

The Red and White

¹⁴
SEPTEMBER, 1905

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| Get in the Van..... | 3 |
| The Farmers' Opportunities..... | 4 |
| Gentle Honey Bees..... | 6 |
| A Cause of Dim Lights and Short Life of Lamps.. | 7 |
| The History of the Biological Club..... | 9 |
| Athletics | 14 |
| The Dreamer..... | 17 |
| Won from the Sea..... | 18 |
| How It Happened..... | 22 |
| My First Blacking..... | 26 |
| History Versus Fiction..... | 28 |
| The Girl I Met in May..... | 29 |
| Locals | 30 |
| Y. M. C. A..... | 33 |
| Editorial | 34 |
| "Between Us"..... | 37 |
| We Would Like to Know..... | 38 |
| Exchanges | 40 |
| College Bulletin..... | 41 |

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The Red and White

Vol. VII

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 1

GET IN THE VAN.

The Southern student is now looking more to the South for his life work, and is finding it in his own section of country, in his own State, and often among his own people. This tendency of the Southern college man back from the North and the West is one of the most gratifying results of the widespread industrial movement for Southern development.

Too many North Carolinians who have been educated at the expense of the State have drifted away and anchored in distant ports, benefitting the State only by the effects of the ripples that come back from their fame and fortune. It used to be necessary to go away to learn the principal manufacturing industries and the best applications of the engineer's arts, but now they build cotton and cotton oil machinery in Charlotte, electrical machinery in Richmond, steel rails and bridges in Birmingham, ships in Newport News, engines and boilers in Birmingham, Charlotte and Augusta, wood-working machinery in Winston, and locomotives in Richmond.

There are 250 cotton mills, 50 knitting mills, 13 woolen mills and 3 silk mills in North Carolina alone. Many of these mills are making the fine lines that have brought wealth to Philadelphia and New England, and we need our designers to carry on the work.

Along with the new factories are coming big power stations, built on the rivers and transmitting water power electrically to the centers of industry. There is 46,000 horse power under development at Whitney, N. C., 8,000 developed near Rock Hill, S. C., and 30,000 more under way on the Catawba river. It is said there is 300,000 horse power under develop-

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ment in the South Atlantic States. Our engineers ought to be building and operating more of these plants.

We now have our Lowell and our Pittsburg and our Grand Rapids, and the Census Bureau says Southern farm lands average in value \$24.07 per acre, against \$12.78 for the whole country. The educated manhood of North Carolina is the force to blot out the "story of half cultivation and neglected opportunities" that some one has said is written on these lands.

THE FARMERS' OPPORTUNITIES.

For the last few years we have read much of the welfare of the farmers. Some people seem to believe that they are in almost a helpless condition, without prospect of relief and without ability to take advantage of opportunities if offered.

It has been proclaimed by many, in conventions, that the farmers of the country are almost always in debt, despondent and suffering. These statements are largely without foundation. The free and independent farmers are not impoverished. They are not beggars as some might have you believe. On the other hand they are the representatives of the oldest, the most honorable and the most essential occupation of the human race. They have had trying times for the last few years. They have often been compelled to sell their produce at a price below the cost of production, but they have not suffered more than other business men. The debts secured by them upon lands used and the production of crops, sums up to be less than one-sixth of the total indebtedness of the citizens of the U. S. on real estate. These figures do not show the farmers to be worse off than their brothers in other lines of business.

What is the farmer's position to-day? Are they active members of the commonwealth? Do they make the best out of their business that they can? Are they doing all they can to promote and give honor to their calling?

They hold a high position in society to-day. They can point with pride to the greatest of the nation's heroes and say that they were raised on the farm. Although it is not as true now as it was several years ago, the greater per cent of the people will tell you that the country is the place to raise young men. Here they are free from the temptations of the city. Then the fresh air, the pure food, the sunshine and the hard work of country life all tend to develop a strong constitution and a strength of character that would be impossible to develop in the crowded cities.

But as the boys of the country grow to manhood, a great many of them have a desire to go out from the old farm homes to seek employment in the cities. This drain upon the country is going on continually. One of the greatest opportunities before us to-day is to reverse this emigration of our boys. "Keep the boys on the farm," should be the watchword. If this is done, the social and intellectual side of country life must be developed more in the future than it has in the past. This can be done by establishing literary societies with hard study as one of the requirements. Regular courses should be laid out and taken up in order. By no means should interest in these organizations be allowed to grow less. The "Farmers' Institute" should be developed into a broader field of usefulness than it now occupies. These meetings can be made a constant source of interest and profit to the young people of the country. When this is done we will see a great change in the "Old North State." The farmers will begin to study their business more than they have in the past. The old vacant farm homes will be filled and made more attractive; the old worn out hills will be brought back to a high state of cultivation; the schools and churches will overflow with earnest workers, and the country will be looked upon, not with a frown, but a smile from every one.

C. F. N., '06.

GENTLE HONEY BEES.

"Country Life in America" tells us in the September number that at last there has been found a honey bee that will not sting. The article goes on to say, "We do not mean by this that the bees are stingless, for they possess this organ so necessary to their welfare, but so seldom do they resort to its use, that they are for all practical purposes, non-stinging."

These bees, which are known as Caucasian bees, were first introduced into this country in 1902 by Mr. Frank Benton, the expert apiarist in charge of the government apiary at Washington, D. C. He went to that part of Russia lying between the Black and Caspian Seas and there procured queen bees that had been successfully mated by drones of their own kind. In Washington several colonies were successfully raised by him.

The first bees used in this country were the brown or German bees, which are now widely distributed over the United States. But they are anything but gentle; are poor honey gatherers; are less prolific than other breeds, and are poor defenders of their hives. About 1860 the Department of Agriculture imported some Italian bees. This threw the bee-keeping people into great excitement, for these bees seemed more prolific; were more gentle and better honey gatherers than the German bees. These two breeds are the ones most generally found throughout the country to-day, both having a very wide distribution. But as every one knows, they are exceedingly hard to handle. The Italian bees are more gentle than the German bees, but even they can not be handled with safety unless gloves and veils are worn.

Nearly every one likes honey, and many more farmers and gardeners would raise bees, but for the fact that the bees sting while being handled. Now at last it seems we have found a veritable paradise in the bee line—the Caucasian or non-stinging bee of Russia. The remarkable disposition of these bees is yet unknown to the bee-keeping world.

"Country Life in America" says, "As a rule no smoking at all is needed in their manipulation, and we can handle them without protection for the face or hands, and not a single bee will try to sting. The only time Caucasians seem to be a trifle cross is when other bees have been robbing them, or when their hives are severely jarred on a very cold morning."

As to their prolificness, "Country Life" says later, "As breeders they are very prolific, filling their hives with bees quite early in the spring, so that a large honey-gathering force is present when the nectar begins to flow."

We now expect that as soon as these bees become well known throughout the country, that bee-keeping will become as general as chicken raising, for now that we have practically a non-stinging variety people can admire at a closer distance than before, these interesting little workers.

CHESBRO.

A CAUSE OF DIM LIGHTS AND SHORT LIFE OF LAMPS.

There are many mill lighting plants in which the various circuits are misproportioned, the wire sizes having been selected at random from a table of carrying capacities without regard to the loss in transmission, and without regard to the difference in line loss on one circuit and another circuit fed from the same dynamo. When wiring is done on such a plan, or lack of plan, some of the lights burn dimly, while others burn with excessive brightness, and last only a half or a third of the time they are intended to last under proper working conditions.

The usual life of a 16-candle 110 volt incandescent lamp is about 800 hours' burning. If it is used at 115 volts, or even at 112 volts, its life will be much less. If it is used at 105 it will look like a tallow dip. Suppose the generator is

furnishing current at 115 volts and the voltmeter shows 113 at the bus bars. Then with three volts more drop to the lamps the lamp voltage is 110. If this voltage is selected it must be established as nearly as practicable at every lamp on the system.

Suppose with the formula:

$$\text{Cir. mils} = \frac{10.79 \times 2 \times \text{distance} \times \text{current}}{\text{Drop in volts.}}$$

the minimum size wire for one circuit is found to be No. 10, but No. 8 is selected for additional mechanical strength. Then the number of circular mils of No. 8 should be substituted in the formula, and the drop resulting with the No. 8 calculated thus:

$$\text{Drop in volts} = \frac{10.79 \times 2 \times \text{distance} \times \text{current.}}{\text{Circular mils.}}$$

Then this new number of volts drop in the first circuit is used in calculating the size wire required for the other circuits.

Suppose the second circuit wire figures out No. 8, but the Underwriter's table of safe carrying capacities shows that No. 4 must be used. Then it is necessary to refigure with the formula for drop (given above) to determine what the drop will be with No. 4. Then this new number of volts drop is used to refigure the circular mils for the first and second circuits, and for the remaining circuits unless still another reduction in the drop is found necessary.

It is plain that this method requires more copper, but it is usually among the smaller sizes of wire that these readjustments are required. The smaller line loss saves a little of the coal pile, uniform voltage cuts the lamp bill, and good light means better production.

The intervals between the stock sizes of wire and cables

are too large to allow of carrying this uniformity close to perfection. Therefore, in mill wiring, if the main circuits are properly proportioned, the voltage at the lamps will be fairly uniform, because the drop in the branch wiring and fixtures is so small as to be negligible.

Uniform drop is necessary in motor circuits also, where they are fed from the same machine or the same bus bars and must make the same speed. Different voltages at the brushes of the motors give different speeds, so the same or even greater care must be observed in the design of their circuits.

A. E. ESCOTT.

THE HISTORY OF THE BIOLOGICAL CLUB.

The opening of the college in September, 1901, marked the beginning of a new life for the whole college, but more particularly for the agricultural side of the college. Previous to this time very little interest had been manifested in the Agricultural course. With the beginning of the fall term of 1901 a small number of students became interested in Biology, and, desiring to further promote the study and thus increase their knowledge of Biology, seventeen of the twenty-six students in Agriculture met in Primrose Hall in October, 1901, for the purpose of organizing a society to promote the interest of Biology. After some suggestions from Dr. F. L. Stevens, the students organized what is now known as the Biological Club of the A. & M. College. The officers elected for the year being Mr. J. S. Cates, of the Senior Class, President; Mr. J. E. Coit, of the Junior Class, Vice-President; Mr. W. W. Finley, of the Sophomore Class, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. C. W. Martin, of the Freshman Class, Recording Secretary. The charter members of the club being Messrs. R. J. Avery, I. T. Bailey, J. C. Beavers, J. S. Cates, J. E. Coit, D. S. Cromartie, W. W.

Finley, S. W. Foster, A. P. Howard, Wm. Kerr, C. W. Martin, J. E. Miller, J. O. Morgan, A. L. Paschall, R. W. Scott and J. C. Temple. Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Stevens were elected honorary members of the club.

The time for meetings was decided to be the first and third Wednesday nights of each month. The program to be by students of the college, for all regular meetings. A part of the time at each meeting has been devoted to personal observations in which any member of the club is expected to tell of any observation he may have made during the year that he thinks will be of interest to students in Biology. After these observations the regular program, consisting of papers by members of the club, are presented. The meetings last one hour.

Although this was the first year of most of the students in Biology, much interest was manifested in the club and good papers were presented.

In May, 1902, the first annual contest of the club was held in Primrose Hall. The prizes offered were two Hand Lens (24 diameters) and a valuable book on Bird Life. The first prize was won by Mr. J. C. Temple, of the Sophomore Class. Subject, "Study of Root Nodules." The second prize was won by Mr. W. W. Finley, of the Sophomore Class. Subject, "Pollination," and the third prize by Mr. S. W. Foster. Subject, "Practical Tests of a Disinfecting Aparatus." The other contestants were: Mr. Wm. Kerr, subject, "Regermination of Seed"; Mr. J. W. Bullock, subject, "Dietary of the Garden Toad"; Mr. C. W. Martin, subject, "Study of the White Ant."

When the students returned to college in the fall of 1902, the first meeting was held early in September. Mr. J. E. Coit, of the Senior Class, was elected President; Mr. J. C. Temple, of the Junior Class, Vice-President; Mr. J. O. Morgan, of the Sophomore Class, Recording Secretary; Mr. J. E. Miller, of, the Sophomore Class, Corresponding Secretary.

During this year the club did better work than the first year. A great deal had been learned by one year's experience. This year we did more than have our meetings for the exclusive benefit of our members. One of the features of the meeting of the State Agricultural Society was the program furnished by some of our members during the evening of the second day of the meeting.

During this year, several other public meetings were held, some of them in our hall, one before the students Biology, the Baptist University, another at Peace Institute, and another at St. Mary's. Also during this year the students in Biology from the Baptist University held a joint meeting in our hall, a very interesting and instructive program being furnished by the young ladies.

Another feature of the work this year was the collecting trips. The members of our club, together with those of the other three societies, took several collecting trips, and many good specimens were collected.

In the second annual contest, in May, 1903, the first prize was won by Mr. S. W. Foster, subject, "Roup or Fowl Diphtheria"; second prize by Mr. J. W. Bullock, subject, "Analysis of the Raleigh Water Supply." The other contestants were: Mr. W. R. Bailey, subject, "Study of the College Diet"; Mr. M. H. Chesbro, subject, "The Farmer's Interest in Good Seed," and Mr. J. D. Morgan, subject, "Chemical Extermination of Weeds."

In the fall of 1903 the following officers were elected: President, W. W. Finley, of the Senior Class; Vice-President, R. J. Avery, of the Junior Class; Recording Secretary, M. R. McGirt, of the Junior Class; Corresponding Secretary, J. C. Beavers, of the Sophomore Class.

During this year very good work was done by members of the club, but our meetings were mostly confined to the "Hill." Only one meeting was held elsewhere, this in the hall of the Baptist University, at the invitation of the students in Biology of that institution, the program being furnished by Messrs. Bullock, Finley, Foster, Kerr and Lipe.

Considerable interest was manifested in the contest in May, 1904. This year the first prize—a very fine Compound Microscope—was won by Mr. J. O. Morgan, of the Junior Class, subject, "Plant Diseases Around West Raleigh." The second prize was won by Mr. Wm. Kerr, of the Senior Class, subject, "Chemicals as Germicides." The other contestants were Mr. A. L. Paschall, subject, "Effect of Chemicals on Growing Crops"; Mr. R. J. Avery, subject, "Temperatures of Animals"; Mr. M. H. Chesbro, subject, "Plasmolysis of Fruit Pollen."

In the fall of 1904 the officers elected were: President, J. W. Bullock, of the Senior Class; Vice-President, M. H. Chesbro, of the Junior Class; Recording Secretary, J. P. Spoon, of the Sophomore Class; and Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Koonce, of the Sophomore Class.

This season was marked especially by two occasions: the first being that of the public meeting held in Primrose Hall Feb. 9, 1905. The subjects were carefully selected and presented in such a way as to make this possibly the best program ever presented by the club. The following is a copy of the program:

"The Relation of the Sciences to Agriculture," W. F. Kirkpatrick; "The Relation of Botany to Agriculture," L. F. Koonce; "The Relation of Zoology to Agriculture," M. H. Chesbro; "The Relation of Entomology to Agriculture," J. G. Hardison; "The Relation of Physics to Agriculture," L. J. Herring; "The Relation of Chemistry to Agriculture," S. W. Foster; "The Relation of Bacteriology to Agriculture," J. O. Morgan.

In the spring contest of 1905 the contestants were weeded down to three, the first prize being won by Mr. J. E. Turlington; subject, "Anthraknose of Cotton." The other contestants were Mr. R. W. Scott, subject, "Study of the Raleigh Milk Supply"; Mr. M. H. Chesbro, subject, "Relative Proficiency of Yeasts."

At the meeting held Sept. 14, 1905, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, M. H. Ches-

bro, of the Senior Class; Vice-President, J. H. Henly, of the Junior Class; Recording Secretary, M. P. Lipe; Corresponding Secretary, L. M. Oden, both of the Senior Class.

We are glad to know the alumni of the club are reflecting credit on themselves and making a success of life. Mr. J. S. Cates and Mr. J. E. Coit are both graduate students at Cornell University. Mr. Wm. Kerr is making his reputation in the Indian Territory. Mr. W. W. Finley and Mr. A. C. Wharton are devoting themselves to agricultural pursuits, and Mr. J. C. Temple is back with us as assistant teacher in Biology. The members of last year's class are doing well, some of them in Georgia, some in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, but most of them remaining in North Carolina, where they will be heard from later on.

The club is now a permanent organization and we may expect some good work by its members. The new building and equipment will be a great help to the students. Also we will have more instructors, that the students so desiring may have all the work they want. Already some of the students are availing themselves of the opportunities afforded, there being four students this year for advanced Bacteriology, and others for advanced work in Plant Diseases and Entomology.

The number of students in agriculture is each year rapidly increasing, and it is hoped that more and more of these students will avail themselves of the opportunities for work in the club, and that those who are now members will work even more diligently for the advancement of the club and its cause.

S. W. FOSTER.

Athletics

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

In reviewing last year's athletics, it is pleasant to reflect upon a victorious year of which the student body are justly proud.

In foot-ball, base-ball and track work we put out teams whose records reflect enviable credit on our college, and whose patriotic and successful efforts to win glory for us we will ever hold in grateful memory. And their success is all the more appreciated from the fact that each team was more or less handicapped by different causes. In the case of the foot-ball team there was a dearth of sufficient new material at the beginning of the season to furnish players for the scrub team and "finds" for the 'Varsity; and this very serious shortcoming, coupled with the "late rebellion," made an early prospect for a good team that even the most optimistic could not call bright. But our darkest hour was before dawn. We bravely did our best, and with the able assistance of Coach Kienholz—that past-master of foot-ball—put out a team that won a continuity of signal victories, broken only once—and then by the redoubtable University of Virginia. With the base-ball team the handicap was even more serious, because in the games with the colleges from whom he were most desirous of winnig we were not allowed to use some of our best players, they not being considered "eligible" by our opponents. In regard to this we would like to say that our opponents evidently did not take to heart the old maxim "People living in glass houses should not throw stones." Crippled though we were by the ruling out of our men, we gave the colleges mentioned a run for their money by splitting even with one in the two games played, and losing to the other by a very narrow margin only; their winning run being made after our 'Var-

sity pitcher was so seriously disabled as to necessitate the substitution of a pitcher from the "scrub" team. Taking the season as a whole, however, the team won a large majority of the games played, and we are proud of them and their record. With the track team the set-back of inexperience was the main disadvantage encountered. This, however, was only temporary, for the brilliant record made by them shows that their hard work and consistent training more than made up for their lack of experience.

Too much can not be said in credit to the men who composed the several teams, and who so nobly sacrificed their time and pleasures in making their team a winning one. In the hearts of the students there is respect and admiration for every man of them, and such names as Hadley, Lykes, Abernethy, Tull, Perkins, Gregory, Gardner, Hardie, Sykes, Wilson, H., Knox, Heath, Sadler, Bowen, Laval, Asbury, Eskridge, Harris, Staples, Drake, Hunt and McLendon will be long remembered. Another name purposely left out and reserved for the last—the best things always come last—is that of Arthur Wilson. "Babe" was the most potent factor in the success of the foot-ball and track teams last season, his work being both brilliant and persistent. He is with us again this year at his old position of right half-back, and in that has no equal in the South.

The athletic season of this year has opened for us with prospects that were never brighter. It is safe to say that we have more material for a foot-ball team than any college in the State—certainly more than we have ever had before. Of last year's men there are Wilson, Lykes, Gregory, Perkins, Sykes, Tull and Hardie. Koon and Beebee, former 'Varsity men, are back this year and will be towers of strength to the team. Of the new men the most promising candidates are Shaw, Thompson, McNeil and Clardy. Besides all of these, there are most of last season's "scrub" team and innumerable big Freshmen who will make the veterans of the 'Varsity hustle for their places.

We are fortunate this season in having secured the services of Mr. Geo. S. Whitney, of Cornell, as coach. Mr. Whitney comes to us with a splendid reputation, having coached Sewanee to victory last season, in every game save one, with a minimum of material at the beginning. Aside from his reputation, he has already demonstrated the fact to us that he is thoroughly acquainted in footballdom and a most excellent coach.

Much credit is due graduate manager Harris and Capt. Gregory for their untiring efforts in securing new material for the team, and they should have the earnest support of the student body in their further efforts.

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Hodges:

Sept. 23.—Richmond College at Raleigh.

Sept. 29.—V. M. I. at Lexington.

Oct. 7.—U. Va. at Charlottesville.

Oct. 14.—John Hopkins at Baltimore.

Oct. 26.—S. C. College at Columbia.

Nov. 4.—Ga. ech. or Sewanee at Atlanta or Sewanee.

Nov. 4.—Ga. Tech. or Sewanee at Atlanta or Sewanee.

Nov. 18.—Washington and Lee at Raleigh.

Nov. 30.—Davidson at Winston.

W. C. E.

Literary

THE DREAMER.

The night is come, and one by one
In the village near, the lights appear
Showing the works of man. God's works
Are hid except the moon, whose face
Anon shows forth between the clouds.
No sound is heard without: within
The clock ticks on, and ever still
There comes a steady, softened drone
Of students at their work.

No wonder now, that as I sit,
Letting my thoughts go as they will,
Memory speaks: and as the waves
Come in and break upon the shore,
Bearing a message still from lands
Beyond the sea, so fancy now
Brings to my soul forgotten hours.
I meditate upon a time—
My boyhood days—remembering yet
The happy hours, the frolics, games,
And all that ever made me glad.
My school-mates, too, whose lives and mine
Entwined; and friends, and home, and all,
Come crowding on my soul.

But memory gives away and now
Dim-eyed imagination plays.
As now I look upon the world
Without, beholding night's dark reign,
I wonder at the mighty power
That brings the morrow forth. How great,
How inconceivable must be

His strength! How perfect everything
He made! How wondrous is His law!

Conception can not farther go:
The spell is o'er; reality is here.
Stern duty calls and e'en commands
That I must cease to dream.

So farewell dream, you often bring
Some gladness to my weary heart.
I welcome you when courage fails,
When all of life seems dim, and when
I long to get myself afar
From every toil, from every care,
And let imagination take
My weary soul away.

W. B. T.

WON FROM THE SEA.

The season that summer at a certain California summer resort promised to be quite brilliant. Visitors from all parts of the country flocked to it; and the managers said that never had they known such a season before.

Yachting seemed to be in special favor. In spite of the fact that the sea on a certain day was rough, a couple of daring yachts had boldly spread their sails and ventured out. Of course on shore there was some apprehension; but that did not deter the adventurers. One party of young men especially, seemed to enjoy themselves. There was some exhilaration in defying the elements, and the few who demurred at such bravado were scoffed at. Amid the laughter and chatter they did not notice that the sea was growing rougher, and the big white clouds, which before had looked so fleecy and soft, were piling up threateningly, no, not until the squall was on them and the boat was tossing wildly.

Nor were they the only ones caught in the storm. Those in the other boat were quite as fool-hardy and not so for-

tunate, for theirs was a much smaller craft. The waves rocked it violently and at last succeeded in capsizing it. A cry for help from the doomed yacht was quickly responded to by the larger boat.

Great excitement prevailed on shore when the two parties landed dripping with the sea water. Maurice St. Clair was declared the hero of the hour. To his bewilderment a little man with white hair and an excited manner pounced on him and nearly overwhelmed him with thanks for having saved his daughter. Having a keen aversion to such demonstrations he sought the first opportunity to escape.

"Well I'm glad that is over" he exclaimed later to his friend, Dick Mann. "All that fuss because I rescued only one. You deserve some praise Dick. You acted manfully."

"I didn't rescue the Countess Adelaide von Wallenstein," replied Dick.

"Who is she?" asked Maurice.

"Come now, don't affect such ignorance. You ought to know her by this time. You rescued her and that is as if you had succeeded the whole shooting match. She is a stunning girl and you ought to be proud of your feat."

"I'll tell you later if I am, after I meet her. Is she anything like her father?"

"No, indeed"; laughed Dick, "and by the way, if you want a nice little chat with her be sure the old man is not around. nice little chat with her be sure the old man is not around."

Maurice shrugged his shoulders and walked away. Dick nodded his head wisely, "He won't be so indifferent very long. If she didn't treat me so coolly I'd attempt to cut him out. By jove, I believe I will. Yes, Cupid finds me an easy victim, for I am in love with her already."

In spite of his indifference Maurice was already half weaving a romance out of it. It reminded him of a page out of a novel. If he had only been a poor man instead of the son of a New York millionaire he thought, wasn't that the way? A poor young man and a rich heiress, in the books.

Again he shrugged his shoulders. But both his curiosity and his imagination were fired. The next day he had been planning to enquire for her health, when a dainty note requesting him to call was handed to him.

With a thrill of expectation as to what she would really be like, he started to her hotel that afternoon. As he entered the private sitting room he was struck by the intense air of American refinement. Mentally he tried to picture the kind of girl that would best suit such a room. Wet and bedraggled as she was the day before, he had not been able to tell what she looked like. He had her but imperfectly formed in his mind when the door opened and the Countess entered. At first he pronounced her beautiful, but at second glance he was disappointed—she was not beautiful like heroines of adventures usually are. However, there was an indescribable charm and attractiveness about her—an individual style which, combined with a high-bred, intellectual face, made a very charming whole. She advanced toward him with a smile.

"I am glad you came" she said, "I could not thank you yesterday; and really I hardly know now. I have not the words at my command."

"I do not wish to be thanked," he replied, "I am indeed grateful that I could render you that service."

"I wish in some way to show my gratitude. Words are weak and unsatisfactory things at best. It makes me provoked at those people who show their feeling in highflown language. It never seems to ring quite true. And yet you are thought ungrateful if you give a mere 'thank you.' I hold though that 'actions speak louder than words.' Anything that I can do to show my gratitude, I will." She looked at him with an appealing smile.

"What boon shall I ask, what favor crave?" he asked gallantly, and then seemed to consider. "All I ask is that our acquaintance will not end here."

"I would be ungrateful indeed, if I permitted it," she cried impulsively.

When Maurice left later he felt still more as if he were walking in the pages of romance. It seemed that summer that "Father Time" had grown modern and had bought an automobile. In that case he certainly was breaking the speed laws. But in spite of the "Old Man's" haste it was a very pleasant season. Maurice met the Countess on every possible occasion, contrived and otherwise. Dick soon noticed that his prophecy was coming true and he almost forgot to carry out his threat to cut Maurice out. (Or had a pair of brown eyes anything to do with it?) However, he noted that the young millionaire had eyes for no one else but the Countess. Frequently they were the only occupants of a large motor car, or else it was a long walk along the beach. Flowers were bought only for her; it was with her he danced most frequently; and it was about her that he liked to talk. Yet Maurice would perhaps scoff at these accusations. One bright, beautiful day when the long white-capped waves rolled from far out to sea and broke on the beach in masses of seething foam, Maurice's familiar red automobile glided up in front of one of the hotels. Soon, accompanied by the Countess, the young man took his seat and the big car glided away.

They were in the best of spirits, laughing and chattering as Maurice steered the car along the more unfrequented and shady roads. Through the palm trees could be seen the blue sea and the bluer sky, both flecked with white. A veritable fairyland lay about them; each turn of the road bringing new beauties. Soon the conversation turned to their first meeting and the wreck.

"I was so frightened that day when the boat capsized!" the Countess exclaimed. "It was like some horrible nightmare, and even now I shudder when I think of it."

"Not a nightmare; a blessing in disguise, rather. Where would all our pleasant times this summer have been except for it? We wouldn't be here now," he replied.

"How matter of fact! We wouldn't be here if you hadn't have pulled me out of the water. Have I shown my gratitude?"

"Indeed, yes"; he replied, "much more than I had hoped for."

For a time there was silence, then "Do you still hold that actions speak louder than words?" asked Maurice.

"Why yes," she replied.

"For words, like nature, half reveal,
and half conceal the soul within,"
she quoted.

"But for the unquiet heart and brain
A use in measured language lies.
In words like weeds, I wrap me o'er
Like coarsest weeds against the cold,"

he laughed. "You spoke about the weakening of strong simple phrases. How about the one, 'I love you?' Even that needs actions to back it, I suppose. Will you not let me prove it?"

The car was running slowly, but it passed several breaks in the trees before the Countess answered.

"Yes," she replied at length. "The English language is beautiful," and the sea flashed and seemed to repeat the eternal words, as eternal as itself.

ANON.—

HOW IT HAPPENED.

It was a dog trick, but what is the use of trying to keep such a secret, one that is so old and totally uninteresting to the gossiping public; but which may yet be of some interest to a few of my old bachelor chums.

The story I am intending to relate might be said to have begun in the fall, only a few years ago. For as I happened, on a particular afternoon in the fall of nineteen hundred and

two, to be trying my "Bosco," an eight horse power "bubble," it also happened that two young ladies were racing a sixteen horse power touring car; we both were trying to round Sandy Cliff, and were coming from opposite directions.

It would be useless to attempt a description of what happened, so I will continue the story: After having rigged up one of the machines sufficiently to carry three of us and drag the other machine, I then turned to my two unknown friends and apologized graciously for my carelessness, begged their forgiveness, and then asked to be allowed to take them home on the machine I had just built. My apology was no sooner rendered than accepted, both declaring that they were to blame. The elder soon very skillfully shifted the tone of conversation and began praising my mechanical genius, saying with a laugh, that I could build an automobile out of a wreck almost as quickly as I could make a wreck out of an automobile. I thanked her for the compliment.

But while this conversation was in progress between us, I could not help noticing that the other, behind those dark eyes, beneath that ruddy brown skin, yes even in her good or bad heart had conceived some scheme that was working its way onward towards some end, as she silently, but deliberately, studied my face. Her gaze became more intense, her black eyes more brilliant as she stood and stared, her bright eyes burning deeper and deeper into my heart as she read the secrets there that had never before been revealed to women.

What happened while on our way to Scranton I can scarcely recall, and no doubt I would have remembered it all only as an expensive accident, had it not been for the card I found in my pocket next morning while trying to find papers to make a cigarette. It read thus: "Miss Irene Smith Gray," and below was written with pencil, "The girl who stared."

I have never yet been able to understand why this card should have had such a great effect upon me, but it set my

head in a whirl as if it were magic. In a second I was snatched back into yesterday. I saw again those eyes, that stare, and they burned with a fire of joy as I now read their meaning. Fool! what did I do that day, where did I take them, what is the number, the street, the avenue? It was too late, for I took no more notice of these things than if they hadn't been, and now, well, it would be bold work, and the kind that didn't suit me, to inquire about her, and besides I couldn't rightfully claim that I had ever met her.

At last I struck on a plan which might have been called a more desperate way than the one previously mentioned, but it was more in keeping with my natural dare-devil way. So this I resolved to do and trust to luck.

It was in accordance with this scheme that I was for the fifth time spending my afternoon in Lake Side Park, but yet nothing had happened to help. I left my seat with a sigh of disappointment and started homeward, when the grinding of wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs attracted my attention. Looking down the drive I saw a sight which made me forget both my object and my chance. Sure, it was the girl with the black eyes and ruddy complexion, but look at that horse, coming as if all the demons of the "bottomless pit" were giving him chase; while she, her athletic figure braced in the trap, was exerting every force of her muscular body to stay his progress. I never saw throughout my commission in the Fourteenth Cavalry a more frantic charger—or one that looked more ferocious; but there was not time for me to count my chances—that's alright when you are working for pay—but this was for love; and it was then that I felt it strongest.

Grasping the horse's mane I made a desperate spring, landed safely on his back; and with a few swift blows between the ears with my right brought the horse to his senses. I soon had him at a standstill, but yet his great frame shook with fear. This fact made my scheme more presentable, so I sprang to my feet, hurriedly explained to Miss Gray that her horse was alright, but that he was nervous and that it would

not be at all prudent for her to attempt to drive him alone. I then asked, as a reward for my work, to be allowed the same privilege that I had enjoyed nearly a month ago.

"I certainly thank you Mr. Gorland, for the service you have rendered me, but remember it was under different circumstances the other time. "Don't you think you are asking too much?"

"How did you find out my name?" I asked, being so surprised that I forgot to continue the plea I had begun."

"Were you not in the Fourteenth Cavalry during the Spanish American War?" she asked.

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Did you know a certain Colonel Robert Gray?"

"Yes. I understand now, go on."

"Well, the night after that accident to our automobile, I told father about it, and then described to him the way you looked. He broke out with one of those horrid army exclamations, and said, 'George L. Garland! As fine a man as ever fought for his country, and the biggest dare-devil that ever put spur to a horse.'

"He told me more of your history, but I haven't time to tell you now. Father was a little angry because you had not been to see him Good-bye."

"But I was intending to go around this evening," I stammered, still holding the horse's bridle.

"Well, I suppose I will have to take you if you were really intending to go anyway. Get up."

I obeyed, and was later rewarded by a long friendly chat with the Colonel, but more important, I was formally introduced to Miss Irene, and was also invited to take tea with them next evening.

For the next three months, a great part of my time was spent with Miss Irene and the Colonel, for her sister, Miss Alice, having married a Mr. Pool, from Cambridge, shortly after our collision, had moved to her Cambridge home, leaving her father along with Miss Irene.

The Colonel, seeming to grow weary of our war tales, often made excuses to be absent, leaving Miss Irene and me alone. But even then, some way or other, I couldn't tell her I loved her. When I was away from her I felt as if I would die if I didn't tell her all, but when I was with her I felt as if I would die if I did. So there I was, and right there I stayed until the spring of the next year when we happened to be riding one evening in the twilight and passed through the same park in which I had stopped her horse. I could hold no longer, I come out and told in detail the double-handed game I had been playing; told her I loved her and asked to be forgiven.

Well—a woman's love is a great thing, for it forgives, yes forgets, your wrongs, but remembers forever your favors.

M.—

MY FIRST BLACKING.

I don't know much on this subject—only from personal experience. My first night in college will be remembered by me for two reasons: First, because it was the beginning of my college life; second, and most important, because it was the first time I ever experienced that wonderful change which so often falls lot to the innocent Freshmen of this and other institutions—a change of color.

This was the first Monday before college opened. Glad of a chance of protection, I accepted an invitation from an "old" man to spend the night, feeling sure that I would now escape blacking.

Everything went alright until bed time, then my friend—Captain of Company—left for parts unknown to me. Locking the door, he put the key in his pocket, saying: "Nobody can get in now."

Being thus left alone, I was soon asleep, to be awakened. I suppose about 1:30 a. m., by something, which to me, sounded as if the old Romans and all their ancient battering

rams were laying siege to my room. I jumped to my feet and began dressing, and succeeded in getting on all except my shoes, when I heard those memorable words: "Open up Freshman or we are coming in anyway." Well—"Freshman" couldn't open up because he didn't have the key, but the "Sophs" soon got a skeleton key from somewhere and came in anyhow.

I was in bed, but you can bet I was out of there in less time than it takes to tell; and had the contents of a bottle of "Baby Elite" on my face in less time still, with a bottle of mucilage to keep it in place. They then put me on the table and told me to sing—but here they made a mistake, for "Freshman" didn't have any sing left in him. I couldn't think of two words that would go together—not even, "Way down in my heart I got a feeling for you," which I certainly did have, so I asked them to compromise by me dancing something I could think of. We struck a bargain and I started; one leg of the table was loose, and I tried to tear up the other three. I wore out my socks and left the bottoms on the table, I danced in a hurry and had good reasons for it too, for at the rate that fellow was picking that razor strop around my legs I didn't think it would do to make music on much longer.

After I had danced enough for them they poured my water out and left me in the dark to think over what had happened. I tried to laugh, after they were out of hearing, but my face objected. This brought me to my senses again, so I grabbed my water bucket and went to hunt the well. I found the boiler house and asked the fireman to show me the well, he pointed to it saying: "You'd better stick your face under this steam pipe and let me blow it off." I thanked him and said I had not quite lost all hopes of recovering my features. Well, I got my water; and while on my way back I thought I detected strains of music floating out on the still night air. I listened—and in the most doleful of tunes imaginable I heard that good old hymn "Nearer My God to

Thee." I think he lost the tune after the third word but that hymn made me feel better than a check from home. He next jumped off on "Ain't it a Shame," and so on through the list, finally winding up by baying at the moon, but while all this was going on I was busily engaged with a cake of tar soap and a bath towel. Well, I saved my face, but I am still afraid to smile.

B. S. SNOWDEN.

HISTORY VS. FICTION.

The average college student, reading for recreation, does not consider carefully what would be the most beneficial and at the same time the most enjoyable reading.

It has been said "Fact is stranger than fiction" and this applies to the two great divisions of literature, namely: History and Fiction. Of course in considering the class of literature called fiction no attention is paid to the trash annually sent broadcast over the land by cheap publishing houses.

When one has finished a volume of Scott, Irving, or Hawthorne, he feels a sense of pleasure because of their elevating and inspiring influence, but after anyone has finished reading Watson's "Life of Napoleon," for instance, he not only feels a sense of satisfaction, such as he receives after reading a volume of fiction, but he knows that he has come in touch with one of the master minds of the world, and in consequence feels his own ambition quickened and his hopes for higher things brightened. After reading a volume like the last named, if we then attempt to read a volume of fiction it seems like going from the sunlight to the shadow, so much is its attraction lessened by the superior attractions of the volume read before.

If the college student would spend the time which he devotes to reading fiction in reading history and biography,

he not only would derive as much pleasure from so doing, but would learn who the great men of the world are and have been, and at the same time would keep in touch with the great events of the world.

S. E., '07.

THE GIRL I MET IN MAY.

'Twas on an eve in May,
That I saw a maid so fair
I declared that any day
I could tell her by her hair.

'Twasn't long, the very next day,
The maid I chanced to meet.
'Tis needless for me here to say,
That I was humbled at her feet.

She was a beauty to be sure,
And as pure as a crystal spring.
But my, she was so demur
That I feared to say a thing.

But at last a word slipped past,
I hastened to apologize.
She said, "Young man you're most too fast,"
And looked at me surprised.

I asked wherein I was so fast.
I was looking in her eyes.
She hesitated, but at last
She said, "Why, to apologize."

GILL.

Locals

Who said that the Senior privates had to drill?

Among the recent appointments of superintendents of cotton mills in North Carolina are: J. Platt Turner, '02; John S. P. Carpenter, '03, and Z. V. Mauney, '03.

The Battalion has been formed and the new men are being drilled every day. To their credit it may be said that they are learning rapidly and the Battalion promises to be in good shape for the State Fair.

Mr. E. B. Owen, of the Class of '98, has accepted the position of College Proctor and Registrar, to succeed Mr. Sloan. After his graduation, Mr. Owen was Librarian and Instructor in English in the college, but later took a course in English, History and Pedagogy at the University of Chicago.

The Edenton Street Methodist church gave their annual reception to the A. & M. boys on Friday evening, Sept. 15. An interesting program, consisting of music and recitations, was rendered by the young ladies, after which delicious refreshments were served. Every one present enjoyed the delightful occasion.

The following additions to the Faculty are announced: Mr. Thomas, of Stevens Institute of Technology, who is in charge of the Mechanical Department, to succeed Prof. Dick; Mr. C. A. Sprague, of Syracuse University, who is an instructor in the Electrical Department; Mr. J. H. Shuford, of the Class of '03, who is an instructor in the Chemical Department.

Considerable new machinery has been added to the Textile Department this year. These are ten new looms with attachments so as to permit the weaving of more different designs than before. A loom has also been ordered with Jacquard for weaving damask table covers. These, with the addition of a set of combing machinery for the preparation of fine yarns, completes the list.

The following men spent a few days on the "Hill" with us: Mr. R. T. Allen who is now at the State University as Assistant in Chemical Laboratory; Mr. D. F. Asbury known to all old men as "Diddle"; Mr. J. B. Bagley, a former student of the college, who is now instructor in weaving and designing in the Texas Textile School; and Mr. J. A. Park, who has just returned from an extended trip to Europe.

We are fortunate indeed, in having for our commandant Lieut. W. G. Heaton late of Fort Myer, Va. Lieut. Heaton has seen active service in the Philippines and is a member of the 13th Cavalry. He is a man of high ideals, of strong and upright character, of blameless life. His influence over both the old and new men is bound to be both wholesome and inspiring. From what we have seen of Lieut. Heaton he promises to make us a good Commandant. All of us should make his work easy, by obeying the regulations.

The reception given by the Y. M. C. A. to the new students on Friday evening, Sept. 8, was greatly enjoyed by those present. First came a series of addresses in the Auditorium by Dr. Winston, who gave an address of welcome; Mr. J. H. Henley, who spoke on Y. M. C. A. work; Mr. G. P. Asbury, whose subject was "Athletics"; Mr. J. E. Moore, in behalf of the Pullen Literary Society; Mr. J. P. Lovill, on the Leazar Literary Society, and Mr. R. H. Tillman, in behalf of the Tenerian Literary Society. After the addresses refreshments were served in the Library.

The Agricultural Building, an imposing structure of brown pressed brick is nearly completed. When completed the cost will be nearly \$100,000, the heating plant and plumbing alone costing \$8,000. The building is equipped with all modern conveniences. A ten ton ice plant, made by the York Company, of Pennsylvania, supplies twelve cold-storage rooms. The dairy, ice plant, heating plant, etc., will be in the basement, while on the first and second floors will be class rooms, laboratories, offices, etc. When fully equipped the building will be the finest agricultural building in the South. In fact, it will be the only one in the South erected entirely for agricultural purposes.

Messrs. J. O. Morgan, R. H. Harper and O. L. Bagley, of last year's graduating class, and J. C. Temple, '04, have accepted positions in the college. Messrs. Harper and Bagley are instructors in the Chemical Department. Mr. Morgan is Farm Superintendent, while Mr. Temple is Instructor in Bacteriology. Mr. H. M. Steed, who finished the Two-Year Textile Course is now Assistant Instructor in the Textile Department. Mr. W. T. Clay, of the Class of '06, has accepted the position of Instructor in Wood-work, to succeed Prof. Bragg, who is now at the A. & M. College, of Mississippi. "Professor" Clay, in connection with his work will also pursue some of his college studies.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association has been infused with new life this year by the introduction of new features, and the addition of a large number of new men to its ranks. At the first meeting of the Association we were addressed by Dr. Tyree, of the First Baptist church, who spoke on the texts, "Ye are the salt of the earth," and "A little leaven leavens the whole lump." His address was interesting and very effectual, judging by the large number of young men who gave in their names at the close of the meeting.

On the evening of Sept. 2nd was held in Pullen Hall what was, and will hereafter be, called "College Night." The entire student body was present with their friends. After enjoying talks from Dr. Winston and representatives from the different societies, those present were served with refreshments in the Library.

This new feature of college life was introduced at the suggestion of several earnest Y. M. C. A. workers. They saw the necessity of introducing the new students to the different phases of college life, and it was through their efforts that the delightful occasion was made possible.

The Young Men's Christian Association stands for the growth and development of the spiritual man and for the inculcating of the principles of right doing and right living. The association has in the past, and will in the future, exert a wholesome influence throughout the college. Those who have not yet joined will surely profit by doing so at once.

HENLEY.

The Red and White

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OF THE
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS.

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COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

With this issue the RED AND WHITE makes its debut for the present college year. Last year's magazine was acknowledged by all to be the best that we have ever had. We want the same to be said of this year's RED AND WHITE. There seems to be an opinion among the students, however, that all the staff has to do is to write the articles and stories for each issue, and that their selection as editors was made solely on their merits as writers. To a certain extent this is true, for one's ability to fill a certain position is judged by their actions. But it is for you to write the greater part of the articles that go to make up our magazine. A college maga-

zine, to be a representative one, must contain articles representing the different sides of the college life. The present RED AND WHITE consists of three chief departments, Science, Athletics and Literary. If you are so inclined, write for the Science Department. Study up on some technical subject in which you are interested and tell us what you have learned. If you want to try, write a story and send it in whether you think it acceptable or not. We will judge that. In other words, if you want the RED AND WHITE to be a credit to the college, you must do your share. We don't claim to be free from faults, but when you feel like knocking, just remember that you haven't done your part.

The fall season in athletics is about to open. Already the candidates for the 'Varsity and the scrub teams are seen daily on the practice field. About this time there also begins to be manifested that very uncertain quality of the student body, namely, college spirit. What is college spirit? Is the right conception that of some who think that the fellow who can make the loudest noise, throw his hat up the highest and brag the biggest about the team, has the most college spirit? After all, do not these fellows on close inspection resemble somewhat the carbonated water at the soda fountain? The water is very attractive in appearance. It bubbles up, fizzing into foam and froth. Blow the foam away and you have plain water left. Nothing but gas. Now ask this windy enthusiast to sacrifice a few hours of pleasure to help fix the athletic field. What does he do? Ask him to subscribe to the college paper or to give a few cents to the Athletic Association. What does he say? Look at the fellow beside him on the grand stand. He indulges in no hot air performances. He does not thrust his megaphone into the faces of those around him and in deafening tones bellow the score. With all interest centered on the game, he gentlemanly conducts himself, occasionally applauding a good play, rejoicing in victory and suffering in defeat. To many he seems possessed of but little college spirit. Which of the two fellows is the embodiment of true college spirit? The "gas bag" or the one

who pays his dues, sacrifices his time and pleasures without grumbling, to help the team along and at the ball game conducts himself like a gentleman. To which class do you belong?

Last year many comments were made in regard to the wearing of the A. M. C. monogram sweater. The rules of the Athletic Association require a man to play in a specified number of games before he is allowed to wear the monogram sweater. This rule should be strictly enforced. If a favored few are allowed to wear the sweater before they have won it, when others must work hard on the team for the same privilege, will it add to the honor one should feel when he has rightfully won it?

During the nine months of college life there often comes up subjects that admit of discussion. We want to know what you think of this or that particular feature of the subject under discussion. To this end we will in each issue give space for such articles as are not of an abusive or malicious nature, provided they are signed in full by the writer's name.

We are glad to announce in this issue that, through the kindness of several well-wishers of the RED AND WHITE, we are enabled to offer a prize for the best essay, one for the best story, and one for the best poem. The conditions of the contest and the names of those offering the prizes will be given in our next issue. In addition to these prizes the writer of each accepted article and poem will receive two copies of the RED AND WHITE.

It is to be hoped that these prizes will act as a stimulus to those who can, but won't, write.

To govern our conduct the best rule for us to follow is the Golden Rule. Our advertisers, all of whom are reputable merchants of Raleigh or the State, have made it possible for us to publish this magazine. They have done their part. They have patronized us. Now do your part. Patronize them. Don't deal with the merchants who do not advertise with us. Go to the merchants who do and show them that they are not throwing away their money when they advertise in the RED AND WHITE.

“Between Us”

A few days ago Prof. Park told Huband to go over to the boiler house and tell the fireman to turn on the “hot juice.” Huband returned with a bucket of red paint.

There have been several new agricultural additions to the college this summer. Beside several cows and four calves of the latest pattern, there is a machine which milks them, separates the cream, churns it, feeds the good butter milk to the hogs, and mixes the separated milk with water—ratio 1 to 2, ready for the boys in the mess-hall. But we have no machine that will put A. & M. butter on our tables, nor take any of the bones out of the “slush” (hash), nor surplus salt out of the red ham.

Ask any one of the “Junior Stew Club,” Ltd. (to three members), how many chickens they took from the Experiment Station last week.

At roll-call—“Davis!”

Davis—(with his hand to his ear)—“Please your ’on-honor, w-what are the ’nitials, if y-your honor please.”

At the North Pole some time in the month of October a young man will ask his love:

“Darling, may I call to-night?”

“Yes; at what time?”

“About the first of November, but I must not stay longer than January.”

Boys, don’t visit as if you were from the North Pole.

The day of his return to college the writer spoke to a lady friend, and during the conversation she remarked the crowd

of Freshmen in the hall was so great that she could hardly pass them. When told that she needed a protector, she jocularly agreed that she did. Seeing the chance for a good joke, also seeing a Senior, it was played on him. Mr. Senior was informed that the young lady had a job (the joker didn't know of what kind) for some one, whereupon he applied, telling who sent him. The blushes were a sight to see, weren't they Page.

A Freshman while talking to a friend recently was heard to say, "Home is the dearest place on earth to me."

Freshman (who meets Sophs unexpectedly near park)—
"Gentlemen, don't black me, I am a new boy."

Orderly—"Mr. O. D. do I get any pay for my services?"

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who it was that Mr. Skinner met running at break-neck speed towards the mess-hall, and who, on being asked the cause of his haste, excitedly replied: "I shall have to hurry or there will be nothings left."

Where the Freshman came from who wanted to know how to put out his (electric) light.

What system of tactics the Senior privates use.

Who "Professor" Clay is.

How it was that "Judge" Ewart blossomed into a "plug" hat and "peg legs" this summer.

Who this could apply to:

“Man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.”

What this would mean if signed by Dr. Winston. This was the way a Soph told a Freshman to write a request.

A. & M. College,
Sept. 16, 1905.

Request:

I have permission to visit Raleigh to-night to see the minstrel show.

How do you fellows expect the Comic Department to be a success unless you do your part?

If you want to study the immense variety of the human face in expression, you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a deaf and dumb man when he reaches under a plank walk for a lost nickle and picks up a raw bumble bee by the stem.

An exchange prints “rules to discover spurious bank notes.” But we don’t want to discover bank notes of that description. It is the genuine kind we are looking for, and rules for discovering several thousand of these would be very acceptable.

“Another lie nailed,” the wag remarked when the merchant tacked up a sign “At cost.”

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail, said: “Sorry so late, my dear; couldn’t get a car before.” “So the cars were full too,” said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary.

Exchanges

While the exchange editor has not any magazines to criticize in this issue, still he feels that he should use the space allotted to him. A brief review of the stories that were in last year's magazines seems to fill the bill. Those who were fortunate enough to have read the leading college magazines of last year recognize the fact that there has been a marked decline in the number of those love stories that are usually classed under the head of "lovey-dovey" stories. Usually the outbursts of some love-sick swain, who can find no other outlet for his pent-up feelings, they are insipid and tasteless in the extreme. That stories of more intrinsic worth are taking the place of this senseless twaddle, all lovers of a good story will be glad to hear.

Stories in the negro dialect, when well written, form important and interesting additions to any college magazine. While no Shakespeares, Poes or Doyles blossomed forth in the magazines of last year, still enough good material was found in them to warrant optimistic opinions of the future of

College Bulletin

Y. M. C. A.

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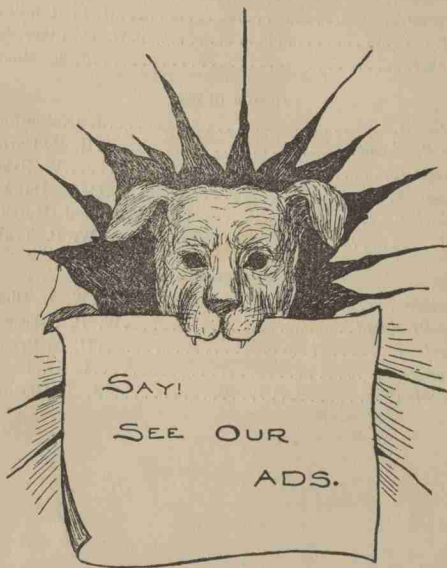
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