

THE RED AND WHITE.

MAY, 1905.

Table of Contents.

	PAGE.
The Departing Class	341
My Prince	342
Resurrection	349
Electricity in the Home	350
A Toast	354
'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia	355
Rays	356
Locals	357
Athletics	363
Editorial	370
"One on You"	372
Exchange	377
Gleanings	380

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THE RED AND WHITE,

Vol. VI.

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., MAY, 1905.

No. 9

LITERARY.

THE DEPARTING CLASS.

Side by side for these four years they've toiled,
Face to face with common foes they've fought;
Fighting, struggling, their record unsoiled.
And though foes they have, they've been unsought.

Now ere long they must depart, divide;
But the ties so strongly knit by time
Will defy mere space—will have ne'er died—
And each hour they'll meet at Friendship's shrine.

R—

MY PRINCE.

Written by A. M. C. Summer School Student, 1903.

"Katherine, please be serious for once and tell me why you treat Mr. Dexter as you do."

"My dear cousin Mary, you astound me. Am I not serious now? Am I not always the very emblem of seriousness itself?" Which broad statement the roguish laughter in her clear grey eyes contradicted. "Have I not always been thankful to fate—poor fate! whom every one abuses—that she did not make me frivolous as other girls. Mary, don't look so incredulous, I beg you. Now, cousin mine, is this frown deep and dark enough, or shall I make it several degrees darker in shade, as I demand to know, in stern tones, whereof I have failed in my duty to your protegee—Mr. Dexter. Am I not a model of politeness—a veritable 'Lady Chesterfield'?"

"Oh, Katherine, Katherine! Spare me any more eloquence; I feel that I could not survive it," said Mary laughing. "And please straightway remove that serious look. Had I known what to expect, nothing could have tempted me to ask you to be serious even for a moment. I merely wished to ask why you treated Mr. Dexter so coldly. Did you ask if you were polite to him? You are a regular iceberg of politeness.

"But why are you so perverse and say you can not love him, Katie dear? He is so well able to make you happy—he idolizes you—everyone can see that—and he is young—handsome—gifted—wealthy—"

"Would you have me—"

"No, let me finish, before I am overwhelmed with another burst of eloquence. Here you are just at the very time you should be happy and enjoying life—for you deserve happiness more than any one I know of, little girl—and yet you banish him—bury yourself in a hot, dusty

school-room, with dirty little urchins—I can not understand it, child; if he were old and ugly I might—but such a model young man as he is, and one whom half the girls would jump at the offer of his love and fortune. I know it is very noble in you to work to support your mother, and think of how much more pleasure it would give her, when such a release from the drudgery of teaching, I feel that you are making a great mistake not to accept it. Couldn't you love him just a little?"

"Stop! wait! help! Who is waxing eloquent now? Where shall I begin to answer so many questions?"

"First, because you have found your Prince, don't think that every other man is a Prince, too.

"And I beg leave to call your Majesty's attention to the fact—I *am happy*. How could I be otherwise when everybody is so kind and good to me?"

"Then the teaching question. I don't think teaching is drudgery—I like it—and the children—with their quaint sayings, I love them. Perhaps it is true that sometimes their faces and hands may not be immaculate, but their little hearts are as sweet and fresh and pure, they remind me of flowers, violets—baby-faced pansies, frail, delicate snow-drops—the world's great flower-garden.

"And mother"—here her eyes softened and a dewy, misty look replaced the laughter in them—"what a privilege it is for me to work for her—she who has done so much for me.

"Lastly—(and it makes me feel as if I were a minister, saying lastly)—you your own self, little woman, with your puritanical ideas of truth and honor, would not have me marry a man I did not love—accept his love and his wealth, and in return give him an empty heart—no, dear, I know you better, and I? I should despise myself could I stoop to that. Yes, I know he is worthy of

love. Do not ask me why I can not love him. Know you not the little blind god, Cupid, comes not at our call, but sends his darts where and at whom he will?

“And now, have I convinced you? You have found your Prince—do not deny me the pleasure of waiting and watching for mine.”

“You always have a way of making us think as you wish, Katie. I suppose it is because you make us love you first. I shall miss you so much—I wish you were not going to-night. But you must promise me after you have spent the month among the teachers of the Old North State, you will come back to me for the summer—I will not take ‘no’ for an answer.”

And as Mary went within to prepare a lunch, Katherine still swayed to and fro in the hammock, as she mused.

“Who would not be happy in such a fairy spot? I think it is the most beautiful of any portion of our dear old Palmetto State. The great gnarled old oaks with their Quaker dresses of soft grey moss, which hung in long festoons till it scarce escaped touching the ground—the yellow jasmine clambering in riotous profusion over every available tree, bough and twig, then casting its blossoms in showers of yellow gold at their feet, and lading the air for miles around with its sweet fragrance. In the distance, through the trees, can be caught a glimpse of the sea—the restless, ever-moving sea, with its ceaseless murmur which lulls one to rest as a mother her tired child.” And yielding to the motion of the hammock, Katherine lazily closed her eyes.

She was not pretty, this slender girl. One of her friends described her thus: “A wee Palmetto girl, with delicate features and laughing face; hair, which having been kissed by the sun, had caught several stray sunbeams, that still lingered in its meshes as though loath to leave; a sweet mouth, and clear, earnest grey eyes which

looked straight into yours—eyes fearless and tender; grave and laughing; proud and appealing. A girl who had a way of capturing your love ere you knew it was gone, and when you realized it you did not wish it back again. Once her friend, always her friend.

“Katherine, Katherine, come to lunch.” Lazily, sleepily opening her eyes, she murmured, “My Prince,” then starting said half aloud, “I must have fallen asleep, and I’ve dreamed of my Prince again. Will I ever meet him except in dreams, I wonder? Well, I must go and tell Mary of my dream and let her lecture me once more before I go, on being so imaginative. Dear old Mary, how good she is to me, and how I love her—I fancy as a sister which I have always longed for.”

* * * * *

The car was whirling along, carried by that wonderful power of electricity, which man has caught, chained and made his slave.

Katherine was idly gazing out, half listening to the young lady she had recently met—half thinking of the friends she had left in the Palmetto State, and around her heart lurked the merest twinge of homesickness—when she heard her name called—“My friend, Miss Alison, Mr. Ravenel.” Looking up, she started, for with brown eyes smiling down into her grey ones stood—the Prince of her dreams. The same handsome head, the same dark eyes, now deep, soft and tender—now with a shadow of mischief lurking in their depths; the same clear-cut features; the same mouth, strong, firm yet gentle, and as he raised his hat, the same broad, white brow, with short, dark, clustering curls.

“We have startled Miss Alison from some very pleasant dreams,” he said, “if I may judge from her expression”;—then, “Permit me,” as he descended from the car with them, accompanied them a short distance to the

church and entered. Katherine was more quiet than was wont with her, and only once during the service, as the organ was pealing forth, did she glance around at the Prince, to see if this, too, were a dream, and if he were still there. His face was filled with the soul of the music—he did not even remember her existence.

The next afternoon she had just gathered her writing materials, and began—

“RALEIGH, N. C., *Watauga, July, 1903.*”

“MY DEAR MARY:—I have met the Prince—”

when a knock at the door and a note asking permission to call was handed her from the Prince.

“Will you tell me,” he said later that evening as they sat looking out at the rain softly falling—“from what pleasant reverie we so rudely awoke you yesterday—you looked quite startled when we called you to earth again, and I feared you must think me an ogre?”

She did not tell him that his face was so strangely like the face of the Prince that she so often saw in her dreams—but she told him of her dear old Palmetto State—her home—the great old trees covered in long grey moss—the yellow jasmine—the sea.

And he spoke of the Old North State—the Palmetto’s sister—the grand mountain scenery.

“May I come again to-morrow evening,” he said on leaving, “and convince you that our mountains are more beautiful than your sea?”

“You may try to convince me,” she replied, “but I am very stubborn.”

When the Prince came in the next evening with a great bunch of white carnations; “If we can not agree on our States,” he said, “perhaps we can on flowers,” as he smilingly handed them to her. “Do you like them?”

“I love them.”

"Again we differ, for I hold you can not love anything which can not return your love."

"But I love them anyway," she said, smiling up at him. "Some are dear true friends—others pleasant acquaintances. The violets first, dear little flowers, looking up so trustfully into your face, with earnest eyes—asking for little, contented if they may but bloom, love you and shed their fragrance, undivided to all. The rose, as she bends her graceful head to hear your secret you whisper to her, assuring you she will keep it faithfully. The white carnation, with her little hands clasped in prayer as a child at its mother's knee."

"The carnation seems to me some haughty princess holding her white satin robes."

"See! you will not agree with me."

"Well! if that isn't like a man the world over," she laughed; "asks you for your opinion—disagrees with you of his own accord, and then accuses you of doing the disagreeing."

The next evening they went on a straw ride—a merry, merry crowd. Out from the city's dusty streets, into cool country lanes—finally stopping at a sweet country home. There they sat on the grass, played games as children again, drank the sweet fresh milk handed them, sang the old, old songs of love and country.

As they returned, the Prince by her side, with a roguish gleam in his eyes, whispered, "I know you don't have such nice straw-rides in your Palmetto State."

"Oh! but we do," she answered quickly, and then seeing his look, "but perhaps not quite so nice," she faltered.

As he gently lifted her down, he looked into her eyes with such a true, tender look that it caused them to droop, and made her quickly leave the crowd to be alone with that happy feeling that made her heart thrill so strangely.

And thus the month was passing. He had told her of his home—his life—this Prince who was so honest, strong, brave and true—just as she had dreamed he was. Always ready to help some one, the old and weak, as well as the more fortunate ones, with a bright, cheery word, and always he grew more and more the Prince of her dreams—as they searched for four-leaf clovers, in the long summer twilight—or told fortunes with the daisies—or wandered over the campus—or oftener sat under the magnolia tree and talked—as they watched the round full moon rise out from the east, shedding her soft silvery beams over the ivy-covered old college, and changing it into an enchanted castle, over which the fairies waved their wands,—and the silent halls and green-carpeted lawns were filled with a happy, gay, careless, laughing throng whose songs and laughter echoed on the evening air. All too quickly the month was passing, and soon again the fairies would wave their wands—the merry crowd would vanish—the doors would close—the halls become again gloomy—quiet—still—a deserted castle.

Some such thoughts were passing through the minds of Katherine and the Prince, as they sat one evening—watching the stars come out one by one—sentinels of the night—guarding the earth until the moon should rise with her light.

They were sitting in silence. Wafted on the night air the sounds of music came softly floating over them.

'Twas the Prince who broke the silence—

"I shall miss you when you are gone. Will you be sorry to leave the Old North State?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"I love you"—that was all, but it was the Prince who spoke the words, and her heart gave one great bound.

As he bent his head, and the brown eyes so full of ten-

derness and love looked down into the grey ones to read their answer—her lids faltered beneath the gaze, then slowly drooped and the lashes hid them from view.

“Do you love me?” he whispered, and as she softly answered “Yes,” she knew that for aye she had found her Prince.

RESURRECTION.

O, look not down into dark earthly things,
Look up, where light and upward bending wings
Are shining. See on the circling hills, the feet of com-
ing spring,
As, in the doorway of the morn, she stands with flutter-
ing wing.
For the earth has risen again from its deadly wrappings
of snow,
Life over death triumphant, while quickening breezes
blow—

O world, lay by the sword;
Kneel, heart, to one adored;
Rise, soul, with Christ the Lord!

—*Edith Thompson in Minn. Magazine.*

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

It would be strange indeed if so readily controlled an agent as electricity did not enter into our home life. In fact, we find that the use of electrical household appliances is each year becoming more widespread, and there are reasons for believing that in the near future its presence in the household will be indispensable.

The first application of electricity to household purposes was in the electric bell early in the century, and annunciators of various kinds soon followed. For many years this was the only convenience it gave, but the discoveries of the telephone, electric light and the electric transmission of power gave it an impetus whose final consequences are not yet within sight. Many years will elapse before electrical appliances will be in full use in the household, just as in the case of the piano, which took more than a hundred years, from its invention, to become the almost indispensable pleasure-maker that we find it in the homes of to-day.

The principle of the electric bell, with which every one is familiar, is the basis of the annunciator system. The simple two-point annunciator that is seen in many homes and the complex-looking hotel annunciator, which by means of a dial in every room, enables its inmate to call for anything from a newspaper to a "highball," all depend upon the magnetic action of a current of electricity flowing around an iron core. The annunciator saves time, and there is no liability of an order for soda-water coming back as soap and water. A small telephone in each room often takes the place of the annunciator.

A good example, and one which should attract the attention of every one of the feminine sex who takes her nightly look beneath the bed for the uninvited visitor, is the burglar alarm apparatus. Every door and win-

dow through which entrance could be forced is fitted with a simple clip adjusted to make, on the least opening, a metallic contact which sets an alarm bell in operation and at the same time indicates the room where the invasion is being made. Such a system adds greatly to the security of a household and requires but little attention.

Another most useful system on the same plan controls the automatic regulation of temperature. Much discomfort and trouble would be saved in many homes if the temperature were constantly kept at the desired point. In winter time it is only necessary to place in each room an automatic thermometer, which makes a contact as soon as the temperature reaches the desired point, and to arrange that the contact so made shall electro-magnetically cut off the supply of heat from that room. Then the cooling of the room below the limiting temperature causes the thermometer to break the circuit and re-admit the heat. In the same way, during the summer months, the thermometer or thermostat can by an additional contact control the supply of fresh air, or, if possible, ice-cooled air, so as to maintain a pleasant temperature within doors.

The fire alarm system depends upon a similar thermostat set for the higher temperatures, usually from 120 degrees to 160 degrees. The contact in this case rings an alarm bell, and also indicates the room in which there is danger. It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of a well arranged fire alarm system, which makes it possible to extinguish a fire in its beginning.

Among the greatest gifts that electricity has bestowed on domestic life is the incandescent light. It neither pollutes nor consumes the air in which it shines, while the ordinary gas burner makes the air unfit to breathe and heats it, besides injuring books, paintings and ceil-

ings which are constantly exposed to its influence. The electric light is far from being perfected. The "little red-hot hairpins in a glass bottle," that the country fellow said he saw in the city, only gives off about five per cent of the energy given to it in light rays. The remainder is given off in the form of heat. Whether or not electrical engineers will accomplish the desired end, that is, making an electric light as bright as the sun and cold as the moon, is perhaps only a question of time. Some very beautiful effects can be produced by the help of electricity. In the parlor, an illuminated painted vase, lighted from within, may rival the pictures on the walls, whose colors are as readily seen by incandescent as by day light, while opalescent globes of varied shades tone the brightness everywhere into subdued harmony. A very pretty effect can be produced in conservatories by suspended lamps of different colors half hidden in the foliage, while chains of miniature lamps in many hues now take the place of candles on Christmas trees.

In many cases where electricity is not itself the illuminant the electric spark is used for the purpose of lighting the gas. The pull on a chain suspended from the burner or the pressure on a button allows the current to pass from a battery through a small induction coil, the spark of which flashes at the burner.

The usefulness of the electric motor in the household is second only to that of the electric light. The qualifications which fit the electric motor for household use are its compactness, perfect control, silence and cleanliness. It is a wonderfully compact piece of machinery, for in sizes generally used in the home it weighs under one hundred pounds per horsepower, and the fact that the turning of a switch will start or stop it shows the ease with which it can be controlled. One great secret of its compactness lies in the fact that the motion is rotary

and not oscillatory like that of a piston; hence the great speed it can attain, also the absence of jar or noise in its work.

The electric fan, in sizes from the desk fan to the swiftly revolving fan at the soda fountain, which cools us outside while we cool the inner man, are all familiar to us. In the sick room the electric fan is a great help, while to all it is a coveted luxury in hot weather.

Another suitable task for the electric motor in country houses is pumping. Where water has to be elevated from wells or cisterns to a tank in the attic for distribution, art and science lend the means while electricity supplies the power. A float in the tank breaks a contact as the level of the water there has reached the desired limit, and so automatically stops the motor until further supply is demanded, when the low-water float now closes the circuit and the motor begins pumping again.

The electric motor has even been applied to serving at the table. A miniature railroad track¹ runs around the table within easy reach of each guest, and then an ornamental trestlework to the wall, disappearing through a shutter. The dishes, electrically signalled for by the hostess, are laid on little trucks fitted with small motors, and then started from the pantry to the dinner table. They stop automatically before each guest, who, after helping himself, presses a button at his side and so gives the car a start and the right-of-way to the next neighbor. The whole journey having been performed, the cars return silently to the pantry.

Last, but not least in the list, but least in development, is electric heating. The heat is produced by the passage of a current of electricity through coils of German silver or iron wire. The cost of electric power prohibits its use except on a small scale, such as electric ovens, griddles, coffee pots, and irons. That electricity

will supplant steam and hot air for the heating of houses can not be said with certainty now, but it is well within the bounds of possibility to believe that with the development of our water-power electric plants and the ever increasing progress in the manufacture of electrical machinery, that in the near future electric heating may be as successful as the electric light itself.

It is not to be supposed that any of the applications above alluded to are visionary, for all and many others are in active use. Some are still regarded in the light of luxuries, it is true, but almost all necessities were once in that favored class.

Considering, then, that "the household is in itself the condensed history of a nation's past, the mirror of its present and the cradle of its future," it is doubtful whether among the many triumphs of the age that electricity may claim, any can be quoted of brighter renown than the rapid progress it has already made in the cultivation of the arts of life and its adaption to the needs and graces of the household. H. L. H. '06.

A TOAST.

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true,
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one—Here's to you.

—*Central College Message.*

'MID THE GREEN FIELDS OF VIRGINIA.

It was a hot, sultry night, and the river seemed to have stopped its onward course and was lazily resting 'neath the mellow rays of a full moon. All nature was at rest, not even a cricket dared to chirp for fear of disturbing the stillness.

Suddenly this sleep-like stillness was broken by the sound of voices. Down the road came a girl and a young man, both riding horseback. They had followed this road many times together, but never before as they did this night. There was an angry frown on her face and a vexed look in his eyes.

"I can not convince you, then, that I did not meet her here last night." His tone was that of tender pleading.

"No," she said, and her voice was low and angry.

"This is the first time you have ever doubted me in the least, and I am sure I have tried with all my power to make you believe me. Last night I did not call to see you because I was obliged to help my father with some important business, and I did not let you know because at first I thought I would finish in time to call, but fate was against me, and now you believe I met Clara Willis on the bridge instead of going to the one that is dearer than life to me. Can't you, oh, sweetheart! tell me you trust me as of old?"

She hung her head. Could she resist his pleading? In her heart she did not doubt him, but she had accused him and her pride forbade that she admit her mistake. They rode on in silence for some time, she with down-cast eyes, he with his face turned away. How he longed to clasp her in his arms and tell her of the love that filled his heart. He tried to convince himself that she was nothing more than a "spoiled baby," but try as he might, he could not. Suddenly her horse gave a start,

and before Jack could catch the bridle it was off. The poor frightened little rider was taken completely by surprise, and was unable to control the frightened animal. Jack dashed after them, but could not gain on the fleeing pair. Dorothy, unable to control the horse, resigned herself to fate. Oh, if she had only forgiven Jack. Now she would have to die and he would not know that she had forgiven him. The horse gave a lurch, and the miserable little rider fell heavily to the ground. In a few minutes Jack was beside her. Kneeling he gently took her curly head in his lap and showered kisses upon her face. She opened her big violet eyes, and softly called "Jack." His only reply was a kiss. "I forgive you," she said, and the golden head sank heavily upon his breast.

—KITTY.

RAYS.

Warm and cheerful the rays
 Of the New Year's rare sun,
 For he keeps his bright days
 Till the winter is done.
 Little thinks he—I wis—
 Whom his beams light upon;
 Other stars feel *his* kiss,
 But the word has *one* sun.

And the man whom I love,
 Does he love me—small me?
 Does he know? Time will prove.
 Some one else—can it be?
 Little knows he—I ween—
 What glad ears hear his voice;
 But the heart of his queen!
 Happy girl of his choice!

—M. P. G. in *College Message*.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY PEIRCE AND GRAYDON.

Dr. Winston is able to attend college after two weeks illness.

The Battalion gave a dress parade at the Governor's Mansion last week.

Mr. Meares, of Wilmington, spent several days with his friends last week.

Tom Lykes was wisely elected Manager of the Track Team for the coming year.

The Seniors were defeated in the annual game of baseball with the Faculty. Score 20 to 9.

Mr. John Lykes, of Chapel Hill, spent a few days on the campus with his brothers, "Mr. Tom" and "Mr. Dick."

The Athletic Association elected H. L. Hamilton, Editor-in-Chief of the RED AND WHITE for next year. John Clark being elected as Business Manager.

Boys who ordered AGROMECKS will please call for them. The Business Manager and assistant both have sheepskins to look after, as well as the AGROMECK.

The following old A. and M. students were here for the Carolina game: Carpenter, Richardson, Bailey, Clark, Howard Jessie, Lehman, Vance, Allen, Edwards.

The Sophomores defeated the Juniors in baseball last week by a score of 6 to 4. The game was unusually good and hotly contested, both teams making some brilliant plays and few errors.

W. L. Smith, of Wilmington, better known to the boys as Kid, and to St. Mary's as Babe, spent several days at the college with his many friends and former class-mates. Mr. Smith was a member of '05.

On account of rain, the Battalion were deprived of the pleasure of drilling for the inspector. He seemed much pleased with the general appearance of the school, but could not wait over to see a drill next day.

The Athletic Association elected the following officers: T. M. Lykes, President; Reid Tull, Vice-President; Lacy Moore, Treasurer; C. D. Harris, Graduate Manager of Athletics; S. H. Clark, Baseball Manager, and J. S. Hemphill, Assistant.

At a recent meeting of the Sophomore Class, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, J. O. Shuford; Vice-President, R. H. Carter; Secretary, V. Sykes; Treasurer, C. C. Dawson; Historian, L. J. Herring; Poet, W. T. Truitt.

The Junior Class held an election of class officers a few days ago. The following men were elected for next year: J. P. Lovill, President; Lacy Moore, Vice-President; A. E. Escott, Treasurer; W. C. Piver, Secretary; H. L. Hamilton, Historian; W. C. Etheridge, Poet.

The Seniors of A. and M. and young ladies of Raleigh and the three female schools enjoyed the reception given by the Junior Class after the presentation of the football cup last Monday night. The Juniors proved themselves able to entertain as well as play football. Delicious refreshments were served.

Captain Phelps was called home Tuesday to the bedside of his sick wife. The Battalion wishes to express their sympathy for him and their wishes for a speedy recovery of Mrs. Phelps. It was later learned that he would not return next year. This is bad news for the boys, as Captain's place will be hard to fill.

The Thalerian German Club of the college gave a dance Friday night following Lent. The attendance of the St. John baseball team adding to the pleasure of the

evening. The dance was gracefully led by Lewis Winston, with Miss Love, of South Carolina. Delightful music was furnished by Levin's Orchestra. The following couples participated: Mr. R. H. Harper with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Mr. L. T. Winston with Miss Love, of South Carolina; Mr. J. C. Kendall with Miss Pattie Sherman, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. C. K. McClelland with Miss Caroline Sherman; Mr. L. G. Lykes with Miss Narnie Rodgers; Mr. W. A. Allen with Miss Mary Bacon; Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss May, of Asheville; Mr. Griff Porter with Miss Emily Higgs; Mr. M. R. Tull with Miss Mary Barbee; Mr. Tom Lykes with Miss Willa Norris; Mr. V. W. Bragg with Miss Daisy Moring; Mr. J. D. Clark with Miss Lillie Ferrall; Mr. G. A. Roberts with Miss Louise Pittenger; Mr. Sterling Graydon with Miss Esther Edgerton, of Guilford. Staggs: Messrs. Hadley, Goodman, and the following of the St. John's baseball team: Messrs. Chambers, Rouse, Levelle, Staley, Tarbert, Jamison, McCall, Clark, Schrock, Sellman, Devrits, Dewal, Wrightson, Bond. Chaperones: Mrs. Higgs, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Norris.

DELIGHTFUL EVENT—PRESENTATION OF FACULTY FOOTBALL CUP.

Pullen Hall was the scene of a delightful affair Monday evening for the Junior Class and many of their friends. The occasion was the presentation of the Faculty Football Cup to the Junior Class for supremacy in football. The class had as their guest the Junior and Senior classes of St. Mary's, Peace, B. U. W. and the college Faculty and their fellow students of the Senior Class, at a reception in the college library following the presentation exercises. In the big auditorium they were gathered, filling it to the doors, and on the platform sat President Winston of the college, Professors Burkett,

Phelps and Wilson of the Faculty Athletic Board; Mr. O. Max Gardner, graduate manager of athletics, the President of Junior Class and the Junior team.

Dr. Burkett presided and welcomed the audience. His remarks were delivered with his usual grace, and explained the nature of the event—the first cup presentation in a series of football, baseball and field contests between the college classes. Professor Wilson explained the “A. and M. athletic system, the inter-class system, and the varsity system.” Capt. Phelps talked of the “Ideal Athlete.” Dr. Winston’s subject was “College Athletics.” Mr. Gardner’s remarks in presenting the cup were in excellent taste and were given great applause.

Messrs. Tull, Clardy, Asbury and Lovill responded for the class, and the trophy was carried off in triumph to the library below, where it will remain on exhibition. It is a beautiful silver urn, about eight inches high. On one side is the seal of the college in gold, and the following inscription: “Faculty Football Cup. The North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Session of 1904. Class of 1906.”

All assembled in the library after the exercises were over, and ice-cream and cake were passed around. Chatting continued until about eleven o’clock, when the general exodus of the college girls brought the delightful event to a close.

LEAZAR DEBATE.

The Leazar Literary Society gave their annual debate in Raney Hall, Friday evening, May 8, 1905. Query: “*Resolved*, That our government would be more successfully administered if, instead of having permanent political parties, the voters should divide at each election on the issues of the year.” The affirmative was repre-

sented by G. P. Asbury and S. W. Foster; the negative by W. F. Brock and J. P. Lovill. The negative won. G. P. Asbury won the medal for the best speech.

PULLEN DEBATE.

The Pullen Literary Society gave their fifteenth annual debate last night, Friday, May 12, 1905, in Pullen Hall. Query: "*Resolved*, That co-operation should be practiced in agricultural, mechanical and commercial industries." Affirmative, J. C. Myrick and B. B. Egerton; negative, J. E. Moore and C. C. Clardy. Negative won the debate, and medal to Mr. B. B. Egerton for best speech.

The Mechanical Department of this college will be considerably enlarged and improved by next session. A complete mechanical and hydraulic laboratory will be fitted up for experimental work. The laboratory in use at present has not the sufficient accommodations necessary in this department. The students will appreciate the efforts of Professor Dick in securing the much-needed equipment. Some of the apparatus to be installed soon include several gas and gasoline engines, a centrifugal pump, hydraulic rams, a water turbine, weir boxes, a 2,000 gallon tank, a water-tube boiler for test purposes, and a 15,000-pound tensile testing machine. The Westinghouse air-brake equipment and the Ericson engine will also be refitted. Two lathes and an emery grinder have been built by students under Professor Park this term; these machines and other new ones are already in use.

The program for our coming commencement is as follows:

SUNDAY, MAY 28.

11:00 a.m.—Baccalaureate sermon—Bishop Warren Chandler, of Georgia.

8:30 p.m.—Sermon before Y. M. C. A.

MONDAY, MAY 29.

10:00 a.m.—Meeting of Alumni Association.

8:30 p.m.—Alumni Address—F. W. Bonitz, '01.

TUESDAY, MAY 30.

5:00 p.m.—Dress Parade and Publication of Promotions.

8:30 p.m.—Annual Address—Prof. John Hamilton, Washington, D. C.

9:30 p.m.—Faculty Reception in College Library.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31.

11:00 a.m.—Graduating Exercises—
Orations by members Senior Class.
Conferring of Degrees.
Announcements, etc.

And then, "Home, Sweet Home."

ATHLETICS.

R. B. WILSON, EDITOR.

A. AND M., 4; SYRACUSE, 3.

The first of the two games with Syracuse was played on April 21, with the result as shown above. Despite the close score, the game was rather a lifeless one, there being few features to call forth the enthusiasm of the spectators. From the start the cadets had the game in their hands, getting two three-baggers and scoring two men in the first inning. The feature of the game was the beautiful catch of a foul ball made by Hannan, of Syracuse. In his effort to get the ball he ran against the player's bench and was thrown headlong against the infield fence. But when he got up, stunned and dizzy, he had the ball in his hand and the grand-stand went wild in its applause of the fine play.

Score by innings—									R.	H.	E.	
A. and M.	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	—4	5	7
Syracuse	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3	7	5

Batteries:—A. and M., Heath and Hadley; Syracuse, Dollard and Hannan.

A. AND M., 6—SYRACUSE, 3.

Out of the very jaws of defeat the A. and M. team snatched victory from Syracuse in the ninth inning. This was the second game with Syracuse, and, unlike the first, was full of snap. A heavy shower came up as the last half of the sixth inning was being played, and things looked blue for the cadets, for the score was 4 to 1 in favor of Syracuse. The A. and M. boys had not been able to get on to Watkey's balls. After a wait of ten minutes,

play was resumed, and then the fun began. With two men down in the seventh, Lattimore hit past second for a single, stole second, and the ball being thrown wild, went to third, risked another wild throw and raced home, while the crowd cheered. Again in the eighth the A. and M. landed another run, Syracuse getting nothing. The ninth opened with the visitors still one in the lead. Laval started it off with a clean single hit. Drake followed and got first on pitcher's error. Bowen also reached first. And then with three men on bases and none down, the next two men both went out, Lattimore on a pop fly, while Temple fanned. Then came "Diddle" with a set face and squared jaw. It was up to him, and he did the trick. Away over in deep left field the left-fielder was mixed up with the ball and the fence while Laval, Drake and Bowen were racing home. Asbury rushed on by second, but the ball had finally been found and he was out, caught between second and third. But his eye and muscle and bat had saved the day and added one more victory to A. and M.'s already long list.

Score by innings—		R.	H.	E.
A. and M.	0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 3	—6	6	3
Syracuse	0 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 0	—4	10	5

A. AND M., 10—ST. JOHNS, 1.

St. Johns proved an easy mark indeed for A. and M. The only run made by the visitors was given them by a close decision of the umpire. Despite the one-sidedness of the score it was rather a pretty game. The home team did splendid work, robbing the visitors of hits, and doing beautiful base-running.

Score by innings—

A. and M.	4 3 3 0 0 0 0 0 *
St. Johns	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0

UNIVERSITY OF N. C., 4—A. AND M., 0.

For the first time this season the A. and M. team was unable to score when they faced Sitton, the crack pitcher who is at present doing the twirling act for Carolina. He allowed only three hits and fanned seventeen men. Winston for Carolina caught a pretty game. It was these two, Sitton and Winston, who played the whole game. Heath in the box for the cadets pitched beautifully, yielding only six hits. The largest crowd of the season was in attendance, there being fully 2,000 people. The girls' schools were out in full force, some waving the White and Blue, others the Red and White, and all adding to the spiritedness and beauty of the occasion. Despite the fact that A. and M. was unable to score, they kept things interesting, three men getting to third. In the last inning Knox drove the ball into far right field for three bags, and it looked as if the home team might score. But fate in the shape of Sitton was against them and three men were out with Knox still hugging the third bag.

Score by innings—		R.	H.	E.
A. and M.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	3	3
Carolina	0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2	*—4	6	2

A. AND M., 3—CAROLINA, 1.

The second game with Carolina was played in Chapel Hill on April 29. On account of a wreck, the A. and M. team did not reach Chapel Hill until 5:30, and so went directly from the train to the ball field. And there they proceeded to redeem the shut out Carolina had given a few days before. The far-famed Sitton, he of "spit-ball" fame(?), was no longer a terror. The cadets were on to him, and at the end of the sixth inning the score was 3 to 1 in favor of the visitors. A. and M. throughout played a superior game, both at the bat and

in the field. Not a single error was charged to them, and Heath proved too elusive for the Carolinians to touch. At the end of the sixth it was too dark to play, and Captain Hadley of A. and M. requested that the game be called. Cheshire, Carolina's captain, insisted, however, that the game be continued, and the umpire consented. Carolina went to the bat, and in the growing darkness managed to get four men across home plate. When the third man was at last retired and the time came for A. and M.'s turn it was entirely too dark to continue. Carolina's catcher declined to endeavor to stop Sitton's swift balls when he couldn't see them. So the game was called and naturally the score reverted to the previous inning, being declared 3 to 1 in favor of A. and M.

A. AND M., 1—TRINITY, 2.

With not an earned run for either side, the home team lost out to Trinity after ten innings on May 2. This was the last game of the season. There was a big crowd of rooters for both teams, and the game was hotly contested from start to finish. In the first inning Trinity worked in a run on errors. Then it was goose-eggs for both sides until the eighth, when the A. and M. landed one run, this also on errors, thus tying the score. In the last half of the ninth Heath unfortunately twisted his ankle, which has been weak since hurt in a football scrimmage last fall. In vain he tried to get in shape, but had to give up, Temple taking his place. Again in this inning there was no score. A. and M. opened the tenth with still a chance, but failed to make good. Then Trinity got in three "bouncers" which caused the winning run. The first man up was caught out by Asbury at third. The next batted a ball in front of pitcher that bounded over his head and out of reach of second. The next man up sent one straight towards Staples, who

was just in the act of picking it up when it struck a pebble and bounded by him. Then again the "bouncer" worked. This time the ball was hit to Knox at first, but again a pebble got in its deadly work. The ball shot over Knox's head and the man on second scored, thus ending the game.

The work of Heath in the box was superb, eleven men fanning before him as against ten for Bradsher, the star pitcher for Trinity. And Trinity only got four hits, counting the two scratch hits off Temple in the tenth, while Bradsher yielded six to the A. and M. swatters. Aside from the work of the pitchers, the most brilliant playing on either side was done by Harris of A. and M., who in centre field captured on dead runs to right and left several flies that seemed impossible to reach.

Score by innings—	R.	H.	E.
Trinity	1	0	0
A. and M.	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	1	0	0
	—	2	4
	—	4	3
	—	6	3

DUAL TRACT MEET—A. AND M., 56; UNI. OF N. C., 53.

As a result of the Dual Track and Field Meet between the Agricultural and Mechanical College and the University of North Carolina, held on the A. and M. Athletic Park, the A. and M. team covered itself with glory by winning 56 points as against 53 points won by the University representatives. The track was in good condition, despite the rains that had recently fallen, and the large and enthusiastic crowd present witnessed some fine sport.

The events in detail:

First Event—Shot Put.

1st, Wilson of A. and M., 38 ft., 7½ ins.

2d, Newton of Carolina, 36 ft., 3½ ins.

Score—A. and M., 5; Carolina, 3.

Second Event—Hammer Throw.

1st, Wilson of A. and M., 111 ft., 3 ins.

2d, Perkins of A. and M., 74 ft., 10 ins.

Score—A. and M., 8; Carolina, 0.

Third Event—100-yard Dash.

1st, Wilson of A. and M., time 10 seconds.

2d, Newton of Carolina, time 10 2-5 seconds.

Score—A. and M., 5; Carolina, 3.

Fourth Event—High Jump.

1st, Newton of Carolina, 5 ft., 7 ins.

2d, Wilson of A. and M., 5 ft., 4 ins.

Score—Carolina, 5; A. and M., 3.

Fifth Event—550-yard Dash.

1st, Newton of Carolina, time 53 seconds.

2d, Pittman of Carolina.

Score—Carolina, 8; A. and M., 0.

Sixth Event—Discus Throw.

1st, Wilson of A. and M., 97 ft., 10½ ins.

2d Lykes of A. and M.

Score—A. and M., 8; Carolina, 0.

Seventh Event—120-yard High Hurdles.

1st, Wilson of Carolina, 16 1-5 seconds.

2d, Curtis of Carolina.

Score—Carolina, 8; A. and M., 0.

Eighth Event—Pole Vault.

1st, Hunt of A. and M., 10 ft., 4 ins.

2d, Thigpen of A. and M.

Score—A. and M., 8; Carolina, 0.

Ninth Event—Half-mile Race.

1st, Sifford of Carolina, 2 mins., 18 secs.

2d, McLendon of A. and M.

Score—Carolina, 5; A. and M., 3.

Tenth Event—220-yard Low Hurdles.

Wilson of A. and M. and Wilson of Carolina both cross the tape at the same time, thus tying for the event. On toss-up for the blue ribbon, Wilson of A. and M. won.

Score—A. and M., 4; Carolina, 4.

Eleventh Event—Mile Race.

1st, Truitt of A. and M., 5 mins., 27 secs.

2d, Reid of Carolina.

Score—A. and M., 5; Carolina, 3.

Twelfth Event—Broad Jump.

1st, Wilson of A. and M., 20 ft., 6 ins.

2d, Newton of Carolina, 20 ft.

Score—A. and M., 5; Carolina, 3.

Thirteenth Event—220-yard Dash.

1st, Wilson of A. and M., 23 1-5 secs.

2d, Jacocks of Carolina.

Score—A and M., 5; Carolina, 3.

A. and M. did not have a relay team, and as Carolina claimed to be prepared for this event, the judges awarded Carolina 5 points.

On the whole, the meet was a great success. Wilson of A. and M. and Newton of Carolina did especially good work, and both received much applause. It is sincerely hoped by the A. and M. students that the track meet with the University shall become a permanent event.

SEASON OF 1905 BASE-BALL TEAM.

PLAYERS.	No. of G'mes										Bat- ting %
		A	B	R.	I. B.	S. B.	S. H	P. O.	A.	E.	
Laval	15	59	11	20	4	1	33	25	6	339	
Hadley	18	70	18	22	16	1	134	16	14	311	
Drake	18	69	13	20	13	4	25	31	14	289	
Eskridge	18	75	13	21	8	24	1	280	
Knox	18	74	10	20	11	4	112	6	14	270	
Bowen	14	56	15	15	2	4	21	31	8	268	
Asbury	15	47	10	11	4	9	25	18	7	234	
Heath	10	31	4	7	1	2	15	19	3	225	
Chritzberg.....	5	15	3	3	1	2	1	1	200	
Lattimore.....	8	27	4	5	6	7	1	1	185	
Harris	13	42	6	6	2	4	29	1	3	143	
Temple	7	15	3	2	1	1	133	
Staples.....	8	25	1	2	30	3	4	

Laval leads batting; Hadley leads in stolen bases; Asbury leads in sacrifice hits; Eskridge plays an errorless game. Batting average for team is .221.

A. B.—Times at bat.
R.—Runs made.
I. B.—Hits made.
S. H.—Sacrifice hits.

S. B.—Stolen bases.
P. O.—Put outs.
A.—Assists in plays.
E.—Errors.

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

With this issue the sixth volume of THE RED AND WHITE is brought to a close. This year has probably been the best that THE RED AND WHITE has ever experienced, in every way, but still there is great room for improvement along all lines. The student body has come up with a large number of good original contributions, and we thank them for it and hope that next year they will do likewise and in a greater degree. The staff has done its work efficiently and cheerfully, and for this the editor-in-chief feels truly grateful. The work assigned has been handed in on time and done thoroughly, no figure-heads have been on the '04-'05 board. So in conclusion we wish to thank all of THE RED AND WHITE'S admirers for the kindly interest and sympathy they

have shown in the work. And to the knockers we also extend our thanks for the free advertising they have given us. So to one and all the retiring board extends their best wishes and hopes for all a pleasant and profitable vacation.

The baseball season is over and the college feels proud of the team. They have won a major part of the games played and from teams like Syracuse, Carolina, Davidson and Wake Forest. The players have all played star ball and have worked earnestly and faithfully for the college in this. From Eskridge, the gallant little left-fielder, who played without an error throughout the season and who batted heavily; on around to Hadley the big catcher, who gobbled up all the fouls that came his way and who swatted the ball far and wide, every man has done his best and played the game for all it was worth. The college feels grateful toward these men, who by their hard, consistent work upheld the honor of the college. So here's hats off to the team of '05, and fifteen rahs for them and also for Coach Kienholtz and Manager Gardner, who did so much toward making the season a success.

“ONE ON YOU.”

'Tis in May the student's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of home.

R. B. Wilson acknowledges that he is so thin that he has to pass by a light twice to make a shadow.

Sometime ago while “Johnnie” Park, our crimson-haired Business Manager, was visiting in a distant city, an immense brick building was burned there. Only a few hours before the fire, Johnnie was seen leaning against the building with his hat off. Do you wonder that the building was burned?

He.—“What would you do if I kissed you?”

She.—“I would cry.”

He.—“But if I did it again?”

She.—“I would cry ‘some more.’”—*Ex.*

There was once a pair of young beaux
Who sported the loudest of cleaux,
And the noise that they made
Put the sea in the shade,
By the sound of the serge, I suppose.—*Ex.*

There was a young man named Park—
A great wit, as also a spark—
The fraternity of Pi's
Showed no surprise
When he made a Chattanooga remark.

This very young man is quite witty,
Who has just returned to the city;
I have heard it said
That his head is red,
Which I think is an awful pity.

Beef pie, beef pie,
For dinner every day;
Beef pie, beef pie,
Fifteen cents to pay.
They say its made of dog meat,
And perhaps that is no lie;
There's nothing else so filling,
As coffee and beef pie.—*Ex.*

Two boys hope they got in that flash-light picture taken on St. Mary's campus about ten o'clock p. m., May 2.

It is rumored that Middleton sent a bottle of butter-milk to his girl at B. U. W.

Also that the Freshmen were not in their rooms the night of the Junior reception. But probably they knew there would be no inspection.

The scrub team has returned from New Bern.

Kenyon was saying that the human race was getting finer looking. J. R. said Kenyon's appearance would not uphold such statements.

Mr. Haskell.—"Mr. Lynch, give some of the properties of alcohol."

Lynch, J.—"It is intoxicating, has a fine odor, tastes better than it smells—" (and he stopped to swallow).

Professor Paine.—"Now, gentlemen, this machine is turned by a crank."

And the class laughed.

Four girls rooted for "Peggy" Bagley at the game between the Faculty and the Seniors.

Corporal Miller moved that a certain officer be elected by "explanation."

Lilly says that as soon as he is done school he will go to ripping old clothes.

Clardy has a new way to shave. He just whistles a hot tune.

Orderly.—"Any report, sir?"

Teacher.—"Chreitzberg, absent metallurgy."

Orderly.—"What are the last man's initials?"

O. D. (12:10 a. m.).—"Where have you boys been?"

Juniors.—"Collecting strawberries."

O. D.—"Well, don't let me catch you out of your rooms five minutes from now."

I went to a party with Janet,
 And met with an awful mishap,
 For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
 Of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it wasn't;
 None is so tactful as she,
 And, smiling with perfect composure,
 Said sweetly, "The drinks are on me."—*Ex.*

Why didn't Lewis Winston go to Peace the night of May 5?

The girl stood on the moonlit porch,
 Her soul was full of joy;
 Her eyes and heart were full of love,
 Her arms were full of boy.

“Reddy” Clarke has bought some captain’s bars.

Said the actor (when a cabbage grazed his nose),
“Some one in the audience seems to have lost his head.”

Tomlinson wants a lawyer of love. Why?

Since “Capt.” called up the 1st Sergts., Hodges hands
in a report regularly.

Ogburn soon joins the track team. He has an auto-
mobile “skinned” a block on sprinting.

The Senior Class is now open for bribes.

Lost.—A “dinkie” cap, with Fowler’s name in it. Re-
turn to Bill Holt.

Porter and Tomlinson used to go to St. Mary’s before
supper; now they go after. We understand the rules
there have changed.

Dr. Walker, in the past,
Has lectured “valence” to his class.
Now all do hope, and all implore,
To hear of valence nevermore.

Said he once, to Mr. Tate,
“The valence of calcium carbonate?”
“It is—er—er—” Tate had to stop,
For something the Dr.’s head did pop.

The Dr. challenged the gentleman
Who threw the chalk to take his stand.
For ten long minutes he did wait
(The missile was a piece of slate).

To flunk on exams. is nothing rare;
 But when "valence" flunks you 'tis not fair.
 This can be proved by analogy,
 But the Dr. proves it another way.
 We hope the class of '08
 Will pass on valence, e'en as did Tate.

—'07.

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said;
 The maiden's face grew bright—
 "Your teeth are like the stars," he said,
 "They all come out at night."

—*Blue and Bronze.*

Kenyon.—"See here, Wilson, what do you mean by telling these fellows around here that I am the biggest liar in college?"

Wilson.—"You are mistaken, old man. I said there wasn't any one more truthful."

Kenyon.—"That's just the trouble. Everybody knows that you *never* tell the truth."

Why is Miss — like a sculptor?

Because she makes faces and busts.—*Peabody Record.*

"A woman can make a fool of 'most any man if Nature doesn't get the start of her."—*The Georgian.*

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITED BY RONALD B. WILSON.

As the editor takes up his pen for the last time a spirit of sadness steals over him, for the time spent during the year with the exchanges has been both pleasant and profitable, and so now as the year draws toward its close he can not but feel sad that he will not again be greeted by the familiar covers of the large number of magazines which have regularly found their way to his table. To each one we extend our thanks for their visits, assuring them that in each case we have appreciated their courtesy. And we would also like to thank our many friends in other colleges for the very many complimentary notices which they have given us during the year.

For the first time this year the *Sewanee Literary Magazine* has come to our table. We must confess that we were rather badly disappointed in this, the May, number, for considering the excellence of the *Purple*, the weekly paper of Seewanee, we had supposed that the monthly magazine was something unusually good. The May issue is, however, distinctly mediocre. However, this is perhaps due to its being the first issue of the year, Seewanee having just resumed work after three months' holiday. A criticism that will apply to all the stories of the issue in question is that they are too verbose and contain entirely too many grammatical errors. These are two faults that should be absent from the work of students of Seewanee. Another thing, there is not a single serious article of a general nature in the magazine, the only one coming under this head being a discussion of a local question, and there is only one piece of verse, though this one is decidedly good. So on the whole we

appreciate the feeling of the editor when he says—"With this issue, the seventh volume of the *Magazine* makes a first nervous bow to its public."

The Wake Forest Student has evidently not suffered from the paucity of material that has afflicted so many of the college publications during the lazy days of spring, for in the May number we have the best of the year. The magazine opens with a poem, "May," which is full of the sweetness and beauty of one of the best months in the year. *The Student* is to be congratulated upon obtaining the services of one so talented as Mr. Page. His "Requiem" is also deserving of more than passing notice—so good is it, indeed, that we can not refrain from reprinting it. "The Sculptor—A Monologue" is also a poem that is far better than is usually found in college magazines. And farther on is another—"Memorial Tribute." This is undoubtedly a gem. Its author is to be most heartily congratulated upon the creation of such a thing of beauty. These four poems alone would make most magazines well worth while, but when added to these are several good essays and one or two readable stories we have a whole that makes a college magazine of which any college in the South might well be proud.

The only thing the matter with *Hollins' Quarterly* is that it comes too seldom. The April number is a bulky volume of over a hundred pages and is full of interesting, readable material. Perhaps the best thing among the many good ones is the opening poem, from which we quote the last verse:

"The bird sang on and the moon smiled down;
While close clasped to the love I had sought,
And I bent my head and whispered low,
'I love and am loved—all else is naught.'"

We appreciate the receipt of the following: *Trinity Archive*, *Furman Echo*, *Doane Owl*, *Limestone Star*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Polytechnian*, *The Merce-rian*, *The Chisel*, *Observer*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Guidon*, *Palmetto*, *Converse Concept*, *Southern Collegian*, *Hollins' Quarterly*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Seewanee Literary Magazine*, *College Message*, *William Jewell Student*, *Erskinian*, *Peabody Record*, *Purple and Gold*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *University of Texas Magazine*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Wellesley Magazine*, *Seewanee Purple*, *College Topics*, and *The Tar Heel*.

GLEANINGS.

REQUIEM.

Rest!

Rest!

After the strife—

After the pain

And the ebbing life—

Rest!

Rest!

Sleep!

Sleep!

Under the Bars—

Under the Cross

And the folded Stars—

Sleep!

Sleep!

Dream!

Dream!

Folded in Gray—

Folded in love-twined

Garlands of May—

Dream!

Dream!

—*H. F. Page, in Wake Forest Student.*

LOVE LOOKS.

One single glance from those deep eyes of thine,
That hold the fire of love's sweet mystery
Entangled in their liquid glowing sea,
Is all I fain would have. No flashing wine,
No nectar stolen from palaces divine,
Can half supply the bliss that comes to me
At such a time, when love reigns happily,
And we know well the whole of life's design.

Ah, love in life and life in love is all—
'Tis all the music of the swinging spheres
That rings forever o'er the universe;
The harmony of never-ending years;
The song of life that fears no sable pall;
The singing message of the poet's verse.
—H. W. T. in *Seewanee Literary Magazine*.

GOOD-BYE.

A sadder strain the lyre breathes,
The pæan fades with slow decay;
The swelling song that Memory wreathes
Swells at the last to pass away.

The sound has fled that charmed the ear,
The glory gone from out the view;
And we are left to dream and hear
The echo of the notes anew.

Dear heart, the music dies away,
The past is gone, and I must go;
Yet in our memories will it stay,
Its echoes sounding soft and low.

Perhaps some day a richer burst
 Of music will catch their strain,
 And sounding dearer than the first
 Will still the old tone retain.

Good-bye; I can not say, Adieu,
 Nor may I whisper, dear, Farewell,
 But let me say, Good-bye, to you,
 For, God be with you, doth it tell.

And, God be with you, I would say,
 Where'er o'er land or sea I roam,
 And grant before our latest day
 To guide me home, to guide me home.

—C. A. Lloyd in *Vanderbilt Observer*.

A SOUTHERN MAIDEN.

Fair, with a regal loveliness which shames
 The blended beauty of a bursting rose,
 And the soft color which at evening flames
 O'er mountains capped with winter's lingering snows;

And faithful, as old ocean's tides which boom
 And at the base of beetling summits beat—
 Thy love is like a star, 'midst midnight gloom,
 Which gleams to guide the wanderer's weary feet.

—A. L. H. in *Georgian*.

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