

The Red and White

NOVEMBER, 1905

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

WILL APPEAR DECEMBER 15.

We have no hesitation in saying that the Christmas number will be the best ever sent out of the college. The Literary Department will contain a large collection of short stories, some of them by last year's staff, essays and poems. The Local and Comic Departments will be unusually large. Besides a picture of the 'Varsity there will be several pages of illustrations.

Extra copies 20 cents each.

NOTICE

There are some who have not yet paid their subscriptions. They will greatly oblige the business manager if they will pay up at once. The magazine is paid for when it is published, and unless you fellows pay up, you will put the business manager in an embarrassing position. Make all remittances payable to John W. Clark, Business Manager.

The Red and White

Vol. VII WEST RALEIGH, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 3

TRADE LITERATURE AS PRACTICAL TEXTS.

Take all the text-books on most subjects of applied science and engineering and destroy them today,—study and instruction could go on to-morrow with a technical literature extremely varied and complete. This literature is composed of the trade publications of manufacturers,—that is, their catalogs, bulletins, tables, and treatises. The best of them, from the most successful manufacturers, are prepared by experts more thoroughly and practically trained than the average college professor who writes a text-book and sells it for three or four dollars. Many a single trade publication has cost a moderate fortune to produce it. The text-book has its place and its work—to teach the principles. Practice—the application of the principles—is learned from the work of others. In fact, practice changes so rapidly that much of what is found in text-books is obsolete within a year from the time it is printed. This evolution of practice is especially rapid in electrics, but in the field of mechanics the steam turbine and the gas engine set a pace that is hard to follow. In building and other construction have come fibre plaster, steel frames and concrete. In such applied chemistry as the dyer's art the dye-stuff manufacturer does the research work and sets the standard. His sample cards and directions are indispensable. In the textile trades the cloth that this fellow has made suggests what the other fellow can make. The seedless apple and the non-stinging bee come from practical experiment. It is not a matter of copying good practice and bad, but of selecting with the judgment that comes of the

knowledge of principles those things best suited to the purpose in hand.

The wise engineer does not often specify a special size of crank shaft or some extra turns in the field coil of his dynamo, or a 2 7-8-inch. steam pipe, or a quarter-inch. copper wire. There are standards of practice in every branch of applied science, and these standards are generally set by the manufacturer. As history relates the experience of the ages, trade literature is the history of man's material development down to date.

A. E. ESCOTT.

SOIL FERTILIZATION.

What is soil fertilization? It is the process of making land capable of producing more corn, or any other crop, to the acre. Deep plowing, thorough drainage and the addition of humus are great factors in this work. Drainage does not add any plant food to the soil, but it removes the superfluous water and lets the air into the soil. Thorough drainage is as great a factor in soil fertility as a liberal dressing of manure. By draining the soil we make it warmer and it also causes the land to produce earlier. Use agricultural tile to drain the soil. If the soil is very stiff the tile should be put two and one-half to three feet into the ground and one rod apart.

Plow the land deep enough to thoroughly break the subsoil, but be very careful not to plow your land when it is wet. Break the land thoroughly and then harrow it thoroughly. Crush all clods. Deep plowing lets the air down into the soil. Apply humus to your soil; plant cow peas, vetch, clover and velvet beans. Bacteria live within the tissues of the roots of the cow pea. They take free nitrogen from the gases of the soil. This nitrogen enters into combination with other

materials to form nitric acid and nitrates are formed. Nitrates are exceedingly valuable as a plant food and we should do all we can to secure them. The roots of the cow pea go deep down into the soil and bring up the fertilizing constituents, and they accumulate at the surface of the soil in the decaying roots. All leguminous plants make the insoluble plant food of the soil soluble and this is one of the many reasons why we should plant leguminous plants. Rake up all the decaying matter that is in the corner of the fences and put on the soil. Make a compost and add all of the decaying matter you can get to the pile. Keep all of the barnyard manure under a shelter, until you get ready to put it on the soil. Just before you get ready to apply the manure add all the decaying matter you can possibly get to the pile of manure. The object of composting manure is to get the nitrogen in a more soluble form.

If the soil is very heavy the manure should be applied to the soil in the green condition. Hence if the soil is very stiff you should not compost the manure.

The object of adding humus to the soil is to make the soil more porous and to convert the basic elements of the soil into an available condition.

Nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash are the necessary elements to produce good crops. They are the elements most likely to be deficient in the soil and the ones most easily absorbed. Hence, we should do all we could to keep these elements in the soil.

Keep the land terraced and not let the rain wash the top and best part of the soil off.

Plow under as many green crops as you can, and rotate your crops thoroughly. Never turn the subsoil up on the top soil. Sow grass seed on your land.

In conclusion I will say:

Soils are permanently enriched by manures and all decaying matter. These not only add to the fertility of the soil what they contain, but they start fermentation in the soil, as

yeast does in the dough. This fermentation makes soluble the plant food already in the soil, but before insoluble and hence unavailable. In this way soils grow richer and richer, while growing crops all the time.

Commercial or chemical fertilizers do not permanently enrich the soil. They feed the plants with the soluble food they contain and that is all they can do. The remaining part of them is entirely worthless. So to permanently enrich the soil use much cattle, grass, forage crops and rotation.

But again aeration follows the plow and makes available the plant food which was before unavailable. Hence by deep plowing we can greatly increase the fertility of the soil.

But this plowing must never be done when the soil is wet. Dust is what we want. So by deep plowing and harrowing often you can make a clay bank rich and any soil richer.

LOLA A. NIVEN.

Foot-Ball



Uolker P.

Athletics

A. & M., 29; SOUTH CAROLINA, 0.

The superiority of A. & M. in football over South Carolina was fully shown on October 26th, when a short, but hotly contested game ended with a score of 29 to 0. It was at Columbia; the State Fair was in progress and the crowd was large. From the very start it was seen that those of Garnet and Black could not long withstand the powerful assaults made on their line. For ten minutes they fought bravely on before Bebee, for A. & M., went over the goal line. The next touchdown was made in one minute from the time A. & M. kicked off to Carolina. The ball was fumbled in the second play and Sykes, for A. & M., fell on it. By hard work and quick gains the three-yard line was reached when Hardie went through for the second touchdown.

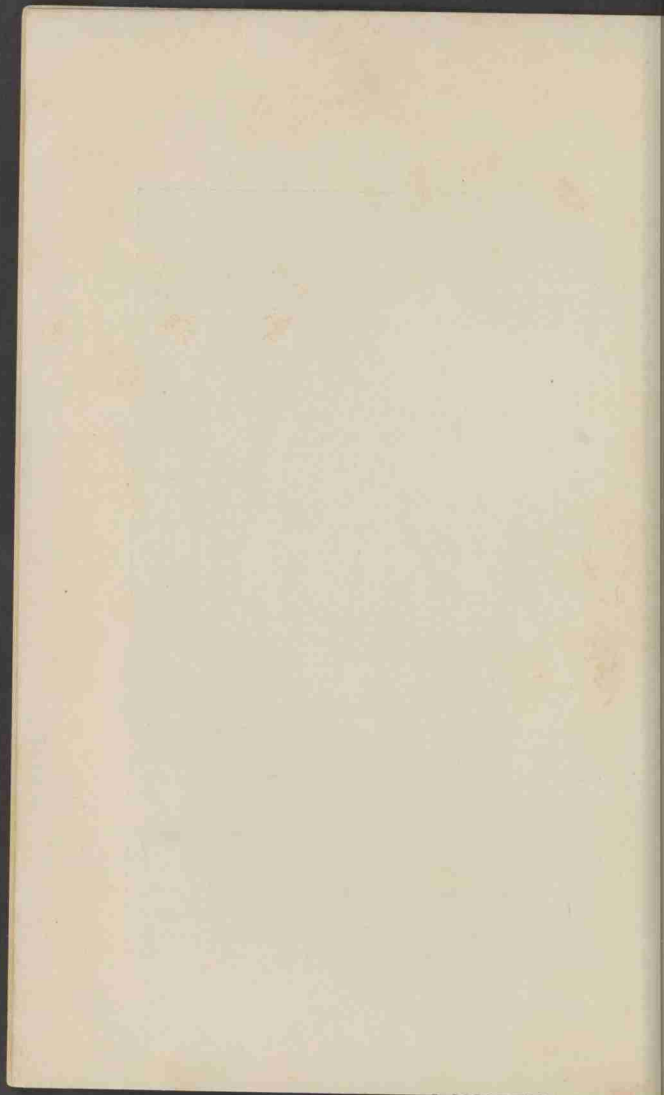
The next time the ball was kicked off to A. & M. on the twenty-five-yard line. On the third down "Babe" Wilson punted thirty yards. Carolina made no gains and the ball went back to A. & M. where Wilson had kicked it. After a few slight gains, "Babe" made twenty-five yards to goal.

The second half began with Hardie's spectacular play. Receiving Carolina's kick off on the ten-yard line, he made one long run and covered the field to goal. The plucky Carolinians were unsuccessful against the A. & M. interference.

It took but one more touchdown to complete the score. All through it was sure and steady gain for the superior team. A feature was Wilson's punting. The ball generally stayed where he kicked it 'till A. & M. took it again. Steele was cool and fast. Lykes, Shaw, Hardie, Tull and Bebee played star ball.

South Carolina made a few pretty gains, one of which was thirty yards. But she was outclassed. Costly fumbles could





not be overbalanced even by grit. Holmes, Wilds and Gibbs played good ball for the Carolinians.

The score shows up well against the scores of the two years previous. Two years ago A. & M. was glad to win from this same college on a very small margin. But we were certain this time of victory when our team left, for we knew it to be the best team ever put out here. We hope to meet the game-cocks on the gridiron again. We admire grit and nerve.

A. & M., 0; CAROLINA, 0.

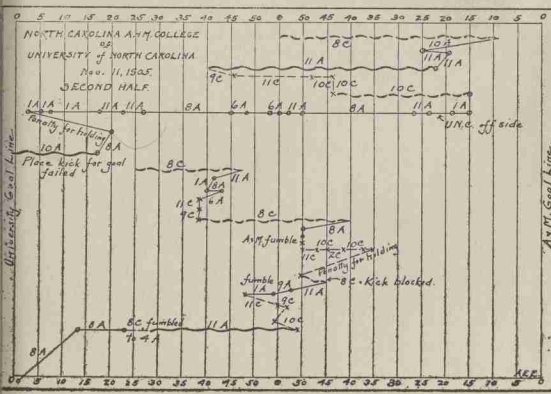
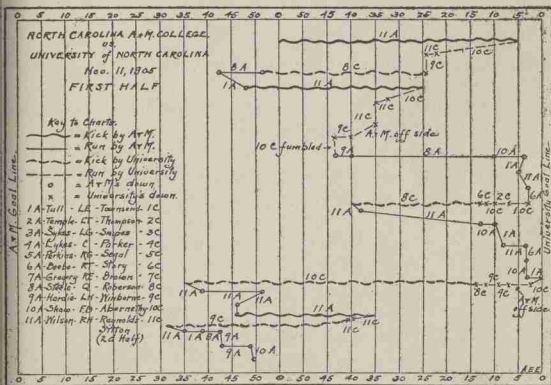
For the fourth successive time the game between A. & M. and U. N. C. resulted in a tied score. The score, however, does not tell the story of the game, as everyone knows who witnessed it. Carolina was clearly outplayed and almost outclassed, and at no time during the game did they have the slightest chance of scoring, barring accidents of course. On the other hand, A. & M. repeatedly carried the ball to Carolina's goal, and twice over it, only to be called back and penalized for some cause that the fertile imagination of "Doggie" Trenchard produced. Time and again would the elusive Steele dash around Carolina's end for gains of from twenty to thirty-five yards, followed by line smashes by Shaw, Tull and Bebee, for substantial gains, and with big doses of "Babe" Wilson, judiciously mixed with it all, until we were on the one, two or three-yard line of Carolina's goal. And then the imagination of "Doggie" would get busy and we'd get the butt-end of a penalty for ten or fifteen yards. An epitome of the game would be as follows. Steel twenty-five or thirty yards around end, Shaw, Tull or Bebee through line for first downs, Wilson around end for gains to match Steele's, a few more line plunges and we would be in the shadow of Carolina's goal with victory near enough to touch—and then the inevitable penalty by "Doggie." It was heart-sickening to see our team working their hearts out to make touchdowns that were as ruthlessly taken from them by

the umpire as a small boy steals an apple. Now when one team outplays another at every point of the game, gains over five times as much ground, out-punts them from ten to fifteen yards on every kick and then doesn't score, the natural conclusion is "Something rotten in the State of Denmark." And the conclusion is a correct one if we substitute "Doggie" Trenchard, and Referee Williams who was weak enough to be influenced by him, for the State in which to find rottenness. That we won the game and were robbed of the score by the officials will be readily conceded by every fair-minded person who saw the game. Said an eminent foot-ball judge: "It was the most complete robbery I have ever witnessed on the gridiron. Trenchard and Williams should be black-listed by all colleges that want honest officials to rule their games." This expresses our opinion exactly. We feel that we won the game virtually and were robbed of it unmercifully, victory being ours in all elements save the score. We have no reproach for our most worthy opponents, the Carolina team. They played a clean, manly game and fought for every inch as Tar Heels always fight, and we wish them all kinds of success in their coming game with Virginia. That the officials were rotten is no more their fault than ours, as they were chosen by mutual agreement. We wish, however, to raise the following howl: We "shore got bit" by "Doggie."

It is useless to attempt to give all due credit to the men of our team for the decisive victory which they at least won over Carolina. Gregory, Lykes, Perkins, Tull, Shaw, Beebe, Temple, Sykes, Hardie, Steele and Wilson, each and all covered themselves with glory. Steele and Wilson were the bright, particular stars of the game. We wish for the sake of the team that the score was as it should be: twelve or eighteen to nothing. It would repay them for all their faithful training and practice and the hard struggles of the games they have played. But a virtual victory is ours anyway in spite of the blank score made by "Doggie" with his rotten umpiring, so we'll forget the hard luck.

We have two more games yet to be played: Washington and Lee and Davidson, and while both of them are very strong teams we feel sure of a victory—with a score.

W. C. E.



Literary

MELANCHOLY DAYS.

This time of the year the Katy-did
Gets sorry that she did it.
She hides her face—and when 'tis hid,
Forgets just where she hid it.

The honey-bee, as one may see,
Is very tired of bee-ing.
The tree-toad in the apple tree
Throws up his job of tree-ing.

The quail upon the stubble fields
May well begin their quailing.
The cosmos her cosmetics wields
To keep her cheek from failing.

'Tis plain Madam Summer is out,
But then we've long been knowing
That she's an arrant gad-about—
It seems she's always going!

E. W. I.

SOME VIEWS OF POE.

The recent decision by which the trustees of the Hall of Fame have excluded Poe, for the present at least, in favor of Whittier, suggests the inquiry whether people in general have been mistaken for years, or whether Chancellor McCracken's Hall of Fame is not, as the *Spectator* suggests, turning itself into a hall of something else. Whether it is Poe or another

that deserves the place now filled by Whittier should be easy to decide. It may appear that these trustees have only made themselves absurd.

In order to avoid the very suspicion of prejudice, let us see what reputation Poe has on the continent. Professor Brander Matthews has this to say: "And yet in the eyes of foreigners he (Poe) is the most gifted of all the authors of America; he is the one to whom the critics of Europe would most readily accord the full title of genius. At the end of this nineteenth century Poe is the sole man of letters born in the United States whose writings are read eagerly in great Britain and in France, in Germany, in Italy and in Spain, where Franklin is now but a name, and where the fame of James Fenimore Cooper, once as widely spread, is now slowly fading away."

Of the European view thus summed up, one might perhaps say that a Frenchman or a German might be deceived by fine rhetoric; that, just as Europeans admire Byron excessively for want of true feeling for English, so they are misled by the mechanical excellence of Poe's work. If this be so, let us test the matter by seeing what is thought of Poe in England.

Of no slight importance is Rossetti's account of his *Blessed Damosel*: "I saw that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and so I determined to reverse the conditions, and give utterance to the yearnings of the loved one in heaven." There is no condescension in this tribute to *The Raven*, and Rossetti's words are worth remembering.

Let us hear furthermore what Swinburne has to say: "Once as yet, and once only, has there sounded out of it all (America) one pure note of original song—worth singing, and echoed from the singing of no other man; a note of song neither wide nor deep, but utterly true, rich, clear, and native to the singer; the short, exquisite music, subtle and simple and sombre and sweet, of Edgar Poe. All the rest

that is not of mocking-birds is of corn-crakes, varied, but at best for an instant by some scant-winded twitter of linnet or of wren."

This is doubtless extreme; but when we remember *Atalanta in Calydon* and a hundred Swinburne lyrics, we shall be ready to say that their author speaks as a master. We may possibly suppose that Swinburne was prejudiced in favor of another poet who worked for pure art and refused to moralize; but whatever injustice he may do the "wrens" and "corn-crakes," he has a true ear for nightingale music.

Another and greater English poet has a like opinion. Tennyson, who certainly has no prejudice in favor of the art which exists for itself only, calls Poe "the greatest American genius," and says further: "Your Bryant, Whittier, etc., are pygmies compared with Poe. He is the literary glory of America. More than thirty-five years have elapsed since his death, and his fame is constantly increasing. That is a true test of genius."

The critics are welcome to discount the French and German views of Poe, but when Swinburne and Tennyson say he is the chief of our immortals, it is another matter. British poets and critics generally have scant admiration for things American, and a favorable word from them, unprejudiced as they are between North and South, is of no little weight.

Coming nearer home, let us see what a Northern critic says of Poe. Mr. Hamilton Mabie, a New York man who certainly has no Southern bias, gives this high tribute: "Poe's work holds a first place in our literature, not by reason of its mass, its reality, its range, its spiritual or ethical significance, but by reason of its complete and beautiful individuality, the distinction of its form and workmanship, the purity of its art."

If it be essential that Poe lacks moral seriousness, that his works give almost no moral stimulus, then perhaps Whittier, Lowell or Bryant is greater than Poe; but Poe believed that the province of poetry is beauty, and indeed most people

will agree with him that a poet need not preach. Mr. Mabie's words contain the substance of the whole matter: "With Hawthorne he shares the primacy among all those who have enriched our literature with prose or verse."

GEORGE SUMMEY, JR.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time there lived in the land of Hgielar eleven wise men. It also happened that there lived in the same country a rich farmer who at certain times of the year called upon the wise men to assist him in managing his affairs. In the interest of the farmer they would go about the country proclaiming to all men that his corn was the cheapest or that his fighting cocks were the fiercest in the land. And it came to pass that upon a certain day there was held a great exhibition of the farmer's products. The farmer being a shrewd man charged an admission fee of ten sheekels. The wise men hearing of this went unto the farmer saying:

"O high and mighty one. Our fathers and our fathers' fathers did yearly render your father and your father's father assistance in the time of need, for which they were allowed special privileges. We now beseech thee that we be allowed the same privileges and a free pass into the showing of thy handiwork." Th farmer straightway folded his hands on his capacious stomach and with stern resolve, replied: "I can not do this thing that ye ask." Thrice the request, and thrice the answer: "I can not do this thing that ye ask." With their hearts burning with righteous indignation they departed, each unto his own way.

MORAL:—Lean not on the hopes of a reward from those you accommodate, for in nine cases out of ten you will get left.

H.—

IN DEFIANCE OF THE LAW.

It was the dead hour of night, the whole city apparently slumbered; secure in their homes the many inhabitants were sleeping in blissful ignorance of the severity of the storm without, and the whistling wind only served to intensify the warmth within. Those who chance or destiny had forced to be out at this unearthly hour were making their way as fast as possible over the slippery streets, against the whirling, whistling wind and snow.

Fate was his friend in permitting him, the once gentleman, next gambler, and now, heart and soul, burglar, to chance upon such a night to take his last downward step.

Creeping silently through the streets, he made his way to the street and number mentioned in the paper. Here his ring of skeleton keys served their purpose, and he passed noiselessly into the house. Trying the doors, he found but one that offered resistance. Sure it was the one, for what woman would sleep in a room without locking her door, when the whole city knew that in her possession was such a jewel.

His argument was imperial, but a quick flash of light from his bulls-eye lantern upon a heavily carved oak bureau, checked it graphically.

In the burglar's eye, a spark of light kindled into a flame, as he saw his prize fall so easily within his grasp. A watch, truly beautiful, as the diamond star on its face twinkled in the dim rays of light. But silent thoughts soon worked a marvelous change; his eyes filled with madness as a storm of wrath broke from his lips in an undertone.

"Dog!" he muttered. "Blind her eyes with riches. Steal from her the right to love; imprison her young heart in a loathful dungeon, that he may feast, unmolested, his dull, loathful eyes upon her beautiful form. Your little scheme is all amiss—I swear it!"

Mechanically slipping the watch into his pocket, he took

several steps towards the door. Stopping short, he made a critical survey of his surroundings; his eyes became fixed on the one familiar object, and he moved closer, scarcely knowing, never thinking, why he should approach and study an object so familiar—his own picture. Approach and study, while his large, brown eyes filled with tears—the mystery of three long years was there revealed.

The change was marvelous, the stern, hard face was no more; but tear-stained and sympathetic, his face was cast down, and a smile played about his trembling lips, as he looked upon his love. He her lover—robbing her? No! Freeing her; freeing her from the clutch of a money fiend.

Dropping on his knees beside her bed, he raised and kissed, with all tenderness, her small, white hand.

A convulsive jerk, a little cry, and the woman's eyes sprang open, filled with fright and fear.

His hand was again on hers, and his eyes had that liquid seeming, that marks the love of man.

"Elenor, don't be frightened, little girl," he said, as his arm slipped around her shoulders and pressed a passionate kiss upon her forehead. And the red blood rushed to her dainty face—for it had been a long time since anyone, or should I say since he, had been so bold.

"Tom! Tom! what on earth are you doing here? What—what does this mean? Explain yourself; explain—"

The diamond star sparkled in the dim light; an honest smile, for once, played on a burglar's face.

"I came for this," he said. "This, that I might free you from your bondage, free you from forced vows; free you from the man you hate. To brand myself a thief, and thus take the last step to disgrace."

"Thieves do not show their prize to their victims," she said, "Neither does a coward risk his life for love. Go! Men know but your mask, not your heart. Discard your mask, and doubt not that none save God can tear you from my heart."

J. E. O., '07.

A SUMMER OUTING.

The Civil Engineers of the class of '06 will not leave college without some knowledge of real engineering life. They had their first taste of it, or "baptism of fire," last summer.

Prof. Riddick was employed by Charleston parties to make a survey of what has been called the State Land, lying in Jones and Onslow counties. This land is really covered by several grants issued by the State to David Allison about 1795. Soon after securing these grants, Mr. Allison seems to have disappeared, and the lands remained unoccupied and apparently unclaimed for nearly a hundred years, being considered of such little value that no one was willing to pay 12 1-2c. an acre for it, which was the amount charged by the State for its lands. A few years ago certain parties in Charleston, S. C., acquired the title to the Allison rights and brought suit against the State Board of Education, which claimed these lands, to recover them. The suit was finally compromised, the parties agreeing to pay to the State Board of Education an amount about equivalent to the back taxes on this land for one hundred years.

The owners then decided to have a complete survey made at once in order to determine the number of acres and exact location of these lands, and Professor Riddick was employed to do this work. He decided to use college students as his assistants, and about the 15th of May the parties were organized and all necessary equipment ready, and on that date he left here, taking with him the members of the Senior Class in Civil Engineering, they having obtained permission to leave college as soon as their work was completed, without waiting for the graduating exercises.

The work was carried on by three separate parties in charge of Mr. Mann, Mr. Lang and Mr. Herritage, respectively. Each party had a complete camping outfit, tents, cots, camp stools, cooking utensils, tableware and a cook.

The camps were first pitched at a point near Richlands, Onslow county, and after spending a day in fixing up camps and listening to the horrible tales of the natives (told as a joke, of course), about bears, wild-cats, rattlesnakes and other "varmints," and also the horrors of the mud, water, briars and bushes, and, perhaps, shotguns, with which we would have to contend, we began our real work, which consisted in finding the starting points of these grants and following the descriptions of the same, making proper corrections for the variation of the compass needle from 1795 to the present time. This variation was calculated from the U. S. government reports, and was found to be 4 degrees, 45 seconds, which correction had to be added to Northeast and Southwest, and subtracted from Northwest and Southeast bearings.

All preliminaries having been arranged, the work was begun with fear and trembling on the morning of May 17th. A large portion of the lines lay in the swamps, and for many days the parties worked in mud and water up to their knees, and cut their way through bushes and briars that were almost impenetrable, being so thick in many places that it was impossible to walk without cutting out a path.

In about two weeks the members of the Senior Class, who had in the meantime received their diplomas, began to get other positions in more advanced work, and by the middle of June they had all left, and their places were filled by members of the present Senior Class.

Then the real work of the summer began. While the work was hard and at times exceedingly disagreeable on account of the mud, water, mosquitoes and flies, still it was not without its pleasures. There was the traditional camp fire at night and the accompanying stories, with frequent visits from the natives, who told their tales of the swamps, which are called "pocosons," and in turn received from the boys tales equally as marvelous about various other things.

The boys soon found that this was no summer outing for

health and pleasure. Work was the order of the day—get up at six o'clock, breakfast at a quarter past, start to work promptly at seven, an hour off to eat dinner, which was taken out to the field, stop work at six o'clock, and then sometimes a ten-mile walk back to camp. Wherever possible the camp was located convenient to the work, being moved along every three or four days as the work proceeded. In some places, however, the lines ran so far into the swamps that with the best possible location of the camp, a long walk was necessary to get to and from the work.

Each party consisted of an instrument man, two chainmen, two choppers, and a cook. It was the business of the cook to buy provisions as well as cook them, do all the work around the camp, and attend to the moving. When it was decided to move camp, the chief of the party would make arrangements for a team to come at six o'clock. The boys would get up a little earlier that morning, take down the tents, roll up their blankets, and put their clothes in a sack (if they had any besides those they were wearing). They then went to work at the usual hour, leaving the cook and driver to move camp to the point decided upon. At the close of the day the party would go to this new camp and usually find the tents up and supper ready.

While we paid no attention to the tales of snakes, bears and other similar terrors, we were, of course, quite uneasy about our health. Every precaution was taken to protect ourselves against malaria, which we considered our most dangerous enemy. Strict orders were issued that everybody should drink nothing but boiled water, and each man had a canteen holding about three pints, and was required to fill this with boiled water every morning before leaving camp. This was usually sufficient to last through the day.

As a sample of what we ate, I give the bill of fare for Thursday, July 12th, copy of which has been preserved by Mr. Mann:

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal, Potato Chips, Rice, Eggs, Coffee, Cakes and Honey.

LUNCH.

Two Biscuits and a Slice of Ham, and a Drink of Canteen Water.

DINNER (SIX O'CLOCK).

Eggs, Chicken, Cabbage, Potatoes, Cornbread, Biscuits, Tomatoes, Coffee, Honey and Cakes.

A large book might be filled with the amusing and exciting incidents of this survey, and some of these may be given in a future article.

The work was stopped on August 15th, and at that time the three parties had surveyed about 150,000 acres, having run about 400 miles of line.

There was not a single case of sickness during the entire time, and everybody came away well pleased with his summer's work. They had had experience, had worked hard, had enjoyed themselves, and had made some money, thus realizing for the first time that they were acquiring knowledge at the A. & M. for which people are willing to pay.

“ONE OF THE PARTY.”

 EVERY NIGHT HAS A MORN.

For all of us some shadows gather,
 Some nights shut down with starless weather.
 But who to mortal trouble born
 E'er knew a night without a morn?
 Let's take fresh courage, heart-forlorn, and hope together.

—Selected.

A TRIP TO EUROPE ON A CATTLE SHIP.

(Continued from October Number.)

LONDON.

The city of London occupies an area of 668 statute acres, with a population, according to the census of 1901, of only 26,897.

The river Thames forming the southern boundary; Aldgate and the Tower mark the eastern, the site of Temple Bar the western, and Norton Folgate, the northern.

London was made a separate county by the local government, act of 1888, and the area, 74,672 acres, included within its limits, had a population in 1901 of nearly 5,000,000.

LONDON GOVERNMENT.

The city, corresponding nearly with the old line of walls in Saxon and probably Roman times, is governed by a Lord Mayor, a Court of Aldermen elected for life, and a common council elected by the various wards, and the executive is in the hands of two sheriffs. The revenue of the corporation is about £430,000 (\$2,150,000).

The post-office employs over 32,000 persons, and there are 1,500 receiving houses and pillar boxes. In the eight postal districts 600,000,000 letters are delivered annually.

The cabs include 7,500 two-wheeled, 4,000 four-wheeled vehicles and 100 moter cabs. There are also 3,600 omnibuses.

Police.—The strength of the Metropolitan police force is 15,890. London is protected from fire by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, which consists of about 7,000 men of all ranks.

PRINCIPAL PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND SIGHTS.

I don't intend to try to name all the principal buildings and sights, but only those I saw.

The first place I take up is the British Museum, which was within two minutes walk of my boarding place. This great national institution contains an unequalled collection of antiquities—Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Lycian, Scandinavian and British—a fine etymological museum, the largest library in the world, unique collections of statuary, pottery, bronzes, maps, engravings, manuscripts, old book autographs, coins, etc.

The museum is open to the public on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 10 to dusk; on Saturday from 12 to dusk. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings are reserved for students.

PARKS.

There are a great number of these, but the principal one is Hyde Park, 388 acres in extent. The principal entrances are the Marble Arch, Hyde Park Corner, Prince's Gate and Albert Gate, a knights bridge. The Serpentine is much used for bathing, rowing and skating. "Rotten Row" on a fine afternoon is one of the sights of London.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

Among all the galleries I visited I was pleased most with the Tate Gallery, or National Gallery of British Art.

This gallery has been not inaptly termed the "Luxemberg of London," the object being to gather in one great national collection the finest examples of contemporary British art.

The building was presented to the nation, together with sixty-five pictures, by the late Sir Henry Tate, "for the encouragement and development of British art, and as a thank-offering for a prosperous business career of sixty years."

CHURCHES.

I visited two of the largest in London—St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

St. Paul's Cathedral, the Cathedral of the Diocese of London, is the most imposing building in the metropolis. It was designed and erected by Sir Christopher Wren in place of the building which was destroyed in the great fire of London in 1666. It took 35 years to build it, and cost \$3,737,770. It is 510 feet long by 282 feet wide, and 2,292 feet in circumference. It is richly decorated inside. The fees for viewing the portions of the edifice are: Library, Great Bell and Geometrical Staircase, Clock, Whispering Galleries and the two outside galleries, 6d. (12 cents); Ball, 1s. 6d.; Crypt, 3d.

Westminster Abbey is placed at the junction of Great George street and Victoria street, just across the street west of the Houses of Parliament.

This magnificent building was built during the reigns of Henry III, Edward I, and Henry VII. It is in the early English Gothic style of architecture, and was commenced in 1245. The length of the Abbey is 416 feet; breadth at transept, 203 feet; height of western tower 225 feet. Here I found the tombs and monuments of England's greatest men (except Shakespeare's).

The shrine of Edward the Confessor, the Coronation Chair and the magnificent chapel of Henry VI, containing the tombs of many royal personages, were of special interest. I attended church services twice in this wonderful church.

Houses of Parliament, or the New Palace of Westminster, was designed in 1836, and built by Sir Charles Barry. It covers nearly eight acres of ground, and cost about \$10,000,000. The exterior is entirely of Yorkshire magnesium limestone. The river frontage, 900 feet in length, is raised upon a fine terrace of Aberdeen granite.

TOWER OF LONDON.

Consists of a central kelp, 92 feet high, with walls 16 feet thick, known as the White Tower; surrounded by barracks, armories, towers, etc., enclosed by a high wall: the whole covering eighteen acres of ground.

The murders in this tower alone are sufficient to make us remember it. The most touching of all the memories is, of course, the murder of the young King Edward V, and his brother. I saw the place beneath a staircase where the bones, supposed to be theirs, were found.

The Crown Jewels are kept in this tower. They are in a glass case protected by stout iron bars around it. The blazing crowns, sceptres, swords, etc., are all labelled and can be plainly seen when there is not too big a crowd.

The King's Crown, made for the late Queen, and enlarged for His Majesty, is placed at the top. It contains over 3,000 diamonds, pearls, etc.

For the lack of space I will merely mention some of the other places I visited in the great city of London.

They don't have our big locomotives over there, but they have a good system of railroad schedules. They are always "on time." Start on time, get there on time. We took a train at the Victoria station and headed for Paris, via New Haven and Deippe route.

LA BELLE PAREE.

Paris, the one Paris and the only Paris! was our stopping place for ten days. We went about to see the city in a systematic way, giving ourselves plenty of time, as we had more time than money. Getting a good hotel near the Champs Elysees we were well located for sight-seeing. You wonder how we talked French. Well, it was this way, we could most always find people who could talk English, and when these could not be found, we made signs, and expert sign-makers we became, too. I could ask the price on my

fingers and give them the nod about as quick as a Frenchman could with his words. We learned the money the first thing, and soon forgot the old American eagle. Our first Sunday in Paris was July the 2nd, and as the fountains only play at Versailles on the first and third Sundays of each month, we spent the day at this magnificent place.

Versailles, the royal palace of Louis XIV, is magnificent. No one to this day knows the price of this enormous building, pink marble being used in its structure. The court and park surrounding this mansion are laid off most artistically into grass plots and beds of flowers; the best that human hands can make. But the fountains were to play at 4 o'clock, and I got so interested in everything else that I missed seeing them. Hundreds of streams shoot forth from these fountains, some spraying, some shooting straight up, some crossing, others playing upon each other and a dozen other ways. These are small fountains and extend over a space of half a mile square. The large fountains are down in the park and throw water to a great height.

Just \$4,000 is necessary to play the fountains for one hour. Thus the French government expends eight thousand dollars per month for the pleasure of thousands of people who go to see the display.

We now began to see Paris. Well supplied with guide books we learned the free days to the places of interest. These places not being close together we were compelled to do slow work as we thought it best to walk, and thus save our pocket books. We went to visit the Catacombs of Paris, but were too late. The Notre Dame Cathedral, with its beautiful stained glass windows of the twelfth century style, is an imposing sight. Napoleon's Tomb, the Eiffel Tower, the Morgue, the Grand Opera, the Louvre, containing the greatest collection of paintings in the world, and the original Venus, of Milo, the beautiful Seine, with its hundreds of river boats are worth a visit to Paris.

On finishing up Paris we bought a round-about ticket to

through Brussels, Belgium, Germany and Holland, Leige, Antwerp, Cologne, Amsterdam, Hague and Rotterdam.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium and the first stop after leaving Paris, is a noble and attractive city, bustling with social life, animating scenes and business activity. It has been called "little Paris" on account of its splendid buildings, the vivacity, gayety and *joie de vivre* of its people.

After getting located in a hotel near the centre of the city we were now fixed for sight-seeing. Starting out, beginning with the Bourse (or Exchange), then to the Grand Palace. Every house in this square is a gem in itself. Of these the principal is the "Hotel de ville" or Town Hall, one of the finest Gothic edifices in Belgium. Opposite Hotel de ville is the Maison du Roi or "Broodhives."

In the sixteenth century it was used as justice courts. In front of this building, in 1568, twenty-five Flemish nobles were beheaded by order of the savage Duke of Alva, who initiated a reign of terror and bloodshed in Flanders. Going on we came to Guild Houses, Hall of Weights and Measures, Galleries of St. Hubert, Cathedral of St. Gudule, Palais de Justice, King's Palace, parks, gardens, etc.

WATERLOO.

The place where one of the decisive battles of the world was fought is very interesting. We went down early one morning and spent the day on the battlefield of Waterloo.

We had a lady guide and she talked and explained the whole situation as we were driven around over the field. The old building is still standing that was there during the battle with holes in its sides from the cannons, and the bricks were all chipped from the bullets, the old well that a good many were buried in can easily be seen.

The next day we started for Antwerp. But just the night before, we were disturbed about one o'clock by a crowd of men drunk in the street back of the hotel. So we got up and looked out the window to see what they were doing, and they

were right down under our window just making all kinds of unearthly noises. So my room-mate took the pitcher and I took the bowl and we let one of them have it right on top of the head. Then we jumped back in the bed and were sound asleep within a few seconds. But we had not been in bed long until we heard some one coming up the steps toward our room, and suddenly there came a tapping at our chamber door. This was the maid, and within about ten minutes here came the police, and he pounded on our door. I was comfortably dead by that time, and scared so bad I don't suppose I could have said anything.

You know I was not afraid of the police as a man, but I was afraid his and my language might not act in one accord, and there being no understanding on neither side there might have been "something doing" and it might have been the worse for me, so I was glad the next day was our time to leave.

Antwerp is an interesting and great commercial centre and seaport. The city is situated on the river Scheldt, and is strongly fortified on the land side, and has now a population of 300,000.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is a graceful edifice. It dates from the 15th century and took about one hundred years to build. This building contains Rueben's masterpiece, *Descent From the Cross*. Rueben was one of the greatest artists of Belgium. I must move on. We somewhat backtracked to get to Liege and Cologne. Liege is charmingly situated on the banks of the Meuse; the calm and lovely river rolling its majestic course past it toward the North Sea. Liege is the industrial capital of Belgium.

COLOGNE.

This city is situated on the Rhine. It is a clean, healthy place, with plenty of beer and wine. The famous Eau-du-Cologne is made here and is sold very cheap.

Places of interest are the Dome Cathedral, next to the

finest in the world, is a wonderful edifice. The bridge of boats was interesting. When a ship comes along they just float out as many sections of the bridge as is necessary for the boat to go through, and they are pulled back in place by an engine. These boats are very common on the Rhine.

The scenery on the Rhine is grand. The lofty mountain peaks rising up from the water's edge, the sides of the mountains all in the highest state of cultivation. The old remains of castles are still standing and seeming to defy, even to this day, the newest modes of warfare. These all have a charm for every one. We all went down and took a good bath in the Rhine and then bade farewell to Germany; and a fast train soon took us into Holland. The old characteristic wind-mills dotted the country here and there, and canals simply cut the land into thousands of small islands. As we sped along I saw thousands of Holstien cattle grazing on the fine meadow lands. Soon Amsterdam appeared and we hustled from the cars only to be approached by hotel porters and men who wished to take our suit cases. Of all the gabble I have ever heard I heard it then and there. It would take a smart man to ever learn the alphabet in this mixture of a language. We were not impressed with Amsterdam as most of the streets were dirty, and the smell from the canals was awful. We visited the diamond-cutting establishments and saw the diamonds as they are handled and worked from the rough to the polished stones. The famous "Kokinoor" diamond was cut in this factory, and is now with the Crown Jewels in London. I did not stay very long in this establishment for my eyes were watering and my fingers were itching to get hold on one of them. From Amsterdam we went to the Hague and Rotterdam. We saw the place where The Hague tribunal was held. One afternoon we spent at the popular Holland seaside resort, Scheveninigen. This resort is a great place, and rivals our famous Atlantic City. Our time for return was drawing near. So the next day we took steamer for London on the Batavia Line. Arriving

in London six days before our boat was to sail, we spent the rest of our time in and around London, seeing some of the places that we did not see as we went through. We went to theatres as long as our money lasted, never paying over one shilling at any one. As to sporting and having a gay time we preferred to wait till a later date, when plenty of money and some one to enjoy it with might be along.

This little description is only a meagre detail of what I saw and learned. As to the monies of the five countries I am thoroughly familiar with them; with the customs and manners of the people I have learned a great deal, and as to the general lay and appearance of the countries I have a much better knowledge. I would not give the trip for two years of college work, and the cost was only one-half of a year at college.

It was now the 5th of August, and our boat was to sail the sixth. So we took train to Victoria dock where the old Rappahannock was getting ready to sail. All hands on board were glad to see us, for we had made many friends on our trip over.

At about 11 o'clock on the 5th we steamed, homeward bound. Our trip was over, and though we had a pleasant one, we were glad to start for home. I most heartily endorse the way in which we took the trip, which shows how much can be accomplished with so little. To those that can get the small amount of money that it takes for a two months' visit in Europe, I advise them to take the trip as I did. As to the communications condemning such trips I want to say that those fellows went not to see and learn but to sport, and they sported too much; in every case, having to telegraph for money and then getting broke again. They went aboard ship without any money to tip the cook. They of course could not eat the ship's board for cattlemen, and having no other must eat the miserable stuff or starve. Thus they give awful accounts about the country which made them go broke, and of twelve days of torture on a cattle boat. Those

fellows are not made of the right sort of stuff, that's all I have to say.

Young men, if you wish to spend a pleasant summer and become much benefited, take a trip to Europe and by way of a cattle boat. Some fellows say take with you a full supply of provisions. But I recommend a different plan from that: Take an extra \$5 bill along and tip the cook, and you will get good food all the way over. It would be well to take a box along with you, so you could eat a little between meals, for after you get straightened out and working hard you can eat half a bushel and a peck thrown in for good measure. Go prepared to "rough it," for "rough it" it is, but remember, "laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." Be polite, agreeable, and have little to do with all on board and you will receive good treatment in return. Lastly obey orders from the cattle boss and work. Follow this advice and you will have many pleasant remembrances of your trip across the Atlantic on the old cattle boat.

S. O. P.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of New England's greatest authors, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, and died in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. Descended from a long line of ministers, he very naturally chose the same profession. But Emerson was always of an independent turn of mind, so when he found out that his religious views were not in accord with those of his congregation, he did not hesitate to quit his ministerial duties and devote his time and talents to the freer and broader field of the author and lecturer.

Fortunate it was for American letters when Emerson decided to devote himself to active literary work. He wrote both prose and poetry, but his chief claim to distinction is based upon his prose works. No other American author has

expressed such deep and exalted thought in the short essay as has Emerson. Sometimes the thought in his essays as well as in his poetry is too deep for our understanding, but we, none the less, feel the power and deep moral purpose of the author.

Emerson tried to live up to the high ideals of which he wrote, living a quiet, simple, moral life in the little village of Concord. He has a unique and unrivalled place in American literature. He was a great author and man and the world would be better if we had more of his type. To the student who is interested in the moral side of life, Emerson's works will well repay careful study.

S. E., '07.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

We thank Thee for the blessings of the day;
 We beg Thy protection through the night.
 Put all evil from our way;
 Aid us in life's great fight.

May we lead a more worthy life;
 May Thy will be done in every way.
 Lead us, O Lord, through the strife;
 Guide us on we humbly pray.

GILL.

Some get on by ability,
 While brains some others serve;
 But most successful men we see
 Succeed by nerve—just nerve!

—Selected.

Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Since the last publication of *THE RED AND WHITE* our association has been favored by the presence of the following prominent speakers: K. C. McArthur, of Harvard University, but now with the International Committee of Y. M. C. A. leaders of New York city; G. C. Huntington, our State Secretary, and W. D. Weatherford, of Vanderbilt University, who is secretary of the associational work in the Southern States.

Mr. McArthur spoke from the subject: "The College Man's Attitude Toward the Bible." He showed clearly and forcibly the importance of our individual attitude to the Bible as God's letter to all the world. He emphasized how its study strengthened and developed one's Christian character and makes him feel those restraining influences which are a part of home, but not of college life.

The first address of Mr. Weatherford was the "Glory of a Clean Record." He put stress upon the tremendous power of a clean record. And being a splendid athlete himself he illustrated most of his points very aptly with college men's struggles for clean records on the athletic field as well as in every day college life. He said "No man can win a great victory in anything unless he believes in himself." In his second lecture, "The College Man's Battles," he brought out the most trying experiences of college life and how to overcome them. He showed that every man wants victory to crown his efforts; and if we are to gain victory in our college lives and eternal victory over sin we must take Jesus Christ into our every day lives. At the close of this address twenty-five students took a positive stand for Christ.

The representatives of our association to the Bible Institute, held at Chapel Hill on October 21 and 22, were Messrs. M. H. Chesbro, R. E. S. Pope and G. G. Simpson. They reported an excellent session of the Institute and royal entertainment by the University Association. Several of these Institutes have been held in North Carolina this fall, the purpose being to extend the work of student Bible study in our colleges, thereby developing the spiritual lives of the students.

J. H. HENLEY,
Corresponding Secretary.

The Red and White

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The game with Carolina is over so far as the actual struggle is concerned, but the remembrance of that game will remain with us for many a day. While we did not send out the message "We have met the enemy and they are ours," still we enjoyed all the moral effects of a victory, it being universally conceded that we outplayed Carolina at every point in the game. This was indeed a bitter pill for the Blue and White enthusiasts to swallow, but to their credit it may be said that they accepted the unlooked for (on their part) result with all due complaisance. They are also to be complimented on their systematic "rooting," that important factor in all athletics. Next year we meet Carolina on her

own grounds, and the determination of our team to win is shown by the fact that after the game they shook hands to the effect that each would return next year and change this 0 to 0 score in our favor. Here's to both teams and may the best one win.

* * *

The exchange editor reports that a large number of high school publications have found their way to his desk during the past month. This awakening of the high schools to the importance of college journalism should be very gratifying to those who edit college magazines and who have at heart the future welfare of their college publication. It is no little consolation to know that from the high schools there will be recruited those capable of taking our places on the editorial board when at last we take leave of our Alma Mater.

* * *

Since Mr. Thomas Dixon has put his "Clansman" on the stage he has been assailed on all sides by dramatic critics, editors and correspondents who are full of anxiety lest the re-production of this melodrama should make them forget their obligations to themselves and to their country and incite them to deeds of violence against their colored neighbors.

Here is what the *Charleston News and Courier* has to say in regard to the proposition that has been seriously submitted by this army of alarmists in whose ranks are numbered men of all classes, even the preachers and Sunday school teachers joining in the howl of indictment:

"The presentation of the dramatized version of Mr. Thomas Dixon's 'The Clansman' in various Southern cities has given occasion to one of the most remarkable exhibitions of hysterics to which we have been treated in many long days. A number of editors, dramatic critics and incidental correspondents have gone into an ecstasy of anxiety lest the rendition of this melodrama should overthrow reason among us and start our people on an orgie of racial bitterness and prejudice. Having constructed for themselves this absurd

bogey-man, they are parading it about the country to a verbal tom-tom accompaniment that bids fair to defend the inhabitants. With these frenzied assurances of the horrible nature of the pumpkin-and-lantern monster ringing in their ears, it is possible that many confiding and disingenious-minded persons may be led into alarming themselves, but we are disposed to think the intelligent masses of the Southern people will not become unduly excited over Mr. Dixon's theatrical enterprise, despite the earnest efforts to the contrary which are being made by the critics of himself and it."

* * *

THE RED AND WHITE wishes to thank Prof. H. M. Wilson and Mr. Escott for their contribution of the charts of the Carolina game, also Dr. Summey for his contribution.

* * *

THOUGHT FLASHES.

"It is a very good world to live in,
To lend or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known."

"There are but two families in the world—Have-much and Have-little."

"Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

"How shall I be able to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself."

“Just Us”

Tull (in his first Pullman car).—“Tom, what are those little hammocks for?”

Lykes.—“If we get over-crowded one of us gets up there.”

Tull.—“Sure thing I’ll not get in them.”

Lykes.—“I’ll match you” (and wins).

Tull (trying to get in the hammock).—“D—d if I can get in this thing, I’m going to get another berth.”

Hewlett.—“Clardy, I’m in love. What is a good cure for it?”

Clardy.—“Marry the girl you’re in love with.”

Hewlett (a few days later).—“Clardy, I can’t take your advice, for that girl has married another fellow.”

Vaughn, L. L. says he is a “L.L. D.” He has the “L.L.” and the “D.” is implied.

Prof. Riddick (at foot-ball game).—“Now, gentlemen, you will all notice that while the ball is only six inches from the goal, that six inches is apparently infinity.”

Dellinger.—“What is the Centennial State, anyhow?”

Lattimore.—“Why, its St. Louis, fool!”

Vice-President (Senior Class).—“I will appoint Mr. Tull one of the committee.”

Tull.—“Mr. President, I’d like to resign. I haven’t got time. When I am not playing foot-ball I’ve got to sleep.”

Prof. Riddick (on calculus).—"Well, gentlemen, a good illustration of a positive quantity that passes through zero and becomes negative, would be when a fellow, having money, gets broke and then borrows some."

"Bill" Allen (talking over the 'phone to a young lady).—"Excuse me, but did you say the 'phone was out of disorder?"

Bro. Bob Uzzell on next Saturday night will lecture to the Leazer Literary Society on "Why men should pay their society dues." All be present.

Tomlinson (at class meeting).—"Gentlemen, I wish each of you would hand in your—ah—pedigrees by Wednesday if you want them in the Agromeck."

Asbury (on dress parade).—"Open ranks!"
B. U. W. Girl.—"Didn't he say, 'chew the rag'?"

McBrayer.—"Say, isn't 'Dutchie' a German?"
Steele.—"No; what made you think so?"
McB.—"Well, somebody told me that his people couldn't speak a word of United States."

Corporal W. W. Jones (on skirmish drill).—"As sk-sk-sk—aw darn it so-scatter out!"

McBrayer (at Hewlett's room door).—"Posie, can you tell me where Hewlett rooms?"

Dr. Winston.—"Give us an example of bailment."
Jordan.—"Why, bailing yourself out of jail would be a good one."

Dr. Winston.—“Now, Mr. Jordan, what is the use of guessing at a word you never heard of before. Why didn't you say it was bailing a mud puddle out with a paddle? What do you know about bailing out of jail. Go bail yourself out! Mr. Huband, what do you mean by bailment?”

Huband.—“Why—ah—it means—ah—”

Dr. W.—“That will do, Mr. Huband.”

Eaton says he can't do much with tactics and chemistry nor anything else pertaining to science, but if you want someone to “tote” water, drive the cows, curry the horses or make a speech, he is the man you are looking for. Those having fences to whitewash, or corn to shell call on Mr. Eaton.

Commandant (on entering the O. D.'s office and finding the orderly reading a newspaper).—“You don't know who I am, do you?”

Orderly (without looking from his paper).—“Yes I do.” But we think, judging from the conversation that followed, that he was very much mistaken and will come to “attention” promptly when the commandant calls on him next time.

W. W. Jones (to L. Weaver).—“You nee-edn't be p-p-pouting. There's more co-co-corporals to be appointed.”

Hemphill—“Look here, Whitehurst, you needn't think you are the whole United States just because you carry the flag.”

“Dear Son—I have been notified that you are deficient in “Boilers.” See if you can't try and get up some steam in those boilers.

DAD.”

The answer went back:

"Dear Dad—I went on a few times and let my pipes freeze up and the flues got in bad condition, but have overhauled the boilers and am 'popping off' now every three minutes. SON."

Ask Joe Bivens what he thinks about guard duty.

Ask Harding why his bluff wouldn't work on the guard.

The perspiration runs no more
Down its accustomed channels.
And that's a hunch for you to go.
And don your winter flannels.

Teacher.—"What is an aqueduct?"

Boy.—"It's a big duck, sir."

Locals

Who said "soup?"

Mr. Hugh C. Fry, a former A. & M. student, was at the college a few days ago.

Dr. George T. Winston, Dr. C. W. Burkett, Dr. Tait Butler, and Prof. W. A. Withers attended the meeting of the Board of Directors of the United States Experiment Station in Washington a few days ago.

Prof. Nelson went to Charlotte on business recently.

Mr. F. E. Sloan, class of '99, who was for several years registrar of the college and is now with the Security Life and Annuity Insurance Company of Greensboro, left for his home in Hickory a few days ago, after spending a month here with his friends. Mr. Sloan has the best wishes of the students and his many friends are glad to know that he is making a success in the insurance business.

A large crowd attended the Carolina-A. & M. foot-ball game the 11th inst. Those who came expecting Carolina to have a "walk-over" were badly disappointed. It was one of the best and hardest-fought games ever played here.

The Commandant intends to impress people with the fact that this is a military school. He has recently established guard duty and the steady steps of the sentinels may be heard every night as they walk their beats.

The Carolina-A. & M. game seemed to have as much attraction for the old boys as the Fair. The following are some of those who were here: Cornwell, Lilly, Willis, S. H. Smith,

Griffith, Hill Hunter, Geo. Foushee, Hackett, Dalton, Murr, T. T. Ellis and Kimball.

While the public does not consider that we won in the game with the University, our boys played so completely "all over them" that we celebrated by going to town, giving a few yells on the streets, serenading all the female seminaries in town.

We are very glad to know that most of our sick boys are improving and will soon be on the campus again.

The Thalerian German Club gave its November dance Friday night, the 3rd, in the Olivia Raney Hall. This was conceded by all to be the best and largest dance in the history of the club. Music was furnished by the Third Regiment Band. The dance was gracefully led by Mr. Lewis T. Winston with Miss Narnie Rogers, assisted by Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Young and Mr. Lacy Moore with Miss Mary Russell of Asheville.

The following couples participated:

Mr. J. D. Clarke, Jr., with Miss Nell Hinsdale.

Mr. T. M. Lykes, with Miss Irene Lacy.

Mr. L. T. Winston, with Miss Narnie Rogers.

Mr. W. A. Allen, with Miss Loula McDonald.

Mr. W. S. Tomlinson, with Miss Aline Young.

Mr. R. H. Harper, with Miss Lillie Ferrall.

Mr. Lacy Moore, with Miss Mary Russell, of Asheville.

Mr. Reid Tull, with Miss Mary Barbee.

Mr. A. W. Gregory, with Miss Belle Moncure.

Mr. J. C. Kendall, with Miss Cribbs, of Atlanta.

Mr. W. N. Holt, with Miss Vivian Moncure.

Mr. C. K. McClelland, with Miss Louise Pittenger.

Mr. E. N. Pegram, with Miss Sharpe, of Portsmouth.

Mr. G. A. Roberts, with Miss Margaret Smedes.

Mr. A. D. St. Amant, with Miss Lucy Andrews.

- Mr. A. B. Suttle, Jr., with Miss Perkins, of Tennessee.
 Mr. K. C. Council, with Miss S. Mahoney, of Norfolk.
 Mr. D. M. Clark, with Miss Mary Smedes.
 Mr. M. Gray, with Miss Nancy Mahoney, of Norfolk.
 Mr. Ralph Long, with Miss Katie Barbee.
 Mr. Gordon Smith, with Miss Sakie Latta.
 Mr. R. H. Smith, with Miss Lizzie Rogers.
 Mr. B. B. Lattimore, with Miss Vera Webb, of Birmingham, Ala.
- Mr. J. E. Major, with Miss Helen Smedes.
 Mr. R. R. Faison, with Miss Ruby Norris.
 Mr. W. C. Piver, with Miss Annie Hinsdale.
 Mr. W. W. Watters, with Miss Leonard, of Henderson.
- Stags—Messrs. Hodges, Hardie, Piver A. B., Primrose, Bebee, Steele, McCathran, Whitney and Warner and Bohmson, of Carolina.
- Chaperones—Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Smith.

HALLOWE'EN AT A. & M.

A HAPPY EVENT AT THE HOME OF DR. AND MRS. C. W. BURKETT.

The pumpkin-head lanterns imparted some of their genial glow to the spirits of those who enjoyed the Hallowe'en party given by the Junior Faculty of the A. & M. College. For every one entered into the fun in the unconventional and jolly way which characterizes social gatherings in Dixie. Professors forgot their learning; athletes the dignity which it is their habit to affect; and young ladies forgot their pompadours and complexions—sousing the former recklessly into tubs of water in the effort to get their teeth around elusive apples, and shoving the latter impulsively into the bowls of flour which held the lucky rings.

The affair took place under Prof. Burkett's hospitable roof. Mr. and Mrs. Burkett made model hosts, making everyone feel perfectly at home, and entering into the games as heartily as the most flighty maid or most unstable bachelor.

Among those who contributed most to the enjoyment of the evening, was Mr. A. F. Bowen, who in his character as "Metho, the Mystic," revealed to the young ladies their futures. His efforts were so thoroughly appreciated that a swarm of young ladies hung about his rustic booth for several hours.

The rooms were decorated with autumn foliage, evergreens, shocks of corn, sheaves of wheat, pumpkin-head lanterns and witches.

According to the custom of this season the refreshments were pumpkin pie, coffee and cider. Among the "stunts" which helped to make time fly were the peanut "race," "bobbing for apples," "chicken fights," "fishing for partners," shooting at hearts on the backs of which were the names of the partners for the next event, the singing of old time tunes, and "cutting the cake."

Among those present were: Miss Lula Brewer, with Mr. Riemer; Miss Daisy Moring, with Dr. Roberts; Miss Mary Smedes, with Mr. Whitney; Miss Margaret Smedes, with Prof. McClelland; Miss Helen Smedes, with Mr. Morgan; Miss Minnie Massey, with Mr. Shuford; Miss Mabel Massey with Mr. Long; Miss Nettie Massey, with Mr. Adams; Miss Bessie Massey, with Dr. Walker; Miss Martha Maney, with Dr. Summey; Miss Margaret Allen, with Mr. Mason; Miss Pollard, with Prof. Kendall; Miss Jones, with Prof. Paine; Miss Elizabeth Burt, with Mr. Woglum; Miss Pauline Hill, with Mr. Harding; Miss Mary Dew, with Mr. Temple; Miss Mary Andrews, with Mr. St. Amant; Miss Lucy Andrews, with Mr. Sprague; Miss Belvie Huntington, with Mr. Steed; Miss Lillie Terrell, with Mr. Harper; Miss Mary Barbee, with Mr. Watson; Miss Emme Johnson, with Mr. Owen; Miss Hattie Johnson, with Mr. Clay; Miss Floy Sharpe, with Lieut. Heaton; Miss Caroline Sherman, with Mr. Mann.

Exchanges

We have received quite a number of exchanges this month, and after a somewhat hurried examination of the different magazines we are forced to arrive at the following conclusions: That "love runneth not smoothly, and the way of a maid with a man is indeed mysterious." "Love" seems to be the prevailing theme of the majority of writers. Well, why not? Does not the arrows of Cupid spur a man's imagination and drive him from the safe and comparatively easy path of prose into the more difficult but more beautiful ways of poetry? Certainly. There has been, and there still exists, a dearth of poetry in *college magazines*.

The *Georgetown College Journal* contains some of the best poetry it has been our pleasure of perusing. "October" is not only appropriate for the occasion, but is realistic and cleverly written.

An answered prayer speaks for itself:

"An artist prayed for a model true
Of the Virgin's color, the heaven's blue,
And in his dreams his vision met
A God-sent flower—the Violet."

"One Point of View," written in negro dialect, is artistically executed and shows the author to be familiar with this syle of composition.

The ode, "Horace XIV.," shows that the author has evidently put a great deal of thought and force into his work, and his efforts have been crowned with success.

There are a number of other poems, but these are enough to class the magazines *with the best*.

"A Game of Chess," in the *William Jewell Student*, is

a novel story, something out of the ordinary. Stories of this stamp build a reputation for their magazine.

The Gridiron comes to us for the first time this year, with an interesting article, titled "*The Gridiron's Latest Paper.*"

The Limestone Star, of Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C., contains some interesting matter. "The Destiny of the South" is well written and contains some solid matter. To compose an article like this one must be well versed in both social and political conditions of the Southland.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges: *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *William Jewell Student*, *The Harvard Illustrated Magazine*, *Georgia Tech.*, *Sewanee Purple*, *The Skiff*, *Rocky Mountain Collegian*, *The Harbinger*, *The College Paper*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Trinity Archive*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *University of Texas Magazine*, *Converse Concept*, *Erskinian*, *The Tooter*, *Chisel*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Limestone Star*, *Cornell Countryman*, *The Observer*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Parke School Gazette*; *College Message*, *The Ivy*, *William and Mary*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Revellie*, *Tar Heel*, *University Hatchet*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Record*, *Purple and Gold*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Clemson Chronicle*, *Aurora*.

CLIPPINGS.

"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe in heaven.—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

—Ex.

I kissed her once, she laughed and cried;
I kissed her twice, tried to decide
What next to do, and then the three
She gave without a halt to me
Sealed my doom. And now I curse
To think it could have been no worse:

—She married.

—Ex.

(By a Freshman.)

"I stood on the bridge at sunset,
 And in the water I saw
 What I thought to be some tadpoles,
 All fighting as if in war.
 As it seemed to be interesting,
 I slowly raised my glass,
 And on closer observation,
 They proved the—Senior Class."

—Ej.

"This man studies a horse
 Quite handsomely interlined;
 That man uses a pony
 To refresh his barren mind,
 But *I* want neither horse nor
 Pony to carry *me* to class."
 "Faith you need neither horse nor
 Pony, for you're a long-eared ass."

—Ex.

Monkey and a Freshman
 Sitting on a rail,
 Couldn't tell the difference
 'Cept the money had a tail.

—Ex.

"Order, cried the judge, banging upon the desk.
 "Rye Highballs," answered the jury in a chorus.—Ex.