervals ever since he had been captured.

The next morning I sauntered carelessly out of the house, sent my message, and that night troops surrounded the place and captured every one in it. Mr. Esten and I returned to the coast, and in time three brigands were executed for his capture.

This was the beginning of my intimacy with the Estens, and was a rather advantageous introduction. Though I told the truth, Alice would never believe that I had not gone purposely to seek her father. Mr. Esten offered me a check for $10,000, which I declined. I wanted something more valuable, and I got it—his daughter.

W. J. W.

HER VALENTINE.

Captain Harwood stood on his front porch smoking a cigar. An unusually handsome man, tall and erect, he presented a striking figure of robust manhood in spite of the sixty-odd years that had crowned his head with silver. He was gazing into the clear February sky and seemed lost in reverie, when a heavy-built young man walked up.

"Good morning, Captain," said Bradley, "can you give me a few minutes of your time?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Bradley, a good many, if you desire it," said the Captain.

"What I have to say to you, Captain, is simply this, I love your daughter and she has consented to be my wife."

When Bradley had finished, Captain Harwood's whole demeanor had changed. He was now red in the face and a terrible passion seemed suddenly to have taken possession of him.

"What!" said he, "ask me if you may have my daughter for your wife? Never. You impudent puppy! Leave my house immediately and never come here again." And the old gentleman lost his breath in a torrent of abusive and scornful language.

Harry Bradley was a high-strung young man, and retained his self-control by a great effort. He said nothing, but turned on his heel and walked away, at the same time making a vow to himself that he would have Sadie Harwood for his wife if it cost him his life to get her. Captain Harwood's words almost set Bradley's soul on fire, and knowing Sadie's father as he did, he knew he had a foe to contend with who was worthy of his steel.

An offer had just come to Bradley from a large shipbuilding company in Richmond, which he accepted after

long and careful consideration. St. Valentine's day was approaching, and Bradley wanted to stay in the city so he might send Sadie Harwood a valentine, but after cudgelling his brains, hit upon a plan to get a valentine to her and also outwit her father. He went to his room and wrote her a note telling her that he had accepted a position in Richmond and would leave the city the next day to begin his new work. He knew very well that if her father saw the note first it would never be seen by Sadie, and he didn't care whether she ever saw that note or not. It was simply a ruse to throw Captain Harwood off his guard.

Bradley confided his plans to his best friend, Will Berkeley, and asked him to tell Sadie that the note to her was only a device by which he intended to outwit her father for a particular object he had in view.

"Tell her that it may be a month and it may be a year before I can come back, and when I do come, I will take her to Richmond with me," said Bradley.

He then left Berkeley, but soon returned with a large and beautiful valentine, upon which the well-executed device of a heart in a wreath of forget-me-nots appeared to advantage.

"Captain Harwood can delay the execution of my plans by his opposition," said Bradley, "but he can not keep me from eventually carrying them out."

He addressed the envelope and Berkeley promised to mail it so Sadie might get it on St. Valentine's day.

The next day Captain Harwood stood before his open grate; in his hand was a note addressed to Sadie Harwood, in the handwriting of Harry Bradley. Tearing the envelope open and reading its contents, Captain Harwood burst out, "The impudent young rascal; I told him never to speak to Sadie again. He now writes her a note"—so saying, he threw the note and envelope into the fire.

The long train of Pullmans was moving rapidly away from the station. On the rear platform of the rear coach stood Harry Bradley, completely oblivious of his surroundings, lost in reverie. He was now leaving the scene of the happiest days of his life. He was at this time only twenty-one years of age, but in his short life had been crowded various experiences, that, when he looked back in retrospect, made him feel as if he were forty. The smoke and cinders soon recalled him to his present self, and he was forced to take a refuge inside the car. His thoughts returned to the serious problem that now confronted him, and he began to lay his plans for the future.

Reaching Richmond, he made his way at once to the office of his new employer and entered upon his new work. By dint of hard work and a mastery of ever detail, Bradley soon rose in the estimation of his employer and was promoted to a better position.

Let us look back and see how the plans Bradley had made worked in regard to the valentine Berkeley was to mail to Sadie. A heavy snow had fallen during the night and everything lay wrapped in a great blanket of silent white. No one heard the postman as he came up the steps and deposited the mail in the box at Captain Harwood's front door.

A few minutes after breakfast, the servant carried the mail to Captain Harwood's room. The first thing the Captain saw was a large envelope, addressed, in the handwriting of Harry Bradley, to his daughter.

"At it again! The young— No, it must be from some one else. Bradley is in Richmond, and this envelope has only the city postmark on it," said the fiery old Captain. He called Sadie in and gave her her mail, which she took to her room before she opened. After holding her valentine in her hands for many minutes, she laid it on the table where she could see it constantly.

She prized it, not because it was a handsome piece of paper, but because it came from one she loved, and whom she knew, by the device of the heart and bunch of forget-me-nots, she might depend on to the last.

"Oh! if he were only here and could come to see me as he used to do," she cried.

* * * * * * * *

"Farewell, world! What next?" This exclamation came from Will Berkeley. He was sitting in his office when a man entered, wrapped in a heavy overcoat and wearing a heavy moustache and whiskers. For some two minutes the two gazed at each other, then the exclamation burst from Will Berkeley as he recognized Harry Bradley.

"What the deuce are you rigged up like that for?" said Berkeley.

"Listen," said Bradley, "and I'll tell you. This rig I'm in is only a part of the game I'm playing. Hearts are trumps and I hold the ace. My last card will be played to-night. I have promised Sadie Harwood to do a certain thing, and I'm here now to do it. I want you to call on her this evening and give her a note for me, but be careful and don't mention my name. The captain might hear you. I have formed a desperate plan to carry her back to Richmond with me, and I shall carry out my plan even if my ultimate reward be penitentiary stripes. If my signals fail to work, I shall get a ladder and go in at her window, then carry her out with me."

Berkeley, faithful friend that he was to Bradley, promised to do all he was asked to do, and after bidding him farewell, Bradley left the office.

A light burned in one of the windows of Captain Harwood's house that night until the small hours began to announce themselves. Shortly after two o'clock a stout figure, muffled in a heavy overcoat, might have been seen making its way down the street towards Captain Har-

wood's house. That figure was Harry Bradley. Taking a stand directly under the lighted window, he gave several quick, sharp coughs; and then walked to the front steps, but he did not move until he saw the light in the window extinguished. In a moment the front door was softly opened and the figure of Sadie Harwood appeared. A warm pressure of hands and a kiss, and the two departed as rapidly and silently as the one had come. They reached the station just in time to take the train for Richmond, where they arrived early the next morning.

It was St. Valentine's day: almost exactly a year had passed since Bradley first came to Richmond. When he first made the trip he was up against a tough proposition. This time he had succeeded in overcoming all obstacles. The plans he had so carefully thought out had been executed to perfection and he was very happy.

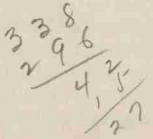
Scarcely an hour had elapsed before Harry Bradley and Sadie Harwood were standing in the parlor of the Christ Church recory, and at the instance of the contracting parties, the goodly rector soon made them as one.

Sadie, with her cup of happiness almost overflowing, did not, at this happy time, forget her father. Knowing well that his wrath would know no bounds when he learned what had taken place during the last twenty-four hours, she resolved, actuated by her daughterly instincts and love of her father, to write him a letter and at least relieve his suspense.

That evening, as Harry Bradley and his pretty wife sat together in their room before the cheerful fire in the open grate he remarked to her, "When I waited so long before I came back to you, did you think I had forgotten you, dear, and the promise I made you?"

"No," said Sadie, "I knew you loved me and that I could trust you. My thoughts have been constantly

with you since our engagement, and I longed for the time to come when we might be happy together. I was afraid that you would not be able to get me away from home, my father was so hostile to you, but now all has come well. The swelling bud has burst into full bloom and I have my valentine." FRY.



ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL.

In the last four or five years the A. and M. College has come to the front in athletics. Prior to this she was content when she defeated the preparatory teams of our State. To-day she is recognized by the foremost Southern universities. To-day she plays such colleges as the University of North Carolina, the University of Virginia, Cornell, Syracuse, and others.

She defeated Carolina last year in baseball, tied her in football, and at the present rate she will in a few years be a prominent factor in the race for the Southern Athletic Championship. The writer does not know just what the prospects are for a team this year, but he does know that when the umpire calls "Play ball!" the A. and M. team will not be lacking. She has one of the best coaches in the South in Kienholz, a man who has combined Western methods and Southern playing so well, that even with green material he has brought about results hitherto expected of athletic veterans only. Of the old players, Knox, Hadley, Harris and others are in college, and many of last year's scrubs. These men, together with what new material that may be on hand ought to comprise a good aggregation of ball-tossers. And with these men the college ought to be able to "take a fall" out of some of our Northern friends next Spring. The writer knows of two things that can bring this to pass, and two only. Good coaching and the support of the student body. The coaching will be of the best, that is assured. Now you fellows must get right behind that team, give them all the backing possible. Take an interest in the game, try for the team, learn to root, yell,

make a noise. Give praise where praise is due, and when "hard luck" hits the team, don't cuss, just smile and say, "Wait till next time." But if you must say something, why cuss yourself for not having taken more interest in this phase of athletics. When games are played here, let the bleachers be full, hand out a few doses of that foot-ball enthusiasm that startled the sleepy natives of Chapel Hill so last fall, and with these things done the '05 A. and M. team will be a pennant winner.

JOHN DUNHAM BUNDY.
(An Old "Son.")

THE 1905 BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Below is given the baseball schedule for the coming season. The management is to be congratulated upon its make-up. It includes a lot of strong teams, and lovers of the game will have opportunity to witness some good games here this Spring.

March 13—Trinity Park Schooal, at Rlaeigh.
March 20—Bingham School, of Mebane, at Raleigh.
March 24—Lafayette College, at Raleigh.
March 25—Lafayette College, at Raleigh.
April 1—Guilford College, at Raleigh.
April 3—Washington and Lee University, at Raleigh.
April 5—Wake Forest, at Wake Forest.
April 10—Wake Forest, at Raleigh.
April 13—Davidson College, at Salisbury.
April 14—Davidson College, at Greensboro.
April 15—Elon College, at Elon.
April 17—New Bern Military Academy, at New Bern.
April 20—Syracuse University, at Raleigh.
April 21—Syracuse University, at Raleigh.
April 24—U. N. C., at Raleigh.
April 28—St. John's College, at Raleigh.
April 29—U. N. C., at Chapel Hill.
May 1—Trinity College, at Raleigh.
May 3—Wake Forest, at Wake Forest.
May 5—Trinity College, at Durham.
May, 6—U. Va., at Raleigh.
May 10—Wake Forest, at Raleigh.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY PEIRCE AND GRAYDON.

Seniors will please hand in their photographs.

Mr. A. P. McMillan, a former student, was on the Hill recently.

Mr. Goodman was out at the college recently to visit his son, who is a member of the Fresh. class.

Prof. D. H. Hill, of the faculty, has been confined to his house with grippe for the past few days.

Quite a number have been sick recently as a result of the raw weather. No serious cases have developed, however.

Mr. W. D. Faucette, '01, was a visitor at the college Sunday. Mr. Faucette is with the S. A. L. Railway, in Savannah.

The dance that was dated for Friday night 10th, has been postponed on account of the inability of the management to get suitable music.

Mr. W. L. Darden, '03, was in the city this week on his way home to the funeral of his brother. Mr. Darden is with the S. A. L. Railway, in Portsmouth.

That the "ways of the college are dark" is no longer true, because two new arc lights have been placed on the campus, and at night everything seems bright.

In the loft of Watauga Hall there are stored quite a number of winter-course students that are designated as "cow-punchers." They bear the stigma nobly, and no doubt will be greatly benefited by their ten-weeks course.

Mr. Robt. C. Lehman, a senior and a member of THE RED AND WHITE staff, has withdrawn from college. A loss was suffered by the class and college when Lehman withdrew. He was a bright student and a wholesoul boy.

Mr. G. C. Huntington, Inter-State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, made a very pleasing address to the A. and M. Association on the 19th of February.

All sponsors are in except one. Sorry for the lucky girls' fathers, as some have had numerous pictures made in order to be at their best. They are all so good looking that we think any old picture of any of them would be fine.

Loval, the crack pitcher of the Western North Carolina league of last summer, has enrolled as a student in the textile department, and will do good slab work for A. and M. this spring. Loval is a Southpaw and is expected to twist some of our old rivals up. The students and team welcome him and hope he will like the college.

"The bills that some Seniors make
Would make a poor man faint,
Trying to make an ugly face
Look as if it ain't."

The A. and M. Glee Club gave a delightful concert at Raney Library Hall on the evening of February 21. Prof. A. C. Jackson, of the Baptist University for Women, assisted with several enjoyable solos. St. Mary's School and Peace Institute were well represented in the large and appreciative audience. The Club did well, and reflects credit upon the training and direction of Prof. C. K. McClelland. The Glee Club is composed of the following voices: First Tenors—Prof. McClelland, Messrs. Clardy, Carleton, Henley and Staley; Second Tenors—Messrs. Escott, Lovell, Hewlett, Gainey and Fowler; First Basses—Profs. Bragg and Summey, Messrs. Asbury and Maxwell; Second Basses—Prof. Paine, Messrs. Bell, Lilly, Hanselman and Norman. The members of the Mandolin Club are Prof. Summey and

Messrs. Escott, Ogburn, Bason, Prindle and Bryan. Accompanists—Mrs. Jackson, Miss Duncan and Mr. Ogburn.

THALERIAN GERMAN CLUB.

The Thalerian German Club of the A. and M. College gave its January dance Friday, 19th, in the Olivia Raney Hall. The dance was very gracefully led with many new and intricate figures, by Mr. Lewis Winston, with Miss Margaret Mackey. Music by Levin's Orchestra. The following couples participated: Mr. E. G. Porter, Jr., with Miss Willa Norriss; Mr. V. W. Bragg with Miss Margaret Smedes; Mr. L. W. Hoffman with Miss Pattie Carroll; Mr. A. T. Kenyon with Miss Sallie Leach, of Littleton; Mr. W. N. Holt with Miss Nell Worth, of South Carolina; Mr. J. C. Kendall with Miss Mary Smedes; Mr. F. W. Hadley with Miss Merrimon, of Greensboro; Mr. Lacy Moore with Miss Long, of Graham; Mr. P. W. Hardie with Miss Mary Andrews; Mr. C. W. Hodges with Miss Gorden, of Atlanta; Mr. C. L. Mann with Miss Page, of Virginia; Mr. J. D. Clark, Jr., with Miss Rosa Skinner; Mr. R. H. Harper with Miss Lily Skinner; Mr. C. K. McClelland with Miss Louise Pittenger; Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Ann Keuser, of Busch; Mr. E. M. Watkins with Miss Mary Barbee; Mr. J. H. Pierce with Miss Lucy Haywood; Mr. J. G. Ashe with Miss Josephine Ashe; Mr. Sterling Graydon with Miss Emily Higgs; Mr. H. McCall with Miss Nell Hinsdale; Mr. A. D. St. Amant with Miss Lucy Andrews; Mr. W. F. Kirkpatrick with Miss Ellenwood, of Ohio; Mr. G. A. Roberts with Miss Daisy Moring; Mr. J. C. Bell with Miss Loula McDonald; Mr. A. A. Haskell with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Mr. and Mrs. Kienholtz; Mr. L. G. Lykes with Miss Nonnie Rogers. Stags: Reid Tull, W. A. Allen and Gordon Harris. Chaperones: Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Higgs, Miss Mattie Higgs.—*News and Observer.*

THE RED AND WHITE.

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

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W. J. WALKER, '05	**T. J. OGBURN, '06**
S. GRAYDON, '05	**J. H. PEIRCE. '05**

This month the editor is forced, because of existing circumstances to make another one of those ancient appeals for aid. The kickers got busy last month and curried the January number high and low. We admit that it was a poor issue, but the men responsible for it are the very men who were loudest in denouncing it. If the men in college won't write anything, then what is the staff to do? We can't print a mere collection of clippings from other college magazines; that is not the office of a college publication. So let every man put his hand to the wheel, and let us make the remaining numbers better than any preceding ones. It is up to the college.

The situation in Russia has at last reached a climax and the country is on the verge of revolution. History truly repeats itself. Human nature can not be strained

beyond a certain limit. After that riot and bloodshed must set in. The Russian government is merely reaping the reward of its own labors. For years the peasantry of Russia has been dragged low in the dust, and now the hour of deliverance has come. Whether the revolution will be immediately successful or not can not be told. But whatever the outcome, the future of the Russian citizen is growing brighter and the day is not long distant when absolute monarchy must give place to a government in closer touch with the people and the people's needs. The famous Russian writer, Gorki, now in imprisonment, has been largely instrumental in the bringing about of present affairs, and the vast peasantry of Russia owes him a great debt. Long live his name, and may the revolution be successful.

In a short while candidates for the track and baseball teams will be called for, and it is to be hoped that every man who can will go out and try to make a place on one or both of these teams. After such an enviable record in football, we must not let up on baseball. Let every man take an interest in the team, and either by his playing or by his attendance at the daily practice and at the games help the team out. And let the rooting club be revived, so that on Easter Monday we can stand behind the ball-tossers with the best rooting ever heard in the State, rooting that will make the Carolina contingent ashamed that they ever ventured forth from the classic quietude of Chapel Hill.

Prominent weekly papers of this country have been recently agitating the fraternity question, and have been endeavoring to show the true relation of a fraternity to a college. Much has been said for and against the fraternity, and the influence it exerts upon the college

at large. This question, viewed from a local standpoint, is of easy solution. Two years experience with Greek letter societies here has decided that the influence of a fraternity is for the good and not the bad. The cordial relations existing between fraternity and non-fraternity men is an evidence of this fact. It has been claimed by some that the fraternity creates an artificial aristocracy, a snobocracy so to speak. This is not the case here. Here men stand on their merits, and the spirit of the college is to look for the man and not for the badge he wears. The fraternities here have broadened the social spirit, they have created greater interest in athletics, and because they have caused few breaches between fellow-students their influence has been for the good. Whenever they step beyond reasonable bounds and try to absorb all the honors of the college, and not until then, will their exerted influence be a bad one.

It is a deplorable fact that more attention is not paid to English here, and also that the different languages, Latin, French, German and Spanish, are not taught. A man leaving this college has to do two years work at Cornell before he can graduate there; whereas, if the languages were taught here he could easily finish in one year. Too little attention is paid to the literary side. Many people claim that a man taking a technical course does not need this work. However, the best technical schools of the country, Lehigh, Cornell, Boston Tech. and others, dispute this theory by placing especial stress upon the literary in the engineering and other technical courses. Something should be done at this college to broaden the curriculum along these lines.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITED BY RONALD B. WILSON.

The true love of the average college man runneth not smoothly, and the way of a maid with a man is indeed mysterious, are the conclusions at which one is forced to arrive if the many stories published monthly in the various college magazines are to be taken as founded on truth. There is the story of a wasted love,—which ought not to have been wasted. And there is the story of a senseless misunderstanding. These two may be taken as types of many of the stories given us each month by budding geniuses all over the land. And the monotony of them is something from which to flee. We wonder sometimes if it is written in the Book of Fate of college authors, "Thus and thus shall ye write, and in no other fashion." A tale of adventure now and then would certainly be a relief. Now of course we are not meaning that such stories never appear, for occasionally we do find one. But the number of such is indeed small.

As in the majority of stories, so with the usual college poetry, or rather verse, the prevailing theme is "love." But in this case there is more excuse for the subject than exists in that of the story, for it is usually the arrows of Cupid which spurs a man's imagination and drives him from the safe and comparatively easy paths of prose into the more difficult but more beautiful ways of poetry.

Some exceptions to these general observations are quite noticeable in the current magazines. *The Clemson Chronicle* gives us two of these in the stories "A Midnight Peril" and "A Crime." *The Southern Collegian* adds another in "The Stamp of Nature," and *The*

Wake Forest Student departs from the customary love sonnet in "Yule Embers" and "Bob." These are the ones which we have particularly noticed, and they are sufficient to make us hopeful for more and better things of the same class in the future.

The only fiction which the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* offers its readers for January is "Mistaken." The best thing about it is its title, for verily it is a mistake. It's the same old story—love, misunderstanding, reconciliation—in which the man is the most popular man in college and the girl the most beautiful. And then there is an essay on "Shakespere, Man and Artist," in which we are told that "Shakespere the man dies; Shakespere the artist lives." As our friend from Vanderbilt expresses it, this is "a blank cartridge known as a 'study'—with about as much literature in it as there is music in a girl's first piano lesson." However, the beauty of the two sonnets, "A New Year Prayer" and "Her Hair," and the humor of "Uncle Jake" overshadowed the others, and when we add to these the well-conducted departments we get a whole that is rather pleasing.

One of the most original and pleasing articles that has come to our notice is "Revised by Authority," in the current number of *The Southern Collegian*. The idea of making the great men of literature write their interpretations of the familiar Mother Goose Rhymes. And "The Stamp of Nature" is among the strong pieces of fiction that have appeared in college journals. The dialect is good and the plot is cleverly worked out, making a coherent whole. "Fables" are somewhat overdrawn and become monotonous before the close. Of the poetry, the first selection, "A Murderer's Confession," is the best, though the spirit of it is gloomy in the extreme.

The story of "The Haunted House" in *Winthrope College Journal*, is a very good one, and unlike most of its kind leaves the impression that there really was a "haunt." "For Another" is well told, but the plot and incident seem very improbable. And by the way, isn't January rather late for "A Hallowe'en Party"? And this number is devoid of any original poetry worthy of the name. Aren't there any poets among the Winthrope girls?

"Oddities in the Queen of the Antilles" is a very interesting article dealing with some of the customs and peculiarities of the Cuban people, and is easily the best of the three serious article in the January number of *The Wake Forest Student*. "Disputed Points in the Life of Chaucer" will probably prove of interest to a student of that poet. But "Oliver Goldsmith"—to again quote the *Vanderbilt Observer*—is one of those biographical blank cartridges which might better have been left out. "His Compensation" would have been less tiresome if more condensed. "The Raid" is rather good. Of the poems, "Bob," written in negro dialect, is the best. The pathos in it should touch all hearts.

We would acknowledge also our usual exchanges.

"AMONG OURSELVES."

Tom Lykes gains one month on the boarding department each term.

Prof. Hill—"Mr. Ellis, where is Utopia?"
Ellis—"In Africa."

The other day a Freshman went in to borrow McIntyre's oil stove and called him "McIntyre." The captain's ire was aroused, and he informed the offender that the captain of Co. F has a handle to his name.

A "cow-puncher" says that Etheridge is one of the lost colony.

Prof. McClelland—"I rented the room on my face."
Lilly—"Professor, have you got two faces?"

Steve Wall—"Pass some of those molasses up this way."

Why is McIntyre always saying, "Jump up, rear ranks"? This takes place every day while marching to chapel.

Hoffman hopes to get a piece of cloth woven by May.

The Class of '07 can' decide whether they want beer or "pop" at their banquet.

After this, each Senior will be required to wash his face before breakfast. Of course this applies to neither Graydon nor Peirce.

Porter, Tomlinson and Montague have been trying to collect nerve enough to attend church at St. Mary's. Please send them an invitation.

There was an old girl named McDowell,
Who declared she'd invent a new fowl.
She took from her pen
A buxom young hen,
And mated her up with an owl.

The progeny—people all say—
From the practical side didn't pay;
For they cackled all night,
Couldn't see by day-light,
So when could they find time to lay?

—*Exchange.*

Mrs. Lewis attempted to take a Freshman's temperature a few days ago. He pulled the thermometer from his mouth and remarked that he had taken all kinds of pills, but would like to be excused from swallowing this one.

Lewis Winston got four letters from four girls in one day. He needs a private secretary, and evidently has choice of a number.

Who was that boy that put stamps on a postal card?

Huband boasts that he is a member of twelve organizations, not including the drum-corps, the Leazar Literary Society, and Gov. Glenn's Sunday School class.

Will some one please recommend David Clark for adjutant and relieve him of the trouble of writing so many reports.

We have red-dog in a great many of the mess-hall mixtures. Now some one has suggested that we eat "Red Dog" flour.

Hoffman—"Are you any relation of Rich. Harper's?"
Fresh. Harper—"No, I have no rich kin."

At the Commandant's table regularity is the spice of life. "Pass the molasses."

"Mr. Niven, from what source do we get carbolic acid?"
"From the drug store."

Chambers and Tomlinson were playing "train" in Watauga. The first called out "Durham," the second "Selma."

Porter goes crazy when he gets a meal at Giersch's. You can see him smile for four hours after.

"What makes Morgan so flat-headed?"
"Because he butts-in so much."

There has been criticism to the effect that our jokes have no point. A real joke without a point is rare, therefore we don't want them to have one. Of course jokes generally do, but we want to get out of the ordinary ruts. We want to reach that state of perfection where they have a point and no point at the same time. Besides, it is better for the comic department to be pointless than for the whole magazine to be in that fix. No, we would not have an altogether pointed joke if we could.

A POINT OF VIEW.

The President called in his aide,
And unto him explained,
"At this great lack of discipline
I am exceeding pained.

"There are some twenty men or so
Who live in this great city,
That they don't wear their uniform
At all times, is a pity."

Wherefore he cried in vehemence,
"All this is surely wrong,
At all times wear your uniforms,
Or else you get along."

And when these poor men did demur,
And cried out in distress,
He flouted and abused them all
And laughed at their distress.

"If you all would good students be
Of this my own great school,
Then serviles be and bend your knee
And always act a fool."

Wall—"When Auld's salesman was around I had to wash my hands with soap for half an hour to get a ring off my finger."

Miss L. (from St. Mary's)—"It's too bad that the fraternity jeweler doesn't come oftener."

Orderly goes to answer 'phone call.
Lady (at other end)—"Hello, who is this?"
Orderly (aside)—"How in the devil do I know."
Curtain.

Dr. Walker was discussing with his Geology class the formation and classification of sedimentary rocks, when it was discovered that Winston and Etheridge were interested in some personal and trivial affair.

Dr. W.—"Gentlemen, let us pause for a moment to watch this sediment over here settle."

Apologies to Robert Burns:

The best laid schemes of poker players
Gang aft agley,
An' leave them naught but grief and pain
For promis'd trips.

Why is the sick-list getting to be like the drill?
Ans.—Because everybody's down on it.

W. M. CHAMBERS, ESQ.

The home-folks named him Winifred,
But his girl, she calls him Will;
The Freshmen call him Major,
And his class-mates call him—Bill.

Park—"Say, fellows, don't we have holiday to-morrow for Washington's birthday?"

Graydon—"I believe we do, but I wish to goodness George had been born a day sooner, so we couldn't have hydraulics to-day!"