

THE RED AND WHITE.

MARCH, 1905.

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Did you ever know of a successful magazine that was run on credit? Of course charitable publications succeed sometimes, but a good magazine requires money to support it. As we are putting out only *The Good* kind this year, we need proper finances to keep up the pace. We are not begging, mind you, but just want to remind you that we need the dollar that you should have paid last September. It is almost as easy to pay it now, so why not oblige us a little bit?

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THE RED AND WHITE.

Vol. VI. WEST RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH, 1905.

No. 7

LITERARY.

TO THE FLUNKED.

Oh! late one night we were drinking
Toasts to the favored few—
To those who from life weren't shrinking,
But lived as they ought to do.

2.

The talk grew lighter and lighter,
Like the bubbles in the wine,
But no matter, the world seemed brighter—
Sad was this heart of mine.

3.

So I leaned across the table,
And had them fill my glass—
I was tired of their weary fable,
They had let the true toast pass.

4.

"You drink," I said, "to men of *fame*,
You drink to women true.
Your toasts are one and all the same,
I have a different one for you."

5.

"Beyond your vision's narrow pale,
Lies an honest, *mistaken* class—
And here's a toast to the men who fail,
To the men who never pass."

BY ONE OF THE BUNCH.

THE LASTING OF A NATION.

As one looks backward at the achievements America has made, step by step, year by year, a vivid, changing scene is revealed. We marvel at the story of advance; beginning with the accidental discovery of a new land, and continuing through the dawn of the twentieth century, while this new land evolves a nation that the world chooses to call great. With such a brilliant record, a pessimistic belief sometimes arises that nearly all the fruits of civilization have been consumed,—that the nation will soon reach a stand-still and then go into a decline.

True, many a prosperous country has been engulfed by riches, effeminacy and corruption, and recollections of the fall of once powerful nations bring to us the thought that we too may become victims of the same snare.

Let us see what cause or causes were responsible for the failures of the past. These were, first, failure of the people to adjust themselves to new conditions, material and political; second, cessation of efforts toward prosperity; third, civil or foreign wars; fourth, lowering of moral standards. In answering the question, Will America endure?—a careful consideration will show that there is not now, nor will there be in the future, any probability of such dangers destroying our nation.

The brightest hopes of this nation's advancement are centered in its intellectual prospects. Educational progress is an unchangeable fact. Each year shows the founding of institutions of learning, more students in attendance and more graduates fitted for better service to their country. Still, there are less than half the children of school age regularly at school in the United

States, and only 3 per cent of the youths at college. Hence we see what a great opportunity there is for a more wide-spread education, and we are forcibly impressed with the certainty that that opportunity will not be overlooked. We know that where there is a more generally educated population, higher ideals arise, poverty and sin decrease, while happiness and prosperity abound.

Intellectual supremacy alone, however, will not carry our national civilization forward—there must be something definite to which intelligence may be applied. With nothing to subsist upon, civilization withers.

In spite of the enormous strides that America has already made, there are still innumerable possibilities of advancement. One phase of development that is yet capable of greater expansion, is our broad and varied field of industry. Although a large portion of the population is engaged in manufacturing articles for use at home and abroad, there are still many untouched natural resources awaiting the skill of man to turn them into wealth and usefulness. Modern conveniences and necessities are inviting inventions and applying them to practical use. New conditions appear which require development, and these developments in turn unfold more conditions, and so the process continues, keeping the nation always striving for something ahead.

As an example of open possibilities, electricity may be mentioned. Those most proficient in the subject tell us that the science is yet in its infancy, that through study and investigation, the future of electricity will reveal many more astonishing wonders. Also there are the steam engine and the gas engine, indispensable as motive powers, remaining to be rendered more efficient. Radium is claimed to be a source of energy that will some day be cheap enough for industrial use; many met-

als offer chances to the chemist to find better extracting processes; the germ of laziness still waits to be exterminated. The tariff question is still being agitated, the negro problem is yet unsolved. The navy is looking for a genius who can construct a gun that will send a shot through the thickest armor plate, and can then build an armor strong enough to resist the most powerful gun. And so on a long list might be given of things undone, mostly along industrial lines, that will furnish opportunities for thought and effort in the coming years. Congress has foreseen the importance of industry, and has encouraged the separate States to provide special technical schools to prepare men for promoting the various industrial arts. Then why should not industry thrive and expand? One branch of industry upon which all others depend is agriculture. We must have food and clothing, and more of each as the population increases. There is no fear of starvation when we think of the vast farm-lands scattered about the country, some of them idle, nearly all of which may be improved by applying modern methods of cultivation. Along with progress of the many industries and education, there must continue commerce, law, medicine and all the other professions and sciences, each one helping the others and advancing the nation's welfare.

With so many opportunities of every conceivable kind before us, and with competition and the desire for self-betterment urging us on as we toil, there is little likelihood that we will cease our efforts to keep American civilization at the front.

One of the causes for the fall of a nation, as before mentioned, is war, either from a foreign power or through internal strife. There is an example to-day of a tottering throne that is being torn by civil conflict and at the same time is being brought to subjection by

a small but superior nation. Such an example but helps to show that peace and arbitration are cheaper, more humane and less destructive than war. This nation is aware of these facts, and although ever ready to uphold the cause it believes to be just, is in favor of peaceable settlements. And while memories linger, or records recall the awful horrors of civil war, the cry from north and south, east and west, will be for peace—eternal peace throughout the land we love.

In promoting peace, and in encouraging progress, much depends upon the nation's moral culture. Deterioration in this direction has ruined nations and cities in the past. But we know that Christianity has secured such a strong hold in this country, that it will not suffer immorality to conquer, nor will it allow corruption to increase. Even with occasional outbursts of crime, the uncovering of frauds, the contaminations of vice, the nation's general moral culture is in no way deplorable. An increase of respect for manhood, and a higher sense of honor toward womanhood can be discerned. Simplicity of act and desire, sensible, sanitary living and self-improvement are spreading every day. The power of the church and the influence of religion are revealing the better way and the happier life to the laboring masses. Other nations fell because they were lacking in righteousness—because their governments were polluted. So must every nation fall if it is not just.

An American statesman says, "Here is a nation where men meet greed with fairness, where the people are patient and sensible, where the man they honor most is a leader who gives simple justice and fairness to all." Such a nation, as the years pass, will continue to put the benefits of the civilization which all have builded within reach of every honest, hard-working citizen.

With the spread of individual liberty, giving oppor-

tunities for enjoying these accumulated benefits, the determination for advance only becomes intensified. Because the nation is our own, we believe in it—we honor and support it. We feel the sentiment recently expressed by the nation's chief executive, "I believe in this nation with all my heart and soul, I believe that our people will rise level to every need; will triumph over every difficulty."

And because we believe in our nation is the reason that we will not let it drift into insignificance, but will keep it in civilization's front rank. Yes, America will endure—built upon those principles and sustained by those energies that know of no such word as fail, the nation will forever advance, carrying forward itself and the whole human race.

J. A. PARK.

THE COLLEGE FIREMAN.

From my window I can see him
Toiling in the night;
In the heat I see him working,
Toiling with his might.

When the furnace door flies open,
In the sudden flare
Tall and strong I see him stand,
Outlined in the glare.

Ah! but how I envy him.
Big and brave and strong.
Way into the night he's toiling,
Toiling with a song.

R.

THANATOPSIS.

It is remarkable that Bryant's great poem of this name, was at first published without two parts which we nowadays are likely to consider essential to its entirety. In the first place, the poem, as originally published in 1817 in the *North American Review*, lacked its introduction, and again it was not provided with its present conclusion, or with anything like the moral which the last few lines bring out so clearly. The familiar conclusion beginning, "So live that when thy summons comes," is to most readers the point of the whole piece; and yet it is to be remembered that this was an afterthought, added after the poem had been widely circulated.

We naturally come first to one of those afterthoughts already spoken of, namely, the introduction. The poet tells us that nature speaks a various language to those who commune with her, of gladness for the gayer hours and of healing sympathy for hours of gloom; and when "thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight," he bids us go forth "and list to Nature's teaching." Then there comes from Nature something more than a mere echo of these gloomy thoughts; for with them is sent back a portion of the calmness and strength inherent in Nature herself. Such is the introduction to this *Thanatopsis*, or view of death, and what follows is given as if a voice from Nature, which in a still voice speaks of approaching death.

In the body of the piece, that is, the poem stripped of introduction and conclusion, there are but two main thoughts, fittingly developed in words of the utmost solemnity and majesty: that death is universal, and that it is near to every one of us. As for a moral, there is one, but it is incidental and slight.

Beginning with the imminence of death—"Yet a few days and thee the all-beholding sun shall see no more"—the poet falls into words which in part are like those of Job, reminding us how magnificent is the place to which we shall go:

"Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent, thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre—the hills,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales.
 * * * * *
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man."

From what he has said of this "great tomb of man," the poet naturally comes to the universality of death, in these words:

"All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom—take the wings
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there:
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone."

For a sort of conclusion to the poem as it was originally published, a reason is given why we should not care even if our departure be unnoticed:

"So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? * * *
 * * * * * As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men
 * * * * *
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those who in their turn shall follow them."

But doubtless that part of the poem which remains longest in the reader's memory is the moralizing conclusion—not the best part, though the one oftenest quoted. It is a somewhat elaborate succession of figures, urging calmness in expectation of death. The words will be remembered:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night—

but the rest recalls itself.

Certainly an important question for the student of literary forms is this: whether the introduction and conclusion are organic parts of the poem. But this is a question to which there may be more than one good answer, since in any case the element of taste—like the astronomer's "personal equation"—enters so largely that one should not have a too positive and inflexible opinion. But the matter is worth investigation on the part of every careful reader of the poem.

But some things about the poem admit of no doubt whatsoever. It is one of the greatest things ever written in America, giving its writer a place along with Poe, and fairly above all but perhaps one of the other New England poets. Whether or not we try to learn why it is good, the excellence of the piece will be felt by any reader who appreciates good poetry at all. Its majestic sweep of rhythm and its sublimely poetic language echo the world's imaginative literature through Milton and Homer back to Job.

GEORGE SUMMEY, JR.

STATE SCHOOLS.

One of the most important acts passed upon by the last General Assembly of North Carolina was the motion to reconsider, which in the end resulted in the voting down, of the bill to establish a textile school at Spray in the western part of the State.

According to this bill the State was to appropriate five thousand dollars, which, with twenty thousand to be given by some generous cotton-mill man, was to go to the establishment of this school. In the school the students were to be taught the theoretical branches of the textile industry, while the practical branches were to be learned in the cotton mills owned by this same generous man.

If this man's purpose in offering his money to the State was for the sake of the general uplifting and enlightenment of the people along this special line, and not for the personal gain he would derive from it by having the students work in his mill, why does he not give the money to the State under the specified condition that it is to be used in teaching young Carolinians the cotton mill business? With this twenty thousand dollars and the most commendable start the State has already made toward this end, the textile branch of the A. and M. College should not be surpassed by a similar branch in any other college.

At this college we already have an excellent textile school in which to learn the theoretical branches, and surely with the various cotton mills doing business in the city of Raleigh, we are at no loss for an opportunity to learn the practical branches of the industry. In comparison with the advantages which Raleigh and the A. and M. College have to offer, it seems that the little town of Spray would vanish into insignificance.

We can not for one moment imagine a true North Carolinian whose most ardent wish and whole-soul desire is not to see the banners of learning ever carried forward until the educational advantages in our State are second to none in our glorious Union. With this in view, can a man advocate the establishment of a preparatory school in every little town in the State of North Carolina, to be governed by and supported by the State? To institute some means of supporting these schools would be worse than solving a Chinese puzzle. It is for the separate counties to take care of the preparatory schools and the preparation of man for the higher education which the State in its turn should be prepared to offer. But how much higher education can the State offer than the county if it establishes a school in every county in the State; not one of which will be worthy of a higher name than institute?

If the State ever hopes to have that institution of learning which will cope in any degree with the great Northern universities, and which it can call its own, it should adopt the motto, "In unity there is strength," and live up to it. There should be but one State institution of learning, and that one should be worthy of mastering all things and calling all knowledge its own. Let the State establish such an institution, and the people of North Carolina will be found ever ready and willing to support it.

L. L. J.

WHY MEN ARE FOOLS.

There exists no sea so deep as the sea of thought. Some sail contentedly upon its placid surface, others let its lapping wavelets kiss their chins, while still others are overwhelmed and buried in its bottomless depths.

I can sit here at my window and, looking out over the cloud-veiled, snow-curtained skies, select from the millions of snow flakes one small frozen star that reflects in its crystal arms the face of the world and brings to me thoughts as varied, in depth and nature, as the blended colors of reflection.

It seems to me as though its no wonder that men are fools. 'Tis more than wonderful, though, that they are not all crazy. Even as I examine the tiny snow flake, I behold a thing so small and so delicate that a touch will destroy it. Yet I also see more beauty in this small production of nature, than man's hand can ever hope to portray. Look about you and behold the vastness of this universe, and think for a moment what the words "endless space" convey to your mind. Then dream of the future, question the present, and do you wonder that men are fools? and are you not amazed that more are not maniacs and idiots?

Man is placed in a world of mystery and uncertainty, and then to increase the mystery and uncertainty and to blind him to those things which might otherwise be plain, woman floats upon the scene. It's a fact that if it had not been for Eve, Adam would have in all probability been a bachelor, but that in itself would have been a blessing to him, for if I haven't gotten the present idea of conditions which existed at that time twisted, she was the cause of his first troubles. Profiting by old Adam's experience, don't ever bite the same apple that

a woman has bitten, for it might give you the toothache. Did you ever have the toothache? Well, it is about the pleasantest thing I know of, except getting your back scalded with a dish-pan full of hot water. Of course, you know who manipulates the hot water in a dish-pan. If you don't, just for your benefit, not mine, (its too late to benefit me), its generally one of the fair sex. Be careful that you are not in her way when she throws it out.

They do other things, though, besides practicing expertness in handling hot water. Some poor fool will probably be looking into a pair of eyes that seem to be his own ideal realized, and is about to tell her so, when she defines his purpose and throws him off by asking him some question about the novelists or actors of the day, as though they had been analyzing novelists and actors all day. Then a woman won't answer a question, especially if you want her to, but just you don't answer one, and you may look out for a bald head and a broken heart. Yet women wonder that men are fools. How strange!

Of course I don't mean to say that all of the feminine creation are of this kind, for if I did some fellow would be murdering me on short notice, and I might want to kick myself for it, too, because I know one that would dim the beauty of paradise by her more than beautiful, sweet face. Did you ever think what a peculiar thing it is to fall in love? It's just like a bumble-bee falling in a glass of wine; he gets drunk and drowns at the same time. That's another thing that makes some of we poor men fools; we are drunk but not quite drowned.

Everybody knows that men are fools, so I think that without going further I have given enough satisfactory reasons to show that the blame should not rest on their shoulders.

FOUND BY CHANCE.

The sun was fading behind the mountains and darkness was rapidly casting its wings over the land. Dunbar Devoe, tired, footsore and hungry, tramped on, following the course of what is known as the Linville River. He had started out from Pinola, a small camp in the mountains of North Carolina, three weeks previous, with three other young men to have a few days pleasure as sportsmen, and the country afforded an abundance of both game and fish, but he became lost in the mountain wilds and had been utterly unable to find a trace of his friends, although he had searched diligently for two days. Giving up all hope of ever finding them, he wandered for eight days over the mountains in the hope of meeting some one or reaching a logging camp. On the evening we see him, he is following this stream so that he may get out of the mountains into level country and civilization.

Hearing some peculiar noise, he suddenly stops and leaning on his gun listens, and in a few moments hears distinctly the scream of a woman only a few rods down the stream. Throwing his rifle aside, he springs forward, and running around a projecting rock he is almost paralyzed at the sight which meets his gaze. A young girl is struggling desperately with an enormous wild-cat. With a bound he leaps upon the beast, drawing his hunting knife as he springs forward. The wild-cat recognizing the more dangerous foe, turns his full attention to the man, and a desperate and very spectacular fight ensues. Dunbar gains advantage and thrusts the knife into the animal's breast, but at the same time trips and falls over a jutting rock down seemingly several feet into a dark cave. Before he can fully recover his senses a

lantern swings over his face and he is roughly seized by two men and securely bound hand and foot.

When the girl saw the wild-cat turn on Dunbar, she fainted. Upon regaining consciousness she saw her rescuer fall into the cave. She was well aware of what was likely to happen to him then, and she hurriedly left the scene of the fight, and hiding in a secluded place where she would not likely be found, she carefully studied the situation and planned for his escape. Taking a small calibre revolver from some mysterious pocket in her skirt, she walked rapidly up the stream, climbed upon a rocky ledge, and getting down on her hands and knees crawled around the ledge until she was screened from view by a knot of scrubby pines. From this position she could look down upon the regularly used entrance to the cave in which Dunbar Devoe had accidentally fallen.

* * * * *

As soon as Dunbar realized what had happened, he turned his attention toward a group of rough-looking men who were talking very excitedly about something. "Revenue officer," "spy," and "kill him," were snatches of the conversation which reached his ears. From these and the strong smell of mash, he concluded that he had fallen into a nest of moonshiners, and he well knew that unless fate intervened he would soon be a dead man. He heard them coming, and prepared to appear as calm as possible. Unbinding his feet, they allowed him to stand up, and he who appeared to be leader stepped forward and gazed steadily into his eyes, the other members of the gang disappearing into another part of the cave.

"What's yer name?" the tall moonshiner blurted out.

"Dunbar Devoe," was the quiet reply.

"What yer doin' up in these hyar regions?"

"I am out for sport, sir, with some friends from the

eastern part of the State. We have been shooting bear and catching trout farther up the Linville River."

"Oh, ho!" he roared, "that tale won't work; you're one o' these 'ere pesky rev'noo daisies, what's allus a tryin' to prevent we fellers from makin' an honest livin'. Now haint yer? Just squall out with the truth, or I'll apply Colt's formalie fer makin' a seine of a dog's hide," and he very unceremoniously leveled a forty-four in Dunbar's face.

"Well, I must say, you are very polite, old gent."

"Perlite, hell! I'm goin' ter shoot yer up some an' you'd jest as well make a few confessions, fer rev'noo guys gits kilt up hyar in these 'ere parts, so say yer prars."

"I beg your pardon, old man, but I am not a revenue officer, and I am not going to die just yet either, so perhaps you'd better put up your shooting iron, for it might cause you serious trouble."

"What! yer don't believe I'll bore yer?" the moonshiner roared.

"No," Dunbar replied, and suiting action to his word, he made a lightning-like movement with his foot and the big gun flew out of the hand of the brewer of mountain dew and fell with a clang on the rocky floor of the cave.

"I'll swing yer up to a twig of mystle-toe fer that," cried the enraged mountaineer, contemptuously.

A *missle toe*, however, caught him in the solar plexus, and he measured his length upon the floor.

"That will do him for awhile," muttered Dunbar, "and now to get free."

He walked up to a sharp-cornered rock in the wall of the cave and by rubbing his bonds upon it a few times he cut them and his hands were free. Tying the insensible moonshiner securely, he took the Colt and started to leave, when one of the gang stepped in the opening, which led to another part of the cave, to find out why

his chief had not brought out the prisoner. He took in the situation at once and drew his gun, but just a little too late, for a bullet from Dunbar's gun penetrated his brain.

Dunbar had outwitted and killed what he thought to be all of the moonshiners and put his gun in his pocket when he came to the outlet of the cave. He had forgotten to consider the possibility of there being a sentinel at this point, however, and when, as he passed out into the open air, a gun was thrown in his face, he was taken wholly by surprise, but when the report of a pistol rang out in the mountains and the man who held trumps fell dead at his feet, he was still more surprised.

At first he could not think who could possibly have fired the shot, but suddenly he remembered the girl whom he had rescued from the wild-cat.

He at once began to search for her, and at last found her descending from the rocky ledge. He naturally began to question her, and found that none of these people were her parents, and that she could faintly remember of another life. Her only name, so far as she knew, was Ginny, as this was what she was always called by the moonshiners. He also learned that when she was attacked by the wild-cat she was then attempting to escape from her captors.

Dunbar noticed a small locket which hung around her neck and had been exposed to view in her struggle with the wild-cat by a rent in her shirt. He saw that it had something engraved upon it, but could not distinguish what. Something prompted him to ask to see it, and when he did so he noticed a startled look appear in her face, but it quickly vanished, and she unclasped it and handed it to him. The initials upon it caused him to make an ejaculation of surprise. They were "V. L. D."

"May I open it?" he asked, looking up in her face and noting how attentively she was watching him.

"Yes," she replied, "you may."

When he saw inside he exclaimed, "My mother! and you,—you are my little lost sister Virginia."

It was truly a happy reunion, and I will leave the scene of meeting to the imagination of my readers. His little sister had been kidnapped some ten years previous, and as no trace of her could be found, she had been given up as being dead, and now, after ten years of captivity in the moonshiners' cave, she is accidentally found by her brother.

MEMORIES.

'Twas only a faded picture,
A relic of years ago,
But it gave me a feeling of sadness,
To see it faded so.

'Twas only an old, old letter,
Crumpled and yellowed with age,
But my heart was full of pity
For the long-forgotten page.

'Twas only a withered flower,
That bloomed in the days now dead,
But it, too, made me dreary,
For its sweet perfume had fled.

Picture, and letter, and flower,
I tenderly laid away,—
I felt that I'd rather not see them
About me from day to day.

T.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY PEIRCE AND GRAYDON.

Exams are over, thank goodness!

Hill Hunter, '04, spent a few days on the campus recently.

Mr. S. W. Asbury has returned to college to resume his work.

Mr. Jno. Dunham Bundy was with us for a day or two last week.

Work is being done on the athletic field, and a good cinder path is being put down.

As a pleasant aftermath of the Leazar contest, Mr. E. G. Porter gave a supper at Giersch's to his fellow-speakers, Messrs. Kenyon, Park and Wilson.

The Commandant of Cadets left a week or so ago with his wife, who has had to be taken to the hospital. The sympathy of the entire battalion is with the family in their present trouble, and an early recovery for Mrs. Phelps is the wish of all.

The Leazar Literary Society gave its annual oratorical contest in the college auditorium, Friday night, March 10. The following is a list of speakers and their subjects: J. A. Park, '05—Will the Nation Endure? A. T. Kenyon, '05—Should the Navy be Increased? E. G. Porter, '05—The Panama Canal. R. B. Wilson, '05—A College Man's Duty to his State. All speakers acquitted themselves very creditably, and the large audience enjoyed every one. The medal was awarded Mr. E. G. Porter, after a long and heated discussion by the judges. The judges were Prof. T. N. Johnson, Hon. Robert D. Gilmer, and J. G. Brown, Esq.

THE KAPPA SIGMA BANQUET.

On the evening of February the twenty-first, the Kappa Sigma Fraternity of the A. and College gave its annual banquet, at Giersch's Cafe. The banquet hall was artistically and beautifully decorated in Kappa Sigma colors. A delightful menu was served, and the occasion was one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The following toasts were appropriately responded to when called for by Mr. W. M. Chambers, toastmaster:

Our Anniversary, J. B. Harding.

Kappa Sigma, E. G. Porter, Jr.

Our College, A. H. Borden.

Beta Upsilon, F. W. Hadley.

The Ladies With Us, W. S. Tomlinson.

Our Absent Brothers, E. E. Culbreth.

Those present were: Prof. C. L. Mann with Miss Mary Smedes; Mr. W. M. Chambers with Miss Ellen Durham; Mr. F. W. Hadley with Miss Louise Pittenger; Mr. J. H. Peirce with Miss Lucy Haywood; Mr. E. G. Porter, Jr., with Miss Lilly Ferrall; Mr. J. A. Higgs with Miss Alice Aycock; Mr. T. M. Lykes with Miss Mary Barbee; Mr. L. T. Winston with Miss Willa Norris; Mr. Paul Pittenger with Miss Lily Skinner; Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Margaret Smedes; Mr. J. B. Lynch with Miss Lula McDonald; Mr. A. H. Borden with Miss Montague; Mr. P. W. Hardie with Miss Mary Andrews; Mr. H. S. Montague with Miss Ruby Norris; Mr. W. A. Allen with Miss Margaret Mackay; Mr. R. C. Cantwell with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Mr. D. Y. Hagan with Miss Rosa Skinner; Mr. J. B. Harding with Miss Sherman; Mr. E. E. Culbreth with Miss Emily Higgs; Prof. J. C. Kendall with Miss Daisy Moring; Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Burkett. Chaperones: Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Higgs.

On Friday evening, February 24, the officers of F Co. were charmingly entertained by the Sponsor of the Company, Miss Virginia Egerton, at her home on Jones street.

In a very unique manner and with artistic effect the house was made beautiful, the military idea and color scheme of red and white, being carried out in every detail. The decoration in the hall was effected by the use of several large Confederate flags, draped over staircase, windows and arch, combined with which were palms, stacked guns and two swords crossed over the archway, suspended from which hung a large red F. In the parlor soft red and white material gracefully draped about the room combined with numerous A. and M. pennants, carnations and red candles here and there, formed the decorations. Here the officers were presented by Captain McIntire to Miss Egerton and her friends who assisted her in receiving. Miss Egerton was charmingly attired in a gown of red silk mull, while the young ladies assisting wore pure white.

The principal amusement of the evening was a very unique guessing contest, this consisting of the names of each officer being aptly illustrated with pen and ink on cards and the booklets in which the answers were written were hand-painted in the shape of rippled pennants with swords in gold across them, the sword-straps being caught in the figures '05.

The prize, a beautiful paper-knife, fell to Miss Uzzell, of Raleigh, while the booby was awarded to Miss Roper, of Norfolk, Miss Egerton's guest.

After this the guests were ushered into the dining-room, where delicious refreshments were daintily served by three little girls dressed in red and white. In this room, U. S. flags were profusely used, but the chief charm was the table, which was decorated in red and

white ribbons and small college pennants. Several gilt stars were scattered over the table, and at each corner were placed the insignias of rank, corporal and sergeant's chevrons, lieutenant and captain's shoulder straps. The color scheme was also carried out in the refreshments, the salad being served in red apple cups, and each slice of cream contained a red "F."

Just before the close of the evening, Captain McIntire, with well-chosen words, on behalf of the officers, presented to the hostess a handsomely framed picture of the officers and a company pennant. Miss Egerton gracefully responding, in expressing her appreciation.

The young ladies present were Misses Virginia and Laura Egerton, Helen Uzzell, Mary Ray, Ella Duckett of Raleigh, Misses Jones, Dough and Taylor of B. U. W., and Miss Roper, of Norfolk. The complement of "F" officers consisted of Capt. W. H. McIntire, Lieutenants S. M. Veile and J. R. Smith, Sergeants W. F. Brock, A. W. Gregory, J. P. Lovill and J. E. Moore, Corporals J. L. Ferguson, L. F. Carleton, C. S. Tate and J. L. Smith.

GERMAN CLUB.

Those present at the dance given by the Thalerian German Club on Friday night before Lent, report a most enjoyable time. Many beautiful figures were gracefully led by Lewis T. Winston with Miss Mary Harrison, of Enfield. Delightful music was furnished by Levin's Orchestra. Those present were: Professor Bragg, with Miss Mary Smedes; Capt. R. H. Harper, with Miss Nannie Rogers; Capt. L. M. Hoffman, with Miss Bacon, of Atlanta; Professor Kendall, with Miss Niese, of Jersey City; Corp. E. N. Pegram, with Miss Emily Higgs; Capt. E. G. Porter, Jr., with Miss Margaret Mackay; Mr. W. A. Allen, with Miss Willa Norris; Capt. Ster-

ling Graydon, with Miss Jennie Trapier; Sergt. L. S. Winston, with Miss Mary Harrison, of Enfield; Lieut. F. W. Hadley, with Miss Louise Pittenger; Prof. A. A. Haskell, with Miss Margaret Smedes; Prof. St. Amant, with Miss Mary Andrews; Mr. W. F. Kirkpatrick, with Miss Lula McDonald; Professor McClelland, with Miss Daisy Moring; Mr. L. R. Hunt, with Miss Marjorie Pettis. Staggs: Professor McCall, Sergt. W. S. Tomlinson, Lieut. L. G. Lykes, Lieut. A. T. Kenyon, Mr. Gordon Harris, Mr. G. W. Rogers, Major Chambers, Prof. C. L. Mann. Chaperones: Mrs. Higgs, Mrs. Norris and Miss Mattie Higgs.

The library is indebted to Professor Burkett for the gift of one copy of Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, and for the loan of a second copy.

The magazines for recent years have now returned from the binders and are on the shelves. In them we now have in convenient form the following popular stories which have since appeared in book form:

In Atlantic:

- Baroness von Hutton—Our Lady of the Beeches, vol. 90.
- Hardy—His Daughter First, vol. 91.
- Trowbridge—My Own Story, vol. 91.
- Herrick—The Common Lot, vol. 93.

In Century:

- Hegan—Lovey Mary, vol. 65.
- Whiting—The Yellow Van, vol. 65.
- Goodwin—Four Roads to Paradise, vol. 67.
- Loudon—The Sea-Wolf, vol. 67.

Harper:

- Gilson—In the Morning Glow, vol. 105.
- Brown—Judgment, vol. 107.
- Johnston—Sir Mortimer, vol. 107.
- Ward—Marriage of William Ashe, vol. 109.

Scribner:

- Davis—Captain Macklin, vol. 31.
- Smith—Fortunes of Oliver Horn, vol. 31.

- Barrie—Little White Bird, vol. 32.
Fox—Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, vol. 33.
Grant—The Undercurrent, vol. 35.
Wharton—Sanctuary, vol. 34.

The following books have been added to the library by purchase and are now on the shelves:

- Boden—Wonder Stories from Herodotus.
Chester—Stories from Dante.
Grey—The Heart's Quest.
Hunter—Johnny Reb and Billy Yank.
Haynie—The Captains and the Kings.
Lang—Animal Story Book.
Lee—Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee.
Mackaye—Canterbury Tales of Chaucer.
Page—Red Rock.
Quirk—Baby Elton—Quarterback.
Seymour—Chaucer's Stories Simply Told.
Stiles—Four Years Under Marse Robert.
Tawny—Spencer for Children.

THE RED AND WHITE.

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In the last issue of this magazine appeared an editorial that had reference to the English department of the college. It was not offered as a criticism upon present conditions, but as a suggestion. This department as it stands to-day is excellent, and the course given in English is as good as that of any technical school in the South. But more hours should be given the subject, and in this way the students would be enabled to take advantage of the broader training that the department of English is capable of giving.

The baseball season has opened, and so far the team has made a creditable showing. It is up to the college to get behind the team and give them full support by attending the games and by rooting. We play Carolina

Easter Monday, and we want to be in shape by that time, and the only way to do this is to root now. It's systematic rooting that does the work, and not this rooting "a la bunch" here and there. Let the fellows get together and root together and make the players put snap and ginger into their playing. They can't do this unless they feel that the entire battalion is right behind them. Give the team your support, and the team will reciprocate by winning every game possible.

The second-term exams. are over, thank heaven, and we hear the same old expressions about the "home-stretch," "the beginning of the end," and like poetical phrases. It may be the home-stretch, but some of us feel, that with the amount of work that is ahead, that we are a—real long way from home. And between baseball and that "tired feeling," we don't have much time to study. The faculty should remember this, and be easy on the students during the spring months. For it is assuredly harder to prepare text-book work in April and May than in any other two months of the college year.

As the college year is drawing to a close, it is worth while to glance backward and to take an inventory of our things accomplished and things undone. To many the months passed stand merely as a mark of loss of time and money; these are the men who have squandered their time and gained nothing from their course. All of us are guilty of this extravagance of wasted hours to a more or less extent, but some men fail to realize how costly the folly of throwing away the days spent in college is. The men who are to make names for themselves in their different careers, after leaving the college halls

are neither the men who do nothing but study while here, nor those who do nothing but play. The man whose knowledge is confined within the covers of his text-books will not succeed in life, because he will not know how to cope with the ever-changing and ever-original situations that are the results of everyday life. He may have a list of honor marks that would dazzle an adding machine, and even possess a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to show for his glorious college career, but if he lacks the faculty of understanding how to get along with people with whom he comes in contact, he will never be successful. And by virtue of his living in his books during his college course, the chances are that he will lack this desirable element. With the squanderer the reverse may occur. He knows how to get along with people all right, he is a clever fellow and meets the world in the world's way. But he has neglected his book training, and because of this he, too, is a failure. It is the middle class that we may look to for success in life. The well-balanced men who have combined work with play and have not indulged in one at the expense of the other. Men of this stamp are leaders in the world to-day. Every student should strive to attain as his ideal, the rounded-out life of the well-balanced and broad-minded man, and in so doing success will be placed within reach of all.

The theories of the people who believe, or think that they believe, that conscience is a mere fake, received a severe jolt the other day when a man mailed the conscience fund of the Government a check for \$12,000. Perhaps at some far distant day some trust promoter will contribute to this fund. This check, however, should be well up in the millions instead of the thousands.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITED BY RONALD B. WILSON.

The magazines for February have been on the whole very good. Many show decided improvement over the issue of the previous month, and not one seems to have deteriorated. Many of the serious articles of the month have been of real interest, and some of the stories have possessed real merit.

One of the stories of the month that deserves especial notice is "The Crisis" in the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. The author had a real story to tell and he has told it exceedingly well, carrying it from the beginning unfaltering to a forceful climax. Another good thing in this magazine is "America in World Politics," which clearly sets forth the enviable position the United States has attained in international affairs. The editor gives another instalment of his views in regard to the Rev. Thomas Dixon's recent books. We hope the Virginia magazine will make another reply, for the discussion between these two has been rather interesting. The February number of this North Carolina magazine is on the whole full of interesting material—but we can't help but wonder why the editors don't get out the magazine more regularly.

The Minnesota Magazine is a new arrival which we welcome most heartily. May it come to us frequently, and may it always be as good as the January number. All the stories are each possessing that quality so often lacking in the college story—originality. Two are stories of child life, each of which are treated in a sympa-

thetic manner that will make them appeal to any one. The serious articles of the magazine are also of a high standard, well written and full of interest. Of the poetry—but the “Slumber Song” can sing its own praises:

“The great white gulls have gone to sleep,
 Dreamily sleep, my love ;
 And clear-eyed night shines o’er the deep,
 Dreamily sleep, my love;
 For bright rayed stars are out, my sweet,
 O’er ships at anchor lying,
 And the gold rimmed moon her vigil keeps
 Where restless waves are sighing.
 The moon glides on, the soft clouds drift—
 Still sweetly sleep, my love.
 The south wind blows, the white sails lift,
 But nestle close, my love.
 The ship sails out, like a dream-land ship,
 Like mist the crisp foam flying,
 And the songs of the sailors waft clearly and low,
 To where my love is lying.

The Furman Echo is made up mostly of departments. Probably lack of other material is the cause of this. “Hand in Hand” is one of those unusual stories in which the course of true love does run smoothly, and the story is rather well told. In “Are We Losing Our Liberty?” the author points out a few of the dangers that beset us as a people, and closes with the good advice—“Let the people vote not only in the election of candidates to office, but also in deciding what course these candidates shall pursue when elected to office.”

From the State Normal School of Virginia there comes to us a new magazine, “*The Guidon*.” It is full from cover to cover of well-prepared and interesting articles. The editorial board in its effort to publish a really creditable first number have scattered here and

there through the pages of the magazine illustrations which we suppose were intended to add to the magazine's beauty. But right there is where they made a mistake, for those pictures are—well, the artist must have been suffering from the effects of a chafing-dish party when she drew them. But even with this draw-back we can not refrain from congratulating the "*Guidon*" most heartily upon its general excellence, and we wish for it a long and prosperous life.

We would acknowledge also the receipt of our usual exchanges, which we have enjoyed—and may the list grow larger.

ATHLETICS.

For the past few weeks Coach Kienholz has been putting the aspirants for positions on the baseball team through some hard practice, and as a result the team has about been made up. However, none of the players are yet absolutely certain of their positions; each one has got to play ball and play hard.

Hadley, who played such a good field last year, has been moved up to behind the bat, and is rapidly developing into a good catcher. And he continues to bat as of old, being able to hit nearly any pitcher whom he faces.

Laval has already demonstrated that he can pitch good ball. His superior can't be found in any college in the State. And, too, he is a heavy hitter.

Heath is proving himself a close second to Laval in the box. With more experience, he is likely to become as good a pitcher as any college could want.

On first Staples is doing good work, playing his position well. The trouble with him, however, is that he can't bat. He needs a good deal more training along this line.

At second is a man who simply can't be beat—Bowen. He is in a class by himself, playing his position surely and easily. And he is able to do good work at the bat, also.

On third Knox is playing as well if not better than he did last year at second, and every A. and M. boy knows that means good ball playing. He seems to be always able to get everything that comes his way. At the bat he is doing well, too, in spite of the fact that he can't reach the low ones.

Drake is developing into a sure player at short, playing better ball ever day.

Of the fielders, Chrietzburg, Asbury, Harris, Eskeridge and Clark, all are doing good work. Each seems anxious to take all chances that come their way and are proving very successful.

So, altogether, it seems that this spring we will be represented by an all-round good team, a team that will win. And that is the kind of team we want. Coach Kienholz will see to it that each man's good points will be brought out and his weak ones strengthened. The players are going to do their best, and that is all we can ask of them. So it is up to the students to get together and give the team the loyal, enthusiastic support that it deserves. Don't be afraid to get out and yell. It will do your lungs good, and besides the team will appreciate it. Show them that you are right with them all the time, and this year's record will be one of glorious victory.

A. & M., 12; BINGHAM, 5.

In the second game of the season the A. and M. nine beat Bingham School of Mebane by the score of nine to two. At no time in the game were the local collegians in any danger, as Bingham failed to connect with Heath's curves. For the visitors, LeGrand, of baseball fame, was the sole star, he succeeding in securing a hit for each time up. A. and M. played good, steady ball, and Heath in the box, and Bowen, Knox and Drake starred. The A. and M. aggregation batted well, but Howard, the Bingham southpaw, kept the hits down to seven. For A. and M., the battery was Heath and Hadley; for Bingham, Howard and LeGrand. Umpire, Asbury.

A. & M., 9; TRINITY PARK, 2.

The Trinity Park team, after having held Wake Forest down to two runs, met defeat at the hands of the crack cadet team. The locals had no difficulty in piling up a score of nine runs to the visitors' two. The game, however, was a good exhibition of ball playing, and there were star plays on both sides. The batteries were, for A. and M., Heath and Hadley; for Trinity Park, Fulenwider and James.

LAFAYETTE WINNER.

DEFEATS A. AND M. COLLEGE BY A STOLEN BASE—QUAKERS
AND CADETS PLAY FIVE INNINGS IN RAIN WITH SCORE
ONE TO NOTHING.

In a game of ball that was short and snappy, the LaFayette College team, of Easton, Pa., defeated the A. and M. College team at the Fair Grounds on March the 24th.

The score was one to nothing, this at the end of five innings for A. and M., and with two hands down in the fifth for the big lads from Quakerdom. A rain that would just not stop began in the third inning, held up, started again, and finally became so regular that a halt was called which finally wound up in the game being ended.

The victory of the LaFayette team came as the result of a most audacious stolen base. This was in the second inning, and was done by Reeder, the left-field artist. He made a hit in left, got to second on a wild pitch, advanced to third when Folkerson sacrificed, this also sending Peters to second. Hawk struck out, and Newberry was near his finish and the end of the inning with

two strikes, when Reeder, playing way off third, shot for home as Laval pitched.

Hadley, the A. and M. back-stop, had the ball in time to catch Reeder, but did not see him till too late, his view being cut off by the batter. With Reeder rushing wildly down the line, everyone expected Hadley would touch him in time to end the inning, but too late Hadley recognized there was "something doing." He reached for Reeder, but that man shot feet forward for home as Hadley reached for him, his feet beating Hadley's reach and getting on the home plate in time for Umpire J. Sherwood Upchurch to announce that he was safe. Thus came the first run, the only run, and the winning run.

There was a big attendance at the game and much enthusiasm. Newberry, a crack pitcher in the box for LaFayette, and Laval, also a crack pitcher for A. and M., promised fine sport. The A. and M. boys were clearly outweighed by the visiting team, all of these being good big fellows, but were equally as clever as the visitors, the game being a rare good one.

In the first with A. and M. up, Bowen, on a fly in left, Eskridge fanned, Laval struck out, ended its half. For LaFayette, Snook fanned, Hubley died on a fly in deep centre, Irwin hit in right and McAvoy died short to first. In the second for A. and M., Knox lost out on a fly in left, Eskridge fanned, Laval made a clean single in left, which escaped the fielder, thus giving Laval third, but Asbury, first in the game this season, having made up his studies, went out third to first. In LaFayette's half came the run stolen under the nose of Catcher Hadley of A. and M.

In the A. and M.'s third, Harris and Staples fanned and Bowen went out on a fly to third base. For LaFayette, Snook was retired on a foul fly to third, Hub-

ley on a fly in deep left, and Irwin on a foul fly to third. In A. and M.'s fourth, Drake was out pitcher to first, Hadley batted the air, and Knox at first on a ball handled from second. In LaFayette's part, McAvoy lost out on a low fly to left that looked safe, Reeder walked, but was caught at second on the catcher's throw, Peters being retired, pitcher to first.

The rain was now doing a heavy business, but A. and M. went in with grim looks. Eskridge was out, short to first; Laval made a clean hit in right, but was retired at second when Asbury batted to third, the double failing and Asbury holding first. With Harris up he stole second. Harris made a pretty hit in centre and the ball was sent home to keep Laval at third. On this Harris tried to reach second, but was caught there on the throw from home.

LaFayette went in, and the rain got worse and worse. Folkerson went out on a fly in centre, Hawk on one in right. Newberry was up, but at this time the rain became so heavy that the game was suspended, players and spectators rushing for the State Fair grand-stand for cover. Here, after a wait of some fifteen minutes, it was agreed to call the game, as there was no sign of a let-up in the rain and the grounds were getting soggy.

The line-up of the teams was as follows:

LaFayette: Snook, 2b.; Hubley, 3b.; Irwin, c.; McAvoy, r. f.; Reeder, l. f.; Peters, 1b.; Folkerson, c. f.; Hawk, s. s.; Newberry, p.

A. and M.: Bowen, 2b.; Drake, s. s.; Hadley, c.; Knox, 3b.; Eskridge, l. f.; Laval, p.; Asbury, r. f.; Harris, c. f.; Staples, 1b.

In the way of hits, A. and M. got three, two of these to Laval, one to Harris, while LaFayette got two, one to Irwin, one to Reeder. Laval, for A. and M., struck out two men, while Newberry, for LaFayette, struck out

6. One error is charged against LaFayette, and a wild pitch against Laval, who also gave two bases on balls. Each team is credited with a stolen base.—*News and Observer*.

A. & M., 2; LaFAYETTE, 6.

In a game filled with clever base-running and snappy ball playing all round, and in the presence of a vast throng, the A. and M. team met a second defeat at the Quakers' hands, on Saturday the twenty-fifth. The score of 6 to 2 does not do justice to the game as played, for it was much closer than indicated by the score. The Pennsylvanian's superior base-running won the game for them, and a costly error by an A. and M. outfielder added two runs to the score. Laval pitched superb ball for the locals, while Kinsey was in great form for the visitors. The home collegians doubled the hits on the Quakers, but a failure to bunch them, kept the runs down to two. The line-up was the same as for the day before, with the exception that Kinsey instead of Newberry twirled for LaFayette. Laval demonstrated his superior pitching ability by pitching both games and allowing only a total of five hits for both days' work. For A. & M., Drake, Harris and Eskridge starred, while the catcher and third baseman did fine playing for the visitors. Batteries, A. and M., Laval and Hadley; LaFayette, Kinsey and Irwin. Umpire, Upchurch.

	R.	H.	E.
A. and M.	2	6	6
LaFayette	6	3	2

BATTING AVERAGES.

The batting averages of the team up to and including the LaFayette games:

Laval450	Knox272
Hadley350	Asbury000
Drake388	Bowen111
Heath375	Harris166
Eskridge285	Staples000

RECENT SCORES.

Guilford, 1; Trinity, 0.

University of Virginia, 4; Washington Am. League, 1.

Carolina, 2; Guilford College 1.

Trinity, 8; Bingham, 2.

Carolina, ..; Oak Ridge, ..

NOTES OF THE DIAMOND.

Laval leads the batting list, with Drake and Hadley close behind him.

It gladdened the hearts of the fans when "Diddle" Asbury went back into the game by playing on Friday.

The LaFayette baseball team had some of the best base-runners ever seen on this diamond.

There is not a faster man on the team than Bowen, the crack second-baseman. He is right there with the goods every time, and his throwing is sure and swift.

Don't bet on ball games by comparative scores. If you want to give your money away, bet on the weather as predicted by Von Herrman, not the great.

Y. M. C. A.

In the war with Russia, Japan has made such a plucky, well-planned fight that even the few who question her motives are compelled to admire her spirit and sagacity. The Japanese themselves, to a man, believe that they are fighting the world's battle for justice and liberty. The Japanese declare that they hate not the Russians, but the principles that the Russian government has applied in the far East. The war has intensified the spirit of patriotism among the Japanese. This war is beginning to convince the West that the Japanese have the endurance, the sacrifice, and the courage of which heroes are made. It kindles the imagination to think what a power for good they will become when they have been more deeply touched by the spirit of Christ. The missionaries in China, Japan and Korea regard Japan as a champion in the Christianization of the East, for they are calling for a greater co-operation with the Christian West. The Japanese hope that the war may help to liberalize and purify Russia. The Japanese Young Men's Christian Association has procured from St. Petersburg a box of Russian literature to give to Russian prisoners. But the Japanese soldiers themselves are subjected to an unspeakable amount of vice and temptation in the barracks and camps. The sentiment against immorality is very weak among both officers and privates, and when off duty the men have no other attractive way to pass the time. But just here the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association has begun a great work by running out vicious attractions by pleasure attractions. The Ministers of War and Navy have recently granted the representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association in Manchuria per-

mission to set up tents for recreation, correspondence, religious and patriotic addresses, and general headquarters for soldiers. It is expected that the success of this undertaking during the war will lead to a permanent Army Department of the Young Men's Christian Association in Japan as in America. Hence, a greater call for secretaries and equipment will be heard. The work already undertaken will be of incalculable help to the Christianization of Japan in two ways: directly, by improving the character and efficiency of the soldiers; indirectly, by inclining the higher officers favorably towards Christianity, and by dispelling the ignorant prejudice against Christianity in the minds of the peasant lads who form a bulk of the army. While before this, these two classes have been comparatively untouched by Christianity.

In America we see that through success of Association work by students it was organized in both army and navy posts, and the same thing is being done in Japan. While in our efforts to Christianize Japan, we must not forget that there is more at stake than her destiny alone. Japan is the rudder of the Far East. China and Korea are calling for Japanese engineers, diplomatic and military advisers. Whether she will guide Korea and China to the path of true civilization, depends upon the promptness and thoroughness of her own Christianization.

Our Association held a missionary meeting in the afternoon of the first Sunday of February. Several papers on Association work in the foreign field were read by the boys themselves. A collection was taken for benefit of Japan missions, amounting to twelve dollars. Japan is hardening in the mold of materialism with alarming rapidity. What we do, we must do quickly.

Mr. G. C. Huntington, of Charlotte, the Inter-State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, will address our Association in the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th inst.

Mr. W. D. Weatherford, of New York City, will be here immediately after March examinations, 18th-22d of March, to deliver a lecture for men only. Mr. Weatherford has been with us before, and we know that his lectures are worth while.

At the last business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. the following new officers were elected: S. C. Perkins, President; M. H. Chesbro, Vice-President; T. J. Ogburn, Treasurer; J. P. Spoon, Secretary; J. H. Henley, Corresponding Secretary.

“JUST US.”

Business Manager.—“Say, Kenyon, that next issue wants to be a stunner. Be sure to get up seven or eight decent stories, and about five good poems, with some three or four strong essays, and all the campus news brought down to date, full alumni and humorous departments, and—”

Editor-in-Chief.—“See here, Park, if you want the earth, you’ve butted into the wrong pew. When I die and go to Heaven, I shall have you transferred to the planet Mars, where your infinite wants may be partly accommodated.”

What is that fellow’s name—the one that was caught boozing down town in citizen’s clothing?

Why his name is Mud, now.

A.—“Spring is coming.”

B.—“Why so sure?”

A.—“Because I already feel laziness stirring in my bones.”

Smith.—“By the way—”

Kenyon.—“Sh! Not so loud. My foot’s asleep.”

Visitor.—“Pass the butter, please.”

Student.—“Sorry we can’t oblige you, but really, the only lubricant we have here is of the chemically prepared variety.”

“Can you tell me where Harding is?”

“At the library, I suppose.”

"How do you feel since exams. are over?"

"Relieved, certainly, but uneasy in spots, worn out in the upper story, blind from ceaseless cramming, mad with the whole faculty, and mad with myself because I ain't got the sense of a March hare. But what's the use—those conditions still haunt me."

Drummer.—"Is the buyer in?"

Clerk.—"No, but the cellar is down-stairs."—*Ex.*

Sufferer.—"Why do you keep on whistling that piece so much?"

Punisher.—"Because the tune haunts me."

Sufferer.—"No wonder; if you should murder me as you do that tune, I'd haunt you, too."—*Ex.*

New One.—"Pass the meat, please."

Old One.—"Drive the cow up this way, the calf is bawling."

You can't always judge a man by the spiel he gives you. If you could, you might decide that Tomlinson owned the college, that G. W. Rogers was president, that J. R. Smith knew it all, that Harding was a capitalist, and that Lilly was a preacher.

Little drops of water,
 Little daubs of paint,
 Make the girl that's freckled
 Look as if she ain't.

B.

Ikey.—"Do you love me, dear?"

She.—"Why, er—er—"

Ikey.—"Well, never mind, we'll match to see whether you answer 'Yes' or 'No.'"

Girl (at dress-parade).—"Where is Mr. Bagley, to-day?"

Lilly.—"He's O. D."

Girl.—"He's also O. K."

"Surrender, Beatrice," I cried,

For my heart was sorely wounded.

"I suppose I must," she replied,

"For I see I am surrounded."

—*Ex.*

Who put molasses on Farmer?

When was Senior Morgan last seen at chapel?

Lilly.—"Dupree, where are you from?"

Dupree.—"From home."

"Tubby" Knox enters room. Ewart throws up his hands to show that they are not in his pockets.

He.—"Will you let that kiss seal our vow."

She.—"No, I prefer another."

Not long ago a "gang" of Sophs. aroused some Freshies from their slumbers and took them to the pavilion at the park, where all (?) proceeded to have a "good old time." Suddenly "Posey" Hewlett appeared on the scene and declared that Captain Phelps, the O. D., and the Major were coming. The Sophs. discredited his story until three men appeared, one having a sword. Then such a scatteration! Captain Phelps(?), the O. D.(?), and the Major(?) gave chase but succeeded in catching none. The three buttinskys then returned to Watauga, from whence they came.

Ewart (after very long preliminary exam.).—"Professor, do we have another final this term?"

Professor Paine.—"Beg pardon, Mr. Ewart, this is only a preliminary."

Huband says he would march the battalion single-file on top of a rail fence, to keep them out of the blackberry bushes.

"Will the audience remain seated until the students have passed out? This will avoid confusion."

Never mind, we'll not butt in at B. U. W. any more soon.

A girl at St. Mary's swiped Sid Tomlinson's cap and kept it over Sunday. We have warned the boys about loafing around St. Mary's, but it does no good. Better watch, Sid, she might get you!

The other day a boy actually asked a girl if she had heard "Bill Bailey."

Prof. Withers.—"Mr. Poindexter, what is a biped?"
'Dexter.—"A two-legged horse."

"I have a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician.
"So has a jackass," replied a bystander. Silence.—
Mus. Times.

There was a young lady from Dorset,
Lit a match, and decided to toss it
In a can of benzine, and out on the green
They found a side-comb and a corset.—*Ex.*

A few days ago a dog was killed on the campus. Next night we had sausage for supper. Curious, isn't it?