The Red and White

OCTOBER, 1905

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Red and White

Vol. VII WEST RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER, 1905 No. 2

THE EFFICIENCY OF THE ENGINEER.

When such a man as William Barclay Parsons, Chief Engineer of the New York Subway, speaks on a topic that we were about to discuss, we take off our hat and listen. Mr. Parsons spoke recently on "The Practical Utility of Technical Training" before the National Educational Association, and we quote the most concrete part of the address from the Electric Journal:

"Educational statistics of the engineering forces engaged in building the rapid transit subway of New York city were compiled and are both interesting and equally suggestive, as showing the extent to which technical training is availed of. The staff of engineers numbered about 200 at any one time, exclusive of inspectors, and was divided into three classes: the executive, or those engineers holding positions of responsibility, and who were called on for original thought in designing as well as for ability in execution; the assistant engineers, holding positions of less trust, men of less experience carrying out the orders of their superior officers, though still with responsibility; and third, the rodmen, those just beginning engineering work, called on for no originality, but acting entirely under instructions. All of these positions, except those in the first class, were filled after competitive civil service examination. Of the first two classes 86 per cent were college graduates class, were filled after competitive civil service examination. Of the first two classes 86 per cent were college graduates from our leading institutions, while of the third, where such education was not in any way a necessary requirement, not

less than 58 per cent had passed through some college of recognized standing.

"During recent years we have been frequently admonished to lead 'The Strenuous Life' by no less a person than the President of the United States, who has always been a vigorous exponent of his own doctrine. More recently an eminent French divine has been preaching the antithesis to 'The Strenuous Life,' namely, 'The Simple Life.' Judged from the cold standpoint of practicality, is either right? Should either 'The Strenuous Life' or 'The Simple Life' be our maxim? Does either as an ideal satisfy in full all the requirements of life? Strenuosity suggests, and may be nothing more than energy for good or for evil, vigor whose force, acting without guidance, produces no useful effect and entirely fails to come up to the meaning of "engineering," which is character, and the underlying motif of Tredgold's definition, which is force directed for the benefit of man. Simplicity, on the other hand, preached as a doctrine, calls to mind a gentleness deficient in vigor, or possibly a timidity that shuns a contest with the hard, unsympathetic conventions of life and an avoidance of the necessary and entirely proper complications that are an inevitable concomitant of modern development. Life itself is involved; everything about us is vast; and nature, with its sources of power, is complicated beyond human grasp, and all to an extent for which simplicity alone fails to present a satisfactory solution as a life guide. We need force, we need a vigorous force; we need that direction and avoidance of the unnecessary which is simplicity, but with either one alone there is something lacking. Instead of great force and latent energy without control, instead of quiet gentleness, or of power of control without vigor to be controlled, what we need is force and energy applied where necessary and always under control, always working to a definite purpose, and at the same time avoiding complications and unnecessary friction. That is, to have a life whose great underlying motif is effectiveness, and instead of speaking of the strenuous life or of the simple life, let us have before us as a doctrine 'The Effective Life.'

What we need is not merely a man who acts, but one who does; that is, one who will do what he has to do regardless of intervening obstacles. Efficiency and effectiveness are the keynotes of success in actual life. They are also the lessons taught by every parable in the New Testament, even if that work is regarded as a code of ethics, and they form the spirit of that stirring definition of engineering which is based on the direction of the vital forces of nature and the doing of things for mankind.

"Efficiency is the practical underlying principle in the work of technical education. In no other walk of life is actual efficiency so essential as in engineering. In other lines there is a place for the student, for the didactic, for him who would turn to his book to gather wisdom, but not so in technical work. Here there must be the man to do—to take those great and mighty forces and make them do effective work. Unless he can so stand up and do that, the engineer can not succeed.

"We are all cognizant of the great results already achieved by technical development, but have you ever paused to take the measure of any one example, to analyze some one of the results that we see daily produced and to estimate what it means? Let me give you one example, to which I have referred on other occasions, but which is not out of place here. You have all seen some ocean liner pass majestically to sea out of the port of New York, but have you ever thought of what that ship has been designed to do, and the amount of energy, expressed in simple language, that is required to propel her from shore to shore? You see the many decks, the several funnels and the tall masts. Below the water and out of sight there is still more than what is visible above, but all is so adjusted that no matter how buffeted by the storms the ship will always be stable and will come back to a vertical position. Longitudinally, the great ship of 800 feet must be structurally designed to be supported at one moment on waves at bow and stern and yet resist breaking in two at the middle, and at the next moment be supported by a wave in the middle, only to resist breaking in two in the opposite direction. To

drive this great mass, whose weight in 40,000 tons, through the water at railway speed requires a force rated at 50,000 h. p. So stated, it means nothing, but as each horse power is equivalent to one and one-half ordinary draft horses, and as each of the latter can do the work of eleven men, which, however, can work for only eight hours a day, thus requiring three sets of men, there would be needed to take the place of the same energy in the ship no less than 2,500,000 men. Here in one single case combined we have an illustration of great static stability and enormous dynamic energy, and the whole is an excellent illustration of efficiency. The structural strength and the compressed energy of the ship is strenuosity in the extreme, but a vigorous strenuosity under absolute control, and that control by one man at a throttle wheel is simplicity itself. Either one without the other is valueless; together they make the vital principle of which I spoke—efficiency.

THE NEED OF AGRICULTURAL TEACHING IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

Before discussing the methods which might be followed profitably for the advancement of agricultural teaching, it might be well to say something of the want and need of it in the past. As far back as the beginning of the Christian era, the people had no instruction in the art of farming or the sciences which underlie the principles that must be followed if the lands continue to hold a hardy and progressive civilization. The early Romans did try to promote agriculture, but it was soon dropped and the more educated and wealthy chose the more honorable callings of the times—war and politics.

During the early part of the 18th century the people began to wake up to the fact more than ever before, that there was a need of better tillage, animals, etc. They saw that if profit was secured from the farms something had to be done to improve the soil and the plants and animals of the country, but

it was only in rare cases that they secured the sympathy of the law-making power or the capital of the country.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century almost nothing had been done to give any adequate instruction in husbandry. Here and there had been discovered a few principles which underlie the tillage of the soil, the production of plants and the rearing of animals, but all was of little importance and none had been proven to any extent.

It was after this time that any effort was made to teach these subjects in the schools. The colleges and institutions devoted about all of their time to teaching literature, languages, mathematics, etc. The teaching of those things which were practical was left out, and many people boasted that when any line of knowledge made people useful to the majority, it was no longer desirable to teach that subject. The result was that the most important line of business, the business on which every one, from the common laborers to the highest, looks to for support, was left with only the slightest effort for improvement.

The modern thought is to train the head and the hand of the individual at the same time. The idea is to reach the highest results in intelligence, in happiness and in progress, although it has been claimed that no adequate training can be secured from such lines. And it is by far the hardest to get a land grant college here and there to train the young generation who desire to study in this line. It is no wonder that the young men have been seeking the city to get relief from the toil of the farm.

What is then to be done? There is but one way that is logical and I believe the only way that will be permanent and successful. Begin to teach them the arts of nature in their early school days, and when they grow older they will know more how to appreciate the works of nature. It is a known fact that children love the dirt and they must be taught from the beginning to love plants and animals. Then all that will be necessary thereafter is to teach them how to

develop that wonderful thing—life—from the inert. Children love constant change; love life and activity. Here, then, in the plant and the animal we have what can interest the child, the youth and even the man and woman. Heretofore people have not made good use of the material that is placed before them and which can be obtained with little pain and no expense. To begin in these secondary schools, it would not be altogether necessary to use any books except those which contain the plain, simple laws of husbandry, and which are evolved in the first attempts of farming. What really is needed is a knowledge of facts and how to make them useful.

If the foundation of a rural education can be laid in the primary and secondary schools, the professors of the colleges will have no difficulty in completing the structure, because they are in touch with the latest and best methods of instruction, the best literature, and with ample laboratories and facilities at their disposal. If the students can then come to the colleges with the foundation principles of the sciences, with a desire that can not be turned aside, and with a love for rural life, the agricultural colleges will begin to grow faster and start with a new spirit, because nearly one-half of the people are engaged in agriculture and over two-thirds are directly interested in this important pursuit of man. There are also agricultural missionaries to be sent to the less civilized countries. So we see there is a great field open to the young men who become more in touch with nature.

C. F. N., '06.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP.

Although incandescent lamps have for the past 12 years supplanted to a large extent the use of oil and gas for lighting purposes, and although at the present time they are very common, few people outside of the manufacturers themselves have any idea of their manufacture. They are still a very

delicate device and require the greatest skill and workmanship in all their details.

In considering the manufacture of incandescent lamps, one of the details of first importance is that of the selection of glass for the manufacture of the bulb. These are always purchased by the manufacturers from glass makers, and ordinarily are bell or pear shaped, made with a long straight neck about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It is necessary that the bulbs be made of the most transparent glass, and therefore are made from the first pourings from the pots of molten glass. For this reason it is not practicable for the lamp manufacturer to make his own bulbs, not having any use for the less transparent glass which the glass works utilize for bottles, dishes, etc.

The bulbs are first washed thoroughly and dried by rapid circulation of air so that no spots are left on them. The next process is that of tubulation, which consists of fusing a small tube into the large end of the bulb, or a better way, fusing it into the neck. This little tube is the means through which the bulb is exhausted of its air when it is completed. If it is tubulated at the large end, it leaves a tip which obstructs the path of the light at that point. This is the easiest and most common method of tubulation, while on the other hand tubulation at the neck eliminates the tip, but at the same time it is mechanically more difficult to perform and hence more costly. The reason for this is that when we seal the filament in the bulb, this little tube tends to close up also, if it is placed in the neck.

The filament and its manufacture is really the most important consideration of all, and hence I shall go somewhat into its details. Its manufacture is a most delicate process, and requires the greatest skill, and constant watchfulness of experts to produce satisfactory results. The filament in use to-day is made by dissolving cellulose—some form of cotton—in chloride of zinc to a syrup consistency and forcing this through a very small die into wood alcohol where it congeals in a fine white thread, after which it is washed and dried to

remove all of the zinc chloride. This little white thread next goes through the process of carbonization. It is wound upon carbon forms which will give it the required shape, and packed in crucibles and surrounded with pulverized graphite. The crucibles are placed in an electric furnace where a very high temperature can be obtained, and the temperature is gradually raised to a maximum when they are cooled off by the same gradual process. By this means all of the organic matter in the filament is driven off, leaving pure carbon, and upon being removed from the crucible should have a very highly polished surface. It is also very elastic and can be stretched out straight, resuming its former shape upon being released, the shape being that of the familiar loop which we see in the lamp.

The filament next undergoes the process of treating, and as received in the treating room has the appearance of an ordinary black thread. These are all carefully graded according to diameter, the usual variation being one three-thousandeth of an inch each way. They are then bunched and cut the required length, and when separated are ready for the platinum wire connections. On account of the unequal expansion and contraction of glass and copper, under the influence of heat it would not be practicable to have the leads into the bulb made of copper, but of some conducting material that has the same co-efficient of expansion as glass. This material is found in platinum. These little leads are made of small platinum wire and are tubular at one end to receive the ends of the filament. The other ends are fused into the glass stem, and from there to the terminals of the lamp. The glass stem spoken of above is seen inside the globe, just below the base. The ends of the filament are next inserted into the tubular ends of the platinum wires and the tubes are flattened down on the ends of the filaments. This does not make a good electrical connection, so the joints are electroplated with some good conducting material. The filament is now ready for treating.

The process of treating consists in heating the filament by means of an electric current in hydro carbon vapor, such as gasoline. The vapor is decomposed and carbon in the form of graphite is deposited on the filament. The primary reason for treating the filament is to reduce the filament to a standard resistance, the resistance of the raw filament being usually in the neighborhood of twice that of the treated filament. Another reason for treating the filament is to give to it a surface which will emit more light for the same consumption of power than the raw filament. The raw filament is often "spotted"; that is, some parts of it have smaller cross-section than the other parts. This increases the resistance which causes it to have a higher temperature at this point and therefore makes it burn brighter, causing the lamp to burn out prematurely. This is remedied in the process of treating and was formerly one of the chief objects of treating. Those parts which burn brighter decompose more of the gas than the other parts, and therefore have more carbon deposited on them, which decreases the resistance till the whole filament becomes of the same resistance. Another, but incidental effect of treating, is to drive off all the gases in the filament which would otherwise be slowly evolved to the detriment of its life. Although filaments may be very carefully graded according to diameter and length, they may vary considerably as to resistance.

In the treating process, it is the object to have carbon deposited on the filament till the resistance has reached a certain predetermined value. This is controlled by an automatic regulating device which cuts the heating current off the instant the filament becomes of the required resistance.

Preparatory to the vacuum process, which comes next, the stem containing the filament is fused and sealed in the bulb, care being taken to get it placed straight and in the proper position. The lamps, in groups of twelve, are connected to the exhaust by means of the tubes fused to the bulb as described. The bulk of the air is pumped out and the lamps

lighted, first by a weak current which is gradually increased, and as the lamps burn, the product of combustion is pumped out. During this process a circular hood is thrown over the lamps to make them hold the heat generated. This raises the temperature of the bulbs and assists in expelling particles of air or other gas clinging to the walls of the bulb.

The vacuum test follows, which consists in placing the lamps upon the terminals of a high potential induction coil in a dark room. Unless the lamps emit a light or glow they are all right. If they do not show a "dead black" it is because they are not thoroughly exhausted, and they must be re-exhausted.

The tube by which they were exhausted is next removed and the lamps are mounted on their bases.

During the process of making the lamps there are necessarily some dents left on the small end, which are useful when the base is to be attached. This is done by means of cement.

The lamp is now complete, at least as far as workmanship goes, although the last, and one of the most important processes, which we will not be able to go into here, on account of its complication, is the grading of the lamps for candle power, voltage and watts. This process is called photometry and perhaps we will take this up in a later number of this magazine.

C. W. HEWLETT.

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

The progressive farmer of to-day is a man who is no longer content to follow in the footsteps of his father. The old way of breaking his land with a one-horse plough and the old methods used in planting, cultivating and harvesting the crop are no longer practicable. The farmer of to-day, if he is a successful one, must use the best of farm machinery, practice

the best methods of cultivation and strive to solve the every-day problems which confronts him and aspire toward a higher plane. It is indeed a poor son who aspires to nothing higher than that which his father has attained. That which your father has attained may be good, but is not your opportunity better than his was? If so, it is possible for you to attain higher things than he did, if you are the individual man that he was. This is a century of individual men doing individual thinking along some special line, and this should be true with the farmer as much so as with the mechanic, the lawyer, the doctor, or a man of any other profession.

It is individuality that has made such men as Thomas Edison and Luther Burbank. If men desire to be successful they must learn to think for themselves, act for themselves, and think and act quickly.

As the progress of civilization is marked first by the progress of the soil tillers they should be the first men to begin individual thinking. Then it follows, that in order to do individual thinking there must be education; it is no longer a question of whether or not the farmer should be educated. It is an indisputable fact that he must be educated if he keeps pace with men of other occupations. He must learn not only how to do things, but why he does them. If his cotton crop has not yielded so much this year as last, he ought to be able to tell why. It may be that it did not have the proper cultivation at the time it was most needed. Again *"rot"* might have struck it early in the season and the leaves all fell off. But why should this decrease the yield? Every plant must have the green coloring matter that is abundantly present in the foliage, so that it may gather carbon from the air and store it in the tissues of the plant. Then his apples may have been speckled with some plant disease, the spores for its formation coming from some rubbish or decayed part of the tree, and could easily have been killed by spraying at the proper time. These are only illustrations of the many things the farmer should know not only how, but why to do.

Here is where the individual thinking comes in. The farmer, more than a man of any other occupation, should know how to apply and adapt things to his individual circumstances and needs.

Soil adaptation so varies that a farmer seldom has two fields that if treated alike will give their best returns. Then, is not this a great problem that the farmer should master? Is a farmer to be called progressive if he does not master these things? He would be no more progressive than a mechanic who knew only one way to do a thing, and that way was one his father had taught him. Such men have no originality about them and are only copiers of other men's methods. If farmers are to lead, or even aid to any great extent, in the progress of our civilization they will have to take up new ideas, adopt new principles, and become individual thinkers.

The farmers of this State are not making one-tenth the progress that they should and could make if they would learn to think for themselves. Are we to be the men who compose a slothful and unprogressive people in one of the slowest and most backward States of the Union? This is a sad but true statement. Some one will say, We have the finest State in the Union! This is true so far as our natural resources and advantages are concerned, but these must be developed if we ever rank where we should.

Young men, the responsibility is ours. Let us wake up and stop excusing ourselves for not doing things, and do them as it is our duty to do. We will never have any great progress made by the old men because they are set in their ways. So then let us young men make our homes attractive; get improved forms of machinery to lighten the work; adopt proper rotation of crops; improve the soil; get more live stock and make it our business to let nothing, however small, pass unnoticed. Let us be our own thinkers along our special lines, and last, but not least, let us put our shoulders to the great wheel of progress that it may turn for the glory of The Old North State.

C.—

SOME FACTS ABOUT ALUMINUM.

This important metal was discovered by the German chemist, Wohler, in 1827. It is found in nature in immense quantities and in many different forms of combination. Among these are feldspar, mica, cryolite, bauxite. It also occurs in the products of decomposition of minerals. One of the most important of these is clay. Aluminum silicate is found in all soils, but is not taken up by plants, and does not find entrance into the animal body. The name aluminum has its origin in the fact that the salt, alum, was known at an earlier date, and the metal was afterwards isolated from it.

Aluminum was at first obtained by dissolving it in hydrochloric acid, that being the best solvent, and then decomposing aluminum chloride by means of sodium, and as sodium at that time was expensive, the manufacture of aluminum rendered it a costly metal ($4 per lb). At present the preparation of aluminum on a large scale presents a problem of the highest importance. The element has properties which adapt it to many uses to which iron is put, and for many purposes it has advantages over iron. Further, we are supplied by nature with immense quantities of the compounds of aluminum, which are distributed everywhere over the earth. While, however, iron, lead, tin, copper and other metals can be isolated from their natural compounds without serious difficulty, aluminum, which is more abundant than any of them, and in many respects more valuable, is locked in its compounds so firmly that it is only by comparatively complicated and expensive methods that it can be isolated. The best method for the preparation of aluminum consists in the electrolysis of aluminum oxide, in the form of corundum. The oxide is contained in iron crucibles, and carbon rods are introduced into the molten mass. The iron crucible forms one electrode and the carbon rod the other.

The color of aluminum is like that of tin, and it has a

high lustre. It is very strong, and yet malleable. It is one of the lightest metals in common use, its specific gravity being 2.5 to 2.7 according to the conditions, while that of iron is 7.8, that of silver 10.57. It does not change in dry or in moist air; and in the pure state it is practically not acted upon by boiling water or steam. Sea water has very little effect on it. Strips of the metal placed on the sides of a wooden ship corroded less than 1-1000 inch after six months exposure to sea water, corroding less than copper sheets similarly placed. Aluminum is not acted upon by most organic secretions. The melting point is about 700 degrees, which is higher than the melting point of zinc, and lower than that of silver.

In malleability pure aluminum is only exceeded by gold and silver. In ductility it stands seventh in the series, being exceeded by gold, silver, platinum, iron, very soft steel, and copper. Sheets of it have been rolled down to a thickness of 0.0005 inch, and beaten into leaf nearly as thin as gold leaf.

The electrical conductivity of aluminum is only surpassed by pure copper, silver, and gold. With silver taken at 100 the electrical conductivity of aluminum is 54.20; that of gold on same scale is 78; zinc 29.90; iron is 16, and platinum 10.60. Pure aluminum has no polarity, and the metal in the market is absolutely non-magnetic.

Sound castings can be made of aluminum in either dry or "green" sand moulds, or in metal "chills." It must not be heated much beyond its melting point, and in pouring care must be taken, owing to the ready absorption of occluded gases and air. The shrinkage in cooling is about 17-64 inch per foot, or a little more than ordinary brass.

Aluminum, under tension, and section for section, is about as strong as cast iron. The tensile strength of it is increased by cold rolling, cold forging, and there are alloys which add considerably to the tensile strength without increasing the specific gravity

to over 3 or 3.25. The ultimate tensile strength in pounds per square inch of aluminum in a few forms is as follows: casting 15,000, sheets 24,000, wire 30,000 to 65,000,and bars 28,000. The ultimate strength per square inch under compression in cylinders, length twice diameter, is 12,000. Its maximum shearing stress in castings is about 12,000, and in forging about 16,000, or about that of pure copper.

Pure aluminum is too soft and lacking in tensile strength and rigidity for many purposes, but valuable alloys are now being made which seem to give great promise for the future. There are alloys containing from 2 to 7 or 8 per cent. of copper, manganese, iron, and nickel. As nickel is one of the principal constituents, these alloys have the trade name of "nickel-aluminum." Plates and bars of this nickel alloy have a tensile strength of from 40,000 to 50,000 pounds per square inch, an elastic limit of 55 per cent to 60 per cent of the ultimate tensile strength, an elongation of 20 per cent in 2 inches. This metal is especially capable of withstanding the punishment and distortion to which structural material is ordinarily subjected.

The metal is used to a considerable extent in the preparation of ornaments and of useful articles in which lightness is a matter of importance, as in telescopes, opera-glasses, cooking utensils, etc. An alloy with a small percentage of silver is used for the beams of chemical balances.

Aluminum is a very light metal and its tensile strength is very great, considering its weight. But the pure metal being too weak in tensile strength for a great many purposes, an alloy of it can be used, especially the nickel-aluminum, for a small per cent. of nickel increases the tensile strength to nearly that of wrought iron, and the weight being less than half. The alloys of aluminum can be used to great advantage in structural work where lightness is a factor.

Alloys of aluminum are being used now to a considerable extent in electrical work, especially in long distance trans-

mission work. It is very valuable in this work, as the supports can be put farther apart than they can be put with a copper line, owing to its lightness. The alloy is used to give the line more tensile strength so as to withstand extra strains which may come on it, such as snows and sleets. There is but one trouble in using this alloy and that is, where a soldered joint has to be made in the line, electrolytic process brings about deterioration.

Taking into consideration the points just discussed about aluminum there is no reason why it should not be used more extensively in the future than it is at present.

L. L. VAUGHAN.

Athletics

Since the last issue of this magazine our foot-ball team has defeated the Virginia Military Institute by a score of five to nothing, and lost to the University of Virginia by a score of ten to nothing. The game with the V. M. I. was one of the hardest fought games ever played by our team. The V. M. I. boys were determined to win and the game was a fierce one throughout. Tom Lykes and "Babe" Wilson played star ball for A. & M. "Babe" made the only touchdown of the game and several sensational runs. In the second half he made a brilliant dash of thirty yards and was tackled by five men before being downed.

The game with U. V. A. was an exceptionally clean one, and also a very unlucky one for A. & M. The only touchdown of the game was made by Hammond Johnson, of Virginia, by a fake play over A. & M.'s left tackle. Immediately following this Warren, of Virginia, made a place kick for a goal from the thirty-yard line, making the score: Virginia, 10; A. & M., 0. Virginia failed to score in the second half. In this game Shaw, Hardie, Lykes, Gregory and Wilson played excellent ball, Shaw and Wilson making several long runs. The score does not show the relative strength of the two teams.

Now we have a good team and an excellent coach, but there is one thing in which we are yet lacking, and that is college spirit. There is nothing that helps a team win a game so much as good, systematic "rooting," and while we know that the team is backed by every student in college, this backing should be more in evidence than it is. "Rooting" clubs should be organized by every class and society in college, and in the Carolina game we don't want these "rooters" to be heard at all. Organize at once and get on the side lines during the afternoon practice and yell and cheer the 'Varsity and "scrub" men when they make a good play. Nothing will put

more ginger and spirit in the teams than this, and that is what helps to make a winning team.

At present there are only about thirty-five men on the foot-ball squad, while at least forty are needed. There is room at the training tables for quite a number more, and these places should be filled. The management will provide suits for a dozen more men and everybody who can play foot-ball owes it to the college to come out and do their best.

Assistant Manager Smith is trying to arrange games with the U. N. C. second team, with Bingham, Horner's and Red Springs for the "scrubs." And there has been a decided improvement in our "scrub" team during the past few weeks. Cadet McLendon has been elected Captain and has done much to bring it out. The men of the scrub team are all playing good ball. Those deserving especial mention are Temple, Stevenson, McLendon, Whittington, Major and Valear.

The good work of the 'Varsity team is so obvious to everybody that it is scarcely worth while to mention it here. We all know it is the best team in the South, both individually and collectively. It has recently been strengthened by the addition of Steele at quarter, and Cromie at half-back, and with this strong addition we feel fairly sure of defeating our dearest enemy—Carolina—on the eleventh of November.

The following games are yet to be played:

Oct. 26.—S. C. College at Columbia.

Nov. 11.—U. N. C. College at Raleigh.

Nov. 18.—Washington and Lee at Raleigh.

Nov. 30.—Davidson at Winston.

C. W. HODGES.

Literary

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the sun is shining;
  Yet to us has the evening glow
Faded at last till the darkness
  Enfoldeth the world below.

Somewhere eternal summer;
  The flowers forever in bloom:
But somewhere the Esquimaux winter
  Where all is coldness and gloom.

Somewhere there's peace and plenty;
  The earth and the heavens seem bright:
Away then with envy and malice,
  Make room and welcome delight.

For why should the cares of the morrow
  Make sad the moments of to-day?
The sun will still be in splendor
  When it comes with another day.

Somewhere the dead are sleeping;
  The living tramp over the grave
Unmarked, not a mound to disclose it:
  Who knows but he walks o'er the brave?

The world is a curious riddle,
  Unsolved and unsolvable here;
But solved in the infinite heavens,
  Somehow, sometime, somewhere.

W. B. T.

HIS FIRST GAME.

Three weeks had elapsed since the 'Varsity eleven had been against any team save their own scrubs. But day after day, in secret practice, Coach Galey had been drilling into the minds and bodies of his men all those numerous things that go to make a good team, and cause a victorious one to add another jewel to their crown.

The time for practice had now passed; the day, yes, the hour, for action was at hand. The bleachers and grand stand had long been filled with crowds of highly excited spectators; and as the two teams appeared over the hill a deafening applause went up, the air trembling with cries from the highest treble to the lowest bass. College yells and songs echoed against the surrounding hills, while pennants and antagonistic colors were waved vigorously in the air.

John Komer was with his team, and as soon as they came upon the field "Coach" cornered him. "Komer, old boy," he began, "I hate to have to put you in this game." Komer's face flushed. "Coach" carefully noted the effect of his words. "You are as good, if not better than Hagan, if you wouldn't get rattled. For God's sake man keep your head in this game. Those Carlyle Indians are h—, and if they once get on to your weakness—it is all up with us. You want to try their ends often, for there is where we must win; we can out run them, and outwit them too if you keep cool. Remember, kid, this is your first game. You are nothing but a 'scrub,' and your team knows it. If you win their confidence at first, they'll be behind you, but if you don't—"

The sound of the whistle broke the coach's sentence short, while the little "Jap" darted upon the field as swift as a deer. He was nervousness itself.

The Indians kicked off. Bragg, for Lehigh, received the ball, bringing it back twenty yards. "First down, five yards to gain," shouted the umpire, and the game was on. The

little "Jap" quarter began to give his signals in a clear-cut tone that was heard even by those on the grand stand.

It was soon plain that the team was not working in harmony with him, or was it because the Indians were the toughest proposition they had ever tackled, that caused the team to show up so poorly. Three successive times they had made the required gain by less than a yard, and often the heavy Indians would, breaking through the line, pound the little "quarter" almost before he could pass the ball or throw the "backs" for a considerable loss. The little "quarter's" eyes glared. He snapped out his signals, louder and louder, and chewed with vengeance on his tough nose-guard, but all this would not persuade the "pig skin" to pass the Indians line, and the ball went over.

The Indians made five around Lehigh's right end, pounded the line for 4, 10 and 6 yards; tried left end for seven; fumbled and "Jap" fell on the ball. He sprang to his feet and began his signals quickly, the ball on Lehigh's twenty-yard line. First rush made six around the end. Then he tried the line for 1, 2, 0. The Indians prepared to receive a kick. "Jap" called the signals and cautioned his line to hold steady. Then he stepped back five paces; the ball flew to his hands and he punted for forty-five yards, but as the ball went whizzing into the air the two Indian ends swooped down on him and he hit the ground with tremendous force.

Rountree, for the Indians, brought the ball back ten yards, and then they began to pound the line anew, the first half being called with the Indians on Lehigh's five-yard line. So far the new "quarter" was making a good show.

The second half was soon called, too soon for Komer, whose aching side and throbbing brain felt too heavy for his tired and bruised muscles. He went in at a trot, and to himself he kept repeating the questions: "Can we hold them fifteen minutes longer? Can I stand the knocks and jars on my side?"

Lehigh kicked off to the Indians who returned the ball twenty yards, then made three big gains around the ends,

2, 4 and 6 yards, and then fumbled, but recovered the ball. They began pounding the line again, but failed to make the required gain, and the ball went over. Lehigh tried the end, then the line, for three and one, respectively, then worked "fake" for twenty yards. They next made five yards around right end, three left, 1 and 4 over the line. There were two minutes left to play, and with Lehigh on the Indians' twenty-five yard line, the game was at its height. The "rooters" yelled and the flags waved. Komer worked hard but failed to make any gains. In the twenty-three yard line they stood at the third down and 2 yards to gain. Time, minute and a half. 'Twas a critical moment. "Work another fake," shouted some excited fanatic on the side lines.

But the "Jap" was cool. It was more than he had dared to dream. The only question now in his mind, as he called the signals 8, 16, 47, 44, and raised erect to see if his men were in position, was—"can the line hold." He stepped back a few paces, and for a few seconds stood on his toes, trembling from head to foot, the Indian ends and halves dancing on the line, waiting to swoop down on him. His hands snapped apart convulsively; the ball whizzed to him. A dull thud and the ball sailed into the air as the little "Jap" struck the ground almost torn in half by the two ends.

For a second all was quiet. Then, a yell that made the surrounding atmosphere vibrate, broke from the spectators, while a yell for Komer told the tale—Lehigh had won. And thus did the little "Jap" become famous among his college men.

J. E. M.

PEACE.

The mighty conflict now is o'er,
The dove of peace has come.
And o'er the blood-drenched battle fields,
Tramps the builder and the sower.

In the homes of those who fell
Upon the field of strife,
Are aching hearts and tearful eyes,
True it is that war is hell.

Peace to you, brave heroes dead,
Came with the deadly blast.
But treasured in your country's heart
For evermore, your memory'll last.

A TRIP TO EUROPE ON A CATTLE SHIP.

No doubt most of you have seen accounts of such trips so often that you are getting real tired of them, but "here goes once more."

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Leaving Newport News the second day of June we set out for Liverpool, Eng. This trip across cost me nothing as I worked my way over and was given a free passage back. There were four other young men who took this trip with me: Messrs. Carl Dunn, W. H. Chambers, John A. Park and J. Val Perkins, from Raleigh.

TREATMENT AND FARE ON BOARD.

For the first day out every one of the crowd was well pleased, none had not yet gotten sick, and we didn't have any work to do, because the cattle wouldn't eat anything the first day.

Well, I did work some, tieing up cattle in their proper places. One of the boys said: "I am agreeably surprised."

We boarded the vessel Thursday evening, the first day of June, and slept on straw spread down in cattle stalls, for the cattle were not loaded until the next morning.

We all fell in line and marched up to the steward's office, and our allowance for bedding was 1 bed tick and one blanket each. The bed tick we filled with straw and took to our bunk or rather our "State Room" which was in the dingy rear forecastle of the ship. There were 14 berths on each side. On one side the professional cattlemen bunked and we occupied the other. I for one never slept in the forecastle any of the time. I never had any certain place to sleep. Sometimes on a hatch along the alleyway, and sometimes down in a hatch. This was down the bottom of the ship. There was a peculiar smell in the forecastle that did not set well on my internal workings.

For a couple of days we had it very easy. Then we commenced our regular routine of work, which was the same thing day after day.

Our work was, first, to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and to water the 359 head of cattle. There were eight men to do this work, five of us boys and three experienced cattlemen, one Englishman and a night watchman. The ship was arranged so that the cattle could be fed from two alleyways, and there were four of these to each side. Commencing at 4 o'clock in the morning we got through watering about six. Then they had to be fed, and corn gotten up from the bottom of the ship. It was always about 8 o'clock when we got all this done, and then had breakfast. Working four hours before breakfast didn't agree with me at first, but I soon got used to it. The breakfast was composed of what the sailors called Tob-couse, a mixture of old beef, Irish potatoes and a half dozen other things all stirred to a stiff mush. I believe it would have been a sure death to a hog. We were all supplied with a tin plate, a tin cup and a knife and fork. Every

one was to wash and look after his own utensils. When the first breakfast was ready it was brought down to us in a big dish pan, and one could fill his plate from this pan and eat where he pleased. We generally went on deck to eat. Our forecastle had a table in it, but we preferred eating on deck where we could get plenty of fresh air.

I did not eat any the first meal. I started with my pan to get something to eat, but the wind was blowing toward me and there came a smell from this pan full of mixture, and I turned and went the other way. I was not feeling the best anyway.

We had a box of rations back in the forecastle that we bought in Newport News, so we could act somewhat independent for a while at least. This box of food went mighty fast, and we began to think the matter over and see what we could do to get something better to eat; so we made it up with the cook for a small sum, and we had very good food all the rest of the voyage. The grub those sailors have to eat is simply awful. They say it is good after anyone once gets used to it.

Day after day we sped along and what spare time we had we were out on deck looking at the big pond, the sea gulls and mother Cary's chickens following the ship picking up the waste food that was thrown from the ship, and occasionally we could see large schools of porpoises, several thousand at a time. We saw a few sharks, but they seemed to be very scarce.

As we pasesd along the banks of Newfoundland it was surely cold, and we had some rain and wind and I thought the ship was getting pretty rocky, but was told by one of the crew that the ocean was unusually smooth. I thought then I didn't want to see it when it got rough.

The first land we saw on the other side was the coast of Ireland or rather three islands, which those Englishmen, for we were on an English vessel, called the "Bull," "Cow" and "Calf."

The Captain was very kind toward us, and seemed glad to tell us anything about the voyage. He called me to him just

before we landed and said: "You boys have had an unusually good time. I have been on this boat for twelve years, and this is as good if not the best voyage I have ever made."

We anchored in the river out from Liverpool on the 14th of June, on account of getting in after sun down, as vessels are not allowed to "dock" after sun down.

Early the next morning we had 500 bales of hay and 75 sacks of corn to land and then we were free once more—just like wild beasts turned out of a cage. A cab was standing near that would hold five by one sitting with the driver and we headed for Thos. Cook & Son's office, where we got exchange in English money for our money.

I don't like the English money. You can have a pocket full of the big, old coppers and they won't amount to much. Copper pieces as big as a dollar are worth only two cents. Their gold pieces were similar to ours, the "pound" was $4.86; "shilling" was 25c.; "Penny" was 2c. The "sovereign" gold piece was similar to our $2.50 gold pieces, and there is the "crown," "one-half crown," which was equal to 60c., and the "2 pence" piece, which was equal to 48 cents.

It is sometimes hard to distinguish these coins apart. There is no name on either of them by which you may know their value, but if I had two of them at the same time I could always tell by comparing them in size. It took me some time to learn this money, but I knew I must learn it and I didn't waste much time about it.

Just after we had gotten our money exchanged we all went to a restaurant to get our dinner. We all called for ice tea with our dinner. The waiters all stood around with their mouths open and asked first one and the other what is "ice tea." They had never heard of it before, so we took hot tea, and it was fine, and when I went to pay I took out a handfull of money and told them to take what I owed them. This way of doing your money would not last long. The next time I went to pay for anything I knew more what I was doing.

After dinner we went down to the docks, and in the latter part of the afternoon we went over to New Brighton, which

is a pleasure resort just across the river from Liverpool. The docks at Liverpool are grand and the finest in the world. They reach seven miles up and down the river.

At Cook's tourists' office we bought tickets to London, allowing stop-over privileges for ten days.

Before I go any farther I will tell you who Thos. Cook & Sons are: They are men who have offices in every large town in Europe. They sell tickets either independent or will sell you tickets with parties and send some one with you the whole trip no matter where you want to go. This is much more expensive than buying an independent ticket and go where you please and stop as long as you please. This is the kind we bought.

After leaving Liverpool Chester was our first stop. This is a pretty little city situated on the river Dee. Up this river a short distance is Westminister's Home. Walked around the walks of the city and spent one night there. We left early the next morning.

BIRMINGHAM, SHREWSBURY AND WARWICK—THESE BEING PLACES OF INTEREST.

Warwick Castle is something grand; it is enclosed by great walls, the entrance fee being 2 shillings, and by the Warwicks being away we were allowed to visit the rooms in the castle. I went through three rooms that Queen Anne occupied, and saw a table that she used that is worth $60,000. The whole top is laid in precious stones.

In one end of this castle was what was called the Grand Hall. This was filled with armor, guns, shields, spears, daggers and everything that pertains to war.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.

In this beautiful town situated on the river Avon lived the greatest man of literature. His house, the house he was born in, Anne Hathway Cottage, Trinity church and the school where he was educated are all well preserved.

The walls of the room in which Shakespeare was born are covered with names of those who have visited the house. About 1 1-2 feet from the floor is the name of Tom Thumb and wife, this supposing to be as high as they could reach. Shakespeare's Memorial Theatre is a grand structure, and in it, at a certain time of the year, his plays are acted.

I saw Anne Hathway's bed room, and it is furnished as it was when she used it. I also saw all the other rooms in the cottage. Among other noted people who were born and lived in this place, is John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University. I had the pleasure of seeing Marie Correlli in her Gondola in Stratford. She is not thought much of as a writer. A visit to this place alone is worth a trip to England. I enjoyed my stay there more than any one other place on my whole tour through Europe.

AT OXFORD.

Arriving here late in the afternoon we found a private boarding house on College Row. Early the next morning we went around to the University and looked up Mr. Horner Winston who is a North Carolinian and a nephew of Dr. Geo. T. Winston. Mr. Horner Winston is a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. We found him at Christ Church College. This great University is made up of twenty-three distinct colleges. Mr. Horner Winston is occupying the same room that Lord Salisbury did when he was a student there. Mr. Winston took us around over the University and down to the river where they practiced rowing. Every college has its own house built on a boat, a dressing room and a reception and writing room. After we had been all around we returned to his room, it being about 1 o'clock by this time, and when we entered his room we found the table set with plenty of good things to eat. So we had to take dinner with him, which was accepted with great pleasure.

WINDSOR.

We were very lucky in getting to this place when we did. Just seven miles from here is Ascot, where the Royal Ascot races were going on. We took a carriage and went right out to Ascot, and most of the drive was through the King's park in which are thousands of deer and antelope. These Royal Races at Ascot are considered one of the greatest affairs in England. We American-like pushed right up to the entrance of the grand stand that the King and all the nobility occupied. The nobility have a separate grand stand to the other people. If I had had one of those stove-pipe hats I think I would have walked right in anyway. After the races were over we came back to Windsor and watched the King pass by. I was in five feet of him as he passed by (Hooligan saw the King that time). We spent the rest of the afternoon looking at the castle and then we boarded the train for London.

S. O. P.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

THE MOSQUITO RAID.

(With apologies to Poe.)

Once upon an autumn dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a queer and curious creature, oft met with before.
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly I heard a buzzing
As of millions gently flapping, flapping all my chamber o'er.
"Those mosquitoes 'tis," I muttered, "flapping all my chamber o'er:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah distinctly I remember, 'twas a bright night of September,
And each fastly dying moonbeam wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I sought to borrow.
From the night surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost repose,
For the rare and blissful slumber which mankind has named repose:
Nameless here for ever more.
And the sad but certain rustling of those billed creatures buzzing
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors felt the night before;
So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating:
This it is and nothing more."
" 'Tis mosquitoes now entreating entrance all by body o'er."

And mosquitoes ever flitting, still are sitting, still are sitting, sitting around
On the pallid plaster all my chamber o'er;
And their eyes have all the gleaming of a demon that is dreaming,
As the sunlight o'er them streaming throws their shadows on the floor,
And my blood from out those shadows that lie floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

M. AND T.

THE PRACTICE OF DUELLING ENGAGED IN BY GERMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

The student life in Bonn is very different from the life of our American colleges and universities as indeed it is very different from that of other German universities. Each university seems to have an individuality and a particular patronage. In Bonn is a very large representation of the Ger-

man nobility with its consequent mode of life while in Halle there is altogether another class and very few of the nobility. There are certain customs, however, which are quite universal. The various Corps, Vereins, or as we express it, fraternities, are represented more or less in all the universities—Kneippe prevails quite generally as does the Mensur—a form of duelling.

The Corps are organized upon a social basis and therefore the lines of caste are very sharply drawn. Each organization has its characteristic colors which are worn as a band across the breast, extending from the shoulders to the waist. Usually this is accompanied by a cap of the predominating color. These caps are of two kinds—the Sturmer and Mutze. The Sturmer is only worn by the most advanced organizations. This of course refers to social prestige. Of the fifty-two Vereins in Bonn only seven societies wear the Sturmer. The Mutze is a plain cap of the predominating color of the society made of cloth or velvet, while the Sturmer is much like our soldier caps on a very exaggerated scale, and is made of silk. The members of the Corps which includes the Royalty wear a white Sturmer—their colors are black white, black. Bismark and the present Emperor were distinguished members of the Bonn Corps in the earlier days, and some interesting stories are told of their sojourn. It is said that the university prison still bears carvings upon the walls which go back to the time when Bismark was not an unfrequent visitor there. This prison, by the way, while it is a decided feature of the institution is used but very little in these later years, but in earlier days it was an important factor in education.

The Kneippe is a social gathering of the student corps in their society hall. These Kneippes occur sometimes every night during the week, and never fewer than two evenings a week are devoted to this function. Thy are purely social gatherings where the students drink, smoke and sing. While the Kneippe is not exactly a compulsory function yet a student in good standing is usually found at his post, and if he

does absent himself he is supposed to remain within the seclusion of his own domain and not indulge in social functions elsewhere.

Upon the lower class men or "Fuchse," as they are called, is this life most telling. During the first year at least, students as a class do not assume to study, and it is not uncommon for a young man to spend an entire semester (a term of five months) and hear not more than two lectures. Indeed their energies are usually expended in recovering from one Kneippe and getting ready for another. There is a proverb commonly heard in Bonn which translated says: "Freedom in teaching, freedom in learning," and the Bonn students see to it that this proverb is faithfully exemplified.

Usually the later years of college life are taken with more seriousness, although I have in mind one young man who is now spending his seventh year in Bonn, and is apparently no more ready for the final leave-taking than when he first appeared on the scene. Indeed the life seems each year to have new and added attractions.

When a student wishes seriously to work at the end of the second year he usually retires from active membership in the corps and is henceforth known as an "Alter Mann," (old man).

The Mensur seems quite universal among German students and dates back in history to the beginning of the twelfth century, when two famous knights engaged in combat. One was slain and the other received a wound on the face which left a scar for life. Perhaps it is not excessive to say that fully half of the students at Bonn duel. I can not say as to the number in Halle or Marburg, but I have seen a number of scars and very many students still in the bandage state. They are always conspicuously present on the streets and at classes just after an engagement.

This practice of duelling was very repulsive to me at first, but later it has seemed quite as rational to me as many of our sports, and it certainly is more humane than our present cus-

tom of hazing still in vogue in some of our American institutions—for here a student does not duel until he is prepared for his adversary.

In the first place a "Fuchs" (Freshman) is selected by his Corps or Verein to meet in combat a "Fuchs" from another society—often they are elected—occasionally chosen by lot. Then the fortunate man (for it is a great distinction to be called upon to uphold the honor of one's society) trains with the fencing master of the university until he is pronounced capable. The foes then meet in a wood during the warm season in the early hours of the morning or in a neighboring dorf during winter months, accompanied by their seconds, a surgeon and many admiring friends where they proceed to win honor and fame. The combat is not a serious matter for the dulellist is thoroughly protected. The ears are tied close to the head, the eyes, chest and neck are thoroughly protected. The left arm is fastened behind the back, and the right arm is so bound that the only possible movement is from the wrist, and the only vulnerable point is the head and face where he hopes to get a wound. It happens now and then that a nose or an ear is cut off, but small affairs of that kind are easily remedied. It is only rarely that students duel for offence and then of course things assume a more serious aspect. Usually all scores are settled with the "mensur" and sabre duelling is rarely resorted to except in very grievous affairs. There is a queer contradiction of conditions connected with the duel. Each man is bound to uphold the honor of his society and exert his highest skill, yet on the other hand the man who receives the greater wound is the greater hero. A great many methods are employed by the duellist to maintain a respectable scar, for in that is the chief glory.

Two important student festivals occurred while we were in Bonn, one on the 18th of January, the 200th anniversary of Prussian Independence, and the Kaiser's birthday on the 27th day of January. On the 18th of January the celebration consisted of a student procession, each Corps and Verein

being represented. They appeared in uniform and presented a handsome scene in their elaborately trimmed and many-colored jackets (of their corps color) their white trousers and patent leather pumps. With their banners streaming, accompanied by the university faculty, distinguished guests and numerous bands of music they proceeded to a point on the Rhine some two miles distant, where had recently been erected a monument to Bismark. Here proper exercise, songs and addresses by members of the faculty and representatives of societies were conducted. At dusk the company returned in torchlight procession to Bonn and according to an old custom they marched to the market square where the torches were burned in a huge bon-fire.

On the 27th of January, the Kaiser's birthday, we attended a great student gathering in Beethoven Halle, one of the largest concert halls of Bonn. The "Kommerse," as it is called, is only a Kneippe on a large scale intermixed with songs and addresses. The students in their bright-colored Kneippe jackets and picturesque caps, the officers of various corps gloriously arrayed in full uniform, which is very handsome and invariably becoming, occupied the main floor, while the ladies in their most charming gowns occupied the balcony. This gathering was dignified by a number of distinguished guests, university officials and professors.

When the rector of the university in his address suggested that the university women should be represented in the company and should sit side by side with their brothers, the applause was very vigorous—thus woman in higher education is making her way even in conservative Germany where now a woman's education is complete at the close of her sixteenth year.

It is a delight to hear the German students sing. This exercise is not limited to a Glee Club of a few superior voices, but all sing, and enjoy it, too. They sing everywhere, wherever two or three are gathered together in a social way, on a favorite walk, at a Kneippe or wherever it may be there is

always a song. I think I am safe in saying that their songs are more rational and far more musical than many of our college songs.

At 10:30 the ladies and guests retire from the hall, and then I am told that then things take a livelier turn—the songs grow more rollicksome and the evening advances to the early hours of morning before the end is reached. Often the various societies retire to their individual society halls to complete the occasion—that is when they are able to get there.

From our point of view the German student is not ideal, yet he is kind, generous, courteous, courageous, gallant and invariably good natured—these are many virtues and cover a multitude of faults—do they not?

Mrs. F. L. Stevens.

TO MARIE.

There lives a maid in Jersey land,
Away a hundred miles.
The love of all who know her well,
This maid of many smiles.

So full of life and love and fun,
An elfish sprite is she.
My love for you will never wane,
My darling "Little One."

Shrined in the portals of my heart,
A 'membrance sweet of thee.
Above my couch a picture hangs,
The face of you, my own Marie.

"Jibo."

THE ARM THAT DISAPPEARED.

There is so much that is ordinary and commonplace in this world of ours, that when anything extraordinary is brought to our knowledge we are inclined to believe it if it is within the bounds of reasonableness, but let it even seem impossible or be tinged with supernaturalness, then we at once become skeptics.

The tale that follows, while it may shake your faith in my veracity, is nevertheless a true account of an extraordinary happening. I have given all details, and you can draw your own conclusions.

About the middle of March, several years ago, chance found me in the little village of Killarney, in southern Scotland. Excepting the weekly paper it was a typical village such as dot the rugged highlands of that country.

One evening, supper being over in the inn, I strolled in the gathering twilight up the narrow road leading to the ford. Being in somewhat of a meditative mood I seated myself beside the rushing, tumbling waters of the stream, and was lost in the contemplation of their beauty. A light touch on my shoulder and the words, "Pardon me for my intrusion on your thoughts, but are you not Prof. Irving, of Harvard College," caused me to turn rather abruptly to face the speaker. In a single glance, for I am a close observer, I saw a man of perhaps forty years of age, of ordinary build and with an unusually strong face and eyes that shone with magnetic brilliancy, about his mouth there played a decidedly friendly smile as he waited for me to answer.

"While my answer is in the affirmative, I must also state that you have the advantage of me," I replied.

"Well, now since I have left my card case at home," he said, "and to tell the truth I find but little use for it around here, I am forced to reveal myself in the old-fashioned way. To you I am T. Sidney Jerrold; to the scientific world I am

Jerrold the archæologist and chemist. My object in addressing you was to interest you in a rather elaborate scientific experiment that I am about to perform. It is rather chilly out here, so if we could go to your room where there would be no possibility of our conversation being overheard, I think that I can interest you somewhat."

Now I am not in the habit of getting interested in such vague statements, but there was something in the magnetic personality of the man and in his evident earnestness that caused me to ask him to my room.

Seated in my room a few minutes later, he studied for some time the leaping flames of the open fire before him.

"Professor," he began, "in order that I may make clear my motive in introducing myself to you at this unseemly hour, you will pardon me if I give you a brief history of my past up to the present hour." Then he began on a tale that held my interest from beginning to end and which I here give you as well as I can remember:

"At the age of twenty-five I was graduated from the School of Archæology, in Berlin. Soon after my graduation I accepted a position as assistant to Sir Thomas Mallory, of the Royal Archæological Society of Great Britain, who at this time was making preparations for a trip to central Egypt, the object being the exploration of some pyramids near Pthebes.

"In this work the value of my college course was clearly shown. I made myself indispensable to Sir Thomas, who in return for my enthusiastic services often gave me much valuable information in regard to the ancient Egyptians, their customs, religion and all that pertained to the magnificent race of men who could, with their wonderful machines, build everlasting monuments of massive stones, the construction of which even in our time would tax the brains of the best engineers. On the art of embalming, in which the Egyptians were masters, he was especially well read, and often experimented in a vain attempt to find their secret. Truly they were a remarkable race of people.

"One day we made a remarkable find. Beneath the largest

pyramid of the group we unearthed a sarcophagus hewn out of solid rock. With some difficulty we managed to open it and found inside a mummy swathed in bandages from head to foot as was the usual custom with the Egyptian embalmers. A roll of papyrus on which was numerous hieroglyphics attracted our attention. After some time we managed to decipher it as follows: 'Here lies Menarkes, High Priest of the Temple of Isis. Cursed be he who disturbs my rest. His blood shall be upon his own head.' Well now that made me feel rather creepy, and I wanted to leave the disciple of Isis where we found him, as I did not like the idea of going through life with the curse of an antiquated Egyptian priest hanging over my head. But Sir Thomas laughed my fears away, and we set to work to get the wrappings off the body. This was no easy task as the pitch or cement that held the layers together resisted our efforts to peel it off, and we finally had to resort to our knives, cutting it off in pieces. All this while a not altogether unpleasant balsamic odor arose from the mummy and the pitchy wrappings. As the last bandage was peeled from the face of the mummy we both sprang back in surprise. I have looked into the faces of a raging mob of starving peasants as they called down curses upon the cause of their misery; I have watched the face of a raving maniac and shrank in terror from the caged beast, but I have never seen a more horrible looking face on a man in my life. The sight haunts me to this day. The thin lips tightly drawn over the toothless gums, the ape-like expression, these all contributed to make the face a terrible looking one. The flesh was firm to the touch and but slightly discolored, due no doubt to the embalming fluid. In fact the body looked as of one in a hypnotic trance. We packed the mummy in a case, and it was shipped to England. To make a long story short, we finished our explorations and returned to England where we parted, I coming here to my ancestral home, where I am at the present living with but one faithful servant.

"My story might terminate here, but I have still stranger things to tell. Several weeks ago I was shocked to read in the paper of the sudden death of Sir Thomas. It seems that Sir Thomas was found dead in his laboratory with the imprint of finger nails on his throat, the conclusion being that he came to his death by strangulation at the hands of persons unknown. Careful search was made for the murderer, but no clues were found. The writer went on to comment on the untimely death of Sir Thomas, saying that had he lived longer he soon would have announced his discovery of the secrets of the ancient embalmers, he at the time of his death being at work in his laboratory, his body being found surrounded by the various paraphernalia of the chemist's art and near him the body of a mummy on which he had evidently been experimenting.

"I thought no more of Sir Thomas' death except as a sad occurrence, when a few days later a letter reached me addressed in his handwriting. It was dated the night before his death and had been delayed on its way to me. The letter I shall read you:

" 'DEAR JERROLD:—You remember that several weeks ago I spoke of my intention to examine the mummy that we found in such a perfect state of preservation, in order that I might know the secrets of the ancients in regard to embalming. Well my boy, I am on the threshold of fame. Success is near at hand. To-morrow night I expect to know the secret. I ought to be happy over the prospect, but I have a dim foreboding that all is not right, that something is going to happen and that Something will vitally affect me. You know me too well to believe that I am superstitious in the least, but when I feel as if some one was dogging my footsteps; when that sensation as of a presence behind me comes over me in overwhelming force, then my thoughts involuntarily turn to that underground tomb in the Egyptian pyramid. The one in which we found the curse that so unnerved you. But this is all trash. Granting that those people were possessed of extra-

ordinary powers in the "Black Art," one would indeed be a fool to think that their incantations could affect anyone centuries later. Will let you hear from me later.

'T. MALLORY.'

"Yes, Sir Thomas was right. The Something did affect him. But to my story. I have purchased the mummy found in his laboratory and intend to take up Sir Thomas' experiment where he left off, as I have all of his notes. I would like to have you assist me. You are a man of science, and the experiment will interest you. Will you help me?"

I glanced at the clock; the hour was late. The story had been long but interesting, for I have always had a leaning to the mysterious, and this delving into the secrets of those who have been dead for centuries savored decidedly of the mysterious to me. My decision was made. "It will give me pleasure to assist you," I answered, "and it is to be hoped that we will have better luck than the unfortunate Sir Thomas."

"It is to be hoped," he fervently replied.

The striking of the hour broke the silence that followed his last words. "I must be going," he said, "you will be ready to go to-morrow at nine."

"Yes, but surely you are not going at this late hour," I hurriedly said.

He refused to stay, saying that as the moon was bright and the walk not long, he would go, though thanking me again for consenting to help him.

A few minutes later I chanced to look out upon the moonlit moor. A few hundred yards from the house I could see my late visitor, and as he walked he now and then would take a glance over his shoulder as if to see something. The moon was behind him, and as I looked—did I see a shadow behind him or was it only a creation of my fancy.

The next night found me at the home of Mr. Jerrold. On entering the laboratory the first object that met my gaze was

the mummy. His description of the mummy's face had not been exaggerated, a more hideous face I have never seen. But one thing surprised me, and Jerrold had not mentioned it. Perhaps he had forgotten it. One arm of the mummy was severed at the elbow. And it was a mighty arm, the ridges of undulating, sinewy muscles and those long, lean fingers. Surely the owner was a mighty man in his day. How those long, claw-like fingers could sink into the throat of a man and stop the very life-breath in his body! The thought was not pleasant. Jerrold's voice from the other side of the room caused me to turn. "Professor," he was saying, "we will take a smoke while this analyzing mixture is boiling. We can talk over the best method of procedure in this case, and in this way eliminate those methods which would not afford us any help. By elimination we arrive at perfection, you know.

As I followed him up stairs, I wondered at the sudden change in his demeanor. The night before, at the end of his visit, he seemed serious enough, and now he seemed suddenly to have become in high spirits.

A few minutes later as we sat in the library, the sound of a muffled explosion came through the closed door. Jerrold sprang up from his chair. "Only a flask overheated. Will be back in a few minutes," and the door closed behind him.

I waited for perhaps fifteen minutes and Jerrold did not return. I waited a few minutes more and then hesitated no longer as a wisp of blue smoke came through the keyhole, and a pungent odor filled my nostrils. In less time than it takes to tell I had reached the laboratory door and pushed it open. The room was full of smoke; dense, biting, suffocating smoke. In a glance I took in the details of the scene: the shattered flask, the mummy and—did my eyes deceive me or not. A second glance. *The severed arm had disappeared.* And then—My God! can I never forget it, I saw Jerrold in the middle of the room, his face and lips livid, his eyes starting from their sockets and his hands frantically beating the air

in front of him as if to hit some one who was not there. As I stood and looked, powerless to move, his hands fell limp to his side, his head bent over on his breast and, as he fell to the floor with a crash, the whole room burst into flames. My brain reeled. I grew dizzy, and with a noise as of a thousand demoniac shrieking voices in my ears, I fell unconscious.

The next day I awoke to find myself in bed with my head and hands bandaged and smarting from a thousand burns. At my request the nurse brought me a mirrow. My hair, so dark the night before, was now as white as the driven snow. The morning paper lay near. I feverishly grasped it. Under the glaring headlines "Mysterious Fire" I read the following:

Last night the home of our distinguished citizen, Mr. Jerrold, was destroyed by fire. The origin of the fire is yet unknown as the entire house was in flames when first discovered. We regret to say that Mr. Jerrold lost his life in the flames, and it was only by heroic work on the part of the rescurers that a friend who was visiting Mr. Jerrold was rescued from the same horrible death. He was discovered in an unconscious condition in what was Mr. Jerrold's laboratory, and at the time when this paper went to the press he is still unconscious. Near the charred body of Mr. Jerrold was found a charred heap of bones, evidently the remains of a one-armed man, as the bones of the lower arm were not found with the others. It is with some degree of curiosity that we await the return to consciousness of Mr. Jerrold's friend as we are anxious to know something of the origin of the fire. It may be that he can also throw some light on the mystery that surrounds the identity of the unknown person whose bones were found near the body of Mr. Jerrold.

H. L. H.

WHO'S AFRAID?

The wise physicians tell us there is danger in a kiss;
That dire distress may reach us through that avenue of bliss.
They say that with the honey men are all so prone to sip
The dreadfulest bacteria may pass from lip to lip.
The osculative greetings that awaken happy thrills
May bring us months of sickness and a lot of doctor bills.
But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty maid
He's apt to say: "Oh, hang the quacks!
Plague take them! Who's afraid?"

SELECTED.

Locals

Mr. J. H. Pierce, '05, visited his brother here a few days ago.

Dr. Roy Huntley, of Wadesboro, spent a few days with his many friends at college recently.

The State Fair is over and the next interruption of college duties will occur on Thanksgiving Day.

We regret to say that, as this goes to the press, "Judge" Ewart is very ill in the hospital. We all hope for "Judge" a speedy recovery.

Mr. E. H. Rooney, of New Bedford, Mass., representing the Whitin Machine Co., was here a few days ago placing a comber in the Textile Department.

The many friends of Mr. J. P. Lovill, '06, who went home with fever will be glad to know that he is improving and expects to return to college in a few days.

A feature of the Fair was the elaborate display of the college bakery, the most important feature of which was a glass of up-to-date "slush." But the boys had rather see cakes and pies on the table than in an exhibit.

Many of the boys fathers took advantage of the fair to visit the college and take their sons down town where they could get something better to eat than A. & M. grub. What a misfortune the Fair does not come more often!

We are very much indebted to some one for the ninety-foot flag pole which has recently been erected on the campus. The Stars and Stripes now float over us every day. The flag pole does much to improve the looks of the campus.

The college exhibit at the Fair this year was very good, and showed much work and care on the part of both students and instructors. A lady was heard to remark that it was the best display on the grounds, so you see the effect of keeping things in order.

Boys, don't "swipe" the lights from the bath room. If you have none in your room go to Mr. Hewlett who has charge of them and ask for one, and if you can't get it take up a collection and buy one, but don't take them out of the bath room and leave us all in the dark.

The students were given Wednesday to attend the Fair, and as the female colleges all went that day, everybody had a big time talking to his best girl and showing her things of interest. Thursday the Battalion joined in the President's parade and marched in review with several companies of militia. The spectators gave a unanimous consent that the boys made the best appearance and drilled better than any other company in the parade.

Many of the former students took in the Fair and looked in on their friends at college. The following are some of them: "Iky" Hoffman, J. S. P. Carpenter, Daughtridge, Copeland, Davis, Huffman, Chas. Ross, Page, R. F. Gardner, W. O. Crump, W. R. Bailey, Franklin, C. G. Nichols, Pepper, "Shake" Pearson, J. C. Bell, Summers, Borden, Carroll Moore, "Chick" McCaskill, Bob Howard, Gaylord, R. R. Holt, J. Y. Bonner, S. H. Smith, H. M. Lilly, Sedberry, Noah Adams, Burnes and Wiley.

At the last meeting of the Electrical Society Prof. Paine lectured on "High Potential Currents," illustrating with experiments. Very beautiful effects were produced by electric discharges through rapidly rotating vacuum tubes. Every electrical student should join the society and be benefitted by the good work that it is doing.

The Thalerian German Club gave their opening dance Friday night, Oct. 13, in the Olivia Raney Hall. Music was furnished by Robertson's Band. The dance was gracefully led by Mr. Lewis Winston with Miss Thorpe, of Asheville, ably assisted by Mr. Sidney Tomlinson with Miss Irene Lacy. The following couples were present:

Mr. R. H. Harper with Miss Emily Higgs; Mr. L. T. Winston with Miss Thorpe, of Asheville; Mr. R. R. Faison with Miss Grace Grey; Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Irene Lacy; Mr. T. M. Lykes with Miss Mary Barbee; Mr. L. Moore with Miss Mildred Perry; Mr. C. D. Harris with Miss Margarette Smallwood; Mr. J. D. Clarke with Miss Lillie Ferrall; Mr. G. Harris with Miss Nannie Rogers; Mr. B. B. Lattimore with Miss Sallie Surratt; Mr. J. C. Kendall with Miss Mary Smedes; Mr. R. H. Smith with Miss Elizabeth Rogers; Mr. W. A. Allen with Miss Jessamine Higgs; Mr. R. Long with Miss Kate Barbee; Mr. J. O. Shuford with Miss Selma Glazebrook; Mr. C. L. Mann with Miss Eason, of S. C.; Mr. E. N. Pegram with Miss Carrie Thomas; Mr. G. Smith with Miss Kate Thorn.

Stags.—Messrs. D. M. Clark, W. M. Peck, H. Beebe, W. N. Holt, C. K. McClelland, C. W. Hodges, J. L. Primrose, P. W. Hardie.

Chaperones.—Mrs. Andrews, Miss Mattie Higgs.

A most important social affair was the supper given to the Senior Class by President Winston in celebration of his 53rd birthday. This was elegantly served in the private dining

room of Giersch's cafe, which was beautifully decorated with the college and class colors. President Winston was presented with a handsome and massive silver dish appropriately engraved. The following toasts were responded to during the evening:

"The College," President Winston; "The Class," Lieutenant Lovill; "The Battalion," Major Knox; "The Band," Captain Piver; "Athletics," Lieutenant Lykes; "Textiles," Captain Robertson; "Agriculture," Cadet Etheridge; "Engineering," Lieutenant Clark; "The Press," Cadet Escott; "The Girls," Quartermaster Tomlinson; "The Soldier," Commandant Heaton.

MENU:

Blue Points

Celery

Spanish Mackerel, Broiled, Saratoga Potatoes
Filet of Beef, Mignon

Julien Potatoes Green Peas

Chicken Salad

Ice Cream and Cake

Coffee

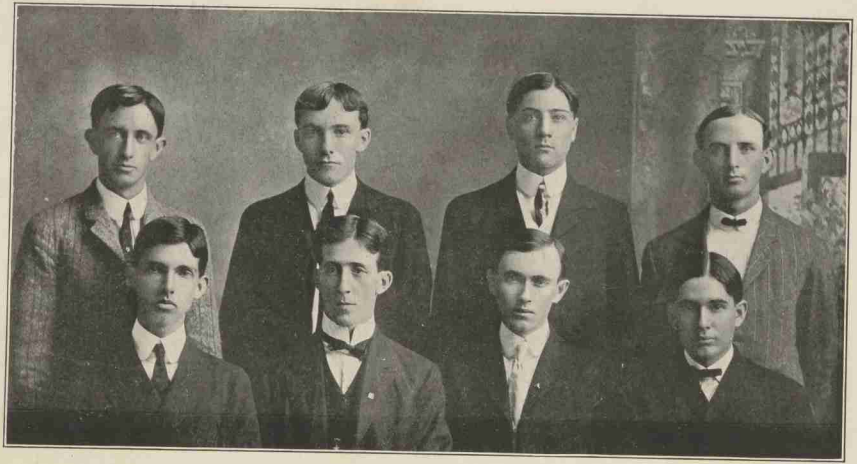
SENIOR CLASS ROLL.

Abernethy, D. S., Allen, G. G., Asbury, G. P., Baker, W. W., Beavers, J. C., Bell, N. E., Black, K. L., Brock, W. F., Buys, W. A., Chesbro, M. H., Clardy, C. C., Clark, D. M., Clarke, J. D. Jr., Clark, J. W., Clark, S. H., Clay, W. T., Cox, D. A., Cromartie, A. D., Edwards, L. V., Edgerton, B. B., Ellis, W. T., Escott, A. E., Etheridge, W. C., Ewart, J. B., Foster, S. W., Gregory, A. W., Hamilton, H. L., Hewlett, C. W., Higgs, J. A. Jr., Huband, W. C., Hodges, C. W., Jordan, L. L., Knox, W. G., Lipe, M. P., Lovill, J. P., Lykes, T. M., McLendon, H. S., Maxwell, R., Moore, J. E., Moore,

L., Morrison, J. G. Jr., Myrick, J. C., Niven, C. F., Niven, L. A., Oden, L. M., Ogburn, T. J., Parker, C. E., Perkins, S. O., Piver, A. B., Piver, W. C., Robertson, D. W., Talton, T. J., Tillman, R. H., Tomlinson, W. S., Tull, R., Tuttle, J. C., Uzzell, R. P., Valaer, Peter, Vaughan, L. L., Williams, J. H., Winston, L. T.

The following men were taken into the Thalerian German Club last week:

Beebe, Council, Clark, D. M., Coffin, Faison, Grey, M., James, R. C., Kenley, Lovill, Lattimore, B. B., Long, R., Major, Peck, Primrose, Shaw, Shuford, Smith, G., Smith, R. H., Thompson, Walters.



Y. M. C. A. DELEGATES TO STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

Y. M. C. A.

THE SOUTHERN STUDENT CONFERENCE.

The Southern Student Conference of Y. M. C. A. leaders that was held at Asheville School, Asheville, N. C., this summer, beginning June 17, and continuing ten days, was by far the most successful meeting that the Conference has ever held. There were more universities, colleges and high schools represented, and more earnestness and enthusiasm permeated the entire Conference than in any previous session. Each delegate seemed on a special mission from his institution to gain all the possible information in theory and practice, and to learn the best methods of conducting associational work.

The Asheville School is located about five miles from Asheville on an elevation commanding magnificent views of some of the most beautiful scenery in Western North Carolina. The beauty of the surrounding country, the hospitality of the principals of the Asheville School, the athletic opportunities, including the splendid athletic field, tennis courts and lake for swimming, all combined to make the place an ideal one for the Conference. The cool mountain air kept the boys in fine condition for work.

The Conference Faculty consisted of twenty members who were specialists in each of their departments. John R. Mott, Robert E. Spears and A. J. Elliott, of N. Y., deserve special mention, for their addresses alone were worth many times the expense of the entire trip. They filled our hearts with higher and nobler aspirations every time they lectured.

One hour each day the entire Conference was assembled to discuss the peculiar problems that confronted each of the associations, and the best methods of solving these problems. This hour was conducted by Mr. W. D. Weatherford, Southern Student Secretary. There were classes in Foreign Mis-

sion work, Home Mission work, Volunteer Movement and Normal Mission work. There were also very large classes in "Present Day Problems in Our Cities and Towns, and How to Manage Them," and the Personal Workers' Class. These classes were so scheduled that the delegates could join as many as he had time for.

This Conference is a powerful factor in shaping the voluntary religious activities of Southern students. This year there were sixty-six universities, colleges and high schools represented from most of the Southern States. The delegations from institutions have constantly grown year by year until those institutions are few and isolated that do not make an effort to secure the advantages of the Conference by sending a strong delegation of picked men to represent them. The Students Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations had the direction of the Conference with the co-operation of the State committees of the territories in which it served. It's well known purpose is to deepen the spiritual life of the student; to train them for leadership in organized Christian work in their own institutions and to open up for them opportunities for Christian service after leaving college. The entire program is always carefully prepared to this end, and the speakers, teachers, and leaders have been chosen because of their fitness in life, in scholarship and experience, to help students to grapple with problems which they are meeting both in their own lives and in their associations.

The afternoons were devoted exclusively to recreation. A series of base-ball games were arranged and played between different states with great enthusiasm. We are proud to state that in these hard fought games that North Carolina won the championship in base-ball, and the captain of this team was G. P. Asbury of the A. and M. College. Tennis, track meets, golf, swimming, mountain climbing and excursions were some of the delightful forms of recreation. In the swimming contest, J. A. Boone, of A. and M., come out

third in excellence in the fifty-yard dash. One afternoon the Conference ran an excursion train over to the Biltmore estate, which is owned by George W. Vanderbilt. This was by far the most enjoyable afternoon of the whole Conference. Seventy-five miles of macadamized road wound around in beatiful curves all through the estate. The beautiful French Broad river runs through it, too, and on its banks are cultivated fields of corn, wheat, oats, rye and barley. The truck and vegetable farms, the dairy department, with the herd of cattle, and the fine show of hogs were objects of special comment by the excursionists.

This year the A. and M. College sent as their representatives Messrs. J. H. Williams, G. P. Asbury, M. H. Chesbro, C. A. Niven, L. A. Niven, D. Y. Middleton, J. A. Boone, and J. H. Henley. Let us so unite our efforts and hearts this year that A. and M. may be able to send a much larger delegation next year to this world-wide movement that is doing so much for college men.

J. H. HENLEY,
Corresponding Secretary.

The Red and White

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
OF THE
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS.

SUBSCRIPTION:
One year, ... $1.00. Single copy, ... , 15 cents.
For sale by Members of the Staff.

Entered in the West Raleigh post-office as second-class mail matter.

Students, Professors, Alumni, and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items of interest. Contributions should be signed by the writer's name and sent to the Editor-in-Chief; and all subscriptions to the Business Manager.
Advertising rates furnished on application.

PRIZES ARE OFFERED FOR THE BEST ESSAY, THE BEST STORY AND THE BEST POEM.

STAFF:

H. L. HAMILTON, ... Editor-in-Chief.
J. W. CLARK, ... Business Manager.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

A. E. ESCOTT, }
M. H. CHESBRO, } . . . . . Science.
W. C. ETHERIDGE, ... Athletics.
J. E. MOORE, ... Literary.
G. G. ALLEN, }
J. P. LOVIL, } . . . . . Local.
L. T. WINSTON, }
T. J. OGBURN, ... Comic.
W. F. BROCK, ... Exchange.

This year there is a deplorable lack of enthusiasm in regard to football. What is the reason for this? Is it because we haven't a good team? It can't be that, for our team this year is composed of the best material we have ever had. Is it because we have lost one game? That should not cause us to be less hopeful of the future. Is it because we have no such leaders as "Kid" Smith, Siefert and Graydon? Yes. Right here is the rub. We need a leader to start "rooting" clubs, to stir up enthusiasm, and to wake you sleepy fellows up. Wake up, you sluggards, and get some life in you! Get out on the side lines and cheer the boys when they play good

ball. Organize "rooting" clubs, and do some systematic "rooting" like we did last year. The game with Carolina is near at hand. If there is not a decided change in the spirit of the student body very soon, the chances in that game will be two to one against us. It is up to some fellow to start the ball to rolling. Why not you?

* * *

In our last issue we announced that prizes would be given for the best essay, the best poem and the best story. The value of these prizes will be five dollars each. Two being given by well-wishers of the RED AND WHITE, and one by the management of the RED AND WHITE. The conditions governing the contest are as follows: First, that the writer be not a member of the RED AND WHITE staff or the faculty; second; that the essay, story or poem be wholly original; and third, that the writer's name be signed in full. All contributions in the September and October numbers of the RED AND WHITE that comply with these conditions will be considered in the contest.

* * *

We again urge you to contribute to the RED AND WHITE. We want to know what you know, and see what you can do. What we need most are stories. Send us a story, and if it is returned with a few hints as to how it can be improved, don't drop it and swear that you'll never write another one. Make the improvements. Try it again. You will succeed in nine cases out of ten. The scientific articles are all right in their place, but it takes two or three good stories to add a little spice to a magazine. Hold up your end fellows. Don't let the staff do it all.

* * *

The RED AND WHITE extends its sincere thanks to Mrs. Stevens for her interesting contribution and we hope that we will be honored by more in the future.

We wish to get as complete a list as possible of the graduates and their present addresses and we will appreciate it if you will help us out in this. Write the name and address on a slip of paper and hand it to some member of the staff.

We are convinced that the following needs to be published. There are spots on the sun, and we are no exception.

* * *

HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your classmate's copy—just be a sponge.

2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a discourager.

3. Never hand in news items, and criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.

4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or "sosiety" when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.

5. Tell your neighbor that you can get Frank Merrill's for less money—be a squeeze.

6. If you can't hustle and help make the magazine a success—be a corpse.—Ex.

* * *

On the 11th of October five of the Senior Privates were sent by their classmates to interview President Winston and ask that the Senior Privates be allowed to continue as at first to form their own company for meals and Chapel, without roll call. The committee stated that they were making no demand, but simply a request, and when Dr. Winston refused to grant the request the committee retired peaceably, and the Senior Privates have since been attending roll calls, with few absences, under command of the officer appointed by the Commandant. Therefore, it grieves us that such a note of

alarm as the following should have been sent to the home of every Senior:

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 12, 1905.

DEAR SIR:—It grieves me to write you that a movement is on foot to array those members of the Senior Class who are not officers, in opposition to the regulations and authority of the college. A movement of the same sort last year threw the college into much disorder, and seriously interfered with its work. We all realize that an end must come to such performances.

The college is located on the outskirts of the city, and therefore there are many temptations to young men away from home and free from other control. Our experience shows the necessity of exercising proper authority over our students, in order that they may be profitably employed in getting an education instead of forming habits of idleness and vice. We think we are already allowing as much liberty as is safe.

Will you please communicate with your son, and urge him to comply with all the laws of the college.

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. WINSTON, *President.*

We have it on "official" authority that the Senior Privates would not fight the issue on so small a matter, and that they will continue to assist in upholding the laws of the college. They acknowledge that "thus conscience does make cowards of us all," and besides, "makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Exchanges

As the editor takes up his pen for the second time, a spirit of sadness steals over him, for it is beyond his comprehension why the different exchange editors don't send out their magazines more regularly and promptly. The editor has very little comment to make upon the few magazines received. On the whole they are fair representatives of their different colleges. Some one has said "That a college is known by its publications and its standing in athletics." If this be true, why not begin at once, and by a united, determined effort make your college magazine the best publication of its kind in the State?

The first publication to reach us was the Trinity Archieve. The Archieve for September is an exceptionally good edition, and we congratulate the editors on their successful effort to maintain the Archieve's enviable reputation. The biographical sketch of the late Secretary of State, John Hay, is well written and worth anyone's perusal. The "Trent Affair," an incident of the Civil War, is well told and shows the writer to be a student of history. The "Case of Peter Blair" is one of the best stories we have had the pleasure of reading for some time—it has the quality which is so often lacking in short stories—originality.

The Davidson College Magazine comes to our table a welcome visitor. "North Carolina and the Motto," a prize oration, deserves especial mention. The author shows that he is not only familiar with his subject, but his choice of words is most excellent and transition—the one great drawback of a young orator-perfect. Let us hear from you again Lacy! "Passing." In reading this article one of the most impressive scenes that one can meet with is pictured. The author pictures to you the scene of that remnant army which fought and bled for the "lost cause." He uses the scene at the last re-

union, and by induction points out the cruelty of these reunions. We heartily agree with the author. Something should be substituted for these reunions. Of the poetry—but "Violin Symphonies" can sing its own praises:

An old man sits by a smold'ring grate,
A violin held to his withered chin;
And as unraveled by the book of fate
The symphonies sweet of his life begin.

First, to memory rollicking jigs recall
The graceful figures of the old quadrille,
The laughing, singing crowd, the old Lawn Hall,
That seemed with music and life to fill.

Himself, handsome youth, leader of the throng,
Merrily called the old familiar names.
The violin now seems to burst in song,
Recalling words his mouth no longer frames.

Beside him walked with modest blush
His partner—his sweetheart with eyes of blue.
Upon this thought the music seems to hush,
To bring a tenderer sweeter touch to view.

Then as though nestling at his sweetheart's cheek,
Where oft it rested in the long ago,
A softer, tenderer voice seemed to speak
An old love song sets every nerve aglow.

How often, when such music quaintly sweet
Had woven 'round the pair a mystic spell,
He'd whisper words he'd oft again repeat,
And once again the old, old story tell.

At such a time as this, the promise true
Was made that she would be his bride;
And then upon his faded coat of blue
Her burning blushes she had sought to hide.

A fuller, richer music now is heard,
Like chiming of the mellow wedding bells,
For melody attunes with sacred word,
And vows are truest when the music swells.

A radiant, glittering fairy had she seemed,
Fulfillment of his fondest hopes and prayers;
The lovely vision he had often dreamed,
To even touch her now he scarcely dares.

There seems to him no greater height of bliss,
The violin expresses all his joy
He'd felt when first he pressed the marriage kiss;
Remembrance sweet which nothing could destroy.

But now a darkly somber note, and sad,
Expressed with a wail a lonely heart;
The pangs of sorrow—driving reason mad,
Since death had called the loving pair apart.

The music had been played when, cold and white,
She'd answer ne'er again his warm caress,
Expressing naught but grief—the darkest night,
With all its pangs of hopelessness.

But now a sweeter, joyful, hopeful strain
Brings vision of a land beyond the skies
An angel form he hopes to see again.
A burst of melody—then the music dies.

We wish to acknowledge with pleasure the following exchanges: Trinity Archieve, Tar Heel, Carnell County Man, Sewanee Purple, The Skiff, The Davidson College Magazine, The S. O. H. S. College Topics, Georgia Tech. and Case Tech.

"Just Us"

Who was it when the 'phone bell rang, placed the wrong end of the receiver to his ear, then just stood there? When asked by a by-stander why he didn't say something, replied that it was up to the fellow at the other end of the line to start the conversation. He then left the receiver hanging by the wires and walked off.

Dr. Summey.—"The same words occurring over and over again are apt to become monotonous to the audience and produce sleep."

First Boy, shaking Second.—"Wake up!"

"Babe" Wilson studies with his feet in the air to allow his brains to run down into his head—where they should be.

Wanted, by Senior privates.—Thirty-two gold bands for their new caps. The price is no consideration.

Huband says that all his money is in unpaid bills.

Ask Lambe which building at B. U. W. he visited.

Both Hunter Smith and Huband, it is said, won their military honors chasing rabbits. Now it's up to "Reek" Battie, or Grimes (C) to chase a few.

Patrick (student at A. & M.)—"Faith, Moike, what koind of mate was that ye had f'r dinner to-day?"

Mike (another).—"F'rgive the expression, but Patrick it looked as how it came fr'm a slop barrel, and tasted very little better."

Ask Prof. Burkett if it is funny to have holes chewed in your Panama hat by a cotton-picking machine.

Thursday of Fair Week while the A. & M. boys were drilling past him, one old colored brother exclaimed: "Dem A. & M. fellers has gut 'em all skunt."

THE FATE OF THE "SKEETER."

A "skeeter" lit on my finger
And made a hole in my hide.
But long he didn't linger,
For there is where he died.

He never knew his last breath
So quickly came the end.
No one came to mourn his death,
For he had not a friend.

Attention, "skeeters!" far and wide.
Advice I give you know.
Keep off the white man's dirty hide,
Or there'll surely be a row.

The other day Hunter was tugging at one of the soot box doors in the boiler house, and upon being asked what he was trying to do he replied: "O, darn it, I want some fire, but it's gone out."

College Bulletin

Y. M. C. A.

President ..... S. O. Perkins
Vice-President ..... M. H. Chesbro
Secretary ..... J. P. Spoon
Treasurer ..... T. J. Ogburn
Devotional Leader ..... J. H. Williams

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President ..... T. M. Lykes
Vice-President ..... Reid Tull
Secretary ..... G. T. Hinshaw
Treasurer ..... Lacy Moore
Graduate Manager ..... C. D. Harris

FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Manager ..... C. W. Hodges
Assistant Manager ..... R. H. Smith
Captain ..... A. W. Gregory
Coach ..... Whitney

BASE BALL TEAM.

Manager ..... S. H. Clarke
Assistant Manager ..... J. L. Hemphill
Captain ..... W. G. Knox

LEAZAR LITERARY SOCIETY.

President ..... G. P. Asbury
Vice-President ..... J. H. Henley
Secretary ..... W. B. Truitt
Treasurer ..... W. C. Huband
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... G. R. Hardesty

PULLEN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President.....J. E. Moore
Vice-President.....L. R. Tillet
Secretary.....H. W. Keuffner
Treasurer.....J. C. Myrick
Librarian.....R. S. Graves
Chaplain.....J. T. Gardner

TENERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President.....R. H. Tillman
Vice-President.....L. F. Koonce
Treasurer.....T. D. Williams
Censor.....J. T. Eaton
Sergeant-at-Arms.....E. W. Isely

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

President.....H. L. Hamilton
Vice-President.....J. P. Bivens
Secretary and Treasurer.....J. C. Tuttle
Librarian.....W. C. Huband

RURAL SCIENCE CLUB.

President.....C. F. Nivin
Vice-President.....J. T. Eaton
Secretary.....J. H. Henley

BIOLOGICAL CLUB.

President.....M. H. Chesbro
Vice-President.....J. H. Henley
Recording Secretary.....M. P. Lipe
Corresponding Secretary.....L. M. Oden

GLEE CLUB.

President.....G. P. Asbury
Manager.....A. E. Escott
Librarian.....S. T. Carleton

TENNIS CLUB.

President.....W. F. Brock
Vice-President.....A. E. Escott
Secretary and Treasurer.....C. C. Clardy
Business Manager.....L. T. Winston

SENIOR CLASS.

President.....J. P. Lovill
Vice-President.....L. Moore
Secretary.....W. C. Piver
Treasurer.....A. E. Escott
Historian.....H. L. Hamilton
Poet.....W. C. Etheredge
Prophet.....J. E. Moore

JUNIOR CLASS.

President.....J. O. Shuford
Vice-President.....R. H. Carter
Secretary.....V. Sykes
Treasurer.....C. C. Dawson
Historian.....L. J. Herring
Poet.....W. B. Truitt

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President.....W. L. Black
Vice-President.....W. P. Ashecroft
Secretary.....H. A. Privett
Treasurer.....L. H. Couch
Historian.....J. T. Gardner