The Red and White

DECEMBER, 1905

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

REMEMBER

about that subscription that you have not paid yet. Pay it NOW and your conscience won't hurt you during the holidays.

OUR COMMANDANT.

The Red and White

Vol. VII WEST RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER, 1905 No. 4

THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

I have been asked by the editor of RED AND WHITE to say a few words to A. and M. students on the general subject of "Why the young men of North Carolina should study the Textile Industry." In complying with his request, I wish to present in as few words as possible the most prominent reasons for going into this industry for one's life-work. I do this in order to acquaint my readers with some of the general features of the Textile Industry in North Carolina, and to point out to them what I consider to be the very excellent opportunities for successful and remunerative careers.

First of all, the Textile Industry is the largest in North Carolina. There are in this State 267 cotton mills, 14 woolen mills, 5 knitting mills, and 3 silk mills. This makes a grand total of 335 textile mills. In these there is a capital invested of $40,000,000. To operate these mills 100,000 operatives and managing officers are employed. $30,000,000 in wages are paid out annually to these employees and officers. Such a great industry as this has a distinct attraction. To a young man concerned with his chances for success in life, one of the first thoughts which come to him is, "Where can I get employment?" There is a place for a well trained young man in every mill in the State.

Second. The great extent of the Textile Industry is an attractive feature. It spreads all over the State from "Murphy to Manteo." Textile mills are found in most every town of importance from Wilmington to Elizabeth City on the east,

and from each of these cities to Asheville on the west. There are in North Carolina 97 counties; there are textile mills in 54 of these. This fact is of great advantage to a young man who is going to learn the mill business. In this, as in every other industry, he must begin low and work up. He must obtain practical experience in the mill no matter what his previous Textile School training may have been. If he can start to work in his home town his expenses are lessened and his advantages of living are increased. Further, as he progresses in the industry he can choose any part of the State in which to settle.

Third. The Textile Industry offers large opportunities to a well trained, capable, determined young man. It demands much. It requires that he be efficient, skillful, and that he deal with employers with a sense of justice and fairness always. But it holds out to him a responsible position as manager in some capacity of the labor and product of a large number of employees. Every educated young man going into this business aims at an advanced position, such as that of overseer, superintendent or manager. The salary attached to these positions ranges from $3.00 per day to $5,000 per year. Any of these is open to a young man who will faithfully perform his duty in the mill and endeavor to rise by successive steps until he has reached his goal. But this is by no means an easy task. It means hard work. It is, however, within the reach of good men. This is evident by the fact that during last year three former A. and M. men were made Superintendents after going through the under positions. These men were, J. Platt Turner, '02; John Carpenter, '03; and Z. V. Manney, Short Course, '03.

Fourth. This is a growing industry. The number of mills is constantly increasing and the demand for men of talent is ever present. Further, the knowledge and skill required to produce goods for the present day competitive markets is greater than ever before. During the past year, which has not been a very active one in mill building, nine new cotton

mills have been constructed and started up in this State. The affairs of each of these is administered by a President, Secretary and Treasurer, Superintendent, and at least three overseers. This made fifty-four new positions which had been created and must needs be filled on account of new mill construction in one year alone. In addition there was a larger number of positions made vacant by resignations, changes and the like. Then, too, more and more are specially trained men becoming necessary. Many mills are changing over to produce a more valuable and complicated product. In order to do this, it is necessary to employ men of greater skill, of larger ability and experience. This is the opportunity for the man who has had the advantage of a textile school training.

Fifth. The last reason I name is one that should be familiar to every man at this college. Before naming it, however, I should like to make one or two observations. A man's success in life is based on certain qualities, which be for a large part within himself. They are these, according to my opinion:

First. A sincere determination to succeed through the medium of hard work.

Second. A broad faith in one's fellow man, enabling a man to deal with others in a way that attracts, commands admiration and excites enthusiasm.

Third. A thorough preparation of one's life work.

It is the opportunity to obtain a thorough and complete training in the Textile Industry which I name as my last reason for going into this business. In the Textile Department of this college will be found the means and instruction for carrying on any and every kind of work which is being done in the cotton mills of North Carolina. The student, therefore, has an early opportunity to become acquainted with each and every process with which he will come in contact when he gets into active work. This gives him an opportunity for learning and experimenting which should prove a

valuable asset to him in his after work. When he has completed his course in the Textile School, he is ready to go into the mill and obtain practical experience on a large scale; also, he must learn to employ and manage labor. It is then only a question of demonstrating his ability to manufacture ere he obtain a position of responsibility and trust in which great pride and satisfaction can be taken.

HENRY M. WILSON.

COTTON IN THE SOUTH.

In begining the discussion of this subject, it might be well to bring in a short history of cotton culture, for owing to the fact that it being such a valuable plant, especially to the South, it is natural that we all should like to know something of its origin.

The oldest cotton producing country is India, where the plant has been grown from time immemorial. It was used there, as it is now, for the manufacture of clothing, which was said by Herodotus, the early Greek historian, to be of better quality and finer fiber than that made from the wool of sheep. On account of the character of the plant, it was called "tree wool," by which name it is still known in some countries. Cotton fabrics were known to the Chinese long before the Christian era. It is believed to be of great antiquity in Egypt and in all parts of Africa, and has been cultivated for many centuries in Asia Minor, in many of the Mediterranean islands, in Greece and in Southern Italy. It was found in the West Indies by Columbus, in Mexico by Cortez, and in many parts of South America by the early explorers.

The first efforts to grow cotton in the United States were made in Virginia about 1721, and until the latter part of the same century its cultivation was confined chiefly to that state and the Carolinas, where it was grown principally for domestic uses. Beginning in Virginia, the cultivation of cot-

ton moved southward and westward and by 1850 the centre of production was in Alabama. We see by this that the plant had spread over almost all of the present cotton belt. The invention of the cotton gin and other machinery of much importance had turned the people's attention to this plant more and more every year. By this time they were beginning to see the real value of this fiber and realize the importance of it in the South. But there was one great drawback with the people at that time. They had not learned the principals of cotton culture. Although it had been grown in this country for over a hundred years, yet it had to grow and mature under a very rude system of cultivation. But at the close of the decade between 1850-60 came the Civil War, which thoroughly disorganized the industrial system and revolutionized the methods of cotton culture in the South. It marked the beginning of a second period in the history of cotton culture in the South, which began under conditions more unfavorable and altogether different from the first. The wild and reckless system of extensive cultivation practiced before the war had impoverished the land of every cotton producing state east of the Mississippi river. The destruction of the soils by the methods of cultivation in use at this time was worse than the effects of the war itself.

For ten years following the close of the war the price of cotton was high, and did not fall to the level of prices at the beginning of the war until about 1876. In 1866 the price of good cotton was eighty-six cents per pound, but in ten years following this, it had fallen to thirteen cents per pound. This was a terrible decline in the price of the staple, but the minimum price at this period was above the cost of production and the certainty of gains stimulated the planters to devote the most of their time to the cultivation of this crop. The large gains resulting from these crops of that period enabled them to partially recover from the effects of the war, but these gains, instead of going into cash capital with which to operate succeeding crops, were expended in rebuilding houses, barns, fences, and in restocking their plantations.

By 1876, which marks the beginning of an industrial system, that has had much to do with subsequent production, the white planters had adapted themselves to the new conditions of free labor, but had acquired but little cash capital. The negro also had become accustomed to his new environments, and as a farm laborer, contributed largely to the South's production of cotton. From the results of this and also the tendency of planters to cultivate almost their entire farms in cotton, there resulted in the early seventies an overproduction which caused a decline in prices, and with the exception of an occasional rise, the decline continued for a period of over twenty years. In none of our staple crops has there been so great a fall in prices as in that of cotton from 1872 down to 1894, where a figure not far from the bottom level was reached. General commodities, during this time, fell fully half their value; wheat still more, and cotton most of all. During the early part of this period the South was passing through a most severe trial of political reconstruction, but the political was in no way to be compared with the economic reconstruction that the phenomenal fall in the price of cotton imposed upon their agriculture. The level of prices declined more rapidly than the rate of production increased.

But in spite of this great decline in prices, the South had by this time almost got on a solid foundation once more For thirty odd years they had struggled hard and patiently, and it seemed that victory was almost in sight, but just as the star of hope was beginning to appear, and the many farmers of the South were once more living in hopes of prosperity, perhaps one of the greatest blows that they have ever experienced was begining to fall upon them. Cotton, the greatest agricultural product in the world, and on which the South was dependent for her prosperity, had now fallen to the point where it was impossible for the farmers to raise it to an advantage, and discouragement came like a thunder cloud blotting out all their hopes of better times. Just as they were recovering from one disastrous event to be thrown back into

another, was enough to put the farmers in a position to give it up as a lost cause.

This period of low prices lasted until 1901. During this time cotton hardly ever paid the cost of raising it, and the South once more went to ruin. It was impossible for the farmers to make both ends meet during this time. Houses, land and stock were mortgaged and many were left without a home, and even deprived of the necessaries of life, and life became a burden instead of a pleasure. By this time people were beginning to see the need of a better educational system throughout the South. They were turning their minds to this more and more every year, putting forth every nerve in order to push this great cause to the front, that it might come to a higher standard of excellence. Almost every farmer had now got into a condition where he could spare the time and money for his children to be in school a few months during the year. It did not stop at this, for a great many were able to enter the higher colleges and universities, preparing themselves to solve the problems of life. But just at this time, when the dawn of a new day was at hand, and the people, especially the young, were looking forward to better days, the sudden decline in the price of cotton again dashed their hopes to the ground. The children had to part from the old school house again and spend their time at home helping to earn their daily bread. Mortgaged property, sale of lands, and unpaid debts, caused many heartbroken farmers to part from their homes, where perhaps some of them had been from their childhood, and seek more profitable employment than raising four and five cent cotton.

What was the cause of this? First of all, we might say that overproduction was at the root of the whole matter. The climate of the South is unexcelled by any for the culture of cotton, and when such a tremendous acreage was put in cotton and cultivated under these favorable advantages, the South produced more than the world could possibly consume. Another great reason was found in the highly organized specula-

tors, who had found out the weakness of the farmers and did all they could to send the price of cotton down to the lowest figure, in order that the golden flow into their coffers might increase. They made their wealth, not by creating new material for the world, but by fraudulently diverting the farmer's goods from his pocket to theirs.

There was another cause for these low prices, which, no doubt, had as much or more to do with it as any other. This was the lack of co-operation among the farmers. There seemed to be a tendency among them to work against each other instead of working together. They were the only class of people that were unorganized. They bought all of their supplies and sold all they made to organized capital. In fact, they had about gotten to the point where they had no business of their own, and were simply laboring for the benefit of others. These reckless methods were followed until the old South had almost fallen into a helpless condition. But this was not to be. The-never-say-die spirit of the sturdy Southerner now come to the front and a great change took place. The farmers took up their great task of organizing themselves in order that hereafter they might work together for their own good, and also start the old South on the road to prosperity again. This was the greatest move the South has ever undertaken, but it has already proven a success and has bright hopes of a better future. Today the farmers are reaping fair prices for their cotton and our Southland is on a brighter road to prosperity than she has ever been before.

C. F. N., '06.

Athletics

With the passing of the football season comes pleasant thoughts in retrospect of the splendid record we have made. From the beginning to the end of the season our team has been an unusually successful one, and is probably the best A. and M. has ever had. With only one touchdown scored against us this season—and that on an unfortunate fake play in the Virginia game—we think we reserve the right to be elated by the victorious record of our team. And the reason for our elation is all the more apparent when we remember the string of signal victories won by A. and M. this season. V. M. I., South Carolina College, Washington and Lee and Davidson, all strong teams, have met defeat at our hands. And even now, in dispassionate state of mind, we still think we are justified in claiming the Carolina game. That we won it there is not the shadow of a doubt, but the disappointing blank score will live in our memories as a touching example of "what might have been" had fortune and the "Doggie" not frowned on us.

In the Virginia game a touchdown on a fake play and a goal from field made the only score of the season against us. Those ten points are somewhat of a "fly in our ointment," but the sixty-five points our team has scored against the other teams they have played compensates us largely for this bit of misfortune. No other team in the South has had as few points scored against them this season as we.

An attempt to give the members of the team all the credit and praise due them would be a failure, unless we were to eulogize each man individually, and so a fitting eulogy would be hard to write. We can only express ourselves by briefly mentioning those qualities by which they have distinguished themselves. Wilson ranks with Carpenter of V. P. I., as the greatest half-back in the South. His work throughout the

season has been both brilliant and consistent. He has been elected captain for next year, and we are confident of his ability to fill that position ideally. Tom Lykes at centre has been a terror to opposing teams, both on offense and defense. His work places him at the head of Southern centers. Tull and Shaw have been line smashers of the cyclone variety, always to be counted on for substantial gains on the offense, and as towers of strength when the ball was in their opponent's possession. Perkins, Beebe, Sykes and Temple, have been stonewalls on the defense, few first downs having been made through them during the season. Hardie has been a good, consistent, ground gainer. Steele at quarter, has been heady and fast. His brilliant playing deserves him the right to be classed among the very best Southern quarter-backs. Captain Gregory at end has been all that could be desired; cool, alert and aggressive. His work has placed him on the pedestal of a winning captain.

To Coach Whitney belongs the credit of a carefully developed team. The record of the team makes obvious his good work and adds more lustre to his already shining reputation as a coach. We would like to see him at the helm again next year.

To the men of the scrub team we again find ourselves unable to express all credit due. They have been an essential element in the development of the first team, a cog in the wheel, without which the piece of 'Varsity machinery would have been almost useless. The success they have helped the 'Varsity attain reflects enough credit on themselves to last a lifetime.

And now to all of you, coach, 'Varsity and scrubs, our hats are off forever, because you are the best there is in football-dom. You have worked hard and faithfully, bringing glory to your college and everlasting memory of yourselves to us.

W. C. ETHERIDGE.

Literary

Christmas Bells

Ring out ye joyful Christmas bells,
Peal out the glad old story—
The birth of Christ, the Prince of Peace,
Your melody it tells.

Tell forth, ye golden Christmas bells,
Of the Babe of Bethlehem;
Of shepherds watching near their flocks,
And the story told to them.

Send out the tidings, Christmas bells,
'Till all the echoes call.
The man of Galilee is king;
Peace on earth, good will to all.

H. L. H.

A TALE OF THE CRIMP.

"This is a h—l of a place to spend Christmas, and I wish this old tea-chest would sink the instant we make port." The speaker was George Gordon and his listener was a German named Granstein, the ship's carpenter. They were standing on the main deck of the good ship Yemasee. The wind was blowing a gale and threatening every instant to carry away the tall mast which bent like a willow wand.

George Gordon was a native of Richmond, Va., and a graduate of the United States Naval Academy. After his graduation he had resigned to enter the broader field of electrical engineering, there being very little chance, at that time, of promotion in the naval service. He was going abroad to complete his studies and was walking down on the dock at the water front at Norfolk, watching the crew loading a huge full-rigged ship. That ship was the Yemasee, as proud a "wind-jammer" as ever ploughed the seas, but little did George Gordon dream what the presence of the Yemasee in port at that time meant for him. It was growing quite dark and just as Gordon left the wharf he felt a blow on the back of his head and fell unconscious. The next thing he knew he was lying on a dark bunk and realized, from the rolling motion, that he was on water.

"Where am I? How did this happen?" and many other questions he asked himself before the awful truth flashed over him. He had been knocked down, then "shanghaied" and carried aboard some outbound ship to be made to go before the mast as an ordinary seaman. His head ached and his brain reeled. He knew that he had been knocked in the head and then carried to some sailor's boarding house, or "crimp," and given some kind of drug, from the effects of which he was still suffering. "Yes, I have undoubtedly been "crimped" and "shanghaied" and then put aboard this ship, whatever it is," soliloquized he.

After gathering together his scattered senses, Gordon made his way up to the deck and went in search of the captain. Captain Stoney was a rough, brutal man, and very soon gave Gordon to understand that his name was signed to the ship's articles and that he would at once report for duty to the mate, for a voyage to the Celebes and Singapore for spices and teas. Having been in the navy two years after graduation from the Naval Academy, Gordon was a thorough seaman, but he pretended to know nothing about a ship. His seeming lack of knowledge made things go hard with him at first, but he had carefully laid his plans and knew that he would come out alright in the end. His best chance lay in meeting some American cruiser in some port and wigwagging her a message, so he attended strictly to his duty and waited patiently for the time to come when he would be free.

The days, weeks and months passed wearily by. It seemed like serving a sentence in the penitentiary to him. The trade winds carried the Yemasse steadily southward until she reached the equator, then suddenly died out. A dead calm prevailed and the ship lay motionless on the bosom of the great Atlantic. About noon, dense, snow-white clouds began to appear from every point on the horizon. The great, white clouds continued to rise, and at three o'clock he observed the sun, while the clouds near the horizon were rent with brilliant flashes of lightning. By six o'clock an inky black pall covered the heavens and the darkness was intense, but was hardly noticed for the vivid flashes of lightning that lit up the scene as though it had been a monstrous display of flickering arc lights. Presently a roar was heard, far away and indistinct at first, but gradually and rapidly growing louder and more distinct until the source of the roar could be seen about three miles away. A tremendous wave or solid wall of water, about eight feet high, was moving with fearful rapidity, and its edges whipped to foam by the fierce wind. Every cheek on the ship paled at the sight. On came the wave and struck the Yemasee with tremendous force broadside, nearly stand-

ing her on her beam ends. The shock was frightful and the mizzenmast snapped with a loud report. The peals of thunder were terrible, to which the artillery of a battleship in action would have sounded like a faint echo. All hands were trimming sail and trying to bring the ship's head to the wind, which they at last succeeded in doing, though not until three men had been lost in the raging seas that threatened every moment to overwhelm the ship. The gale continued with unabated fury for two days, and then the wind was hushed and the sea became smooth, except for an ugly ground swell, almost as suddenly as it had become wrought into the life-like thing that vainly strove to compass the destruction of the Yemasse.

A jury mast and rigging were fitted in place of the mizzenmast which had been carried away, and in about a week the ship continued on her journey. The dangerous Straits of Magellan were left behind and the ship's company gazed at the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Three men had been lost, and with nobody to take their places, work was made much harder for the remaining members of the crew.

The Yemasse touched at Valpariso and took on water and wood for the galley, but Gordon was allowed no shore leave and was on the deck talking to the carpenter, or "Chips," as he was familiary called, when he dived below and produced a calendar. To his amazement, he found that they had been at sea for five months and that the day was Christmas. This Christmas had no cheer for him. He had nothing to give except obedience to the brutal captain's orders, and nothing to take but hard knocks and blows. Such is life aboard every ship. While he and Graustein were talking a well-dressed Spanish gentleman came aboard and Gordon, having been taught Spanish at the Naval Academy and still having a complete mastery of the language, engaged the gentleman in conversation. Gordon was very careful and talked with his new friend for a half hour before he told him how he came to be in the ship's crew and got him to write to his father

to ask the authorities to hold the ship at Manila until he could secure his release. All went well after leaving Valpariso and Gordon longed for the time to come when the Yemasse would drop anchor in Manila harbor.

Capt. Stoney suddenly changed plans and headed his ship for Honolulu instead of striking directly across the water for Manila. Arriving at Honolulu several new seamen were shipped and the crew again brought to normal size. The Yemasee reached Honolulu at night and left the next day. When the morning dawned, just before the Yemasee weighed anchor, Gordon's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a United States cruiser, the San Francisco, lying at anchor in the roadstead—so near, and yet so far. He climbed into the long-boat hanging from its davits and made frantic efforts to attract the attention of some one on board, but couldn't, and it was with a heavy heart that he heard the boatswains' whistle pipe all hands aloft to make sail. Slowly the proud ship drew out of the harbor, and in a few hours the city and neighboring islands were lost in the distance.

Late in September, the Yemasee made port at Manila and she was promptly boarded by the vice-consul who read his papers and demanded the immediate release of George Gordon, an American citizen who had been unlawfully taken aboard the Yemasee and his name signed to the articles. Capt. Stoney was wild with rage when he saw his best seaman about to leave, and he said the Yemasee would leave port with the same crew she had when she arrived, and that he would not give up George Gordon, who had come aboard when the Yemasee was leaving port and had signed ship's articles of his own free will. Gordon was below when this was going on and just at this juncture put in his appearance, having been secretly summoned by his faithful friend "Chips." He walked straight to where the consul and captain were talking and standing at attention, saluted the consul. The consul acknowledged the salute and without more ado, Gordon started in and told him about himself, his imprisonment,

how he had been "crimped" and "shanghaied" and of the hard and brutal treatment he had received at the hands of the captain and his rascally first mate. Luckily for Gordon, the cruiser Raleigh was in Manila at that time and when Capt. Stoney flatly refused to release him, Vice-Consul McBride said: "Capt. Stoney, do you see that white ship over yonder? Well, I shall give you just twenty minutes to land Mr. Gordon at the government dock, and if he isn't there in that time, we will see what effect a few shots from the Raleigh will have on that stubbon mind of yours. I think it will change very quickly. And now, you will not leave your ship without orders from me." Mr. McBride went over the side and into his steam launch which was soon followed to the dock by the ship's cutter with Gordon on board. Mr. McBride knew Gordon's father very well and gave his son a warm welcome. In two hours, Capt. Stoney was in irons on the Raleigh, to be carried back to the United States to stand trial for kidnapping an American citizen. It may be well to say here that Stoney was subsequently tried and convicted, as were his rascally confederates, the "crimp" owners, and all given terms in the penitentiary.

Arriving at Vice-Consul McBride's house Gordon was given a reception, and at the reception he met Anna McBride to whom he was soon engaged. The rest can better be imagined than told. Sufficient it is to say that Gordon didn't continue his determination to go to Europe to complete his education. He felt that he had education enough.

H. C. F.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF FOOT-BALL.

American Rugby Foot-Ball owes its present existence to an inter-collegiate foot-ball association formed at New York in 1872 by representatives from Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Rutgers.

Of course foot-ball had been played in England for many years; but the American game, as soon as it began to develop under inter-collegiate protection, came to assume special and new characteristics.

Foot-ball, probably more than any other game or sport, has been a development, rather than merely a game played under a fixed, unchangeable set of rules. The American colleges found the English game uncertain in many rules, and crude in the use of the capacity of the team for advancing the ball. And this latter phase of the game has received a large measure of attention, until now we have what is termed machine-like team work.

The first step of the inter-collegiate association was to simplify and compactly classify the rules under which the game was to be played. Next, the ball could be "heeled back" from "scrimmage" by a "forward" to a "back" who could then advance by running. In the English game the ball must be put in play from "scrimmage" by a kick forward. "Heeling" was quite soon superseded by the passing of the ball from the "centre" to the "backs" by the "quarter-back." which was, of course, much quicker, and far more accurate.

Then came the division of the team of eleven men into the line, composed of seven "forwards," a "quarter-back," and the three "backs."

The addition of a "quarter back," and the assignment of one of the seven "forwards," known as the "centre," to the regular duty of passing the ball opened up the possibilities of end running and plays outside tackle which had been

practically excluded from "scrimmage" in the English game.

From this point the game progressed along the line of what was most practical, and especially of what was most effective. Five of the "forwards" necessarily continued to be heavy, strong men, capable of giving and taking rough usage; but the other two, known as ends, came to have special and distinctive duties, both on offence and defence, partaking partly of the duties of line men and partly of the duties of "backs."

The main development of the American game has been toward the object of advancing the ball; as the theory of a successful team is: if you have not the ball, get it; and when you get it, carry it behind the opponent's goal. But considerable advance has been made in the art and science of defence. First of all, the art of tackling low has been carefully studied and mastered. Then, the "forwards" from "tackle" to "tackle" have learned the necessity of fast, low charging. So important is this special feature of the game that it is safe to say that a team whose "forwards" can not, or do not, charge into the opposing team's efforts to advance the ball, and do this instantly, can not expect a successful issue for themselves, even though the efforts of the other six men composing the team be heroic. Further, the American game has developed the necessity of the peculiar and very skillful defensive end play. The "backs" form a secondary defence, which is an ancient adjunct of the game. The defence as a team is naturally adopted to thwart the efforts of the opposing team, a special method being used to stop a given special play.

Starting with simple plunges, end runs, punts, drop and place kicking, these have been tried and found effective as have also masses on tackle, flying wedges, the Princeton revolving mass, quarter-back, tackle back, close formation, wing shifts, and many and various tricks and special formation plays.

From New England the sport has gone abroad and found a welcome home from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the golden gates of sunny California; from the granite walls of grim Quebec to the balmy Gulf of Mexico.

Through all the vicissitudes of this autumn Yale stood out in bold relief for her adherence to simple aims and methods—and for her success in the winning of inter-collegiate contests.

In the South and West each year during the past five has seen a marked advance in foot-ball knowledge and prowess, until now the team from a Southern college has defeated the West Point eleven, which a week later held Harvard to one touchdown and a goal; and either Chicago or Michigan would doubtless play the best the East affords on even terms.

The season just passed seems to mark a critical point in the history of the game in the United States. Almost without exception the public and the press seem to be clamoring for a change in the conduct of the game. Some are radical; some more temperate. The American people will have their way and their say even in the matter of foot-ball, we suppose; but exactly what they wish is at present very difficult to ascertain.

This condition of public opinion in regard to our national game of foot-ball somewhat reminds one of the chaotic situation of Russia—each subject has his own theory and ideals.

HOLLY SONG.

Care is but a bursted bubble,
  Trill the carol, troll the catch;
Sooth, we'll cry, "A truce to trouble!"
  Mirth and mistletoe shall match.

Happy folly! we'll be jolly!
  Who'd be melancholy now?
With a "hey, the holly! ho, the holly!"
  Polly hangs the holly bough.

Laughter lurking in the eye, sir,
  Pleasure foots it frisk and free.
He who frowns or looks awry, sir,
  Faith, a witless wight is he!

Merry folly! what a volley
  Greets the hanging of the bough!
With a "hey, the holly! ho, the holly!"
  Who'd be melancholy now?

SELECTED.

NONE TOO GREAT TO KNEEL.

It was now eight years since Strouce had left his Alma Mater, proud of the fact that he could affix just two letters of the alphabet to his name—G. E. Strouce, C. E. It had cost him six years of patience, hard study and self-denial, that C. E., but look at it now, how small it looks beside G. E. Strouce, Civil Engineer and Contractor; M. Am. S. C. E.; construction of railway bridges a specialty.

Strouce, seated comfortably in a rocker of a Pullman car, had just finished a rather frivolous love story in some monthly magazine, brought to him by the porter; and now, as if condemning himself for such folly, he sat gazing out of the car window; while a deep-set frown played about his eyes and forehead. The scenery from the window was indeed beautiful enough to hold the eye of any ordinary tourist; no wonder, he, one of nature's sons, should gaze so fixedly upon its grandeur. But when Strouce again turned to his book, it was with a sigh of discontent.

"After all," he said aloud, success is but a one-sided happiness."

A snickering little giggle from across the aisle brought the red blood to his face. He had been caught, as engineers often are, who speak their convictions aloud while in the woods.

He smiled, though I dare say it was more through a feeling of guilt than pleasure, for he was not a man who indulged in social pleasure. But somehow the eye of the woman and the theme of the story had suggested to him a new life. Had shown him a field in which man is monarch of his survey, and had taught him that after all, his was but a one-sided success—that success which for fourteen years had been his soul's one ambition. To him fame was love, and love of fame had caused him to battle against the inevit-

able, and win, what to ordinary men would have been impossible.

G. E. Strouce, he was, and a M. Am. S. C. E., but yet that frivolous love story writer had shown him his failure, just as he thought his success complete. Had shown him a field he knew not of; and he, who had mastered the greatest engineering problems, knew not the field of love.

With an air of disgust Strouce dropped his book and drew from his pocket plans for a three-span, double-track bridge, to be built over the Missouri river, near St. Louis. It was a great undertaking and was promising to present many difficulties. His brow knit, and his eyes seemed to sink deeper in his head, as he studied his plans. For a time he seemed to have forgotten his insight into real life, and was again burying himself in the study of his first love. Unconsciously he began pacing the narrow aisle of the car; his thoughts buried in his work. To him there was nothing but the steady blow of pile-drivers, the clatter and hammering of riveting machines and sledge, coffer-dams and massive stone pins being built in the midst of a mighty flood of yellow water.

A jerk of the car as it was rounding a sharp curve, sent Strouce in a very ungraceful heap into an already occupied seat. Its occupant was a little upset, but when Strouce turned his troubled face towards her and murmured some sort of apology, she could not suppress a twinkling eye or a little smile—which only intensified his embarrassment. And seeing this, her love of fun overcame her self-restraint and she asked in the most innocent of tones:

"Oh yes! what was that you were saying about happiness a short while ago?"

"Oh d—n happiness! I never knew what it was."

This was too big a break to explain, and she too busy looking out the window to listen; so stumbling over what seemed to have been the least possible obstruction, her feet, he managed to get to his seat, and there he stuck. This little incident had taught him two things that would be of great value when

he met his sister's school friends she had told him, in her last letter, were going to visit her during the holidays; but he contented himself by saying, that was only preliminary, he'd do better at home.

The evening had now given way to night, and the starry heaven was sending a dim light through the cold night air. The Limited stopped at a little town, and Strouce lugged his suit case to the platform to find it deserted, save one lone cabman and—he almost swore when he saw who.

But as it was her, and as both were headed for the same village, which was at least a half mile from the depot, and only one cab. The only thing to do was for both to go in the cab. But while Strouce was deciding this point, his companion was making her way to the cab, and he caught it just as the cabman drove off.

Darkness and unbroken silence was within, without the steady clatter of the horses' hoofs on the frozen ground, alone, broke the stillness of the night. But soon a light flashed through the cab; then one by one the lighted streets appeared, until finally the cab came to a halt. The door was opened and the cabman announced Strouce's home. A strong, athletic-looking girl sprang to the street; but Strouce held back so as to explain to the cabman and pay his fare. He arrived at the door just as his sister came out to greet her friend. She kissed both, then a hurried explanation from her college friend, in response to a question, "Why didn't you come yesterday?" left a slight pause—Strouce stood back.

"George you know Catherine, don't you?"

George's face was red. He knew Catherine, and the worst part was that Catherine knew too much about him. His hesitation was sufficient.

"This is my brother George, Miss Lamb."

George's embarrassment was plainly manifested.

"I'm pleased to meet you Mr. Strouce. Hope you didn't hurt yourself when you fell last evening?"

"Well it wasn't as bad as it might have been," said Strouce,

realizing it was his time to say something, and that truth meant the least harm.

"You don't mean you are accustomed to speaking to women like that, do you?"

"No; nor any other way, either."

"No," said his sister, trying to free him of his embarrassment. "George has been a woman hater for the last eight years. He thinks because he knows a whole lot that we women don't, that we are not worth thinking about. He—"

George put his hand over her mouth. "Hush little sister," he said. "Come on in. Where is mother?" and he was gone.

It is strange how such a jolly girl should ever take to such a matter-of-fact man, like Strouce, but it looked as if she thought it her duty to teach him that women were at least worth thinking about, and so well did she teach the lesson that he sometimes worried about, at least one woman.

At first she found it difficult to hold him, but soon he seemed to be getting used to the torture, and would actually listen to some of the books she would read to him. She in turn would listen to his tales of the woods, the bridge, the caisson, camp life. Somehow it held a secret fascination for her, and oft she caught herself wishing she could share it with him. "He needs some one to teach him some things," she would say, and he could teach me lots of things I never dreamed about—and he told her one that night.

For when she looked up and her eyes met his steady gaze, she could not face it; his thoughts were written too plainly and were shown too suddenly.

"Catherine," he said, taking her hand, "you have taught me to love, now do you shrink from that which you yourself taught me?" She was silent, her eyes hid.

"Catherine! Catherine! Look me in the face." She would not, so he changed his seat.

"Catherine I love you, dear. Promise you will learn to love me."

"Oh hush," she said. "Tell me something about the bridge. Something that is interesting."

"Oh hang the bridge!" he said. "Answer my question. Will you learn to love me?"

"No," she said, and he turned away. She did not love, she did not love. A slight press on his hand gave him hope. "Why," he asked, his eyes pleading innocently. "Because I already love you," she said.

A SHORT JOURNEY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The majority of the people of the Philippine Islands are Christians. They were converted from heathenism by Spanish missionaries, and consequently are Catholics. Up to the time of the Spanish-American war there were many Friars and Spanish Priests in all parts of the islands. Every town had its church towering above all the other houses. This church was built of brick or stone with massive walls often four or five feet in thickness. Next to the church usually stood the convent, which was really the home of the Friar, and was, as a rule, a large and commodious house, handsomely furnished. The Spanish Friar was not only the head of the church, but also an agent of the civil government, and a perfect autocrat of the town where he lived. It was the abuses of the Friars, more than anything else, which aroused the Filipinos to attack the Spanish power, and when Spain was engaged in war with the United States, the Filipinos thought their opportunity had arrived to throw off the Spanish yoke.

Later on when hostilities arose between the Filipinos and the Americans, it became necessary to place an American garrison in nearly every town of the Archipelago to establish our government, and the convents being the best buildings to be found, were occupied as quarters by our troops. After

the country was pacified and it was no longer necessary to maintain garrisons everywhere, the troops were withdrawn and consolidated into larger garrisons, or returned to the United States. In the meantime the convents and churches had sustained considerable damage at the hands of the soldiers.

In August, 1903, while stationed at Los Banos in the province of Laguna, I was sent out to examine the church property of five towns of that province, and ordered to report what damage the buildings had received, in order that later the government might have a basis of settlement if claims were made against it. The commanding officer in giving me instructions offered me the use of a spring wagon, but knowing the character of Philippine roads at that season, I preferred to travel on horseback. Two troopers were detailed to accompany me, and shortly after dinner one Saturday afternoon the three of us set out, one of the men leading a pack horse, with oats and rations sufficient for three or four days. Before we had gone three miles one of the men was thrown in a muddy pool and thoroughly soaked. Fortunately his horse did not run away but stopped to graze, and was easily caught. The first town we reached was called Bay. At that time several of the Filipino leaders, unable to resist the American forces openly had turned brigand, and making their haunts in the mountains, were accustomed to raid the towns, terrifying the inhabitants and carrying off what they came to steal. Only a short time before Bay had been raided and a Chinese merchant murdered and robbed.

After transacting our business at Bay we started for our next town, Pila, and hoped to reach it by dark. At first we had good roads and met many natives bringing cocoanut oil to market in Bay. The oil was carried by ponies, each animal having two casks attached to either side of a rude pack saddle. After a short time we encountered such mud that I congratulated myself that I had not attempted to travel in a wagon, and even began to doubt whether we could get through

with the horses. However just about dark we struck higher ground and a long stretch of road running through a forest without a house for several miles. The moon came up and the trees cast their shadows across our path. Our weird surroundings made us wonder what we could do if Felizardo or Montalou should come down and attack us from the great Mount San Cristobal which loomed up on our right. At last we reached Pila and dismounted before the convent door. I directed the men to picket out the horses and feed, and myself entered the convent to seek accommodation for the night. The native Priest who lived in the building was not at home and we were received by a young Filipino who was living with him, and spoke Spanish and a little English. We spread our blankets on the floor for beds, and were about ready to eat our supper of bread and corned beef when, much to our surprise, two Americans came in. They were the school teacher of Pila and his friend from a neighboring town who had ridden over on his bicycle to spend Sunday with one of his own race. They had seen us ride up and came over to find out who we were, and invited us to spend the night with them. This I was only too glad to do, and thereby I secured a cot to sleep on in place of the hard floor of the convent. I told Mr. McCleod, the teacher, my business, and he at once called in the Presidente or native mayor and several other leading citizens who gave me such information as they were able.

In the morning we secured a guide and started for Magdalena, our next objective. For a little way the road led through open rice fields, then through banana plantations, and finally entered an enormous grove of cocoanut palms. We must have traveled several miles unable to see anything but the tall palm trees which surrounded us on all sides. They had been planted in rows and stretched away in apparently endless avenues. The road had dwindled into a path and the guide appeared to be lost. However he soon got his bearings and brought us out right at Magdalena itself.

Entering the town we made directly for the convent, and while the men unsaddled and fed I set out to find the school teacher, the only white man in the place. His house was on one side of the public square, where he lived alone, preparing his own meals. This gentleman was a graduate of Cornell University and held the degree of Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins. I was surprised to find such a man in so lonely a situation, but he enjoyed his work, and I doubt not had a very interesting life. There are in the islands some two or three thousand American school teachers, men and women. Many of them are in the large cities where there is an abundance of society. Many others however are scattered out among the small towns where they seldom see a white face. Nevertheless such a life has its amenities. With a delightful climate, the opportunity for nature study is unequaled. Strange forms of plant and animal life abound, and the people are a source of never-failing interest, with their strange manners, language and customs. If the Filipinos ever become fitted for self-government according to our plan, the thanks will largely be due to these faithful American school teachers.

It is a custom in Filipino towns for the principal men, perhaps I should call them the city council, to meet on Sundays after church to discuss public affairs and transact the public business. As it was Sunday when I was in Magdalena, I visited this junta or town meeting. Being an American officer I was received with the greatest respect and invited to occupy the seat of honor, the President's chair. After stating my errand I asked several questions and the Presidente and town clerk gave me such information as they were able.

Perhaps you wonder how I communicated with these people. Well, our conversation was in Spanish. Very few Filipinos speak English, but the leading men all speak more or less Spanish. Among themselves they use their native Tagalo or other languages exclusively.

After taking dinner with the doctor, we set out for our

next town, Pagsanjan. The road from Magdalena to Pagsanjan was as good a country road as you usually find in the States. It ran through cultivated fields and was fenced and graded and showed evidence of recent repair. After about an hour's ride we reached Pagsanjan, the ancient capital of Laguna province, said to be the richest town in the province. On approaching the place the first object to greet the eye was an enormous stone arch directly across the road resembling the triumphal arches of ancient Rome. Passing under this arch the traveler enters the main street of the town. The character of the houses at once testify to the wealth of the place. Most of them were built of brick or stone stuccoed over on the outside and painted either white, cream color or light blue. There were numerous stores on this street, including some drug stores, and in the central part of the town was a monument, built originally, I think, in honor of some Spanish official, but now bearing the name of Governor Taft. When I reached the church the Priest was instructing a large class of children in the catechism. The church itself was a magnificent structure about two hundred feet in length, partly in ruins. The roof of the back part had fallen, and a partition was thrown across the middle of the building, separating the back from the front part, the latter now being the only part used. It seems probable that all these fine buildings, their Spanish builders being banished, will quickly go to ruin in this land of earthquakes, white ants and tropic rainfalls.

After taking measurements of the church and convent and what information we could about their occupancy by troops, we set out toward evening for Santa Cruz the provincial capital. The road was a good highway all the distance, but it was after dark when we drew up before the constabulary headquarters in Santa Cruz and were welcomed by Captain Grove and four or five young constabulary officers who were with him. At that time, now two years ago, Laguna and the neighboring provinces were in a state bordering on a reign of

terror, due to the raids and depredations of the bandit chieftains Montalou and Felizardo. These wretches flattered themselves that they were continuing the insurrection of Aguinaldo, but really they were nothing more than desperate outlaws. Captain Grove, a young man under thirty years of age, was Chief Inspector of the province and one of the most energetic constabulary officers. He had just had a fight with the outlaws a couple of days before our arrival, and had brought in about twenty prisoners, as desperate looking a bunch of criminals as one would care to see. One of them was a deserter from Capt. Grove's own force, and was severely wounded. It was then the policy of the government not to use American troops against these people, but to handle them with the native scouts and constabulary alone. This plan did not succeed, and a year or two later the white troops were put in the field and the robber bands completely broken up.

On examination the church at Santa Cruz proved to be similar to that at Pagsanjan. After calling on the provincial treasurer and other officials we started on our return to Los Banos where we arrived about night. Los Banos means in Spanish "The Baths" and is so called from the fact that there are springs of boiling hot water there, which were utilized for public baths supposed to possess healing qualities.

This trip of seventy-five miles took us over a considerable part of the Laguna province, one of the twenty-five provinces of the Island of Luzon. The Philippine archipelago comprises nearly a thousand islands of which Luzon is the largest. The combined area of the islands is over twice that of North Carolina, and about two-thirds that of the Japanese empire. Not more than one-half of their tillable land is under cultivation, yet it supports a population of eight million people. In North Carolina there are over three hundred miles of railway; in the Philippines, one hundred and twenty. The first electric line in the islands began operations last April, with nearly forty miles of track in Manila. It is proposed in the near future to build about fifteen hundred

miles of railroad with the special encouragement of the government. Although there is a large amount of sugar produced in some provinces, there is not a refinery in the whole country. The commerce of Manila is now much greater than ever it was in Spanish times, and when the extensive improvements now being made in the harbor are completed, it will be one of the finest ports in the Orient. Undoubtedly in the next few years the Philippines will offer a rich field for the enterprising merchant, manufacturer and engineer. But I would advise any young man going there without capital, to secure government employment before going, so as to have an assured position until he becomes acquainted with the country, its ways and possibilities.

AS TRUE AS STEEL.

"If I could only be with her for five minutes." The speaker was Henry Bradley, and thus he soliloquised as he stood on the railway track about two hundred yards west of St. Mary's convent. He was looking at the grim gray walls of the venerable building and longing to see his sweetheart as she passed on her morning walk through the fine grove that shaded the lofty hill on the summit of which the old convent stood.

Bradley had been a fireman in the boiler room of the convent and had often seen Sarah Jefferson on her morning and evening walks, and at first hardly dared notice her, because he knew that if he did and were caught, he would promptly lose his position, which he coveted for the sole reason that it gave him a chance to see, almost every day, the girl he loved. Finally he became bolder and at last told Sarah of his love for her. Her father and mother had been dead for several years and her brother had sent her to St. Mary's convent so she might get her education and be rightly trained in her youth.

At the end of seven months, Sarah Jefferson and Henry Bradley were engaged and were becoming bolder in their love-making. Bradley vowed that he would always stand by her, and he was a man of his word. He always did what he said he would do. He had happened to know the engineer of the electric lighting plant at St. Mary's and thus secured his position as fireman. He was a civil engineer by profession, and was very nervous. His physician had told him that he must give up office work entirely for a year and do only manual labor, so he at once applied to his old friend for a position.

Sarah Jefferson was young and very beautiful—a perfect blonde—and all the sisters at the convent were much attached to her. She was generally accompanied by some of the older sisters on her morning and evening walks and was always accompanied by someone when the prioress began to suspect that she and young Bradley were in love. Communications with his loved one became very difficult, and at last Bradley would write notes to her, the notes being small and written in a very fine hand so as not to be noticed by anyone not familiar with his method of communication. Bradley would place his note under a small pebble on the walk or near some tree and then Sarah would get it as she passed by. Finally this method of communication was detected, and Henry Bradley left the employ of the convent. He resumed the practice of his profession and entered the employ of a railway company, where he rendered excellent service as an engineer in building a railroad through the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee. Before he began his railroad work he had gone to the home of Sarah's brother and at last got him to agree to let her return home in the spring of the next year. The survey he first worked on was long and Bradley underwent severe privations and hardships before it was completed, but he stuck to his job until it was finished and was then promoted. The survey ended he was transferred to Mississippi—from mountains to swamps—and it wasn't long before he was in bed with fever.

For weeks he lay on his sick bed and at times he was given up to die, but in the end he pulled through alright and was able to resume his work. He had left the employ of the convent in May, and the following September was in the city near which the convent was situated. Although he went there ostensibly on business, his real object was to see his girl again. After waiting nearby for several hours, he saw her on her morning walk, but as fate would have it, she was with a nun and he could only stand back and feast his eyes on her sweet face. All day he lingered around the convent but he saw her no more. He had to return to his work that evening, and with a heavy heart he boarded the last westbound train. His heart sank within him as he realized that he might never see her face or hear her sweet voice again, but with an immovable spirit of resolution he resolved to ask for another leave of absence as soon as permissable, and to make another visit to the old convent.

Two months rolled around. A great many things happened in those two months and Bradley soon resigned and excepted a better position in the engineering corps of another company. Before going to take up his new work he visited the old convent on the hill once more. This time he failed even to see his girl, but he found out from his old friend, the engineer, that she was well and apparently happy. Bitterly disappointed he left the scene of his first love once more and went to take up his new work.

This time he was on construction work in the mountains of West Virginia and the winter set in with unusual severity. His work kept him in the mountains near the rich coal fields all the winter. The cold was terrible and he would often think of his girl and re-read her old notes to him in one of which she had said "I will always love you dearly no matter whether we are ever one or not." While in the midst of his work he received a letter from Sarah's brother confirming his intention of taking her to live with him the next spring. The long winter months came and went very slowly. When

Christmas came he sent Sarah a nice present—the nicest he could get from anywhere near where he was working, but he sent no card, for fear that the prioress, knowing from whom the present came, wouldn't allow it to reach the person for whom it was intended.

Spring at last rolled around, and the construction work of the new railway was pushed to rapid completion. When it was finished, Bradley got leave to spend a few weeks at home. It was with a light heart that he heard the wheels of the coaches rattle through the switches of the yard at Roanoke, because he hoped the time was near at hand when he could call his sweet Sarah his wife.

Alighting from the rear Pullman he made his way with rapid steps to Mr. Jefferson's house where he gave the bell at the front door a loud ring.

Instead of a servant's appearing in response to his ring, the door opened and a tall, beautiful woman with light wavy hair stood before him. He had counted on seeing Sarah's brother, but here she was herself. For a moment they stood transfixed with surprise, then their arms went about each other in fond embrace.

This narrative ends here, but I may as well add that in a few moments the services of a minister were requisitioned, and the happy, long-separated pair were made one.

Henry Bradley had learned that his sweetheart had remained true, and Sarah Jefferson, that her lover was as true as steel.

H. C. F.

A WINTER FANTASY.

The cold wind blows from over the hills,
From far away Northern seas:
The dead leaves are falling, one by one,
From the now half barren trees.

The white frost glistens upon the lawn
As the sun's reflected beam
Doth make it reveal a thousand gems,
A beauteous hoard to seem.

For winter is on; November's days
Have passed and the summer green
Of nature is gone; no trace of the shroud
She wore in October is seen.

I look on the fields at early morn:
The tints that the rising sun
Doth cast on the sky at the dawn of day
Shows then that the night is done.

I study the beauties of it all
And wonder which is best:
When all the earth is winter-clad
Or when as in summer dress'd.

W. B. T.

THE DURN FOOL.

"This" said Jerry, "is the Durn Fool, the idol of the company and the pet of the camp," as the object of his comment seated himself in the circle around the flickering camp fire.

I've never seen a company yet that didn't have a bully or a durn fool in it, or both. In this particulra case, being afflicted with both, the bully was Jerry Carter, a big, roaring, cussing sort of a fellow, and the durn fool was down on the company roll as Samuel Spencer Simpkins, but the boys just called him plain Durn Fool. He had the least common sense and was the biggest coward that ever trod shoe leather. An object of the captain's wrath on every possible occasion, the butt of Jerry's jokes and general man-of-all-work around the camp, his life was anything but pleasant.

It was in our first skirmish with the "niggers" that he showed the white feather. We had routed them out of the brush and were chasing them like rabbits when all of a sudden we ran into a trap, and the next minute we were surrounded by scores of the black devils hacking with their knives like fury. It was bayonets and clubbed rifles against the deadly bolos, but in the end we won out as we always did. Some of us got nasty cuts, but nobody was missing except the Durn Fool. About dark he turned up, looking scared-like. And do you know we never did find out where he had been, but to this day I believe that he climbed up a tree during the scrap. Anyway the boys didn't have much use for him after that, and guyed him whenever they had a chance.

Here we were waiting for orders, on the outskirts of Manila, and we were all "cussin' " mad, Jerry, especially, punctated the air with sulphurous remarks; and we had a right to "cuss." The water was bad, the suspense tiresome, and the smell from the dirty Pasig, at this time of the year—swollen from the recent rains—was all that a decent white man could stand.

"This," continued Jerry, "is General Simpkins the hero of Balan and the bravest man in the company. Stand up, General, and bow to the gentlemen."

"Aw quit, Jerry," he said, "I ain't done nothin'," as he was pushed into the full glare of the fire. The boys were settling down to have some fun when the captain walked into the circle and the Durn Fool made himself scarce.

Discipline had been pretty lax for some time, as the natives seemed peaceable enough, and we wasn't taking many precautions against surprise and what the captain said woke us up. "Every man will carry one hundred and fifty rounds beginning immediately, and no one will leave camp without permission. Sergeant McKinney, detail eight men for duty to-night."

The night passed peacefully, and the day dawned bright and clear. After breakfast we were lying around cracking jokes when a breaking, crashing noise in the brush caused us to jump for our guns—and a man, his clothing torn by the briars, his face scratched and bleeding, and over his right eye a nasty cut from which the blood spurted in little jets over his face, staggered drunkenly into our midst.

Between gasps his story came out. "Company at Malo—attacked at breakfast this morning—half killed before could get the guns—rest of 'em was fighting with anything they could get their hands on—when cap'n told me to come and—" He dropped like a rock before we could catch him. Somebody said, "Fightin' without guns. God!"

"Shut up fool!" said Jerry.

In less time than it takes to tell we were on the march, leaving a detail to guard the camp. We didn't much expect to get there in time, for unless they had got to cover they didn't have any chance. We passed a village and the natives scattered like a flock of sheep.

Malo came in sight and all was as quiet as a graveyard. "My God! we are too late" somebody said. But the captain wasn't taking any chances. We deployed and advanced, but when we got nearer, the tale was told. Dead hands grasped

pots and pans just as they had fought. As each body was recognized, curses filled the air. Where the last stand was made, hands grasping the splintered rifles told the tale of a hand-to-hand fight and the ammunition out.

As we were picking them up for burial, over in a clump of palms we found the Durn Fool staring fixedly at a dead body. "Here get up," said Jerry, grasping him by the collar and jerking him to his feet, "Get out of here damn you, and help up there," pointing to where they were digging the graves. "If you ain't too scared," he added.

"Jerry" he whined, "lemme go, won't you? He's my brother," pointing to the body, "and I ain't seen him in five years. Lemme 'lone, Jerry," and he cried like a baby.

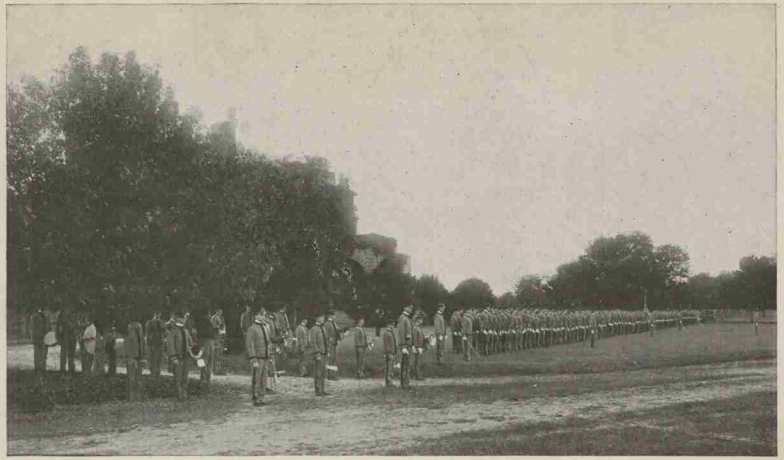
Jerry's hand loosened from his collar. "His brother! His brother!" he repeated. "An' who would've thought it," and to us as we left the Durn Fool sobbing over the corpse, "He took it sorter hard. The durn fool! His brother!" and he let go a string of curses varied and threatening, as a vent to his hatred of the treacherous "niggers."

Night came, and sentries were posted closer than usual, while the rest of us made a pretence of sleeping. We couldn't sleep. The dead hands grasping knives and pans were always dancing before our eyes.

A shot rang out. Another, and we were fighting for our lives. Clubbed rifles broke through brittle steel and landed with dull thuds on heads that rose before us. Jerry's voice rang out above the fray, "Give 'em hell, boys," and we did. They broke and ran, and as the moon came from behind a cloud and lighted up the scene, we dropped them as they ran, like so many rabbits.

The roll was called and four names were unanswered. Three of the sentries had been stabbed before they could make any outcry. We found the Durn Fool lying comfortable-like and with a smile on his face like he had died easy. "The durn fool" said Jerry. "He died game" pointing to the dead bodies around him, and to himself "Who would've thought it. Him and his brother too. The durn little fool."

H. L. H.



THE BATALLION.

Y. M. C. A.

Nineteen hundred and six years ago Christ was born in Bethlehem, and it is in commemoration of his birth that we celebrate Christmas. So many people in their pursuance of Christmas pleasures forget the event with which Christmas is associated, and give themselves up to temporal pleasures with reckless abandon. It seems that each year the regard for the spiritual meaning of Christmas is becoming less and less. By all means this retrogradation should cease. Let this be done, and a purer, holier and more sacred observance of the anniversary of the greatest event of time will result.

The old, old story of the birth of Christ is ever sweet to the ear. Who can not read of the shepherds in the fields at night watching their flocks and the heaven-sent angels telling the glad news of a Saviour born in Bethlehem, without feeling the influence of the scene. Their going to worship the Christ, the coming of the Wise Men under the guidance of the shining star, and their gifts of frankincense and myrrh, the Virgin mother and the Babe of Bethlehem in the lowly manger, all should make us filled with the holy spirit of love and adoration for Him whose birth we celebrate each year. From the ages comes the echo, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

J. H. Henley.

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,
J. E. MOORE, ... Athletics.
G. G. ALLEN, ... Literary.
J. P. LOVIL,
L. T. WINSTON, ... Local.
C. C. Clardy, ... Comic.
W. F. BROCK, ... Exchange.

This issue of the RED AND WHITE marks the close of the first half of the college year, and Christmas is at hand. Christmas! What worlds of meaning are wrapped up in that one word. From the time when we were in knee pants and Christmas with its joys unspeakable was looked forward to as the one supreme time of pleasure and good cheer, until the time came when we put away childish things and visions of Santa Claus and his fleet-footed reindeer were consigned to the realms of the past, Christmas has been a landmark in our life. This is especially true of our college life. In our Freshman year, Christmas marked the end of a period of time that had initiated us into the trials, the temptations

and the intentions of college life. Our thoughts were not serious then, and Christmas came as a relief from the tiresome duties of the class room. The Sophomore and Junior years at Christmas time gave us more material for serious thoughts, and we realized more fully the task that was before us.

To the Senior, Christmas means much more than this. To him it is only a question of a few months until the end and the beginning. The end of his college life: the beginning of a life-long struggle in a merciless world in which "the survival of the fittest" holds supreme. And naturally he should give some thought to the future and resolve to apply himself more diligently to his studies. But to all Christmas has its charms and pleasures that are peculiar only to then, and to one and all the RED AND WHITE wishes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

* * *

It has been suggested by some that the three literary societies of the college have a triangular debate. This suggestion should receive the attention of the societies, as such a contest besides being beneficial to those concerned, would awaken a spirit of generous rivalry between the societies for the honors, and as a result the standard of excellence in each society would be raised.

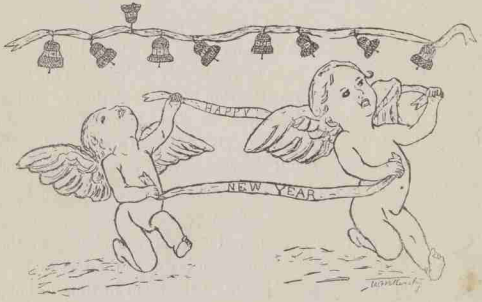
* * *

We regret that we were not able to have a picture of the 'Varsity in this issue. The omission is due to the fact that we were unable to procure a picture of the team in time to have a "cut" made.

* * *

The RED AND WHITE wishes to thank Prof. Wilson, Lieut. Heaton, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Fry for their assistance in making this issue a creditable one.

Owing to the fact that when he returns to college he must necessarily make up for time lost during his illness, Mr. Ogburn has sent in his resignation as Comic Editor of the RED AND WHITE. While we have accepted it, we recognize the fact of Mr. Ogburn's ability as Comic Editor and we wish to thank him for assistance rendered so far. Mr. C. C. Clardy succeeds Mr. Ogburn as Comic Editor.



Locals

Who said "Christmas?"

With this issue THE RED AND WHITE extends its Christmas greetings to you.

Mr. J. C. Myrick attended the Carolina-Virginia foot-ball game at Norfolk Thanksgiving.

Mr. S. H. Smith, a former student who is now at the Neuse River Cotton Mill, was on the "Hill" last week.

"Judge" Ewart, who has been confined to his bed with fever since the Fair, is improving rapidly now. His friends are glad to see him on the campus again.

Mr. T. J. Ogburn has gone to High Point to recuperate from his attack of fever. His many friends are glad to know that he is improving, and intends to return to college after Christmas.

The Junior class is starting out on time, and in a business-like way. They recently elected Mr. W. B. Truitt Editor-in-Chief, and Mr. R. H. Carter Business Manager of the 1907 "Agromeck."

At a recent meeting of the Leazar Literary Society the following officers were elected: S. W. Foster, President; W. B. Truitt, Vice-President; Stroud, Secretary, and Turlington, Treasurer.

There have been a great many inquiries as to the condition of Mr. Shelburn, who left here with fever some time ago. We glad to note that a letter from his father states that he has been quite sick, but is improving.

Many of the boys went home to spend Thanksgiving. Those of us who remained here will doubtless be forgiven for coveting the good things they had to eat while at home, while we were "returning thanks" for our "slush."

At the close of the season our foot-ball team elected Mr. A. J. Wilson captain for next year. "Babe" is a good man and everybody is well pleased with the election and are all looking forward to a successful season next year.

We are glad to say that the Hospital is at last almost empty. There has been quite a siege of sickness, but we hope it is over now, and that in the future there will be no repetition of this fall's record. Mr. Sullivan, the only one still sick, is improving.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on December 4th, the following officers were elected: Reed Tull, President; Jock Hemphill, Vice-President; E. N. Pegram, Secretary; R. H. Smith, manager for the foot-ball team for next year, and L. F. Couch, assistant manager.

The new magazine covers recently purchased add not a little to the attractiveness of the library. Notable among the addition of books is a complete set of the works of Mark Twain in twenty-three volumns, and the abstract of the Twelfth Census (1900) with the sectional atlas, that should be of use to debaters.

The student body thinks there should be some way provided for heating the Chapel. The two stoves in the room are entirely inadequate to make the room comfortable, and they very often have no fire in them—or at least it is kindled only a few minutes before the batallion marches in, so that the room is extremely uncomfortable.

Mr. John Lowe, of New Bedford, Mass., installed a mule-spinning frame in the Textile Department recently. Mr. Lowe is superintendent of the American erecting force for Asa Lee & Co., Limited, builders of cotton mill machinery at Oldham, England. Mr. Lowe is a thorough machinist. The Textile students also find him a pleasant gentleman, and ply him with hosts of questions. Under Mr. Lowe and Mr. Rooney, who erected the combing machinery, they have gained much valuable information and practice that does not ordinarily form a part of the regular course of instruction.

Friday evening, November 17th, the local chapter of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity had a very enjoyable supper at Giersch's Cafe, with Prof. H. M. Wilson, Mr. A. M. Powell and Mr. Garland Jones as guests of honor, complimentary to three new members, D. K. Steele, G. F. Bason and D. Stewart, Mr. J. A. Powell, of Raleigh, and the following old members of the chapter were present: O. L. Bagley, J. G. Morrison, Jr., W. A. Buys, D. W. Robertson, A. E. Escott, L. O. Jones, J. T. Powell, J. K. Wilson, Jr., and W. R. Marshall.

The Thalerian German Club gave a dance in Raney Hall November 24th, complimentary to Miss Ashe, of Wilmington, and Miss Erwin, of Morganton. Music was furnished by the Third Regiment Band. Mr. Lewis T. Winston led with Miss Harris, of Charlotte, assisted by Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Castex, of Goldsboro. The following couples were present:

Mr. C. D. Harris with Miss Irene Lacy, Mr. C. K. McClelland with Miss Maney, Mr. P. W. Hardie with Miss Jessamine Higgs, Mr. B. B. Lattimore with Miss Annie Mason, Mr. Lewis T. Winston with Miss Harris, of Charlotte; Mr. E. N. Pegram with Miss Erwin, of Morganton; Mr. R. H. Smith with Miss Lizzie Rogers, Mr. Whitney with Miss Aline Young, Mr. W. A. Allen with Miss Ashe, of

Wilmington; Mr. A. D. St. Amant with Miss Mary Andrews, Mr. Gordon Smith with Miss Katie Barbee, Mr. William Watters with Miss Annie Hinsdale, Mr. Reid Tull with Miss Rosa Skinner, Mr. J. L. Primrose with Miss Ruby Norris, Mr. W. N. Holt with Miss Sackie Latta, Mr. Lacy Moore with Miss Emily Higgs, Mr. J. D. Clarke with Miss Lillie Ferrall, Mr. J. E. Major with Miss Narnie Rogers, Mr. D. M. Clark with Miss Suggs, of Atlanta; Mr. C. W. Hodges with Miss Mary Barbee, Mr. Arthur W. Gregory with Miss Caro Gray, Mr. Ralph R. Faison with Miss Mattie Higgs, Mr. A. B. Suttle with Miss Lillie Skinner, Mr. R. H. Harper with Miss Louise Linton, Mr. A. B. Piver with Miss Lucy Andrews.

Stags—Messrs. D. K. Steele, Council, Ralph Long, W. C. Piver, Tom Lykes.

Chaperones—Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Higgs, Mrs. Norris.

The Thalerian German Club gave their December dance in the Raney Hall on the 8th. This was the largest dance ever given by the club and a flashlight picture was taken by Mr. Wharton for the "Agromeck." Many new figures were introduced which were led by Mr. Lewis T. Winston with Mary Lacy, charmingly assisted by Mr. Tom Lykes with Miss Mary Barbee and Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Lillie Ferrall. The following couples participated:

Mr. C. W. Hodges with Miss Mamie Slocum, of Fayetteville; Mr. D. M. Clarke with Miss Mary Andrews, Mr. McCathran with Miss Lillie Skinner, Mr. W. N. Holt with Miss Belle Baxter, Mr. J. D. Clarke with Miss Louise Linton, Mr. T. M. Lykes with Miss Mary Barbee, Mr. B. B. Lattimore with Miss Louise Jackson, Mr. W. A. Allen with Miss Caro Gray, Mr. C. D. Harris with Miss Nancy Lacy, Mr. W. S. Tomlinson with Miss Lillie Ferrall, Mr. L. T. Winston with Miss Mary Lacy, Mr. A. B. Piver with Miss Aline Young, Mr. J. E. Major with Miss Elizabeth Rogers, Mr. Reid Tull with Miss Irene Lacy, Mr. Wm. Watters with Miss Oma Dillard, of Mississippi; Mr. J. P. Lovill with

Miss Aldine Howell, of Statesville; Mr. Lacy Moore with Miss Rosa Skinner, Mr. R. H. Harper with Miss Emily Higgs, Mr. R. H. Smith with Miss Narnie Rogers, Mr. C. L. Mann with Miss Margaret Smedes, Mr. P. W. Hardie with Miss Margaret Ashe, of Wilmington; Mr. A. B. Suttle with Miss Ruby Norris, Mr. C. K. McClelland with Miss Cribbs, Mr. A. D. St. Amant with Miss Lucy Andrews, Mr. E. N. Pegram with Miss Jessamine Higgs, Mr. A. W. Gregory with Miss Flossie Charles, of Macon, Ga.; Mr. J. L. Primrose with Miss Sackie Latta, Mr. W. C. Piver with Miss Faison.

Stags—Messrs. Gordon Smith, J. C. Kendall, J. O. Shuford, Ralph Long and D. K. Steele.

Chaperones—Mrs. Norris, Miss Mattie Higgs, Mrs. Skinner.

"Little Laughs"

Who is the instructor that could not, at the College Pharmacy, decide which to get for his girl—a fountain pen or a bottle of cologne?

Bell—"I have a wisdom tooth that has been coming through since last February."

Moore, J. E.—"Don't see how it could come through that block-head."

Tillett—"It's coming under a false name.

CRAMMING.

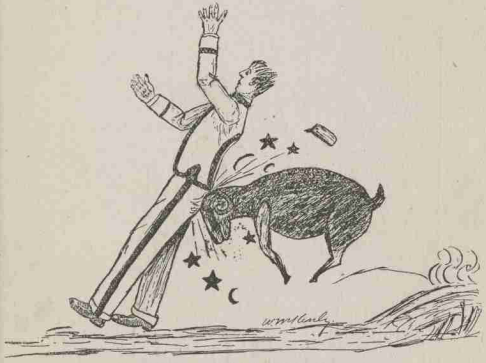
Winstead says he can't help being "fresh" for God made him fresh.

It is said that Clardy, W. R., tried to put out his electric light and then get in bed before it went out.

Dr. Walker (while Valaer was asleep in class room)—"Gentlemen, it seems to me some one is cracking peanuts."

Voice—"Doctor, you are mistaken. It is Valaer sawing gourds."

What did Niven, L. A., mean when he told Asbury that "A beautiful conformed girl" was the best thing on earth?



A ₵M BUTTER.

Prof. Hill (who had been reading poetry and was about to cross the river Styx to get to hell)—"Mr. Jones, which way do we have to go to get to hell?"

Jones—"Die, I suppose."

Instructor Wilson (in the Chemical Laboratory trying to remind Steed of the word salt)—"What do you eat in the mess hall at every meal?"

Steed—"Slush."

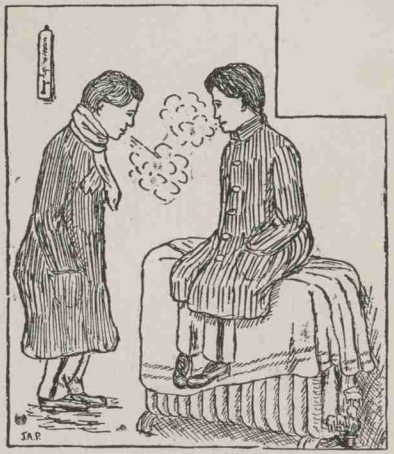
Coach (speaking to Valaer on athletic field)—"What is your name?"

Valaer—"Valaer—Pete Valaer."

Coach—"What did you say?"

Valaer—"Pete—just Pete. Pete'll-do-Pete'll-do-Pete'll-do.

Why is "Lieut." Grubb so anxious to do "any work" Instructor Clay wishes done?



A COLD PROPOSITION.

We will ask no more questions if some one will tell what Senior it was who kissed a girl on the street in Raleigh recently.

Who is the Senior who thought that the whitewashed trees on the campus were Peace Institute girls.

During a scrimmage in the semi-darkness the ball was fumbled and three of the scrub team men fell on head gears. Whitington can give you more information concerning it.

Ask Clark what chemical professor told him he had slipped up and told a chemical lie.

Nurse (after removing the thermometer from a Freshman's mouth)—"Yes, you have a little fever."

Freshman—"What kind, please?"

Gregory (after being chased by the Commandant for three-fourths of a mile for skipping Chapel)—"It was—a—h-ll—of—a—chase, wasn't it?"

Commandant—"Yes. Re-minds—me—of—chasing rabbits."

Our heartfelt sympathies go out to Mr. C. C. Clardy, since he has been in the Hospital for the last five weeks. We trust that he will speedily recover from his attack and be able to join us soon.

(NOTE.—This should have been in the locals, perhaps. Ed.)

NOTICE:

A hand-made poem, wrought in indelible ink, on foot-made paper will be given by the Seniors to the one who can give them the simplest rule for working calculus problems.

Commandant—"Do you know what to say when reporting as orderly?"

Brothers—"No, sir."

Commandant—"You should say, 'Private Brothers, C. S. reports to the Commandant as orderly.'"

Brothers (trembling)—"Private Brothers, C. S. reports to the orderly as Commandant."

Exchanges

In looking over the various exchanges for the past four months, the writer has come to this conclusion, that there is a decided improvement in college journalism. This improvement has been evident for some time. 'Twas hardly noticed at first, but by degrees it has gradually come about until now the change is noticeable. The reason for this improvement in college journalism is quite evident. The men who compose the board of editors are no longer handicapped by inexperience. In nearly all the cities and towns of any size the public schools have begun to publish magazines, and these men, as a rule, upon entering college take an interest in their college publications, and in time become the editors. The editor has a "truly variegated" lot of exchanges this month, they come from California to Maine and from Florida to Oregon. The first one to attract our notice, however, is the "Observer." The article, "The Phi Beta Kappa in Virginia" is an interesting account of the oldest fraternity in America. The author, a "Phi Beta Kappa," tells of its origin, early history and achievements. "Edgar Allen Poe and the Hall of Fame" is the best article it has been our pleasure of perusing in some time. The author takes the statements made by Chancellor McCracken and by induction points out the insincerity of his words. "The Kind of a Man Who Succeeds at the Bar" is well worth any one's reading, and to students preparing for the Bar we especially recommend it. The poetry of the "Observer" is above the standard usually found in college magazines. "The Little Boy Blue" is artistically executed, and so is "Mars Janua Vitae." Taking the Observer as a whole it is in our opinion one of the best college publications of the South. We would suggest, however, that cut leaves would be more preferable. Next in line comes the "Georgian," a very attractively bound mag-

azine. "Optimism" the opening poem is fair. "The Ballet in the Drama" is an interesting account of dancing. The author begins by this rather broad statement. "Dancing is as old as the world and as widespread as the human race." He shows by induction its effect upon dramatic art and poetry. The poems of the Georgian are one of its chief attractions. There is another department which deserves special mention —the Exchange Department. Rarely one sees an exchange department as good as the Georgian's.

The "Messenger," published by the students of Richmond College, Va., contains some very interesting reading matter. It is about evenly divided between solid matter and fiction. "Reserve Power," one of the heavy articles, is decidedly the best article in the magazine. "The Advantage of a Small College Over a University" is also good, but it seems to us that the author should vary his sentences, and not make them so short; however, he brings out his point clearly. The Exchange Department while short, is good. We would suggest its lengthening.

From far out West comes the University of Arizona magazine. This magazine has one of the most attractive covers it has been our pleasure of seeing this year. On the cover page appears a picture of the largest species of cactus—the soguaro, and elsewhere in the magazine is an interesting account of this wonderful plant. "A Hallowe'en Party" as its name suggests is an account of a crowd of "city dudes" going to a country Hallowe'en party and their trials and tribulations before reaching home. A rather poor piece, in view of the excellence of the other articles. The poetry, "Garden of Sleep," "Autumn" and "In Bachelor's Hall" are fine.

We wish to say a word in regard to all our exchanges. We will be pleased to continue our exchange after Christmas, and we welcome any new ones that may happen to find their way to our table. We beg to acknowledge our usual exchanges.

TWILIGHT.

A stream that seems a silvering link,
A heaven turning to saffron pink,
Roses that sway in the evening light,
Poppies that sleep in the dim twilight;
Insects quavering some plaintive note,
Moon-flow'rs opening in paleness remote,
Dew-drops that cling like chaste white pearls
To the damask petals a peony furls;
Darkness bars the gates of light,
And the land is clothed in grey twilight.

Ex.

EXCHANGE HUMOR.

The exchange editor may scratch a pen
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
When some one's sure to remark with a jest,
Rats, how stale! I've heard that before.

Ex.

The man in the middle,
He can't see over the plume—
The little man paid
To see the show
But the hat ran away with the room.

Ex.

"Go to my father," was all she said;
And she knew that I knew that her father was dead;
And she knew that I knew the gay life he had led;
And she knew thatI knew what she meant when she said,
"Go to my father."

Ex.

"VALE."

Record poor—feeling "punk."
Yellow note—fear a "flunk."
Worried look—rumpled hair—
Poor exam—vacant chair.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, it has pleased God in His infinite goodness and mercy to remove from our midst our classmate, Mr. T. L. Weaver,

Be it resolved, first, that the members of the Freshman class of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts bow in humble submission to the Divine Will, knowing that He doeth all things rightly.

Second, that in the death of Mr. Weaver the Freshman class loses a valuable member, a man loved by the entire class, the members of which extend to the sorrowing family their heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

Third, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and that they be published in the RED AND WHITE.

THE COMMITTEE.