

THE RED AND WHITE.

APRIL, 1905.

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BY THE WAY.

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BANDIT JOE.

Those hot, sultry days of late August had now given place to the more pleasant and more beautiful days of September; and the little mountain streams which had almost run dry, during the hot summer weather, now filled the air with the melody of their babbling, as their clear, sparkling waters dashed over the rugged rocks, sending spray into the air; and a bed of foam rushes on, and on, its destiny unknown—its place again filled.

If one could have seen Bandit Joe as he sat at the entrance of his old cave—his only home—and watched the flow of those streams, heard the songs of the many birds about him; and, as he looked, for the last time, on those bare rocks and snow-clad peaks; and when he turned his tanned face heavenward, and said: “With the help of God, and for the love of a Christian mother, *I will*,” one could not have doubted that he meant to keep his promise.

“Tell her that he will return some day—some day when he shall be worthy of a mother’s love, and of the name of John Bradshaw.”

With no plan but his one firm resolution to go west, John Bradshaw had now been traveling for several days on a stage-coach—going west—he knew not where; with two companions, one the coachman, the other a rather attractive young lady—to him yet unknown.

On the evening of the fourth day, the two occupants of the coach were startled by the report of a revolver, followed by several others in rapid succession. Bandit Joe sprang to his feet, his brown eyes sparkling with delight for action, as he quickly drew his two old Colts from their holsters. Just at this time two figures came dashing in the coach, each with two revolvers in hand.

"Hold on there, boys!" said Joe, covering the two men; "it pays to be careful with these things. Hell-o, there! if it isn't old Sandy and Jim. Well, this is Bandit Joe, boys. I'd like to shake hands with you, but I guess I'd better not."

The bandits had by this time recovered from their astonishment, and realized that for a second time their old companion had the drop on them, and without asking questions they began to back out of the stage.

"Hold on," said Bandit Joe. "Boys, I know that a bandit in this part of the country can't part company with his guns. We are not gentlemen, and you, know no honor; therefore, I tell you to go and keep your guns, but mind you, the first man who looks back or stops will be a dead man."

Without speaking, the two bandits watched each other for a few seconds, then, letting their guns slip back into their holsters, turned to the door and left the coach.

Bandit Joe watched the two men until they disappeared. Slipping his guns into their holsters, he climbed up on the coach. Finding the coachman dead, he placed him on top of the coach and started to drive on, when he thought of the girl. What could have happened to her?

Jumping down from his seat, Joe rushed into the coach, to find the girl—cool, calm, and fair—sitting in the corner of the coach. Her clear blue eyes met his, and a smile, which was almost a laugh, played around her mouth.

Joe's color rushed to his face, and then, with the intention of concealing the real reason for his intrusion, said: "The cabman is dead, and I came to ask if you know anything about this road and how far it is to the next farmhouse or cattle-ranch."

"I don't think it's very far to Mr. Debois' ranch, and I suppose we can stay there all night. It is on the right-hand side of this road."

Still feeling the peculiar effect of those blue eyes, Joe was glad to get beyond their sight, so he immediately started for the top of the cab, but she called him back.

"I think I ought to thank you for what you did just now," she said. "It certainly was good of you to be so considerate to me—a poor western girl."

"Poor Western girl!" muttered Joe, almost under his breath. "But the—"

"Yes, you really have been kind to me, and I don't know how to thank you. Don't you think the man who saved my honor and perhaps my life ought to tell me his name." Getting no reply, she continued, "Won't you tell me who you are?"

"John Bradshaw, from Kentucky," was the quick reply.

"And where are you going?"

"I don't know. I'm looking for a job on a cattle ranch or somewhere—I don't care where."

"What's your name?"

That smile on her now flushed and beautiful face broadened, and her sparkling blue eyes looked into his as she said, "Hadn't I better wait until to-morrow?"

Not being accustomed to the presence of ladies, or knowing the many ways in which they like to be begged, John only said: "All right, to-morrow," and went to his seat on top of the cab.

It was late in the night when the old stage pulled up in front of Debois' house, but scarcely had the coach stopped before a figure dressed in white, with a dainty little foot peeping out beneath the ruffles of her skirt, sprang from the coach into the moonlight; and ran quickly up to the queer-shaped old house—telling Bradshaw, as she ran, to wait until she came back.

Sitting motionless on the seat, Bradshaw now began to think over the events of the day. "Queer," he said to himself, "that this girl who calls herself a Western girl

should have been on this coach. She talks more like a Northerner than a Westerner, but yet it is not hardly noticeable."

"Ha! Bradshaw!"

Bradshaw awoke from his dream to find the one of whom he was dreaming, standing on the veranda; and beside her, the light in the hall streaming through the open door into his broad, honest face, stood a man, dressed in a cowboy's suit. Bradshaw's name was repeated in a deep, hoarse voice. "Yes," said Bradshaw, not yet understanding the peculiar situation.

"Get down off that stage and come in, man. I guess you thought this gal want ever coming back."

Getting down from the coach, Bradshaw walked slowly up the long path to the door. Here he met the old gentleman—a typical Westerner, broad shoulders, keen eyes, and rough, husky voice; but beneath all this was a heart so warm that it softened all his roughness.

"Walk in, me boy, walk in," he said, patting Bradshaw on the back. "Annie was so late getting home I thought she had decided to stay and take side with those infernal Yankees."

"I ain't got any niggers for them to take, but I will be d—ed if its right for them to try to run over the South like that. It's a shame! it's a shame!"

"Come in, me boy, come in. I use to be a Southerner, ye know, before I moved West."

"But what about the hosses," said Bradshaw, as he was about to enter the house.

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, me boy, I guess they are dreaming of how much corn they can eat to-morrow by this time. Come in! Come in!"

After supper the two men sat in the old dining-room, the only board dwelling within a radius of thirty miles, each with a pipe and tobacco.

"Well, Bradshaw," said Mr. Debois, after John had

given an account of himself, "I don't like to hire a man that is likely to raise a fuss on me place, but—er, as you say you are going to do better, and after you've done so much for me gal, I ain't got the heart to refuse you."

"That's giving a devil another chance," said John, rising to his feet and grasping the old man's hand, "and if I don't win out—then kick me out."

The next morning Bradshaw began work. Time then passed very rapidly, but nothing was important enough to take note of, except the growing fame of Bradshaw, the cowboy, which in the course of six months had become as widely known as that of Bandit Joe.

Rumors of war were now many, and a great increase in the number of cattle shipped to the North necessitated the aid of a secretary. And it was through the repeated recommendations of a pretty young lady, and the growing friendship between the old rancher and his now noted cowboy, that caused Bradshaw to be promoted to this new position. Though some, perhaps through jealousy, declared that the pretty girl and the Southern cowboy were in love.

In this position Bradshaw changed his dress to that becoming a Southern gentleman, and, though in no way did he neglect his duty, he had much time at his own disposal. His office was the southwest corner room, and in it there were three windows, one on the south and two on the west side.

Often in the afternoon Miss Annie would come and sit at one of the windows facing the west, and watch the setting sun as it disappeared over the green and rolling prairies. But seldom it was that she sat alone, for as Bandit Joe, changed to John Bradshaw, the cowboy, and John Bradshaw, the cowboy to John Bradshaw, the secretary, so did John Bradshaw, the secretary, become John Bradshaw, the gentleman and lover.

Spring came on, and war was declared. John Bradshaw, the gentleman and lover, had resolved, in his own firm and active mind, to become John Bradshaw, the soldier. But suddenly another thought, more serious than the first, came to him. "What must I do about Annie? Must I leave without telling her I love her? Can I leave without knowing if she loves me?"

But these thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the bell for dinner. Mr. Debois met him in the hall, his broad face beaming with delight.

"Well, John, war is declared, and I guess the South will make those Yankees wish there wan't no such thing as a 'nigger' before its over. I believe if I was a boy I'd go and fight meself."

"I am," said Bradshaw.

"Ha! ha! ha! Boy, I didn't say that to get you to go. We couldn't get along without you, ye know, and think what would Annie do if she knew you were in the war. Ha! ha! ha! I thought that would get you."

"Yes, it isn't so easy to leave, but I had decided to go before I saw you, and I'm going to stick to it."

"Well, come in to dinner, and we will talk it over later. Have you told her?"

"No, not yet."

As usual, Bradshaw and Annie took their evening ride. She knew that he was going to the war, but, knowing that it was not possible to stop him, did not mention the subject. They rode for some distance in almost absolute silence; then reining his horse in closer, he took both of the reins in his one hand.

"Annie," he began, "I have known you now a little more than one year. Do you think you know me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Do you think, after knowing my past life, that it would be possible to learn to love me?"

"It might be, that is, if you could continue to be as good a friend as you have been and wouldn't go to that horrid war."

"Annie, do you know that in all friendship there is policy."

"Do you mean by that, that there is policy in your friendship for me?"

"Yes, and I feel that policy more to-day than ever."

"What is your policy in being my friend?"

"Think and see if you can't guess."

"No," she said, looking down at the ground.

"Then must I tell you?"

She never answered, but continued to watch the ground.

"May I tell you?" he continued.

For the first time since they had been talking she turned towards him. Her blue eyes looking steadily into his, her fair face, rosy cheeks, and golden hair flushed with the rays of the setting sun.

"Yes," she said in a tone which was almost a whisper.

"Because I loved you with all my heart," he said, as he leaned forward and kissed the white hand which was so dear to him.

"Now I have made my confession, haven't you one to make?"

"Hadn't I better wait until to-morrow?" she said.

"Not this time, Annie; before you did, but not this time. Do you see yonder setting sun, sending it bright, gorgeous rays against the sky? Well, when they fade away, and the sun is gone, and you have not answered, I will take it to be 'No.'"

"In my heart is a fire, the rays of which are as bright as those reflected against yonder sky—John, that fire is love—that love for you."

A MEMORY.

To-night I have all kinds of memories,
Of days that are past and gone;
Of my dear little blue-eyed Nellie,
And the love for her I've borne.

But its heaviness lightened my burden.
And so strong is the memory now,
That I almost long for the same old days,
To repeat that same old vow.

I love to think of the school-house;
How across the room notes flew.
The teacher's eye spied all these things,
But he knew the secret, too.

Tho', my boyish dreams, even all in all,
'Tis good they ne'er came true;
And maybe Nell has another "Tom,"
And I another "Nell," too.

One Sunday I told her I loved her,
But she told me to hold my tongue;
Just told me to wait about eight years more,
As children of twelve were quite too young.

But eight years more was too long for me,
So I have me another girl.
I let the first one go,—the selfish young thing,
Who kept my brain in a whirl.

Besides, she wasn't created for me;
I don't know for whom she was made,
For she has such a turbulent temper,
That soon in the grave he'd be laid.

And to-night, for the kindness, I thank the fates
For freedom and all other joys;
I'm glad that it's only my memory,
Instead of my Nell that annoys.

TOM.

A SCANDAL IN THE UNIVERSE.

Just across the universe a big, lusty star not so long ago discovered over on the other side of the Milky Way a well-formed, fair and brilliant female of his genus. Attracted by her pleasing appearance, and seeing her facing in his direction, he gave a bold wink. Now the female brilliant had oftentimes cast many glances at this particular vigorous looking fellow, and catching his readily seen demonstration, she encouraged the flirtation, and for every wink he made at her, she would return the same, at first a little shyly, but gradually grew quite as demonstrative. If you had been watching the heavens along about this time you could have seen all this winking and twinkling between the two, though you would not have been aware that this demonstration was for each other and not for you. And now, my good friend, you know as well as I know how such amorous glances and other manifestations of this kind when unrestricted will lead to further developments. So, between these two individuals the attachment became stronger and stronger, and I need not tell you how passionately fond they became of one another. Well at last in their revolutions they neared each other and in the shadow of an eclipse came the appointed time. And so from this chance mating in a little while after a few hundred thousand years, would you believe me, a tiny little comet was born. You may be sure that this result of the liaison did not escape the prying eyes and gossipy tongues among the suns and stars, but I will not weary you with recounting the scandalous talk of these busy-bodies.

Of course, no sooner was the little fellow born than he immediately turned towards his mother, and after a

froliesome romp around her, she pointed out the father across the heavens. Sure enough, there he was, smiling and beckoning. So away darts the little fellow across through space with his tail spread out behind him. No sooner had he reached father, then back must he frolic to mother. And so it has been every few hundred thousand years and is even unto this day. You might have seen him a few years ago, taking one of his romps back and forth between father and mother, though he is now much larger than he was about a million years ago.

I understand that the father is planning to give him a place in his solar system, where he thinks there would be a brilliant future for him, but mother would like to have him stay near her.

And so what think you—when he has grown a little larger and has left off his tail and child-like prankish traits—should he take his place near his mother, there to remain a comfort to her to the end of her days, or should he accept a place in his father's solar system, where there seems to be such a brilliant future awaiting him? Well, my good friend, what say you?

"WHICH WON?"

Several young men were sitting around a table in the cafe of a club in New York. Some one introduced the subject of matrimony in order to start Cutler Hartsough gabbling, for being a woman-hater, and possessing a vein of dry humor, he invariably waxed entertaining on marriage. He was especially caustic on this occasion, and kept the party in a roar of laughter.

The next topic was as to the time required to make a journey around the globe. This occasioned an animated discussion, which led to a bet between Hartsough and Foster Conant of a box at the opera for the coming season that Hartsough would make the trip in sixty-eight days.

Hartsough left the next day at noon, and, meeting with no delays, arrived at San Francisco with time to spare to reach New York before the close of the sixty-eighth, which ended at 12 o'clock noon. So he concluded to have a good night's sleep at a hotel. After dinner he was sitting in the reading room, smoking a cigar, when a man approached him and asked if he was Mr. Hartsough. He replied that he was, whereupon he was informed that his exploit was the talk of the clubs of New York, and a New York paper had directed the man to interview him. Hartsough, much pleased, gave the desired interview, with information as to when he would reach different points on his journey eastward. Then the man departed, and Hartsough went to bed.

When the traveler reached Chicago, he had two days in which to make the distance to New York. He left Chicago on a Thursday morning, and was not due at his club till Saturday noon. The time between Chicago and New York is twenty hours. In the parlor car sat a young lady dressed in a fashionable traveling costume.

She sent the porter to him to ask if he was Mr. Hartsough, of New York. Upon his reply that he was, she sent him her card:

“Miss Ethelwyn Wheawill.”

Hartsough joined her, raised his hat deferentially, and waited for an explanation. The girl's face broke into a delicious flush as she said:

“My aunt, Mrs. Clinton, telegraphed me that you would be on this train. Knowing that I dread traveling alone, she suggested that you might consent to take me under your charge.”

“Mrs. Alexander Clinton, of ——— Madison Avenue?”

“Yes.”

“I know her very well. She has placed me under an obligation in giving me so charming a traveling companion. But how did she know I was to be on this train?”

“Why, your trip is the talk of all our set. Besides, I was told there was something about it in the newspapers.”

Then Hartsough remembered the man who had interviewed him.

Miss Wheawill knew of his bet, and Hartsough gallantly told her that in case he won it he would beg the honor of her acceptance of the box during the season. This offer occasioned a sudden cessation of that liveliness with which she was attracting him. However, this passed off, and the twenty hours of the journey seemed to Hartsough but so many minutes. Mrs. Alexander Clinton met them at the Grand Central station with her carriage and insisted on Hartsough driving home with them to dinner, an invitation he was only too glad to accept. After dinner he was left with Miss Wheawill, and at 11 o'clock he requested the butler to call a carriage. Mrs. Clinton insisted on his remaining in the house for the night. This he declined at first, but as

the lady seemed to have set her heart upon it, he finally consented, pleased to remember that he would meet Miss Wheawill at breakfast.

He had no sooner entered his room than he heard the sound of a key turned from the outside. Trying the door, he found it locked.

"Tricked!" he cried, starting.

Meanwhile a party of men at the club, who had had an intimation from one of their number that something was in the wind, had met, eager for news. As the clock struck 12 Tom Bond entered and reported that Hartsough was under lock and key. A couple of baskets of champagne celebrated the event.

It was 10 o'clock the next morning when Hartsough heard a tap at his prison door."

"It's I, Mr. Hartsough."

"Miss Wheawill?"

"Yes. I am very much ashamed of the part I have taken, though it was all your fault. My cousin, Tom Bond, heard your strictures on woman and your bet. I bet him the price of a theater party that I would delay you."

"H'm! There's time for repentance. It's only 10 o'clock. I'm to dine at the club at 12."

"I'd lose my bet."

"I'll take care of that and keep my promise about the opera-box."

"Tom will never forgive me."

"I will."

"That's very nice of you."

The door was unlocked, and the prisoner spent an hour in the drawing-room with his jailer.

At 11:55, as the gentlemen at the club were waiting for the stroke of 12 to further celebrate, in walked Hartsough. There was blank astonishment on every face.

"How did you get out?" asked Bond.

"By bribery. The lady who trapped me will have the use of the box I have won."

"Yes, and she'll have you, too," said Bond with heat. The minx not only bet me she would delay you, but that she'd make you propose to her."

Hartsough flamed to the roots of his hair.

"By thunder! She's won that bet already."

W. J. W.—'05.

MEASURING THE SPEED OF ELECTRICITY.

When the first attempts were made to ascertain the speed with which electricity flowed through a conductor, it was found that the speed was so great that, even when long conductors were employed, the time was so short that special means would be required to measure it. Several attempts to determine the velocity having failed to give any results that might be considered as approaching accuracy, Professor Wheastone provided special apparatus for the purpose. As a single electrical impulse would serve the purpose much better than a continuous current, a Leyden jar was employed. As is well known, the Leyden jar consists of a glass jar having its outer and inner sides covered with tin-foil, the two coatings being insulated from each other by the glass. The jar then becomes a storage cell for electricity of a very high potential, produced by frictional apparatus; but unlike the storage cell now in extensive use, the Leyden jar discharges the accumulated charge almost instantaneously. This was found suitable for the purpose. A conducting circuit was then provided of insulated wire which was fastened to a frame and bent around many times, so that a length of something more than 2,600 feet was made use of. As the bends in the wire

were kept separate, the circuit was practically insulated. But as the length was quite short, special apparatus was devised to measure the time occupied by the discharge in traveling the distance. The apparatus consisted of a rotating mirror, so placed that the sparks produced by the passage of current across a slight opening in the circuit would be reflected to the observer. The circuit was arranged on the framework so that a loop from near each end and one from the center were close together and in line. These loops were cut, leaving the ends, which terminated in balls, slightly separated. The mirror was placed behind these balls. On discharging the jar through the circuit while the mirror was still, the sparks would appear as three points of light, but if the discharge was made to take place while the mirror was revolving, the sparks would appear as straight lines; and if no time was consumed by the discharge in traveling the length of the circuit, the reflection of the sparks would appear as straight and parallel lines, but if the discharge required time to traverse the circuit, these lines would appear displaced. The latter was found to be the case, one of the lines being considerably out of line. This proved that it required time for the current to travel the length of the circuit, and the time was easily calculated when the rate of rotation of the mirror and the duration of the sparks were known. It was then determined that the velocity of the electric discharge was 288,000 miles per second. From the experiments, it was also inferred that there were two kinds of electricity, which started simultaneously from either coating of the jar. This effect may be explained on the principle of equalization between pressure and vacuum.

W. J. W.

MY HEART FABLE.

As I was going along my Way up the Hill one day, thinking and planning over the Things I would do as I proceeded on my Journey, I came upon a Heart by the side of the Road—a modest little Heart. As it attracted my attention, for a little while I paused and looked at it in a curious yet indifferent sort of manner. When I approached it, it began to pulse very perceptibly.

Yet again turning my mind upon the Things I had planned, I passed on up the Hill. But somehow, try as I would to think only of the Things I had planned, back my thoughts would wander to that little Heart I had left by the side of the Road. While thus trying to forget it and still climbing, I met Cupid. I told him about the Heart and how it was still plaguing my thoughts. Placing his hands upon my shoulders and looking into my eyes with a most appealing look, he said, "My dear boy, how could you! Go back and pick it up." And taking me by the hand he led me back.

I took up the Heart and as I held it in my hand, it began to tabor joyously as if new life had been given it.

Well, it has been many and many a day since I went back and picked it up, and I am now so attached to it that I would never, never part with it for the whole world.

* * * * *

I read this little fable to Margaret and drew her quite close to me. Putting her arms around my neck and looking right into my soul with those dear, dear brown eyes, she said: "And you are right sure you will never, *never* part with it?"

"No, dearie, never. But, dearie, suppose I had never, *never* gone back?"

"Oh, you silly! Don't you know somebody else—"

But I stopped that with a kiss.

LOOKING FORWARD.

In the *Engineering Magazine* for April, Dr. Louis Bell, one of the foremost electrical scientists and engineers of the day, tells how American industries may sooner or later revert to the hands of the small producers scattered throughout the land. His idea of salvation for the country from the present influences that are centralizing the industries in great cities and monopolizing the necessities of life, is obvious in the following paragraph:

“There are to-day many unutilized water-powers ranging from 200 to 500 horse-power, that can be acquired and developed, including an electric transmission of moderate length, for about \$100 per horse-power delivered. They are cheap simply because they are on rather small streams, easily controlled, in places where at present there is small demand for power. A factory wishing power can thus obtain it, as the investment cost shows, at a very moderate rate, and in the majority of instances can get the few hours of hydraulic storage necessary for utilizing enough of the energy for lighting, to offset no inconsiderable part of the expenses. There are now not a few small industries clustered about little water-powers, but electric transmission has yet to play its part in bringing isolated water-falls into use where there are existing facilities for transportation. It is almost an untouched field, and one of great promise.”

Dr. Bell draws word pictures of the European artisan communities that prosper through most periods of general depression because independent of political conditions and stock-jobbing schemes. Then in our own country there are Lowell and Bridgeport and Grand Rapids, grown up around cheap water-power, and, after outgrowing the available power, still expanding by sheer force

of reputation and success in their respective lines of manufacture.

Thinking of these things, one can not but see bright visions of the future of Carolina, when there will be a village of skilled weavers around every cross-roads store that is now the hub for only a few farmers. Those country people who take to the textile arts will not crowd into cities, but will seek nearby towns on their own native heath, and under trained experts make their cotton worth a dollar or so a pound before it leaves the borders of the State for the markets of the world. These centers of industry will win reputations for fine products in individual lines. Here will be the home of the Hickory plaid, and yonder town will be known as the source of Langley muslins.

Towns naturally form along railroads, and the *Raleigh Post*, in its issue of April 15, pictures the time when trains running between Greensboro and Charlotte will dash through a continuous city; but electric roads are fast opening new fields and forming new links—another tendency away from concentration.

With an adequate supply of artisans trained as they may be trained in our technical schools, with raw stock at our very doors, and with power unlimited wheresoever it may be wanted,—who can set a limit to the future prosperity, culture, and happiness of the people of the cotton States?

A. E. ESCOTT.

GABRIEL'S REVEILLE.

'Tis the time of sleep.
Throughout the earth is the stillness
And silence of death.
Behold a once beautiful orb,
When wreathed in verdant green,
Now dismal and dark,
Without life—doomed.
And silently yet it moves
On its course, as in centuries gone by
When on its bosom was borne
Sweet Spring and every living creature.

But hark! Through all the gloomy chaos
Comes a resounding blast, and
With echoes reverberating from peak to peak
Sweeps hill and vale
As if 'twould startle and awake
The mighty rocks themselves.
And from highland and lowland,
From deep seas and onward rushing rivers,
Come peering forth forms till now
In sepulchral sleep, each expectant
As if 'twere agreed in time past,
Ere lying down to that last sleep,
The summons of the great trumpet
Should be heeded with promptness.

And now from the assembled hosts,
'Mid shoutings and hosannas,
A solid array is formed.
Behold! 'Tis the grand battalion formation
On the Resurrection Morn.

ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL.

The team is doing well as the season progresses, despite the Oak Ridge defeat. Laval and Heath are getting better every day, and as the time for the Carolina game grows nearer, the hopes of the college at large rise higher. A change has been made in the infield, Knox being at first, Asbury at third. At present the only position that is unsettled is right field. Here Staples, Lattimore, Chreitzberg and Clark all take trials at the place. With the two Davidson games played, the season is well under way, and the student body has occasion to be proud of the record of the team so far. May the good work go on and the Carolina game be guided to victory for the Red and White.

OAK RIDGE WINS.

A. and M., 6—Oak Ridge, 7.

In a game that was close for seven innings, but without any special features, Oak Ridge defeated A. and M. College on Wednesday, March the ninth. In the eighth inning A. and M. made three runs, making the score 6 to 2 in her favor. But Oak Ridge came to the bat, and the inning over had made four runs to her credit. So that at the beginning of the ninth the score stood 6 and 6. In the tenth inning, with bases full, Laval made a wild pitch, letting in the winning run.

Score by innings—

	R.	H.	E.									
A. and M.	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	3	0	0—6	12	6
Oak Ridge	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	0	1—7	9	3

Line-up as follows:

A. and M.—Asbury 3b., Drake s.s., Hadley c., Knox

2b., Eskridge l.f., Laval 1b. and p., Heath p. and 1b., Harris c.f., Chreitzberg r.f.

Oak Ridge.—Bennett 2b., Warren p., Cook s.s., Shaw r.f., Holt, E., c., Edwards 3b., Hester c.f., Holt, H., 1b., Whitaker l.f.

—

A. AND M., 3—GUILFORD, 2.

For five innings at the ball game between the A. and M. College and the Guilford College teams played on April the first, the cadets could not score, while the Quaker lads had one to their credit.

This was made in the first inning, but when the sixth came around the A. and M. boys got into line, and before three men fell by the wayside they had scooped in two runs, and were one to the good. In the seventh good headwork let Harris score, and in the eighth Guilford nailed down another run, but no more came their way, A. and M. winning by a score of 3 to 2.

The game was perhaps the prettiest of the season, and in it honors were nicely divided. The battle was between the pitchers, and both Laval of A. and M. and Hobbs of Guilford did good work. Asbury, the A. and M. third baseman, did pretty work in the fifth, when he pulled down a pop-foul from Catcher Hobbs's bat and caught Watson off of his base. He is credited with other good work, as is also Catcher Hadley, who pulled down nine fouls, and also Shortstop Drake. The Guilford men are a strong ball team and put up a pretty game.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
A. and M.	0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0	—3	5 3
Guilford	1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0	—2	8 2

Summary.—Bases on balls, off Laval 2, off Hobbs 3; struck out by Laval 9, by Hobbs 9; wild pitch, by Laval 1, by Hobbs 3; earned runs, A. and M. 2, Guilford 0.

Line-up as follows.

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

Guilford.—W. Lindsay s.s., Murrow 1b., Watson 2b., L. Hobbs c., Doak 3b., Price r.f., Lindsay, R., l.f., W. Hobbs p., Robb c.f.

A. AND M., 26—WASHINGTON AND LEE, 3.

The game with Washington and Lee was equal to a comic opera as far as laughter was concerned. Washington and Lee came to us with an excellent record, but their ball playing here was fifth class, to speak mildly. The score grew by sixes and sevens, and A. and M. made doubles, three-baggers and home runs, and ran from base to base with the daring that comes with certain victory. The Virginians, however, took their drubbing good naturedly, and played a gentlemanly game all through. Eskridge got two three-baggers and Knox a home run.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
A. and M.	4	2	7
W. and L.	0	1	0
	0	0	2
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	1	—	26
	19		2
	3	4	9

Summary.—Struck out, by Laval 2, by Heath 7, by Temple 1, by Johnson 3, by Chilton 2; bases on balls, off Laval 1, off Johnson 3, off Chilton 2; hit by ball, Johnson 1.

Line-up as follows:

A. and M.—Bowen 2b., Asbury 3b., Hadley c., Knox 1b., Eskridge l.f., Laval pitch, Heath pitch, Temple pitch, Drake s.s., Harris c.f., Lattimore r.f., Clark r.f.

W. and L.—Le Gore l.f., Alexander s.s., Bagley 2b., Campbell 3b., Porter c.f., Chilton 1b. and pitch, Trimble c., Pipes r.f., Johnson pitch, Temple 1b.

A. AND M., 10—WAKE FOREST, 4.

After holding Carolina down to a score of 5 to 3 on Saturday, on Monday the tenth of April, Wake Forest met defeat at A. and M.'s hands to the tune of 10 to 4. At the end of the second inning the score stood 6 to 1 against the Baptists, and they never recovered from the blow of that fatal inning, although they made three runs in it themselves. Turner pitched good ball for Wake Forest, but received poor support at all stages of the game. A good crowd witnessed the game, and many ladies were present. Also a delegation of Wake Forest rooters.

Goodwyn and Turner at first base for Wake Forest, and Hadley, Drake and Knox for A. and M., played star ball.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
A. and M.	0	6	0
W. F. C.	1	3	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	1	3	—10
	8	3	
	4	4	10

Batteries.—A. and M., Laval and Hadley; Wake Forest, Turner, E., and Hamrick.

Struck out, by Laval 2; by Turner 3; three-base hits, Eskridge (A. and M.) 2; wild pitch, Laval 1; double play, A. and M., Drake to Knox to Asbury; left on base, A. and M. 8, W. F. C. 8.

A. AND M. SCRUBS, 12—NEW BERN M. A., 2.

The scrubs won their game from New Bern on the 14th. Temple pitched a good game and allowed but a few hits.

WILSON A STAR.

“Babe” Wilson covered himself with glory by winning five first places and three second places in the meet with

Virginia, making a total of 29 points. The events were as follows:

First place in 100-yard dash, broad jump, 120-yard high hurdles, 220-yard low hurdles; second place in shot-put, hammer-throw, and high jump.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Up to and including the Davidson games:

Laval363	Asbury272
Eskridge354	Knox244
Hadley340	Bowen216
Heath315	Chreitzberg214
Drake311	Harris247

NOTES OF THE DIAMOND.

Eskridge is great on three-baggers and Knox on home runs.

Who doped Washington and Lee?

The present infield is gratifying indeed. Knox shows up splendidly at first.

It would be hard to find a catcher covering more ground behind the bat than Hadley. At a recent game he took in nine fouls.

Drake is playing short in better form every game. He is fast and sure.

Temple made his debut in the Washington and Lee game, and made a good showing.

SOME RECENT SCORES.

University of Virginia, 3; Pennsylvania, 2.

Davidson, 3; Guilford, 2.

Trinity, 0; Mercer, 0 (ten innings).

University of Virginia, 7; Navy, 3.

Carolina, 2; Navy, 3.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY PEIRCE AND GRAYDON.

The weather is warm now, and the blue shirt prevails.

Dr. Winston is in New York on business for the college.

Murr, of the Senior class, spent several days at his home recently.

Graydon spent several days at his home in South Carolina last week.

Peirce, J. H., left on Saturday, the 15th, to spend a few days at home.

The 1905 *Agromeck* has gone to press and the printers are rushing it through.

Services were held in the chapel last Sunday night by Dr. Moment, of the Presbyterian church.

The battalion is being put through inspection and review, in preparation for the annual inspection.

Quite a crowd enjoyed the game between U. N. C. and Wake Forest at the Fair Grounds last Saturday.

Wall and Lykes are diligently practicing with their bean-shooters. They hope to be able to hit in a barrel soon.

At a recent meeting of the Leazar Literary Society, A. T. Kenyon was elected president and G. P. Asbury vice-president.

Mr. Grierson, '04, was a visitor at the college for one day last week. He was on his way to Newport News to resume his work.

The following marshals were elected for commencement: Chief, Clark, J. D.; Assistants, Tull, Morrison, Lynch, Henshaw, Lipscomb and Cantwell.

Mr. J. A. Park left on Easter Monday to spend a few days in Chattanooga, Tenn.

General liberty was given the battalion on the night of the 14th, the ball team having defeated Davidson by a score of 6 to 0 that afternoon in Greensboro.

The speakers for Commencement from the Senior class are as follows, appointed by the faculty: A. T. Kenyon, O. L. Bagley, J. O. Morgan. Class orator, E. G. Porter, Jr. Scholarship orator, J. R. Smith.

The local department falls short in this issue. Nothing doing during Lent. The boys who are too shy to stay around Captain Phelps much, will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Phelps is doing well. We hope for her a speedy recovery.

As Spring approaches, the campus is beginning to show up beautifully with the wide stretches of fresh verdure. When the sun shines brightly, and the birds sing, the thoughts of the student drift away from books and he longs for home again.

The ball team left for Greensboro on the 12th to play Davidson and Elon colleges. The track team went to the University of Virginia on the 13th, and the scrub ball team to New Bern to play the local team there during carnival week. Won't Captain Phelps and the O. D. have a time keeping up with the absentees for the next three days!

THE RED AND WHITE,

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Students, Professors, Alumni and friends of the College are each and all invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief; and all subscriptions to the Business Manager.

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

Charges for advertising are payable after first insertion.

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S. GRAYDON, '05

D. W. ROBERTSON, '06

T. J. OGBURN, '06

J. H. PEIRCE, '05

The South is behind the North in some things, and largely in educational matters. However, the day is not far distant when she will entirely regain the position she deserves, as a leader in intellectual affairs. Neither is the day far distant when she will be a leader in industrial affairs. Already Northern capital is finding its way southward, and great industries are springing up here and there throughout the South. Industrial colleges are training the men to whom the South will look for industrial development. The college man would do well to remember this, and upon graduation look about him and endeavor to find work to do at home and do his part toward putting the backward South forward in her struggle for industrial supremacy.

The baseball team is still winning hard-earned laurels, and is playing in fine form. The students are proud of their representatives on the diamond, and are giving them hearty support. The rooting at both the Guilford and Wake Forest games was superb. Keep it up, and on Easter Monday get behind the team with a steady, systematic series of yells. For we *must* defeat Carolina.

Wake Forest has established a weekly paper devoted to athletics and matters of local interest. This is very commendable on the part of the student body, and shows that there is an abundance of college spirit at that institution. We congratulate the staff upon the creditable issues gotten out so far, and wish them success in their efforts. A paper of this sort would be a good thing here. V. P. I. gets out such a sheet, and there is room for one here.

That college journalism is improving from year to year no one doubts. And to one whose good fortune it has been to be in constant touch with college publications for over two years, this year has seemed unusually bright, especially as regards Southern publications. On all sides the work has shown marked improvement over last year's. While possibly no Shakespeares or Brownings have been brought to light, still there has been an abundance of good magazines, filled from one cover to the other with well-written work, upon our table. It is very gratifying to those interested in this sort of work to note this improvement, and we hope that each year may mark a similar improvement.

It is an astonishing fact that a large number of men in college are never posted on current events. They live in a little world of their own, and have only a faint

idea of the doings of the world about them. With the twentieth-century facilities for finding out things, and with the excellent library that the College has, there is little excuse for a man to be ignorant regarding current topics. A half-an-hour a day spent rightly in the library will keep a man posted on all affairs of interest, and will enable him to keep in his mind's eye a perspective view of the major movements of the world. Without this perspective a man is, to all intelligent purposes, out of the world. It has been rightly said that "Life is a play and that the world is a stage." The man who does not know the lines will never know when to play his part. He is not abreast of the times. So it is to everyone's benefit to have a definite idea of what is going on in the world about him.

The Davidson games resulted in a draw, A. and M. winning one and losing one. At Winston-Salem A. and M. lost to the tune of 6 to 1, and the next day at Greensboro turned the tables on the Presbyterians by shutting them out 6 to 0. Another jolt for comparative scores.

The second Wake Forest game was won by a score of 5 to 1, and the first Syracuse game by a score of 4 to 3. A full account of these games will appear in the next issue.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITED BY RONALD B. WILSON.

Recently the number of our exchanges from preparatory schools has been increased by several new arrivals, these latter coming in each case from city high schools. As a usual thing it seems that the average exchange man deems the prep. journal beneath his notice, and probably this is true for purposes of criticism. But the mere fact that these magazines are being published should be of interest to all the college magazines. It is from the prep. schools that the colleges draw their students to a large extent, and the fact that many of these are in their prep. days getting training in the managing and editing of school journals should be a hopeful sign for the future of the college magazines. This means that men who already have some experience will do work for the college magazine. They will have already been to a degree broken into the work, and so will be able to begin work on the college magazine earlier. As we have already said, this is a hopeful sign for the steady improvement of our college magazines in the future.

The William Jewell Student is rather thin for March. The only attempt at a serious article is a short essay on "Concentration." Though some good thoughts are expressed in this, the whole is rather a collection of incoherent paragraphs. Of the stories, "They Have Brought Me More Than Gold," unlike its title, is short and commonplace. In the "Golden Toga" the author neglects his story in order to enforce the moral of it. There are several poems, however, which are good. Of these the first, "Hope," is easily the best and deserving of praise.

Yet when we laid aside the magazine it was with a sigh of disappointment, for we expected better things of *The Student*.

One may easily spend a pleasant half hour with the *Peabody Record*. The opening verses, "Under Apple Trees," are delightful, for indeed "O, sweet are the memories floating back to me." Then comes a well-told local incident, an occasion when the girls did not celebrate, followed by a lengthy article entitled "The Attitude of the Loyal Alumnus." To one nearing the end of the college days this should be of special interest. It should set each one to thinking, and impress upon each the fact that after leaving college the graduate owes a deep debt to his Alma Mater, a debt of love and gratitude and honor. "The Making of a Story" is interesting and well told, an original story. And then there is a poem full of brightness and hope—looking upon the cheerful side of life:

"All day the cold, gray clouds
Have hung like a silent pall,
The wind sighs through the branches bare,
While now and then the raindrops fall.

But still there is a ray of hope
In life's beclouded sky;
I know I'll meet my loved one there
In a better world on high.

Within my breast there is a light
From the lamp of love to-day;
My soul is bright with holy light,
Though the clouds are cold and gray."

The Polytechnian, from Texas, for March, contains neither stories nor verse. Aside from the usual departments, there are only essays—four of these. But these are each well written and on interesting subjects. The editorials in this number are especially strong. If

a story or two and a few poems were added, *The Polytechnian* would be much improved. It is sadly lacking in these.

The College Message in its attractive green and white cover is always a welcome visitor. The March number opens with an enthusiastic song, "Our Alma Mater." Following this is a series of articles dealing with different phases of the life of that great American, Robert E. Lee, which are very interesting, for though the subject is old, it is ever a new one. "Rays" is a pleasing little poem, as is also "A Prayer" with the thought, "Thy will be done." The two stories in this number are the weakest part of the magazine. There is lots of room for improvement in the fiction of the *Message*. But nevertheless the magazine is on the whole good and interesting.

In the *Limestone Star* the departments predominate to an undue extent. But these departments are well conducted, and so we suppose we shouldn't criticise their length too harshly. The editorial on "Russian Liberalism" is very good. "Importance of Study at College" is better than the title would suggest. We always thought that the years spent at college were primarily for study, and so to us the need of a discussion on the importance of study is not obvious. In the body of the magazine, the part that appeals most to the outsider, the most impressive thing is the lack of coherence. "The Rise and Growth of the Novel" is a collection of facts thrown at each other apparently in the hope that they were thrown hard enough to stick together. As for the stories,—but 'twere better not to mention them at all.

We wish to acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of our usual exchanges.

“ONE ON YOU.”

THE WONDERFUL SCRUBS.

TWO DAYS BEFORE LEAVING.

We are going to New Bern!

We are going to New Bern!!

Well, it is just simply grand of the dear old faculty to condescend to let us go. Just think about it, the Carnival Company is there this week, and there will be no end of receptions given in our honor.

Oh, it is too good to be true.

Bully—for the faculty!

ONE DAY BEFORE LEAVING.

Captain “Stubby,” “Legs” and the “1st Sgt.” in one voice to Scrub team.—“Well boys, are you all ready to go? Get right, for there is not much time to lose. We packed our cases yesterday. Now, boys, we want to have an understanding about this trip.”

1st Sgt.—“Yes, boys, when you go through LaGrange, if any of you get off the train, be sure and conduct yourselves as gentlemen; and I say, let us all wear our cadet uniforms.”

(Editor’s note.—Kind reader, can you already see through this plot?)

“Legs.”—“Yes, I want you to act right in New Bern, too. Conduct yourselves with dignity and shower continued praise upon our dear old college. And we don’t want any smoking, drinking, expectorating, and so on in New Bern.”

1st Sgt., buttin’ in.—“Er—I move we sign a pledge to that effect.”

Stubby.—“Now, boys, be sure to be ready at 2 o’clock a. m. You must remember the train leaves at 5:50 a. m. ‘Legs,’ don’t forget to wake us all up.”

THE NIGHT BEFORE LEAVING.

"Legs" and 1st Sgt. to Couch, who is the most dignified and conservative man on the team.—"Hey, Couch, have you packed yet?" (Time, 10 p. m.)

Couch.—"No; I don't intend to pack until 4 in the morning."

The two.—"Well, you will be late. We expect to get to the depot at 3 a. m."

After much discussion and worry, "Legs," Captain "Stubby" and the brilliant "1st Sgt.," succeeded in accumulating all alarm clocks on the Hill and placing all their men in sounding distance of the clocks, they attempted to go to sleep about eleven-thirty.

About 1:30 a. m. this aggregation of clocks started off, and every man in Watauga was instantly awakened, expecting to find the dear old building in flames, but the first men up were Capt. "Stubby" and "Legs," and as it happened they had their citizen clothes on, and when they went for the "1st Sgt.," who rooms with Uzzell, they had a warm reception, which was given in their honor by Uzzell. Then the enthusiastic three went to get Hardie, who was in Holt's room, and upon their entrance they were met with a fusilade of chairs, ink bottles, and water. After several similar exploits this same "three" decided it was time to go—so off they went down the railroad. Time, 2:15 a. m.

Note.—The Southern for Goldsboro was due at 5:42, and was 1 hour and 40 minutes late.

We wonder if the 1st Sgt. got off at LaGrange to display his chevrons—his high office?

Professor Hill.—"Hr. Hewlett, what is a sonnet?"

H.—"A poem for small boys."

Pungy Peirce says that the pleasures he cut out during Lent were Sunday school and church.

We should like very much to know who Porter is in love with. No doubt he would, too.

Unfortunate.—"Help! I am sinking!"

Irishman.—"Phwy don't yez swim?"

Unfortunate.—"I can't."

Irishman.—"Be gorry, yez have an illigant chance to learn how."

Report.—"Weaver, R. R.: Shoes in window at Insp."

Explanation.—"I put them there to air."

(Very considerate of Weaver.)

Clardy says he feels more like a man since review and inspection, as he got "stuck" for not being shaved.

Why did "Babe" Wilson say the score was ten to ten in favor of B. U. W.?

Is it true—

That Hoffman has a new piece of cloth in his machine?

That Moorman is going to join the Glee Club?

That Chambers is in love?

That Wall had some teeth pulled?

That J. Rhodes Smith has been attending the dancing school?

That a girl said Mr. Winston's (L.) feet are large?

That Tom Lykes's hands are so large he has to get his mail out of his box with a stick?

Visitor (pointing to Harding).—"Indications of spring."

Student.—"That's no good. If it were we should have spring all the year."

Has anybody been skipping chapel? No, indeed.

At S. M. S. Recital:

"Say, old boy, you like that music?"

"Not specially, but I am very fond of the musician."

"James, why did you tear the problem of the stone wall from your book?"

"Because, now I can digest its contents with greater ease."

He.—"I heard some one say he wished he owned your eyes."

She.—"Thank you."

He.—"But he was a blind man."

The following was received by the editor a few days ago:

"Will the Y. M. C. A. please take up a collection and buy Williams, G., another pair of tights, and oblige,
THE RALEIGH PUBLIC."

Teacher.—"Spell globule."

Student.—"G-l-o-b-u-l-e, a little globe."

Teacher.—"Spell molecule, next."

Student.—"M-o-l-e-c-u-l-e, a little Molly."—*Exc.*

When will Bullock quit "knocking down" the Sunday school collection?

Why did Messrs. Lang and Haskell want to put the shot? Mr. Lang said he could put it a mile. But then that was at the ball game, and every one was feeling good, more or less.

For two or three weeks past two instructors have been dismissing their classes in a remarkable short time. Please explain.

May happiness ever go with the students of Peace, even as does Dr. Dinwiddie.

A Senior went into a class-mate's room to borrow cologne to perfume his new handkerchief, but by mistake poured on a big lot of old rye. This did not phase him. He made a sugar rag of the result.

S. S. Teacher.—"Mr. Price, of what order was Nicodemus?"

Price.—"He belonged to the synagogue."

Six tickets to one game is pretty good for one man,—isn't it, Cox?

S. N. Knox enclosed a sweet little picture in an envelope, saying that he would send it to "her"; at the same time he addressed it. He was only joking, but meantime he forgot it and Ikey Hoffman mailed it. Now "Tubby" is in a muddle and wants to fight. Poor fellow!

Definitions by an unknown contributor:

A foul mass of repulsive blubber—High Grand Lieut. "It."

A boring extreme of the "butter-in"—Moorman.

The freshest of the Fresh.—Young Morgan.

The wisest of the wise—Smith, J. R.

The "elite" of society—in his mind—Huband.

Colonel Finch is here on a visit until Commencement.

Who took St. Amant to be a Freshman? But really you couldn't tell, you know.

